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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

CONTINUED.

IN answer to the reveries and speculations which I sent to him respecting this subject, Ludloe informed me, that they had led his mind into a new sphere of meditation. He had long and deeply considered in what way he might essentially promote my happiness. He had entertained a faint hope that I would one day be qualified for a station like that to which he himself had been advanced. This post required an elevation and stability of views which human beings seldom reach, and which could be attained by me only by a long series of heroic labours. Hitherto every new stage in my intellectual progress had added vigour to his hopes, and he cherished a stronger belief than formerly that my career would terminate auspiciously. This, however, was necessarily distant. Many preliminaries must first be settled; many arduous accomplishments be first obtained; and my virtue be subjected to severe trials. At present it was not in his power to be more explicit; but if my reflections suggested no better plan, he advised me to settle my affairs in Spain, and return to him immediately. My knowledge of this country would be of the highest use, on the supposition of my ultimately arriving at the honours to which he had alluded; and some of these preparatory measures could be taken only with his assistance, and in his company.

This intimation was eagerly obeyed, and, in a short time, I arrived at Dublin. Meanwhile my mind had copious occupation in commenting on my friend's letter. This scheme, whatever it was, seemed to be suggested by my mention of a plan of colonization, and my preference of that mode of producing extensive and permanent effects on the condition of mankind. It was easy there-

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fore to conjecture that this mode had been pursued under some mysterious modifications and conditions.

It had always excited my wonder that so obvious an expedient had been overlooked. The globe which we inhabit was very imperfectly known. The regions and nations unexplored, it was reasonable to believe, surpassed in extent, and perhaps in populousness, those with which we were familiar. The order of Jesuits had furnished an example of all the errors and excellencies of such a scheme. Their plan was founded on erroneous notions of religion and policy, and they had absurdly chosen a scene* within reach of the injustice and ambition of an European tyrant.

It was wise and easy to profit by their example. Resting on the two props of fidelity and zeal, an association might exist for ages in the heart of Europe, whose influence might be felt, and might be boundless, in some region of the southern hemisphere; and by whom a moral and political structure might be raised, the growth of pure wisdom, and totally unlike those fragments of Roman and Gothic barbarism, which cover the face of what are called the civilized nations. The belief now rose in my mind that some such scheme had actually been prosecuted, and that Ludloe was a coadjutor. On this supposition, the caution with which he approached to his point, the arduous probation which a candidate for a part on this stage must undergo, and the rigours of that test by which his fortitude and virtue must be tried, were easily explained. I was too deeply imbued with veneration for the effects of such schemes, and too sanguine in my confidence in the rectitude of Ludloe, to refuse my concurrence in any scheme by which my qualifications might at length be raised to a due point.

Our interview was frank and affectionate. I found him situated just as formerly. His aspect, manners, and deportment were the same. I entered once more on my former mode of life, but our intercourse became more frequent. We constantly breakfasted together, and our conversation was usually prolonged through half the morning.

For a time our topics were general. I thought proper to leave to him the introduction of more interesting themes: this, however, he betrayed no inclination to do. His reserve excited some surprise, and I began to suspect that whatever design he had formed with regard to me, had been laid aside. To ascertain this question, I ventured, at length, to recall his attention to the subject of his last letter, and to enquire whether subsequent reflection had made any change in his views.

He said that his views were too momentous to be hastily taken up, or hastily dismissed; the station, my attainment of which depended wholly on myself, was high above vulgar heads, and was to be gained by years of solicitude and labour. This, at least, was true with regard to minds ordinarily constituted; I, perhaps, deserved to be regarded as an exception, and might be able to accomplish in a few months that for which others were obliged to toil during half their lives.

Man, continued he, is the slave of habit. Convince him to-day that his duty leads straight forward: he shall advance, but at every step his belief shall fade; habit will resume its empire, and to-morrow he shall turn back, or betake himself to oblique paths.

We know not our strength till it be tried. Virtue, till confirmed by habit, is a dream. You are a man imbued by errors, and vincible by slight temptations. Deep enquiries must bestow light on your opinions, and the habit of encountering and vanquishing temptation must inspire you with fortitude. Till this be done, you are unqualified for that post, in which you will be invested with divine attributes, and prescribe the condition of a large portion of mankind.

Confide not in the firmness of

* Paraguay.

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your principles, or the stedfastness of your integrity. Be always vigilant and fearful. Never think you have enough of knowledge, and let not your caution slumber for a moment, for you know not when danger is near.

I acknowledged the justice of his admonitions, and professed myself willing to undergo any ordeal which reason should prescribe. What, I asked, were the conditions, on the fulfilment of which depended my advancement to the station he alluded to? Was it necessary to conceal from me the nature and obligations of this rank?

These enquiries sunk him more profoundly into meditation than I had ever before witnessed. After a pause, in which some perplexity was visible, he answered:

I scarcely know what to say. As to promises, I claim them not from you. We are now arrived at a point, in which it is necessary to look around with caution, and that consequences should be fully known. A number of persons are leagued together for an end of some moment. To make yourself one of these is submitted to your choice. Among the conditions of their alliance are mutual fidelity and secrecy.

Their existence depends upon this: their existence is known only to themselves. This secrecy must be obtained by all the means which are possible. When I have said thus much, I have informed you, in some degree, of their existence, but you are still ignorant of the purpose contemplated by this association, and of all the members, except myself. So far no dangerous disclosure is yet made: but this degree of concealment is not sufficient. Thus much is made known to you, because it is unavoidable. The individuals which compose this fraternity are not immortal, and the vacancies occasioned by death must be supplied from among the living. The candidate must be instructed and prepared, and they are always at liberty to recede. Their reason must approve the obligations and duties of their station, or they are unfit for it. If they recede, one duty is still incumbent upon them: they must observe an inviolable silence. To this they are not held by any promise. They must weigh consequences, and freely decide; but they must not fail to number among these consequences their own death.

Their death will not be prompted by vengeance. The executioner will say, he that has once revealed the tale is likely to reveal it a second time; and, to prevent this, the betrayer must die. Nor is this the only consequence: to prevent the further revelation, he, to whom the secret was imparted, must likewise perish. He must not console himself with the belief that his trespass will be unknown. The knowledge cannot, by human means, be withheld from this fraternity. Rare, indeed, will it be that his purpose to disclose is not discovered before it can be effected, and the disclosure prevented by his death.

Be well aware of your condition. What I now, or may hereafter mention, mention not again. Admit not even a doubt as to the propriety of hiding it from all the world. There are eyes who will discern this doubt amidst the closest folds of your heart, and your life will instantly be sacrificed.

At present be the subject dismissed. Reflect deeply on the duty which you have already incurred. Think upon your strength of mind, and be careful not to lay yourself under impracticable obligations. It will always be in your power to recede. Even after you are solemnly enrolled a member, you may consult the dictates of your own understanding, and relinquish your post; but while you live, the obligation to be silent will perpetually attend you.

We seek not the misery or death of any one, but we are swayed by an immutable calculation. Death is to be abhorred, but the life of the betrayer is productive of more evil than his death: his death, therefore, we chuse, and our means are instantaneous and unerring.

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I love you. The first impulse of my love is to dissuade you from seeking to know more. Your mind will be full of ideas; your hands will be perpetually busy to a purpose into which no human creature, beyond the verge of your brotherhood, must pry. Believe me, who have made the experiment, that compared with this task, the task of inviolable secrecy, all others are easy. To be dumb will not suffice; never to know any remission in your zeal or your watchfulness will not suffice. If the sagacity of others detect your occupations, however strenuously you may labour for concealment, your doom is ratified, as well as that of the wretch whose evil destiny led him to pursue you.

Yet if your fidelity fail not, great will be your recompence. For all your toils and self-devotion, ample will be the retribution. Hitherto you have been wrapt in darkness and storm; then will you be exalted to a pure and unruffled element. It is only for a time that temptation will environ you, and your path will be toilsome. In a few years you will be permitted to withdraw to a land of sages, and the remainder of your life will glide away in the enjoyments of beneficence and wisdom.

Think deeply on what I have said. Investigate your own motives and opinions, and prepare to submit them to the test of numerous hazards and experiments.

Here my friend passed to a new topic. I was desirous of reverting to this subject, and obtaining further information concerning it, but he assiduously repelled all my attempts, and insisted on my bestowing deep and impartial attention on what had already been disclosed. I was not slow to comply with his directions. My mind refused to admit any other theme of contemplation than this.

As yet I had no glimpse of the nature of this fraternity. I was permitted to form conjectures, and previous incidents bestowed but one form upon my thoughts. In reviewing the sentiments and deportment of Ludloe, my belief continually acquired new strength. I even recollected hints and ambiguous allusions in his discourse, which were easily solved, on the supposition of the existence of a new model of society, in some unsuspected corner of the world.

I did not fully perceive the necessity of secrecy; but this necessity perhaps would be rendered apparent, when I should come to know the connection that subsisted between Europe and this imaginary colony. But what was to be done? I was willing to abide by these conditions. My understanding might not approve of all the ends proposed by this fraternity, and I had liberty to withdraw from it, or to refuse to ally myself with them. That the obligation of secrecy should still remain, was unquestionably reasonable.

It appeared to be the plan of Ludloe rather to damp than to stimulate my zeal. He discouraged all attempts to renew the subject in conversation. He dwelt upon the arduousness of the office to which I aspired, the temptations to violate my duty with which I should be continually beset, the inevitable death with which the slightest breach of my engagements would be followed, and the long apprenticeship which it would be necessary for me to serve, before I should be fitted to enter into this conclave.

Sometimes my courage was depressed by these representations..... My zeal, however, was sure to revive; and at length Ludloe declared himself willing to assist me in the accomplishment of my wishes. For this end, it was necessary, he said, that I should be informed of a second obligation, which every candidate must assume. Before any one could be deemed qualified, he must be thoroughly known to his associates. For this end, he must determine to disclose every fact in his history, and every secret of his heart. I must begin with making these confessions, with regard to my past life, to Ludloe, and must continue to communicate, at stated seasons, every new thought, and every new occur-

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rence, to him. This confidence was to be absolutely limitless: no exceptions were to be admitted, and no reserves to be practised; and the same penalty attended the infraction of this rule as of the former. Means would be employed, by which the slightest deviation, in either case, would be detected, and the deathful consequence would follow with instant and inevitable expedition. If secrecy were difficult to practise, sincerity, in that degree in which it was here demanded, was a task infinitely more arduous, and a period of new deliberation was necessary before I should decide. I was at liberty to pause: nay, the longer was the period of deliberation which I took, the better; but, when I had once entered this path, it was not in my power to recede. After having solemnly avowed my resolution to be thus sincere in my confession, any particle of reserve or duplicity would cost me my life.

This indeed was a subject to be deeply thought upon. Hitherto I had been guilty of concealment with regard to my friend. I had entered into no formal compact, but had been conscious to a kind of tacit obligation to hide no important transaction of my life from him. This consciousness was the source of continual anxiety. I had exerted, on numerous occasions, my bivocal faculty, but, in my intercourse with Ludloe, had suffered not the slightest intimation to escape me with regard to it. This reserve was not easily explained. It was, in a great degree, the product of habit; but I likewise considered that the efficacy of this instrument depended upon its existence being unknown. To confide the secret to one, was to put an end to my privilege: how widely the knowledge would thenceforth be diffused, I had no power to foresee.

Each day multiplied the impediments to confidence. Shame hindered me from acknowledging my past reserves. Ludloe, from the nature of our intercourse, would certainly account my reserve, in this respect, unjustifiable, and to excite his indignation or contempt was an unpleasing undertaking. Now, if I should resolve to persist in my new path, this reserve must be dismissed: I must make him master of a secret which was precious to me beyond all others; by acquainting him with past concealments, I must risk incurring his suspicion and his anger. These reflections were productive of considerable embarrassment.

There was, indeed, an avenue by which to escape these difficulties, if it did not, at the same time, plunge me into greater. My confessions might, in other respects, be unbounded, but my reserves, in this particular, might be continued. Yet should I not expose myself to formidable perils? Would my secret be for ever unsuspected and undiscovered?

When I considered the nature of this faculty, the impossibility of going farther than suspicion, since the agent could be known only by his own confession, and even this confession would not be believed by the greater part of mankind, I was tempted to conceal it.

In most cases, if I had asserted the possession of this power, I should be treated as a liar; it would be considered as an absurd and audacious expedient to free myself from the suspicion of having entered into compact with a dæmon, or of being myself an emissary of the grand foe. Here, however, there was no reason to dread a similar imputation, since Ludloe had denied the preternatural pretensions of these airy sounds.

My conduct on this occasion was nowise influenced by the belief of any inherent sanctity in truth. Ludloe had taught me to model myself in this respect entirely with a view to immediate consequences. If my genuine interest, on the whole, was promoted by veracity, it was proper to adhere to it; but, if the result of my investigation were opposite, truth was to be sacrificed without scruple

To be continued.

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For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL ESSAYS.

NO. III.

DR. HUNTER, in the work referred to in our last essay, observes, that it is not sufficient for the farmer to be acquainted with the nature of the different soils, he should also know the shape of the roots of such plants as are used in field husbandry.

He has selected the roots of wheat for illustration, as that golden grain being the most valuable, demands our greatest attention.

Wheat, he observes, has two sets of roots. The first comes immediately from the grain; the other shoots from the crown some time after. They may be distinguished by the terms *seminal* and *coronal* roots.

Wheat being subject to the severity of winter, its roots are wonderfully disposed to withstand the inclemency of the season. A view of their shape will direct us in the manner of sowing the grain to the most advantage, and, at the same time enable us to account for some of the phenomena observable in the growth of it.

It has been observed above, that wheat has a double root. The first, or *seminal* root, is pushed out at the same time with the germ, which, together with the farina, nourishes the plant until it has formed its crown.

When the crown has become sufficiently large, it detaches a number of strong fibres, which push themselves obliquely downwards. These are the *coronal* roots. A small pipe preserves the communication between them and the *seminal* roots. It makes an essential part of the plant, and is observed to be longer or shorter according to the depth that the seed has been buried. It is remarkable, however, that the crown is always formed just within the surface of the ground. Its place is the same, whether the grain has been sowed deep or superficial..... This may be perhaps not improperly termed *vegetable instinct.* As the increase and fructification of the plant depends upon the vigorous absorption of the *coronal* roots, it is no wonder that they should fix themselves so near the surface, where the soil is always the richest.

In the northern countries wheat is generally sown late. When the frost comes, the *coronal* roots being young, are frequently chilled. This inconvenience, however, may be easily prevented, by sowing more early, and burying the seed deeper..... The *seminal* roots, being out of the frost, will then be enabled to send up nourishment to the crown, by means of the pipe of communication.

Hence it is obvious, that wheat sown superficially must be exposed to the severity of the frost, from the shortness of the pipe of communication. The plant, in that situation, has no benefit from its double root. On the contrary, when the grain has been properly covered, the *seminal* and *coronal* roots are kept at a reasonable distance. The crown being well nourished during the winter, sends up numerous stalks in the spring.

So far Dr. Hunter. I shall now close this essay with the following extract from a late English periodical work, hoping that it may afford an useful hint to some of our American farmers.

From a communication made by R. Brown, of Marckle, near Haddington, in Great Britain, to the Society of Arts, for which he received a premium of twenty guineas, it appears,

1. That wheat may be sown with advantage in the spring months, till the middle of March, if the weather be then dry, the land in good condition, and the succeeding summer moderately warm.

2. That under these circumstances the period of harvest is not retarded above ten days by the late sowing, especially in favourable seasons.

3. That the grain produced from

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spring crops of wheat is equally good in quality as that sown in the autumn and winter months.

It may here be observed, that as vegetation in this climate, after it has once commenced, goes on with greater rapidity than in Great Britain, it is probable that it would answer to sow wheat, even at a later period in the spring than that mentioned above.

RURICOLA.

For the Literary Magazine.

PORTRAITS.

I.

JULIA was the favourite child of her father. Her life had numbered twenty-five years. She was not handsome, either in person or face. Her countenance bespoke warmth of temper and irritability. Few at a first interview were prepossessed in her favour, or would say, I should like to be upon terms of intimacy with that woman. Her understanding was uncommonly strong, her discernment quick, her wit keen, her taste correct, her mind active and penetrating, and though at times she was disposed to be severe and censorious, yet her heart was generally warm and affectionate.

II.

Esperanza had just entered her nineteenth year. None who knew her ceased to esteem and to love her. The expression of her countenance was irresistibly captivating. Her complexion was clear and blooming, and, without regularity of features, or any singular advantages of person, she would be called beautiful and uncommonly interesting..... Her intellectual qualities were superior to those which generally fall to the lot of woman. Her sensibility was refined, her fondness for poetry almost extravagant, her imagination active and inventive. She had read much, and had not read without study and meditation. Her temper was mild and generous; it was neither sullen nor irritable, but disposed to be happy under every situation.

III.

Rosa was a striking contrast with her two elder sisters. She was sprightly as the lark when he hails the first blush of morning. She was wild and imprudent, and neglectful of advice. Giddy in the pursuit of pleasure, she was heedless of consequences. She was not deficient in understanding, but that understanding she left uncultivated, for she was the student of dress. Her disposition was not unamiable, but it was not sufficiently corrected: it was frequently perverted. She was generally considered handsome: this she knew, and this was extremely detrimental to her progress in knowledge.

IV.

Laura resembled Esperanza more than any of her sisters. She was less giddy than Rosa, and less mild than Esperanza. She was not sufficiently studious. She was gifted with a good understanding and amiable manners, but the gifts of nature she did not industriously improve. Her temper was generous, but at times a little waspish. Her appearance was not strikingly beautiful, but was on the whole interesting..... She had it in her power to become highly respectable, when contemplated in every point of view.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. VI.

EVER since I have had a relish for poetry, I have passionately admired the poems of Gray. There is

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in them a correctness, strength, and richness, not often found in the productions of other writers. The acute and ponderous mind of Dr. Johnson was not always right in its decisions. In the criticisms on Gray there is much injustice. There are many beauties in poetry which Johnson, with all his strength, did not perceive. There is a tender and melancholy chord of music, to whose warblings his ear was not attuned. Joseph Warton, though not equal to Johnson in genius, yet had equal or more erudition, and a more correct taste. In his notes to his edition of Pope, he had detected many errors of the biographical critic, and defended the reputation of Gray. Johnson, for some reason, nourished a dislike for Gray, as is evident from Boswell's Life; but what that reason was we cannot ascertain.

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All the children of poetry are lovers of romance, many of them delight in searching in those records which superstitious ages have handed down to posterity. A few centuries back the poet might introduce the wizard and the witch, and the whole tribe of enchanters, and through their instrumentality perform the most astonishing actions. He might fill the air with shrieks and groans, and people the midnight with the most terrible apparitions, without being considered as extravagant. The druids, in the early days of English history, are represented as enchanters, as the celebrators of the most bloody rites, and as even the sacrificers of human victims. Mason, the delightful biographer of Gray, has with striking effect introduced these personages into his dramatic performance entitled Caractacus. That poem, founded upon the Grecian model, is an eminent specimen of dramatic skill and elevated poetry. Some of the odes or chorusses are among the finest lyrics in the English language. The one which begins....." Hark, heard you not that footstep dread?" is particularly entitled to this praise. Caractacus I consider as by far the highest effort of Mason's genius, though his other performances stand very conspicuously on the lists of merit. His English Garden is a noble didactic poem, and the tale of Herina, contained in the last book, has often been moistened by the tear of sensibility.

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The Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, though almost adored by Italians, has not yet received its due praise from Englishmen. It is undoubtedly among the first works of human genius: and when we consider that it was begun by its author when twenty-two years of age, we should admire with astonishment. Various have been the opinions which have been entertained concerning this poem. Boileau, in the severity of his criticism, and after him our elegant Addison, have wantonly and unjustly condemned it. But, notwithstanding this censure, it will continue to live in the approbation of true taste and discernment, when all the satires of Boileau have been plunged in oblivion. Voltaire has endeavoured with success to rescue this poem from unmerited censure. In his criticisms upon it, he represents it as founded on the model of the Iliad, but as containing pictures far more exquisitely finished. The Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, and the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, are the highest exhibitions of Italian genius. The former is the most correct and chaste, and observes strictly the rules which have been prescribed to epic poetry, while the latter is the most wild and original. The interest with which we read Tasso will be increased by a knowledge of the events of his life. Possessed of sensibility refined and uncommon, he was ill prepared to buffet with the world's malignity, or to encounter the pitiless storms of misfortune. Though his immortal poem, at its first appearance, was almost unparalleled in its success, and was speedily translated into many of the languages of Europe, yet swarms of insect-critics gathered and buzzed around it, to the torment

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of its fastidious author. Smitten with the love of poetry, his heart was also deeply wounded by the power of love. The woman on whom he centered his affections was exalted in rank above his hopes, but was not insensible to his merit. Forced, therefore, to renounce an expectation so aspiringly cherished, he continued to feel through the remainder of his life the pangs which were caused by the crush of his hopes. Tinctured by melancholy before, the circumstance which has been mentioned conspired to render him still more the subject of gloom. In some of his verses he has alluded to the object of his passion in the most pathetic manner. In the following verses he represents her in a state of grandeur too high for an humble poet.

Oh, by the graces, by the loves design'd
In happy hour t' enjoy an envied place!
Attendant on the fairest of her kind,
Whose charms excel the charms of human race!
Fain would I view, but dare not lift my sight
To mark the splendour of her piercing eyes;
The heavenly smiles, her bosom's dazzling white,
The nameless graces that the soul surprise.

In the days of Tasso, the poet generally relied for protection on some powerful patron. Devoted to the muses, and not to the acquirement of wealth, he was most commonly poor. The prince on whom Tasso most depended was Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, and to him he dedicated his great work. Alphonso, proud of the honours which the poet conferred upon him, was at first lavish of his caresses, but afterward, for some reason which has not been sufficiently explained, threw him into prison. The melancholy bard at length sunk under his distresses; his powerful intellects became deranged, and his phrenzied imagination rendered him the object of compassion and of terror. Manso, his friend and biographer tells us, that frequently in company he would become entirely abstracted, would talk to himself and laugh violently, and would fix his eyes upon vacancy for a long time, and then say that he saw his familiar spirit, and describe him as under the semblance of an angelic youth, such as he paints him in his dialogue of *Le Messagiero*. Manso particularly mentions that once Tasso, irritated at his incredulity, told him that he should see his spirit with his own eyes. Accordingly, next day, when they were sitting by the fire, and talking together, Tasso suddenly darted his eyes to a window in the room, and sat so intently gazing, that when Manso spoke to him, he returned no answer. At last he turned to him, and said, "Behold the friendly spirit who is courteously come to converse with me; look at him, and perceive the truth of my words." Manso immediately turned his eyes toward the spot, but, with his keenest vision, could see nothing but the rays of the sun shining through the window into the chamber. While he was thus staring, Tasso had entered into lofty discourse with the spirit, and he solemnly declares, that his discourse was so grand and marvellous, and contained such lofty things, expressed in a most unusual mode, that he remained in extacy, and did not dare to open his mouth to tell Tasso that the spirit was not visible to him. After some time, Tasso turned to him with a smile, and said, he hoped he was now convinced. To which Manso replied, that he had indeed heard wonderful things, but had seen nothing*.

A new translation of the Jerusalem Delivered would be a very acceptable present to English literature. Fairfax's version is now little or never read. Hoole's translation, though not bad, can give us but a very imperfect idea of the original. A version after the manner of Cowper's Homer, would, I am certain, prove a popular and enchanting work.

* See Hoole's Life of Tasso, Letters of Literature, and Drake's Lit. Hours.

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The Henriade of Voltaire, though not equal to the poem last mentioned, has many beautiful passages. It strictly observes the rules of epic poetry, and treads on the footsteps of Virgil. Many of the countrymen of Voltaire rank his genius too high, while many Englishmen rank it too low. Perhaps no man ever surpassed him in versatility of talents. It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding his opposition to the Christian religion, in the Henriade there is uncommon respect paid to it, and his tragedies are strictly moral. I wish that the same could be said of his other performances, especially of his Maid of Orleans, which is one of the most licentious performances ever written. The best English translation of the Henriade was published by a French lady, in London, 1797.

From this performance I shall take the following beautiful and pathetic extract, which describes an encounter between a father and his son.

With death and terror D'Ailly fill'd the plain,
D'Ailly of thirty years of warfare vain;
To him the horrors of domestic strife
Gave youthful vigour in declining life:
His arm one warrior only dares oppose,
One in whose bosom equal ardour glows;
Untry'd in arms, scarce ripen'd into man,
That bloody day his bright career began.
Love form'd the youth for every tender joy,
And Hymen smil'd upon the blooming boy;
But scorning all that youth and beauty gave,
He sigh'd for glory 'midst the great and brave.
How did his bride that day the league deplore,
As her soft hands the heavy cuirass bore,
And cloth'd his tender limbs in horrid steel,
What anguish did her heaving bosom feel!
How trickled down his casque the briny tear,
Which hid that face so lovely and so dear.

Soon D'Ailly's prowess his attention drew,
To meet a rival o'er the plain he flew;
Thro' heaps confus'd of dying and of dead,
Whirlwinds of dust, and fields with slaughter red,
Furious they drive their steeds' impetuous course,
Till midway closing with unbridled force,
Earth echoes with the shock, and whizzing high,
Aloft in air their shiver'd lances fly.
As when two summer clouds, thro' heaven's expanse,
Pregnant with flame their adverse fronts advance;
They meet; blue lightnings from their bosom dart,
And dire explosions stun the human heart.

Swift from their steeds th' impatient warriors bound,
Their clashing swords their adverse bosoms wound;
Discord and War the horrid contest view,
And Death stood by with pale and bloody hue.
Cease, hapless warriors, cease, that rage restrain!
But fate impels! the warning voice is vain:
Their ruthless hands the crimson torrent dyes,
Beneath their swords the plated cuirass flies;
Their helmets sparkle as the blades descend,
Thro' every fold the massy bucklers bend;
Unconscious at what heart their fury aims,
No vulgar hate their generous soul inflames;
Charm'd with the valour which a foe displays,
Each views his mighty rival with amaze.
But now from D'Ailly's arm a deadly blow
Lays prostrate at his feet his unknown foe.
He falls; his eyes eternal shadows close,
His youthful face his rolling helmet shows;
And D'Ailly sees——oh horror! oh remorse!——
He sees his son a breathless mangled corse!

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Despair and frantic rage his soul possess'd,
His guilty sword he turn'd upon his breast.
Scarce from the scene of woe by force remov'd,
In sullen grief to distant worlds he rov'd,
Cursing the fame his fatal sword had won,
The hated hand that robb'd him of his son.
To man, to honour, to ambition dead,
To wilds and caves the wretched father fled;
There, when the sun begins his bright career,
His child's sad name the woods and mountains hear;
There, where the western wave his labours bound,
Tir'd echo still repeats the dismal sound.

Trembling for all, next heaven her soul ador'd,
The field of blood his youthful wife explor'd;
'Mid the wide scene of death, her anxious view
Too soon the features of her lover knew;
Silent, transfixed in senseless grief she stood,
A chilling damp her fainting limbs bedew'd.
"Is this, alas!".....but lost in bursting sighs,
On her pale lip the broken accent dies.
As life return'd, she sought a last embrace,
Prest to her lips his pallid, ghastly face,
Clasp'd his cold body, and, in wild despair,
Breath'd in a kiss her tender soul in air.

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE JUDICIARY SYSTEMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is no part of a constitution, which involves more important effects than that which relates to the *Judiciary*. The great essentials in the organization of this branch of the government are, *a proper appointment* in the first instance, and *an adequate independence* afterwards. To secure the first, the appointment should be vested in that body where there is the greatest prospect of a good choice, and the greatest *responsibility* for a bad one. The executive, by its unity, is completely responsible; a chief magistrate, for his own reputation, will search for the best men. The legislature are, in a great degree, exempted from that responsibility; voting by ballot, as they generally do, the choice is the choice of no particular member, and every one is sheltered by the vote of the other; besides, many of the members change every year or two, and the same body which elected an unworthy officer, existing no longer when his incapacity is discovered, no public shame attaches on them as a body. The responsibility of the executive is not lessened by assigning to a senate or council a negative on his nomination, and such negative may sometimes be a very salutary check, though in general its propriety is questionable: it indeed may, in a very few instances, prevent an improper appointment, but it may also defeat many proper ones. *Independence* in the judiciary is produced by a tenure during good behaviour, and by an adequate compensation, not liable to diminution. A limited commission would create dependence on the authority invested with the re-appointment; a precarious compensation would beget a dependence on the legislature. The constitution of the United States secures effectually all these advantages, the check, which the senate has on the nomination by the president, is more necessary, as applied to the union at large, than it would be in relation to a particular state. The constitutions of Pennsylvania and Delaware vest the appointment absolutely in the governor, and contain every requisite to secure a good judiciary; that of New-York vests the choice in the council of appointment; those of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maryland, in the governor and council; that of Kentucky, like that of the United States, in the governor, with

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the consent of the senate; those of Connecticut, Rhode-Island, Vermont, New-Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, in the legislature..... In North Carolina, however, the governor has the nomination. In most of the states the tenure is good behaviour; it is so in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New-York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee. In Connecticut and Rhode-Island, the judges are annually appointed; but from the customs and habits of the people of Connecticut, there does not result much injury from this deformity in their code, because it is a matter of course to re-appoint the former officer, unless guilty of some serious misconduct. In Vermont there is more danger of the existence of an undue dependence; the judges are elected annually, and the constitution adds, "and oftener, if need be:" one would think they might be satisfied with an annual election. In New-Jersey, the judges of the superior court are chosen for seven years, and of the inferior court for five years: so, by the former constitution of Pennsylvania, their judges were appointed for six years; but they have had the wisdom to convert that, by their last constitution, into a tenure during good behaviour. In Georgia it is still worse; the judges hold their offices for only three years. It is fortunate, however, that the judges are perfectly independent in every state except Connecticut, Rhode-Island, Vermont, New-Jersey, and Georgia; and with respect to Connecticut, little danger is to be apprehended from their mode. At the same time it is to be regretted, that any of the eastern states, which are generally distinguished for the wisdom of their policy, should countenance principles unfavourable to order, stability, and political morality.

The following table is designed to show the state of the judicial systems of America in the year 1796. This table and the above remarks were originally drawn up by Mr. W. Smith.

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REVIEW.

Poems, by Peter Bayley, jun. Esq. Philadelphia, Conrad & Co. p. 232. T. & G. Palmer, printers, 1804.

THIS is the first time that we have seen the name of Peter Bayley among the list of English poets. By his works, however, he is entitled to an honourable rank among them. They rise far above the productions of mediocrity with which the English-press has lately groaned. The volume before us contains specimens of poetry of different descriptions. The author has tried his strength in blank verse and rhyme, in satire, in description, in ode, in elegy, in sonnet, and in burlesque, and in each of these he is considerably successful.

The first poem in this collection is a satire, entitled An Apology for Writing. The writer has adopted, in this piece, the fashionable mode of dialogue, annotation, and quotation; his versification is melodious; and his temper appears to be as irascible as the lovers of the crack of Gifford's horsewhip could wish it.

The three most considerable poems, as to length, are "An Evening in the Vale of Festiniog," "A First View of the World," and "The Delusions of Love." The first of these, as the title would inform us, is description, intermixed with such reflection as the scenes described is calculated to inspire. Mr. B. seems to have that enthusiastic love of nature, which is inseparable from the truest and highest spirit of poetry. The following passage will enable the reader to judge, in some measure, how far this assertion is just:

But who shall paint the mingled waves of light,
And hues effulgent, that together roll,
Where with the sky the long-drawn blazing line
Of ocean mixes! There the ardent glow
Of topaz, and the ruddy ruby's flush,
Unite, convolved in floods; floating along,
Big clouds of purple, edg'd with brightest light,
Spread their broad vans; above, a thin light tinge
Of palest saffron melts by faint degrees
Into the pure cærulean: higher still,
Through the broad veil of grey that spreads around,
And fills the vault of heaven, at intervals,
Bursts the blue sky, and sheds a milder day.
A cool half shadow, like the first small mist
That rises from the bosom of some lake
In early eve, creeps up the rugged sides
And cliffs of the vast mountains that embrace
On either side, with double range, the vale*.
Who so unblessed as to lock up his heart
Against the soothing power and sweet illapse
Of Nature's voice!——For sure there dwells a voice,
A moving spirit, and a speaking tongue,
In the loud waters, and the nimble air,
And the still moon-beam, and the living light†
Of suns resplendent in their mid career.
And there are sounds that to reflecting minds
Speak feelingly, aiding the bland effect
Of all that Nature offers to the eyes
Of mortal men—And thus the lulling strains,
That, with low-welling tones and dying falls,
Come floating down the breeze, into my heart
Whisper strange things—Nor less the varying voice
That issues from the bubbling stream affects
My melting soul, when, now with still small sound
It trembles, then, with a sweet skirmishing,
Fills all the breeze, and after many a swell
And sweeping strain of winding melody,
It sinks away, quite lost in a full pause.

* Look how the mountains, with thei double range,
Embrace the vale of Tempe.
AKENSID

† Un vivo Sole. PETRARCH.

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And there are sounds that not unpleasantly
Fill the attentive ear, though chiming in
With sharper music. Scarce discernible
From the brown scaly bark to which she clings,
The wryneck pours her cry incessantly*,
With wail monotonous: down by the stream side
Pipes the curlew; and, wheeling to and fro
With tumbling flight, and glancing in the sun,
Yon golden plovers whistle sharp and shrill.
Yet these are passing pleasant; for the breeze
Blends them together, and, low whispering,
Tempers each harsh sound with its own sweet breath,
With half-heard warblings, and unnumbered sighs
Of rustling leaves; while, heard through every note,
The bubbling rill that murmurs at my feet
Rolls in mild concord, and pervades the whole.

"The First View of the World" contains many pleasing passages, some happy descriptions of the vivid and deceptive pleasures of youth, and some just censures on the manner in which wealth and power confer their favours. It closes in the following poetical manner:

Dear native Wever, by whose gentle stream
I gave my soul to many a blissful dream,
Though now in discontent and gloom I stray
Far from the vale that sees thy waters play,
Where'er I go, where'er my footsteps roam,
My fancy still returns to thee and home;
Bids thy known banks and loved recesses rise
To soothe my soul, and cheat my longing eyes;
Bids scenes endeared by past events employ
My thoughts, and charm with momentary joy.

But ah not long the smiling visions stay,
Vice comes—in air they melt, they fade away.
The baleful power rears high in pride her face,
And shows a different form in every place,
Meets me at every turn where'er I go,
Nor suffers me one hour of peace to know;
In vain her presence I attempt to fly,
Turn where I will she meets my sickening eye.
Thus some poor Indian, on his unknown way,
Worn with fatigue, and trembling with dismay,
Wanders 'till night has spread her shades around,
Then throws him in despair upon the ground;
Sleep seals his eyes; he finds a short repose,
A short and sweet oblivion of his woes;
Wrapt in a blissful dream he seems to rove
Through the sweet mazes of a spicy grove,
Where cool rills murmur through the tangled glade,
And tall bananas spread their graceful shade;
Or where through green savannahs, clear and strong,
The deep majestic waters sweep along.
And ever to his senses stands displayed
The beauteous image of his much-loved maid;
Near in the tamarind shade she seems to stand,
Arrayed in smiles, and beckoning waves her hand;
Glowing with love he gazes on her charms,
Then sighs, and wide extends his eager arms;
Already holds her in his strict embrace,
And hangs in maddening rapture o'er her face.
Ah, bliss how short! he wakes, and all aghast
Hears the fierce yell of tigers in the blast,
Hears the gaunt lion roaring for his prey,
And fears the fell hyena in his way.—
Frantic along his dismal way he speeds,
And dreads when, murmuring in the giant reeds,
Strange whispers sound, as in the winds they shake,
Some unknown monster crouching in the brake.

* *The wryneck*—Iynx Torquilla.

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In "The Delusions of Love," the author has imitated closely the stile and manner of Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination. I expected more from the title of this poem, than I find it contains. The subject is so copious, and so animating to youthful imagination, that I thought here the writer would have called into exercise all his strength. I was however disappointed. He seems to have explored his way from borrowed lights, and to have culled, without acknowledgment, from Akenside, Armstrong, and Thomson.

Some of the smaller poems are extremely happy. "The Forest Fay" discovers a sportive and wandering fancy. The following verses in his address "To the Powers of Fancy" contain a description of sensations which those may have felt who have loved.

Oft as your influence led, my feet have strayed,
Through dells enlightened by the moon's pale beam,
Have sought the silence of the pathless glade,
The vaulted rock, or long-resounding stream.

Then would the murmurs of the passing wind,
That breathed, soft sighing, through the rustling sprays,
Create strange feelings in my melting mind,
And lead my ravished thoughts through many a maze.

Then would the cataract's impetuous sound
Exalt my soul, as down its rifted bed
It drove unceasing, and my feet would bound,
As if upborn by wings, with loftier tread.

Sweet were ye, dreams of Fancy, when my soul
First felt the bosom-spring of young desire,
When first Love's dear enchantment o'er me stole,
And every pulse confessed his thrilling fire.

Then first did Hope unveil her laughing eyes,
And promise sunshine to my future years;
But ah! with Hope came mingled tears, and sighs,
And fond anxieties, and chilling fears.

Then Love was all to me; all nature round
Seemed full of Love; in every leaf and flower
Something congenial with his flame I found,
Some apt memorial of his wide-spread power.

Oft as I shunned the busy haunts of care,
And roamed through glens and forest-glooms, each sound
That floated buoyant on the wings of air
Within my breast an answering echo found.

The sonnets are in the usual sad and complaining stile, but not marked by any bold strokes of originality. "The Ivy Seat" is the best of the amatory verses, and paints little incidents which feelingly touch the heart.

"The Fisherman's Wife, dedicated to all admirers of the familiar style of writing, so popular in 1800," is intended as a burlesque on the Lyrical Ballads, which we have already in this work justly condemned. Though "The Fisherman's Wife" is to be considered as the highest kind of ridicule, yet, if viewed in a serious light, it is vastly superior either to "The Thorn" or "Idiot Boy" of Wordsworth.

On reviewing the whole, we think that Bayley's Poems must furnish an acceptable repast for poetical taste. Though they do not rise to any very daring or original flights, yet they keep a steady course above the level of mediocrity, and occasionally break forth into strains which betoken genius.

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POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

YOUTH.....No. II.

YOUTH has been called the golden age
of life.
It is the season of romantic hope.
It is a traveller in a fairy world,
Where novelty on every landscape
blooms,
And melody is heard in every sound.

A throne for youth is not a mark too
high;
He grasps at sceptres and at crowns.—
He sees
Nations and kingdoms bending at his
nod.
He hears his name blown from the
trump of fame,
And sees it written on the dusty rolls
Which distant ages keep. Visions of
bliss
Which future years will bring to his
embrace,
By Fancy's incantations brought, pass
by.
He walks and slumbers on enchanted
ground:
The lofty palace and embattled tower,
The tossing ocean and the fertile fields,
New worlds untrodden by the foot of
man,
Burst on his view to own his future
sway.

Joy's roundelay awakes his ear and tells
Of scenes of pleasure where a fairy
dwells,
Who will on him, her favour'd son, bestow
His soul's desire, and shelter him from
woe.

Favour'd of heaven, say, shall the cruel
muse
Darken this sunshine, tell how false is
Hope,
Dash from thy lips blithe Fancy's cup
of joy?
Ah no! she cannot, she is Fancy's child;
Like thee, fond youth, she visits other
worlds,
And fans with downy pinions other air
Than floats and stagnates in this darkened vale.

Build then thy palaces of air: indulge
But with religious guidance thy dear
hopes;
O elevate thy piercing eye to heaven;
Bid Hope ascend to happiness unclouded,
Which pours hosannas round the throne
of God.

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The feeble offering now presented you is the production of a female, unblest with a friend with will and ability to revise or advise. Dubious herself of its merits, she trembles for its fate; but hopes, under these considerations, you will be induced to treat it with lenity. It may at all events, she flatters herself, be termed an effusion of the heart, if not of the muse.

THE SELF-DELUDED JESSY.

WRAPT in a sweet retired shade
Did beauteous Jessy dwell;
All those who saw admir'd the maid,
So far did she excel.

Till twenty deck'd with every grace,
She gaily trip't the green,
When down her sweet, expressive face,
The mantling tear was seen.

Young Henry oft had gaz'd and sigh'd,
Nay sometimes kiss'd her hand,
With heart ensnar'd, her eyes replied,
The traitors would command.

For now the time, alas, was flown,
When peace could be regained,
Her bosom had become a throne,
Where Henry's image reign'd.

" O should I be his bride," she said;
" But no—it ne'er can be!
" For was the gen'rous proffer made,
" 'T would fatal prove to me.

" Yes, sure the tender word, I love,
" Would stop the vital stream!
" A death so sweet, ah, could I prove,
" But oh, 'tis all a dream!"

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'Twas soon she heard the rumour'd tale,
She heard, and almost died,
That Delia of the poplar vale
Was Henry's destin'd bride.

"Those tender hopes," she mournful said,
"Compell'd I now resign;
"Yes, Delia, thrice, thrice happy maid,
"That bliss will soon be thine.

"Why gaz'd I on the beauteous form,
"That can no equal boast?
"Why saw I not the rising storm,
"In which my peace is lost?"

While now the midnight watch so drear,
The dark forsaken bower,
Knew not to strike the heart with fear,
Congenial with the hour.

When round her all was hush'd in sleep,
In soft and sweet repose,
She sought the bow'r unseen, to weep,
Unheard to sigh her woes.

"Sleep on, sleep on," she mourful said,
"Whose hearts from care are free;
"Asleep and in the cold grave laid,
"Ere long I hope to be.

"I die, I hasten to the tomb,
"Soon, soon my life will end,
"Soon shall I seek its peaceful gloom,
"Where sorrow finds a friend."

To soothe her mind in vain she sought,
For anguish seized the string
To which was link'd the nerve of tho't,
And reason took to wing.

From eyes of soft celestial blue,
That late with lustre shone,
Which spoke the soul, and charm'd the view,
The beam of joy had flown.

She often wander'd by a stream,
Which glides a wood along,
Where to the stock-dove's plaintive theme
She join'd a sadder song.

The eve before the fatal eve
When Henry claim'd his bride,
Though oft denied, she pled for leave
To wander to its side.

Indulg'd, tho' bade to mark the shade
Of sable night drew near,
With vacant look, the lovely maid
Seem'd not a word to hear,

But pluck'd the wild flow'rs from her side,
And said, "I'll weave with these
"A garland for my Henry's bride,
"Present them if you please.

"This jonquil see, and primrose pale!
"Nay, don't shake off the dew,
"Such sweetness does his breath exhale,
"His eyes that violet's blue.

"To-morrow is the bridal day,
"But don't the secret tell,
"I could not near the village stay,
"I love him yet too well.

"Too well—ah me! there's not a thought,
"Which wanders through my brain,
"But is with tend'rest passion fraught,
"And agoniz'd with pain!

"Why ask me why I kiss the sod?
"Why look with such surprize?
"There's not a blade his foot has trod,
"Unruffled by my sighs.

"Ah me! the world can ill conceive,
"Of all they wish possess'd,
"What little trifles can relieve,
"The fond, the love-lorn breast.

"But why around me do you weep?
"Is Henry, say, no more?
"O yes, he lives, he does but sleep,
"My first sad fear is o'er!

"Then bring him, I'll a mantle form,
"Of this the robe I wear,
"My bosom can support the storm,
"There is no feeling there.

"But oh! the holy rites may wait,
"And Delia too may chide,
"So leave me to my hapless fate,
"And lead him to his bride!

"I'll turn me where his image lies,
"Wrapt in my bosom here,
"And dwell upon those beauteous eyes,
"Which love has pictur'd there.

"The busy eyes, which now pursue,
"Will there no entrance find;
"Nor Delia, his loved Delia view,
"The worship'd form enshrined.

"But oh, how strange, he could impart
"A pang to wound so sore!
"How could he bear to break the heart,
"Which wears him in its core?

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" Yes, 'till the icy hand of death,
" Compels my fainting frame,
" To yield my trembling, latest breath,
" I'll sigh his angel name.

" Why have my tears thus ceased to flow?
" Why are my thoughts so wild?
" Oh shield me, heaven, from senseless woe,
" For I am sorrow's child!

" This time, ah me, to-morrow's eve,
" Oh hide me from the view!
" My heart is chill'd, I'll take my leave,
" To life I'll bid adieu!"

Her hapless fate concludes the theme,
Which pity long must mourn,
For cold and lifeless from the stream,
Next day was Jessy borne.

Love oftimes acts a tyrant's part,
Beware, sweet maids, beware!
Once thron'd within the feeling breast,
He laughs and triumphs there.

SABINA.

SELECTED.

[Some of the most beautiful poems of Burns are to be found among his lyrics, contained in the fourth volume of Currie's edition of his works. He wrote the most of these after he had been to Edinburgh, after his taste had been more cultivated, and his reputation established. The two following pieces, extracted from these, cannot fail of meeting with a cordial reception from our readers.]

BANKS OF CREE.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the beechen shade;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the wood-lark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music, and 'tis love.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that would touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could waken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

SELECTIONS.

ANECDOTES OF BACON THE SCULPTOR.

AT the time he was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom Mr. Bacon was an utter stranger, was walking through the abbey, and coming unseen, tapped Mr. B. on the shoulder, saying, " Take care what you are about, you work for eternity," alluding to the story of Zeuxis. It happened the next morning that Mr. B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, " Take care

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JUDICIAL SYSTEMS OF AMERICA EXPLAINED.

States.	*Appointed by*	*Tenure.*	*Removeable by*	*Remarks.*
United States.	President and senate.	Good behaviour.	Impeachment by representatives before senate.	Pay undiminishable during term of appointment.
New Hampshire.	Governor and council.	Good behaviour; justices of the peace for 5 years.	Impeachment and address of legislature to governor.	Pay fixed by law. Advise governor.
Massachusetts.	Governor and council.	Good behaviour; justices of the peace 7 years.	Impeachment, and by governor and council, on address of both houses.	Give their opinions to governor and council on solemn occasions, and to legislature on questions of law. Decide on divorces.
Connecticut.	Legislature.	Annual.	Usually re-appointed during capacity to serve, unless guilty of misbe-	Their courts decree divorces.
Georgia.	Legislature.	Three years, re-eligible.	Impeachment by assembly, tried by senate.	Pay unalterable during continuance in office.
Tennessee.	Legislature.	Good behaviour.	Impeachment by assembly, tried by senate.	Not allowed to charge juries as to matters of fact, but may state the testimony and declare the law.
Terr. N. W. of Ohio.	President and senate of U. S.	Good behaviour.	Impeachment by house of representatives of United States; tried by	Pay fixed by congress. With the governor, possess several legislative powers. Freehold qualifica-

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what you are about, *you* work for eternity."

While Mr. B. was walking one day in Westminster Abbey, he observed a person standing before his principal work, who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and who was exuberant in his remarks. "This monument of Chatham," said he to Mr. B. whom it is evident he mistook for an ignorant stranger, "is admirable upon the whole, but it has great defects." "I should be greatly obliged," said Mr. B. "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "Why here," said the critic, "and there.... do you not see? bad....very bad!" at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence that was likely to injure the work. "But," said Mr. B. "I should be glad to be acquainted why the parts you touched are bad?" He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply, but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. "I told Bacon," said he, "repeatedly of this while the monument was forming; I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him." "What, then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said Mr. B. "O yes," replied the stranger, "I have been intimate with him for many years." "It is well for you then," said Mr. B. taking leave of him, "that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow, for he would not have been well pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled."

HISTORY OF THE LONDON BREWERY, FROM THE BEGINNING OF KING WILLIAM'S REIGN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

IN the beginning of king William's reign, the duty on strong beer, or ale, was 1s. 3d. per barrel: the brewer then sold his brown ale at 16s. per barrel, and the small beer, which was made from the same grains, at 6s. per barrel. These were mostly fetched from the brewhouse by the customers themselves, and paid for with ready money; so that the brewer kept but few servants, fewer horses, had no stock of beers or ales by him, no purchasing of leases of public houses, no bad debts, and but a trifling number of casks, and his money, consequently, returned before he either paid his duty or for his malt. The victualler then sold this ale for 2d. per quart. Soon after, our wars with France occasioned further duties on this commodity. I think that, in 1689, 9d. per barrel more was laid upon strong beer, and 3d. per barrel on small beer. In 1690, the duty was advanced 2s. and 3d. per barrel on strong beer, and 9d. per barrel upon small; and, in 1692, an additional duty of 9d. per barrel was laid upon strong beer only. At this period the brewer raised his price from 16s. to 18s. and 19s. per barrel; and the victualler raised his price to 2½d. per quart. Now we come to the queen's time, when, France disturbing us again, the malt tax, the duty on hops, and that on coals, took place; and, as the duty on malt surpassed that on hops, the brewers endeavoured at a liquor wherein more of the latter should be used: thus the drinking of beer became encouraged in preference to ale. This beer, when new, they sold for 22s. per barrel, and, at the same time, advanced their ale to 19s. and 20s. per barrel; but the people, not easily weaned from their heavy, sweet drink, in general drank ale mixed with beer from the victualler at 2½d. to 2¾d. per quart. The gentry now residing in London more than they had done in former times, introduced the pale ale and pale small beer, which they were habituated to in the country, and either engaged some of their friends, or the London brewers, to make for them these kinds of drink; and affluence and cleanliness promoted the delivery of them in the brewers' own casks, and at his charge. Pale malt being dearest, the brewer being loaded with more tax and expence, fixed the

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price of such small beer at 8s. and 10s. per barrel, and the ale at 30s. per barrel: the latter was sold by the victualler at 4d. per quart, and under the name of two-penny. This little opposition excited the brown beer trade to produce, if possible, a better sort of commodity, in their way, than heretofore had been made. They began to hop their mild beers more, and the publican started three, four, or six butts at a time; but so little idea had the brewer, or his customer, of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of monied people to make a trade, by buying these beers from brewers, keeping them some time, and selling them, when stale, to victuallers, for 25s. or 26s. per barrel.

Our tastes but slowly alter or reform. Some drank mild and stale beer, others what was then called 3-threads, at 3d. per quart; but many used all stale, at 4d. per quart. On this footing stood the trade until about the year 1722, when the brewers conceived that there was a mean to be found preferable to any of these extremes; which was, that beer should be well brewed, and from being kept its proper time, becoming mellow (*i.e.* neither new nor stale), it would recommend itself to the public. This they ventured to sell at 23s. per barrel, that the victualler might retail it at 3d. per quart. Though it was slow, at first, in making its way, yet, as it was certainly right in the end, the experiment succeeded beyond expectation. The labouring people, porters, &c. found its utility; from whence came its appellation of porter, or entire butt. As yet, however, it was far from being in the perfection which we have since had it.

Porter was, at different times, raised to 30s. per barrel, where it remained till the year 1799, and was retailed at 3½d. per quart, when, in consequence of malt rising in price to from 4l. to 4l. 10s. and 5l. per quarter, and hops from 4l. 10s. to 17l. 18l. and 20l. per cwt. porter was raised to 1l. 15s. per barrel, and retailed at 4d. per quart. Ale, likewise, experienced a rise of from 2l. 2s. to 2l. 12s. 6d. per barrel.

OF ST. PAUL'S PROFESSION, OR TRADE.

ST. PAUL frequently says, in his Epistles, that he received no pay from the christian communities, except from that of Philippi, and that he earned his bread by the labour of his own hands, though at the same time he declares, that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that the teacher deserves to be recompensed by those who are taught. He even ordained that other teachers should be paid by the churches, and excluded only himself from a participation of the pay*. He says, in express terms, to the elders of the church at Ephesus, where he had resided three years, "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel; yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me†." Now St. Paul had generally several assistants with him; and when he was at Ephesus, he by no means lived in a narrow or sparing manner; for he hired a public auditory, where he daily taught the doctrines of christianity‡, and where every one was permitted to enter without fee or reward. And among his Ephesian friends he reckoned several Asiarchs, who were opulent annual magistrates, and who were certainly not christians, as it was their office, especially of one of their body, to preside over the religious games, of which the president defrayed the greatest part of the expence‖. Nor does St. Paul appear

* See 1 Cor. ix. 2 Cor. xi, 7—11. Gal. vi, 6—10. Phil. iv, 10—16. 1 Tim. v, 17, 18.

† Acts xx, 33, 34.

‡ Acts xix, 9.

‖ See Boze's Essay on this subject, in the 17th volume of the Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

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to have been in narrow circumstances during his two years imprisonment at Cesarea; for the Roman governor, Felix, frequently sent for him, and conversed with him, expecting that money would be offered for his release.

That among the Jews, even men of learning, as St. Paul certainly was, who had been educated under Gamaliel, gained their livelihood by the labour of their own hands, is a matter which is well known. But the question is, by what kind of labour was St. Paul, who devoted so much time to the exercise of his apostolical office, enabled to provide so plentifully both for himself and his companions. The Greek term used by St. Luke, Acts xviii, 3, where he says that St. Paul and Aquilas exercised the same art, is σκηνοποιος. This word, which does not occur in other Greek authors, is supposed to be equivalent to σκηνορραφος, and is taken by some commentators to denote a worker in leather, either a saddler or a maker of leather chairs which were strapped on the back of a camel. But no man can exercise the trade of a saddler, who leads such a wandering life as St. Paul did; for a saddler has so many materials necessary for his business, that they cannot be conveniently transported from town to town. Whoever, therefore, reads with attention the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, and observes how short a stay St. Paul made in each place, and how frequently he was forced to depart suddenly, must perceive that the notion of St. Paul's being a travelling saddler is wholly absurd. Besides, the very employment of a saddler is by no means calculated for a travelling trade; for since saddlers in every town have generally their fixed customers, a man of this trade, who came a stranger to any place, might wait there a twelvemonth before he found employment. And even if this objection were removed, it is still difficult to comprehend how any man, who devoted the greatest part of his time to spiritual purposes, and had only a few hours' leisure every day for the labour of his hands, could earn enough, as a saddler, to supply, in an ample manner, the necessities both of himself and of his friends. If we explain σκηνοποιος as denoting "a maker of leather chairs to be strapped on the backs of camels," the difficulty will be still increased; for St. Paul was very frequently in places where there were no camels, and consequently where no such chairs were wanted. Other commentators take σκηνοποιος in the sense of a "tent-maker;" but the same objections which have been made to the other applications of the word may be made likewise to this. And if Aquilas, who was of the same trade with St. Paul, was a tent-maker, it must seem extraordinary that a man, who was a native of Pontus, in the neighbourhood of which country there were nations who lived in tents, should come to Corinth and Ephesus, where tents were not wanted.

But the preceding difficulties are entirely removed by the following passage in Julius Pollux, from which it appears that σκηνοποιος has properly a very different meaning from either of those already mentioned. This learned writer says in his Onomasticon, lib. VII, § 189, that σκηνοποιος, in the language of the old comedy, was equivalent to μηχανοποιος*. Now μηχανοποιος signifies a "maker of mechanical instruments;" consequently St. Paul and Aquilas were neither saddlers nor tent makers. And this profession suited extremely well their mode of life; for whoever possesses ability in the art, can earn, in a *few* hours every day, as much

* Τους δε μηχανοποιους και σκηνοποιους ἡ παλαια καμῳδια ωνομαζε. Though Julius Pollux says that σκηνοποιος was thus used in the old comedy, and does not quote any living authors, yet it must be observed that the words used in comedy are the words of common conversation, though not always used by authors.

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as is necessary for his support; and can easily travel from place to place, because th: apparatus is easily transported. It is, therefore, extraordinary that no commentator has hitherto taken σκηνοποιος, Acts xviii, 3, in this sense; and still more extraordinary that Julius Pollux has been actually quoted for a very different purpose, namely to caution the reader against ascribing to σκηνοποιος, Acts xviii, 3, the sense which is given it in the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux. Such commentators must surely have never reflected on the advantages which attend this sense, and the difficulties which attend the others.

PERKINS' POINTS.

To the Editors of the Medical and Physical Journal.

Published August, 1800.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU have given ample room to the effects of digitalis, and communicated much useful information on the subject of the cow-pox, the happiest discovery of the present age; will you allow a little room in your valuable publication for the following cases of the efficacy of tractors?

Having furnished my ingenious friend, Mr. Biron, house apothecary to the General Infirmary here, with a pair of tractors, he lost no time in making the experiments; the result of which I will detail in his own words.

Robert Wood, aged 67, on June 4th was operated upon with tractors, for a rheumatic affection of his hip, which he has had for these eight months. During the application of the tractors, which was continued for seven minutes, no effects were produced, except a profuse perspiration and a general tremor. On ceasing the application of the tractors, to his inexpressible joy, and our satisfaction, the good effects of our labour were now produced and acknowledged; for he voluntarily assured us, that he could now walk with perfect ease, for he had the entire motion of the joint, and that he was free from pain. To use his own words, "As to the pain I have now, I do not care if I have it all my life; that will matter nothing: you may take your medicines, I'll have no more of them; these are the things for me." And prior to his leaving the infirmary, he remarked how very warm those parts were, where the tractors had been applied, and then walked from the infirmary to his own house, assuring his companion Bowson, that he could very well walk to Beverly. June 5th, Walked to the infirmary this morning with very trifling difficulty; was so much pleased with the relief, or rather cure, obtained yesterday, that, to use his own words again, he had very joyfully spread abroad the intelligence to his acquaintance. Has had some return of pain this morning, which, however, was removed by another application; and when asked how he felt, declared, "as bonny as augh," and then marched off, with a countenance expressive of his gratitude for the wonderful relief he had obtained.

Robert Bowser, aged 37. June 4th, pain and weakness in his right arm, which he has had for some months; after applying the tractors one minute and a half, feels less pain, 2° heat; 4°, pain much increased; 5°, compared the tractors to red hot needles; the application of the tractors was continued four minutes longer; as the pain increased so did the heat to a violent degree. On moving the arm after the operation, he assured us he was very greatly relieved. 5th, His pain has lessened very considerably since yesterday, but moves his arm yet with difficulty. 6th, He returned home yesterday, and says he slept for near three hours, when he was suddenly awoke by a violent burning heat in the arm, in such directions as the tractors, after which he was much better.

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Ann Hill, aged 57. Pain on her right arm and shoulder, which she has had for nine months; the tractors were applied one minute and a half, when she perceived an increase of warmth on the part; 3°, the pain removed from the shoulder to the elbow; 5°, she suddenly exclaimed that she was now cured of the worst pain. "Bless me! why, who could have thought it, that them little things could pull the pain from one? Well, to be sure, the longer one lives the more one sees; ah dear! Well, thank God, I hope I shall be able to wash again, and earn a bit of bread! Well, I can get my gown on now, in the morning I could not, if it had been ever so! Well, gentlemen, I return you many thanks; I reckon you'll do me again, and then you'll pull it all out." June 5th, Had pain in the shoulder once last night, but since then it has been chiefly near the elbow. The tractors were applied as before, a greater warmth was produced in the part than before. 6th, She assures us the pain is now trifling, and complains only of weakness in the part. 8th, As she is now free from pain, wishes to return thanks.

John Smith, aged 39. Pain in the knee, ankle, and foot. June 10th, The tractors were applied one minute and a half, when a general warmth was very evident; 2°, much less pain; 3°, the Tractors carry heat with him wherever they go. His feet, prior to the application, were always cold, now agreeably warm; in six minutes he assured us he could walk with greater ease than he had done for three months; and to convince us how greatly he was relieved, he repeatedly, with great violence, struck his feet against the tables and chairs. June 12th, The pain is much relieved, but the soreness in the soles of the feet still remains; 2°, much warmth where-ever the tractors are carried; 3°, "Do you think yourself much relieved?" "Relieved! sir, I believe I am; why, I am quite a new man from what I was." June 13, No pain in the knees or ancles, a trifling stiffness in the hip-joint, which was removed by applying the tractors round the joint for five minutes only.

Thos. Jones, aged 70. Pain in the hand and arm; with some difficulty he was able to move the fingers, June 13. As Wood and Smith were with this man previous to the operation, and had acquainted him with the wonderful efficacy of these tractors, producing warmth wherever carried, and immediately removing or wonderfully lessening the pain, I concluded that the same effects would be produced of course upon his arm. I determined to try if we could not produce a contrary effect; I told him I thought his case differed very materially from common rheumatism, and that a case of that kind was never immediately relieved by the application of the tractors; on the contrary, that the pain was frequently increased for some hours, and that no additional warmth was perceived in the part, and that generally the patient slept ill the greater part of the first night, but that in the morning the good effects would soon be discovered. After applying the tractors five minutes, he assured me that the pain was considerably increased; before he left the infirmary, the pain was so violent, that he was unable to move his arm. June 14th, "You are a mere prophet, sir; never did a poor devil spend such a night; I tossed and tumbled about till five o'clock, in such pain, and then I got such nice sleep, and I have been easier ever since; you'll cure me; and if you do, I'll remember you, for I have a good shot, and they say there's plenty of birds." The tractors were applied again, when the additional warmth was produced, as in the other cases, with some trifling diminution of pain.

I am, gentlemen, yours, &c.

JOHN ALDERSON, M. D.

Hull, June 19, 1800.

P. S. I shall make no comments. The tractors were made of two pieces of wood, and covered, the one with red and the other with black

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sealing-wax, and carefully kept in cotton, &c. I have shown the patients to the whole faculty of the house, to whose interrogations they have answered as here detailed, and I have this day seen them return thanks at the board of trustees, taking with them a paper for the clergy of their respective churches, in which they will next Sunday return their solemn thanks to the Almighty for their cures.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN BANYAN TREE.

BANYAN, or banian tree, among the Hindoos, is a sacred plant: from its various branches shoots, exactly like roots, issue, and growing till they reach the ground, fix themselves and become mothers to a future progeny; they thus extend as far as the ground will admit.

There are two sorts, the *pipler*, which is the female, and the *ward*, which is the male. This is the same tree which is called by botanists the *ficus orientalis*. The following description of a banian tree, in the province of Bahar, was written by Colonel Ironside.

"Near Mangee, a small town at the confluence of the Dewah (or Gograh) and the Ganges, about twenty miles west of the city of Patnas, there is a remarkably large tree, called a bur, or banian tree, which has the quality of extending its branches, in a horizontal direction, to a considerable distance from its stem; and of then dropping leafless fibres or scions to the ground, which there catch hold of the earth, take root, embody, grow thick, and serve either to support the protracted branches, or, by a farther vegetation, to compose a second trunk. From the branches, other arms again spring out, fall down, enter the ground, grow up again, and constitute a third stem, and so on..... From the opposite pretty high bank of the Ganges, and at the distance of near eight miles, we perceived this tree of a pyramidical shape, with an easy spreading slope from its summit to the extremity of its lower branches. We mistook it at first for a small hill. We had no quadrant to take its height; but the middle or principal stem is considerably higher, I think, than the highest elm, or other tree, I ever saw in England. The following comprise some other of its dimensions, which were taken with a cord of a given length.

	Yards Feet
Diameter of the branches	121 or 363
Diameter of ditto, from north to south	125 or 375
Circumference of the shadow of the extreme branches taken at the meridian	372 or 1116
Circumference of the several bodies or stems, taken by carrying the cord round the outermost trunks	307 or 921

The several trunks may amount to 50 or 60.

N. B The dropping fibres shoot down from the knots or joints of the boughs.

"This tree, as well as the *peeple*, and many other large trees in India, is a creeper. It is often seen to spring round other trees, particularly round every species of palm. The date, or palmyra, growing through the centre of a banian tree, looks extremely grand; and yet none of the European landscape painters, who have delineated views of this country, have introduced this characteristic object into their pieces. I have frequently observed it also shooting from old walls, and running along them. In the inside of a large well, it lined the whole circumference of the internal space of it, and thus actually became a tree turned inside out.

"Under the tree sat a fakir, a devotee: he had been there twenty-five years; but he did not continue under the tree throughout the year, his vow obliging him to lie, during the four coldest months, up to his neck in the Ganges, and to sit, during the four hottest months, close to a large fire."

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EXPLANATION OF THE HINDOO TERMS GUNNY, HARAM, KHAUN, KILLEDAR, SHILINGA, ZEMINDAR.

Gunny. A coarse sort of bags, wrappers, &c. used generally in the East. The materials from which they are made grow in the greatest profusion in Hindoostaun. If the gunny bags and wrappers were carefully preserved, they might become a considerable article of trade, since they have been found of material service in the manufacture of paper. Paper made from these bags, many specimens of which have come within the knowledge of the editor, and some of which have been printed upon by him, might be made as substantial and durable as that which is generally used in England for printing.

Haram, or *Seraglio.* A Mohammedan woman's apartment. The *zenana.* The haram is an inclosure of such immense extent as to contain a separate room for every woman, whose number sometimes exceeds five thousand. They are divided into companies, and a proper employment is assigned to each individual. Over each of these companies a woman is appointed *darogha;* and one is selected for the command of the whole, in order that the affairs of the haram may be conducted with the same regularity and good government as the other departments of the state.

Every one receives a salary equal to her merit. The pen cannot measure the extent of the emperor's largesses; but here shall be given some account of the monthly stipend of each. The ladies of the first quality receive from 1,610 rupees down to 1,028 rupees. Some of the principal servants of the presence have from fifty-one down to twenty rupees; and others are paid from two rupees up to forty. At the grand gate is stationed a *mushreff*, to take account of the receipts and expenditures of the haram in ready money and in goods. Whenever any of this multitude of women want any thing, they apply to the treasurer of the haram, who, according to their monthly stipend, sends a memorandum thereof to the mushreff of the grand gate, who transmits it to the treasurer of the king's palace, and he pays the money. In payment of these demands, no assignments are given, but only ready money.

An estimate of the annual expences of the haram being drawn out, the mushrem writes a draft for the amount, which is countersigned by the ministers of state, after which it is paid in a coin that his majesty has caused to be struck solely for that purpose. This money is paid by the grand treasurer to the paymaster general of the palace; and by a written order being sent by the mushreff of the gate, it is distributed amongst the inferior pay-masters of the haram, and by them paid to the different servants thereof. And this money is reckoned in their salary equal with the current coin.

The inside of the haram is guarded by women, and about the gate of the royal apartments are placed the most confidential. Immediately on the outside of the gate watch the *eunuchs* of the haram, and at a proper distance are placed the *rajhoots*, beyond whom are the porters of the gates; and on the outside of the inclosure, the *omrahs*, the *ahdeeans*, and other troops, mount guard, according to their rank.

Whenever the begums, or the wives of the omrahs, or other women of character, want to pay their compliments, they first notify their desire to those who wait on the outside, and from thence their request is sent in writing to the officers of the palace, after which they are permitted to enter the haram; and some women of rank obtain permission to remain there for the space of a month.

Khaun. Literally this word signifies lord, or noble. In Persia, it is applied to a prince or governor of a province; but in Hindoostaun it signifies the lowest order of the Mogul nobility. It is a title conferred by

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the king of Delhi, for which, according to some, it is supposed, the person maintained two hundred and fifty horse-soldiers, of which he is the commander, for the king's service. It is likewise a general appellative to distinguish the patans, and given to every man of rank.

Killedar. A petty officer, having two pagodas for his monthly pay. These officers were frequently promoted by Tippoo Sultaun to the office of Meer Suddoor (superintendant-general of forts, &c.). By such ridiculous promotions as these Tippoo Sultaun is said to have given umbrage to many of the great men of his country.

Shilinga. A sort of Indian vessel used on the flat coast, where there are not any harbours. M. Bartolomeo informs us, that, in company with M. Berteaud, he went on board a small Indian vessel, called by the inhabitants shilinga. As it is exceedingly dangerous and difficult to land at Pondicherry and Madraspatnam, these shilingas are built with a high deck, to prevent the waves of the sea from entering them. This mode of construction is, however, attended with one inconvenience, which is, that the waves beat with more impetuosity against the sides, raise the shilinga sometimes towards the heavens, again precipitate it into a yawning gulf, and, at length, drive it on shore with the utmost violence. In such cases, the vessel would be entirely dashed to pieces, if the mucoas, or fishermen, who direct it, did not throw themselves into the sea, force it back by exerting their whole strength, and in this manner lessen the impetuosity of the surf. On the flat coast of Coromandel there are no harbours, and for that reason neither people nor goods can be conveyed on shore, but in these shilingas. This labour is very dangerous, even for such small vessels, as the flatness of the coast, for so great an extent, renders the breakers extremely violent.

Zemindar. A person who holds a tract of land immediately of government, on condition of paying the rent of it. He is first in rank among the landholders: if a zemindar be unable to pay up the amount of his engagements with government, at the end of the year, such a part of his zemindary shall be sold as will discharge the balance, and a sunnud from the khalseh granted to the purchaser. If he be dispossessed of the management of his zemindary, he is, nevertheless, exclusively responsible for all debts incurred by him during his possession, unless a mortgage was given on the zemindary, or the money borrowed applied to the payment of the revenue; in both which cases the zemindary is answerable, in such manner however as only to deprive the new zemindar of a part of his profits; but not to subject him to any loss, or affect the revenue of government; but no mortgage is deemed valid, unless it be registered in the public cutcherry. Zemindars, by the nature of their tenures, have no longer a right to their lands, than whilst they pay their revenues; in case of failure, the sale of their land consequently is a more just and useful recompence to government than subjecting them to corporal punishment: should they, however, at any time be prevented fulfilling their engagements by unavoidable accidents, rather than by their own mismanagement, equity will point out what indulgence they may be entitled to on that account.

ACCOUNT OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE FROM PARIS.

WHEN I was taken at sea, I was accompanied by my secretary and Mr. de Tr***, a French gentleman, who had emigrated from his country, and who, it had been agreed, was to pass for my servant, in the hope of saving his life by that disguise. Nor were our expectations frustrated; for John, as I called him, was lucky enough to escape all suspicion.

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On my arrival in France, I was treated at first with unexampled rigour, and was told that I ought to be tried under a military commission, and shot as a spy. The government, however, gave orders for my removal to Paris, where I was sent to the Abbaye, and, together with my two companions in misfortune, was kept a close prisoner.

Meanwhile, the means of escape were the constant object on which we employed our minds. The window of our prison was toward the street; and from this circumstance we derived a hope sooner or later to effect our object. We already contrived to carry on a tacit and regular correspondence, by means of signs, with some women, who could see us from their apartments, and who seemed to take the most lively interest in our fate. They professed themselves to assist in facilitating my liberation; an offer which I accepted with great pleasure: and it is my duty to confess, that, notwithstanding the enormous expences occasioned by their fruitless attempts, they have not less claim to my gratitude. Till the time of my departure, in which, however, they had no share, their whole employment was endeavouring to save me; and they had the address at all times to deceive the vigilance of my keepers. On both sides we used borrowed names, under which we corresponded, theirs being taken from the ancient mythology; so that now I had a direct communication with Thalia, Melpomene, and Clio.

At length I was removed to the Temple, where my three Muses soon contrived means of intelligence, and every day offered me new schemes for effecting my escape. At first I eagerly accepted them all, though reflection soon destroyed the hopes to which the love of liberty had given birth. I was also resolved not to leave my secretary in prison, and still less poor John, whose safety was more dear to me than my own emancipation.

In the Temple, John was allowed to enjoy a considerable degree of liberty. He was lightly dressed like an English jockey, and knew how to assume the manners that corresponded with that character. Every one was fond of John, who drank and fraternized with the turnkeys, and made love to the keeper's daughter, who was persuaded he would marry her; and as the little English jockey was not supposed to have received a very brilliant education, he had learnt, by means of study, sufficiently to mutilate his native tongue. John appeared very attentive and eager in my service, and always spoke to his master in a very respectful manner. I scolded him from time to time *with much gravity*; and he played his part so well, that I frequently surprised myself forgetting the friend, and seriously giving orders to the valet. At length John's wife, Madame de Tr***, a very interesting lady, arrived at Paris, and made the most uncommon exertions to liberate us from our captivity. She dared not come, however, to the Temple, through fear of discovery; but from a neighbouring house she daily beheld her husband, who, as he walked to and fro, enjoyed alike in secret the pleasure of contemplating the friend of his bosom. Madame de Tr*** now communicated a plan for delivering us from prison, to a sensible and courageous young man of her acquaintance, who immediately acceded to it without hesitation. This Frenchman, who was sincerely attached to his country, said to Madame de Tr***, "I will serve Sir Sidney Smith with pleasure, because I believe the English government intend to restore Louis XVIII to the throne; but if the commodore is to fight against France, and not for the king of France, heaven forbid I should assist him."

Ch. L'Oiseau (for that was the name our young friend assumed) was connected with the agents of the King, then confined in the Temple, and for whom he was also contriving the means of escape. It was intended we should all get off

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together. M. La Vilheurnois being condemned only to a year's imprisonment, was resolved not to quit his present situation; but Brothire and Duverne de Presle were to follow our example. Had our scheme succeeded, this Duverne would not perhaps have ceased to be an honest man; for till then he had conducted himself as such. His condition must now be truly deplorable; for I do not think him formed by nature for the commission of crimes.

Every thing was now prepared for the execution of our project. The means proposed by Ch. L'Oiseau appeared practicable, and we resolved to adopt them. A hole twelve feet long was to be made in a cellar adjoining to the prison, and the apartments to which the cellar belonged were at our disposal. Mademoiselle D***, rejecting every prudential consideration, generously came to reside there for a week, and being young, the other lodgers attributed to her alone the frequent visits of Ch. L'Oiseau. Thus every thing seemed to favour our wishes. No one in the house in question had any suspicions; and the amiable little child Madlle. D*** had with her, and who was only seven years old, was so far from betraying our secret, that she always beat a little drum, and made a noise, while the work was going on in the cellar.

Meanwhile L'Oiseau had continued his labours a considerable time without any appearance of daylight, and he was apprehensive he had attempted the opening considerably too low. It was necessary, therefore, that the wall should be sounded; and for this purpose a mason was required. Madame de Tr*** recommended one, and Ch. L'Oiseau undertook to bring him, and to detain him in the cellar till we had escaped, which was to take place that very day. The worthy mason preceived the object was to save some of the victims of misfortune, and came without hesitation. He only said, "If I am arrested take care of my poor children."

But what a misfortune now frustrated all our hopes! Though the wall was sounded with the greatest precaution, the last stone fell out, and rolled into the garden of the Temple. The centinel perceived it; the alarm was given; the guard arrived; and all was discovered..... Fortunately, however, our friends had time to make their escape, and none of them were taken.

They had, indeed, taken their measures with the greatest care; and when the commissaries of the *Bureau Central* came to examine the cellar and apartment, they found only a few pieces of furniture, trunks filled with logs of wood and hay, and the hats with tri-coloured cockades provided for our flight, as those we wore were black.

This first attempt, though extremely well conducted, having failed, I wrote to Mad. de Tr***, both to console her and our young friend, who was miserable at having foundered just as he was going into port. We were so far, however, from suffering ourselves to be discouraged, that we still continued to form new schemes for our deliverance. The keeper perceived it, and I was frequently so open as to acknowledge the fact. "Commodore," said he, "your friends are desirous of liberating you, and they only discharge their duty. I also am doing mine in watching you still more narrowly." Though this keeper was a man of unparalleled severity, yet he never departed from the rules of civility and politeness. He treated all the prisoners with kindness, and even piqued himself on his generosity. Various proposals were made to him, but he rejected them all, watched us the more closely, and preserved the profoundest silence. One day when I dined with him, he perceived that I fixed my attention on a window then partly open, and which looked upon the street. I saw his uneasiness, and it amused me; however, to put an end to it, I said to him, laughing, "I know what you are thinking of; but fear not. It is now three o'clock. I will make a truce with you till midnight;

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and I give you my word of honour that till that time, even were the doors open, I would not escape..... When that hour is passed, my promise is at an end, and we are enemies again." "Sir," replied he, "your word is a safer bond than my bars and bolts: till midnight, therefore, I am perfectly easy."

When we rose from the table, the keeper took me aside, and speaking with warmth, said, "Commodore, the Boulevard is not far. If you are inclined to take the air there, I will conduct you." My astonishment was extreme; nor could I conceive how this man, who appeared so severe and so uneasy, should thus suddenly persuade himself to make me such a proposal. I accepted it, however, and in the evening we went out. From that time forward this confidence always continued. Whenever I was desirous to enjoy perfect liberty, I offered him a *suspension of arms* till a certain hour. This my generous enemy never refused; but when the armistice was at an end, his vigilance was unbounded..... Every post was examined; and if the government ordered that I should be kept close, the order was enforced with the greatest care..... Thus I was again free to contrive and prepare for my escape, and he to treat me with the utmost rigour.

This man had a very accurate idea of the obligations of honour. He often said to me, "Were you even under sentence of death, I would permit you to go out on your parole, because I should be certain of your return. Many very honest prisoners, and I myself among the rest, would not return in the like case; but an officer, especially an officer of distinction, holds his honour dearer than his life. I know it to be a fact, commodore; and therefore I should be less uneasy, if you desired the gates to be always open."

My keeper was right. While I enjoyed my liberty, I endeavoured even to lose sight of the idea of my escape; and I should have been averse to employ for that object, means that had occurred to my imagination during my hours of liberty. One day I received a letter containing matter of great importance, which I had the strongest desire immediately to read; but as its contents related to my intended deliverance, I asked to return to my room, and break off the truce. The keeper however refused, saying with a laugh, that he wanted to take some sleep. Accordingly he lay down, and I postponed the perusal of my letter till the evening.

Meanwhile no opportunity of flight offered; but, on the contrary, the directory ordered me to be treated with rigour. The keeper punctually obeyed all the orders he received; and he who the preceding evening had granted me the greatest liberty, now doubled my guard, in order to exercise a more perfect vigilance.

Among the prisoners was a man condemned for certain political offences to ten years confinement, and whom all the other prisoners suspected of acting in the detestable capacity of a spy upon his companions. Their suspicions indeed appeared to have some foundation, and I felt the greatest anxiety on account of my friend John. I was however fortunate enough soon after to obtain his liberty. An exchange of prisoners being about to take place, I applied to have *my servant* included in the cartel; and though this request might easily have been refused, fortunately no difficulty arose, and it was granted.

When the day of his departure arrived, my kind and affectionate friend could scarcely be prevailed on to leave me; till at length he yielded to my most earnest entreaties. We parted with tears in our eyes, which to me were the tears of pleasure, because my friend was leaving a situation of the greatest danger. The amiable *jockey* was regretted by every one; our turnkeys drank a good journey to him, nor could the girl he had courted help weeping for his departure; while her mother, who thought John a very *good youth*, hoped she should one day call him her son-in-law.

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I was soon informed of his arrival in London; and this circumstance rendered my own captivity less painful. I should have been happy to have also exchanged my secretary; but as he had no other dangers to encounter than those which were common to us both, he always rejected the idea, considering it as a violation of that friendship, of which he has given me so many proofs.

On the 4th September (18th Fructidor) the rigour of my confinement was still further increased. The keeper, whose name was Lasne, was displaced; I was again kept close prisoner; and, together with my liberty, lost the hopes of a peace, which I had thought approaching, and which this event must contribute to postpone.

At this time a proposal was made to me for my escape, which I adopted as my last resource. The plan was, to have forged orders drawn up for my removal to another prison, and thus to carry me off. A French gentleman, Phelipeaux, a man of equal intrepidity and generosity, offered to execute this enterprise. The order then being accurately imitated, and, by means of a bribe, the real stamp of the minister's signature procured, nothing remained but to find men bold enough to put the plan in execution. Phelipeaux and Ch. L'Oiseau would have eagerly undertaken it; but both being known, and even notorious at the Temple, it was absolutely necessary to employ others. Messrs. B*** and L***, therefore, both men of tried courage, accepted the office with pleasure and alacrity.

With this order then they came to the Temple, Mr. B*** in the dress of an adjutant, and Mr. L*** as an officer. The keeper having perused the order, and attentively examined the minister's signature, went into another room, leaving my two deliverers for some time in the cruellest uncertainty and suspence. At length he returned, accompanied by the register (or greffier) of the prison, and ordered me to be called. When the register informed me of the orders of the directory, I pretended to be very much concerned at it; but the adjutant assured me, in the most serious manner, "that the government were far from intending to aggravate my misfortunes, and that I should be very comfortable at the place whither he was ordered to conduct me." I expressed my gratitude to all the servants employed about the prison, and, as you may imagine, was not very long in packing up my clothes.

At my return, the register observed, that at least six men from the guard must accompany me; and the adjutant, without being in the least confounded, acquiesced in the justice of the remark, and gave orders for them to be called out. But, *on reflection*, and remembering, as it were, the laws of chivalry and of honour, he addressed me, saying, "Commodore, you are an officer. I am an officer also. Your parole will be enough. Give me that, and I have no need of an escort." "Sir," replied I, "if that is sufficient, I swear, upon the faith of an officer, to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me." Every one applauded this *noble action*, while I confess I had myself great difficulty to avoid smiling.

The keeper now asked for a discharge, and the register gave the book to M. B***, who boldly signed it, with a proper flourish, L. Oger, adjutant-general. Meanwhile I employed the attention of the turnkeys, and loaded them with favours, to prevent them from having time to reflect: nor indeed did they seem to have any other thought than their own advantage. The register and keeper accompanied us as far as the second court; and at length the gate was opened, and we left them, after a long interchange of ceremony and politeness.

We instantly entered a hackney-coach, and the *adjutant* ordered the coachman to drive to the suburb of St. Germain. But the stupid fellow had not gone a hundred paces before he broke his wheel against a post, and hurt an unfortunate passenger;

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and this unlucky incident brought a crowd around us, who were very angry at the injury the poor fellow sustained. We quitted the coach, took our portmanteaus in our hands, and went off in an instant. Though the people observed us much, they did not say a word to *us*, only abusing the coachman; and when our driver demanded his fare, M. L***, through an inadvertancy that might have caused us to be arrested, gave him a double louis d'or.

Having separated, when we quitted the carriage, I arrived at the appointed rendezvous with only my secretary and M. de Phelipeaux, who had joined us near the prison; and though I was very desirous of waiting for my two friends, to thank and take my leave of them, M. de Phelipeaux observed, there was not a moment to be lost. I therefore postponed, till another opportunity, my expression of gratitude to my deliverers, and we immediately set off for Rouen, where M. R**** had made every preparation for our reception.

At Rouen we were obliged to stay several days; and as our passports were perfectly regular, we did not take much care to conceal ourselves, but in the evening we walked about the town, or took the air on the banks of the Seine.

At length, every thing being ready for us to cross the channel, we quitted Rouen, and, without encountering any further dangers, I arrived in London, together with my secretary, and my friend M. de Phelipeaux, who could not prevail on himself to leave us.

PARTICULARS RESPECTING SWEDEN, BY ASCERBI.

Swedish Travelling.

THERE is no regular conveyance even between the country and the capital; none, for example, between Gothenburg and Stockholm, Stockholm and Geffe, Geffe and Upsala, or the other principal towns of the provinces. A comparison is made between the conveniences of travelling in Sweden and Italy. The author observes, that between Helsinberg and Stockholm, a distance of near four hundred miles, nothing that can be considered as an inn is to be met with. The horses are so little, lean, and feeble, as to render it necessary to employ seven to draw a carriage, for which in Germany they only use three. They are put to the carriage four a-breast in the first line, and three in the second; and the author says, we were attended by five or six peasants, who had each a horse in our caravan; and deeming it good policy to whip up their neighbour's horses while they spared their own, they fell often a quarreling, and sometimes dealt about blows among themselves as well as among each other's horses. Such a Babylonish confusion, is not, I believe, to be met with in any other part of the world. At every post-house a register is put into your hands, under the denomination of a day-book, in which travellers set down their names, their state or condition in life, whence they came, and whither they are going, and if they have been satisfied, or otherwise, with the postillion, or rather the peasant.

Gothenburg.

Gothenburg is the second city of the kingdom. Its environs are almost every where naked, barren, and dreary. They present an uniform scene of small eminences of black rock, where nature cannot by any power of art be forced to produce vegetation. The harbour exhibits a similar confusion of rocks, not more pleasing to the eye, and some little craggy isles of a rugged and forbidden aspect. As to the interior of the town, it resembles in some respects the towns of Holland, having canals, with rows of trees along their margin, regularly cut or clipped in the Dutch fashion. The trade and manners of the inhabitants

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are noticed, and the chapter concludes with a respectful mention of the apothecaries of Gothenburg, who, having the advantage of a liberal education, are considered as superior to the same class of men in many other places.

Trolhatta Canal.

The canal of Trolhatta has been wrought through the midst of rocks by the means of gunpowder, and may justly be considered as in some respects characteristical of the Swedish nation; for it represents them as they are, prone to the conception of grand enterprizes, and distinguished by mechanical invention. As a work of art, and of bold and persevering design, it is not too much to say, that it is the first in the world, even the duke of Bridgewater's canal in England, and that of Languedoc in France, not excepted.

At Trolhatta a book is presented to strangers when they are about to leave the place, and they are requested to inscribe their names in it, with some motto relative to the impression made on their minds by the falls, or other local circumstances.

Treatment of Horses.

The treatment of horses in Sweden is next noticed. These animals stand or lie on perforated boards, like soldiers in barracks. This practice has been approved by the Veterinary Colleges of both Stockholm and Copenhagen, and universally adopted by the royal and other great families, on account of its salutary effect on the foot of the horse. In countries where the horses stand in a hot-bed produced by their own litter, their feet become tender, and subject to divers disorders; but you very seldom see a lame or foundered horse in Sweden or Denmark, which, if it is not to be ascribed to the skill of the licensed farriers, who are, at least in the Danish dominions, all brought up in the Veterinary College, may, to a certain degree, be owing to the manner of keeping the horse on boards instead of straw.

Stockholm.

The grand and most distinguished feature in the locality of that city, namely, being situated on islands, amidst gulfs and lakes, is destroyed by the ice. The same water which divides the inhabitants of the different quarters in summer unites them in winter. It becomes a plain which is traversed by every body. The islands are islands no longer: horses in sledges, phaetons, and in vehicles of all sorts, placed on scates, scour the gulf and lakes by the side of ships fixed in the ice, and astonished as it were to find themselves in such company on the same element.

There is no part of this great mass of water that is not arrested and subdued by the frost, except the current under the north bridge, and on the south near the king's stable. Here the water, which during the keenest frost dashes and foams with great noise through the arches of the bridge, sends up majestic clouds of vapour to a considerable height in the atmosphere, where, in the extreme rigour of winter, being converted by the intenseness of the cold into solid particles, they are precipitated down through their weight, and presenting their surface to the sun, assume the appearance of a shower of silver sand reflecting the solar rays, and adorned with all manner of colours. In the interior of Stockholm, throughout all its different quarters, every thing in winter undergoes a sudden change. The snow that begins to fall in the latter weeks of autumn covers and hides the streets for the space of six months, and renders them more pleasant and convenient than they are in summer or autumn, at which seasons, partly on account of the pavement, and partly on account of the dirt, they are often almost impassable. One layer of snow on another, hardened by the frost, forms a surface more equal and agreeable

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to walk on, which is sometimes raised more than a yard above the stones of the street. You are no longer stunned by the irksome noise of carriage wheels, but this is exchanged for the tinkling of little bells, with which they deck the horses before the sledges. The only wheels now to be seen in Stockholm are those of small carts employed by men-servants of families to fetch water from the pump in a cask. This compound of cart and cask always struck me as a very curious and extraordinary object, insomuch that I once took the trouble of following it, in order to have a nearer view of the whimsical robe in which the frost had invested it, and particularly of the variegated and fantastical drapery in which the wheels were covered and adorned. This vehicle, with all its appurtenances, afforded to a native of Italy a very singular spectacle. The horse was wrapped up, as it seemed, in a mantle of white down, which, under his breast and belly, was fringed with points and tufts of ice. Stalactical ornaments of the same kind, some of them to the length of a foot, were also attached to his nose and mouth. The servant that attended the cart had on a frock, which was encrusted with a solid mass of ice. His eye-brows and hair jingled with isicles, which were formed by the action of the frost on his breath and perspiration.

The season of summer, at which time the nobility and gentry retire to their country houses, which are fitted up with great magnificence and luxury. Those villas are, for the most part, pleasantly situated, and embellished by works of art, which second and improve the efforts of nature. You there find hot-houses, in which they raise peaches, pine-apples, grapes, and other fruits. All kinds of wines, liquors, and other delicacies, are lavished at the table of a Swedish gentleman, or rich manufacturer, or merchant in the country.

Festival.

On the twenty-fourth of June, or Midsummer-day, the king and royal family come to the park, where they take up their abode in tents for the remainder of the month, that is for the space of nearly a week. A camp is formed of the garrison of Stockholm, composed of two regiments of foot-guards, some companies of horse-guards, and a corps of artillery. Along the lines of the camp they raise poles or posts, adorned with branches of cyphers, and sometimes scutcheons with mottos or devices. At the foot of the posts are placed barrels of beer on wooden frames. About six or seven o'clock in the afternoon, on a particular signal, the barrels are opened, when each soldier is presented with a pipe, a loaf of bread, two herrings, and some money. All this is done at the expence of the officers. In the mean time the military music plays, and the soldiers begin for to drink and to dance. Upon each of the barrels sits a soldier, in the form of a Bacchus, or of some other figure more or less ridiculous. Those that are dressed up in this manner first taste the liquor and propose the toasts, which are generally numerous, and constantly accompanied with the cry of *vivat*, answering to the English huzza. When any of the royal family, or a general officer, chance to pass by, their healths are drank, and always with the same accompaniment of *vivat*. A kind of masquerade ensues for a short time, during which the soldiers amuse the people, that flock round them in the lines of the camp with songs, and indulge themselves in various freaks and acts of merriment. On the beating of the retreat every thing is submitted to the reign of order. Such festivals, without diminishing respect, certainly tend to excite in the soldiery and people an interest and attachment to the royal family.

Swedish Dinners.

The Swedish dinner parties are expensive arrangements of show and formality. It will often happen that out of forty or fifty people, who ap-

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pear in consequence of an invitation sent with all possible ceremony, and perhaps a week or a fortnight before the appointed day, scarcely three or four know one another sufficiently to make the meeting agreeable. A foreigner may fare still worse, and have the misfortune of being seated near a person totally unaquainted with any language but his own. Before the company sit down to dinner, they first pay their respects to a side table, laden with bread, butter, cheese, pickled salmon, and *liquor*, or brandy, and by the tasting of these, previous to their repast, endeavour to give an edge to their appetite, and to stimulate the stomach to perform its office. After this prelude, the guests arrange themselves about the dinner table, where every one finds at his place three kinds of bread, flat and coarse rye bread, white bread, and brown bread. The first sort is what the peasants eat; it is crisp and dry; the second sort is common bread; but the brown, last mentioned, has a sweet taste, being made with the water with which the vessels in the sugar houses are washed, and is the nastiest thing possible. All the dishes are at once put upon the table, but no one is allowed to ask for what he likes best, the dishes being handed round in regular succession; and an Englishman has often occasion for all his patience, to wait till the one is put in motion on which he has fixed his choice. The Swedes are more knowing in this respect, and, like the French, eat of every thing that comes before them: and although the different dishes do not seem to harmonize together, yet such is the force of habit, that the guests find no inconvenience from the most opposite mixtures. Anchovies, herrings, onions, eggs, pastry, often meet together on the same plate, and are swallowed promiscuously. The sweet is associated with the sour, mustard with sugar, confectionaries with salt meat, or salt fish; in short, eatables are intermingled with a poetical licence, that sets the precepts of Horace at defiance.

Sed non ut placidis coeantimmitia.

Swedish Character.

Gustavus III, who kept a watchful eye on every event that might influence the state of society, interdicted all mention in the Swedish journals of a French revolution, either good or bad. He wished the people not only to be prevented from thinking of it, and reasoning about it, but as much as possible to be kept in the dark as to its very existence. The effects to be desired or dreaded in any country from the productions of the press, are, no doubt, in proportion to the degree and extent of education which the people at large have received. It does not follow, from the circumstance of the Swedes being all taught to read, and attached to established tenets and modes of worship, that they should be an honest and good sort of people: this, however, is the case. The Swedes, I mean the peasantry, (for as to the inhabitants of towns, they are corrupt in proportion to their population, their commerce, and their luxury) are a frank, open, kind-hearted, gay, hospitable, hardy, and spirited people. It would be difficult to point out any nation that is more distinguished by a happy union of genius, bravery, and natural probity of disposition. They are represented by their neighbours as the *gascons* of Scandinavia. This charge, when due allowance is made for the mutual jealousy and antipathy of neighbouring nations, amounts to no more than this, that they are actuated by that sensibility to fame, and love of distinction, which generally predominate in the breasts of brave, generous, and adventurous people.

There is no country in the world in which greater provision has been made, and more pains taken for the advancement and diffusion of know-

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ledge among all classes of society, than in Sweden.

Every parish has its school, in which the common rudiments of reading and writing are taught. Besides this, there is a public school maintained in every large town, at the expence of the crown, in which boys continue till about their eleventh or twelfth year, when they are commonly sent to one of the gymnasia. There also are public schools, but upon a larger scale than the former; and one of them exists in almost every province. From the gymnasia the young men, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, proceed to one of the universities, and for the greater part to Upsala. The higher schools are under the care and inspection of the bishops, who, accompanied with some of the inferior clergy, visit them at stated periods.

If any of the youth whose circumstances might not admit of an university education, give indications of fine parts, and a genius for any department of science, the inspectors, who are in general allowed to discharge their duty with great diligence and fidelity, make a report of him to the king, who then orders that he may receive an education suitable to his talents and his merit. I may take this opportunity to observe, that the Swedish clergy are, for the most part, regular and decent in their deportment, and attentive to the duties of their office.

The state of Sweden, and particularly that of the capital, has left this general impression on my mind, that a greater progress has been made in the sciences and arts, both liberal and mechanical, by the Swedes, than by any other nation struggling with equal disadvantage of soil and climate, and labouring under the discouragement of internal convulsions and external aggressions, from proud, powerful, and overbearing neighbours. Their commerce, all things considered, and their manufactures are in a flourishing state. The spirit of the people, under various changes unfavourable to liberty, remains yet unbroken. The government is still obliged, in some degree, to respect the public opinion. There is much regard paid to the national claims of individuals; justice is tempered with mercy, and great attention is shown in their hospitals and other institutions to the situations of the poor and helpless. From the influence of the court among a quick, lively, and active race of men, private intrigue and cabal have, to a great degree, crept into every department of society; and this is what I find the greatest subject of blame, or of regret, in speaking of that country.

ON SOME WAYS OF ORNAMENTING THE TEETH, IN USE AMONG VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE ways of ornamenting the teeth, which I shall specify in this paper, are a fresh proof in favour of the remark, that even the most nonsensical usages of nations, or at least such as appear so to Europeans, have always a certain foundation, which we are only enabled to discover, when sagacious travellers make us properly acquainted with the general way of thinking of nations remote and altogether different from us. Nothing can easily seem more ridiculous, than that several nations should stain their teeth black, or gild them, or file them to a point, or even pull them out, in order to beautify themselves; and yet all these disfigurations naturally spring from each other, and all of them together from a custom that is common or peculiar to these nations alone.

All the great nations of the southern Asia, the Hindoos, the Ceylonese, the Tunquinese, and Siamese, the Malayans, Chinese, and Japanese, the Madagascans, and, in part, the Amboynese and Ternates, lastly, the inhabitants of the Philippines, and the Madagascans that take their origin from the southern Asia, look upon their naturally glossy white teeth as a deformity which

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ought to be corrected by art, as they would otherwise resemble those of dogs, monkeys, and elephants. All these nations therefore dye their teeth a shining black with the oil extracted from the husk of the cocoa nut, in order to render them of a hue superior to that of the contemptible animals; and this colouring of the teeth is performed on boys and girls at the commencement of their puberty, with great solemnities. Only some inhabitants of Amboyna and Ternate, and the Formosans, leave their teeth just as nature formed them, and deride the Dutch and other Europeans as unclean creatures, because their teeth are yellow, or blackish, or at least not of so glossy a white as theirs.

The humour of the above-mentioned nations to stain their teeth of a glossy black is the more striking, as nature has given them, in common with all the other nations of Mongolian origin, teeth of as shining a white as those of the brute creation; and as these very nations strive all they can to increase and magnify all their native deformities and defects, among which they also reckon shining white teeth, as it were by a natural instinct. All these nations endeavour to render their pointed or round heads still more pointed or round; their flat foreheads, faces, and noses, still flatter; their large ears still larger, their little eyes and feet still less, their sleek beard and body still sleeker; and, in pursuance of this rule, they should therefore be supposed to make their white teeth as much as possible still whiter and more shining than they are by nature. We may then justly presume that some powerful influence is the cause that the impulse of these nations to increase all their natural defects, has here taken a different direction.

This cause has never been explained by any of the authors who speak of the blackening of the teeth practised by the nations of South America, and the inhabitants of the East India islands, in so satisfactory a manner as by Loubere. The Siamese, says this acute observer, constantly chew betel, like all the other nations of southern Asia, and the neighbouring islands. This betel consists of the fourth part of an areca nut, which they wrap up in a betel-leaf, and then sprinkle it over with a fine red-coloured mussel-kalk. The mastication of this substance tinges their teeth and lips of a red hue, and at length put a blackish crust upon the teeth, which forms a very ugly contrast with the shining white of them. In order then to hide this foulness of the teeth, the Siamese and their brethren attend to the above-mentioned law of their nature, and, instead of diligently cleaning their teeth, and thereby keeping them white, they increase the blackness of their teeth, now become natural to them, by an artificial varnish, which they cause to penetrate their very substance. This operation commonly lasts three days, during which they keep a very strict fast, in order either to render the deities propitious, or not to disturb the effects of the oil with which the teeth are smeared.

With some of these people it is not enough to heighten the beauty of their teeth by a glossy black varnish; but they do over the teeth, or the lower gums, or a part of all the teeth, with leaf gold. This is chiefly practised by the wealthy among the Macassars, and the Malayans of Sumatra. We are told by Marsden, that this gilding of the teeth has a pretty effect by candle-light. It is no uncommon thing for girls to have four of their front teeth pulled out, and as many golden ones set in their place. A Dutch captain, whom Tavernier saw at Java, found this fashion so elegant, that he had four diamonds inserted in his gums, instead of four of his teeth.

After perusing these accounts, what we find related of the Gagians, a people on the eastern coast of Africa, is not so very surprising, that their girls extract four of their front teeth, in order to render themselves more agreeable to their lovers. These Gagians are sprung,

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like all the other black or tawny tribes of Africa, from the southern Asia, and preserved the custom of extracting the teeth, even when they were no longer able to supply their place by the nobler metals..... Perhaps likewise the desire of embellishment may be the reason that the New Hollanders break out several of their teeth: or, probably, like some of the handsome inhabitants of the South Sea islands, in order to appease incensed or malignant deities.

Several authors relate, that many of the negro tribes in Africa file their teeth quite sharp, which custom was for a long time thought to be peculiar to the men-eating negroes, from the opinion that they sharpened their bite, to enable them the sooner to devour their foes, like the beasts of prey. But Oldendorp, in his time, found that the practice of filing the teeth was common to many negroes, who had never, or at least for ages past, had not preyed upon human flesh. This practice is the remains of a custom, still existing among the aboriginal tribes of the inhabitants of southern Asia..... The teeth of the betel-chewers in Asia will not take the intended black till they have filed off the enamel..... Some of the Malayans are satisfied with filing away the surface and points of the teeth; whereas others leave them quite piqued, or even entirely flat, and file them away close to the gums. The African negroes, therefore, preserved the practice of filing the teeth, when they were come into parts where they could no longer chew betel, nor blacken their teeth as their forefathers had done.

The notion that black teeth are beautiful, and that only negroes and monkeys should have white teeth, was formerly prevalent even among the Russians; at least Weber met with several ladies of quality who were proud to display their black teeth on the grand festival of Peter and Paul*.

* Every person acquainted with Russia knows that the practice of blackening the teeth is still very prevalent there; and that on all holidays numbers of the merchants' wives are still proud to display them.

DESCRIPTION OF DRESDEN AND ITS ENVIRONS, FROM AN ACCURATE AND EXTENSIVE WORK, WHICH HAS LATELY APPEARED IN THE FORM OF LETTERS, AT BERLIN.

THE large and superb avenues, which lead to the elegant residence of the electors of Saxony, announce, at the first view, the centre of Germanic urbanity, the amiable asylum of the graces and of the arts in the north. We enter, almost on all sides, by a causeway, more or less shaded, across smiling plains, where the beauties of art dispute the palm of precedence with the charms of nature.

On your arrival, by way of the new city, an extensive alley, in perfect repair, conducts you to a vast square or place, wherein is erected a beautiful equestrian gilt statue, of graceful proportions. In an instant you find yourself in front of the finest bridge in Germany, raised over the Elbe.

From thence, extending your view to the right or left, you are struck with the richness of the country, watered by this fine river, and with the beauty of the horizon, terminated by mountains of a moderate elevation, which present a happy mixture of cultivated lands and of forests, garnished with the most beautiful verdure.

From the middle of the bridge, there appears, in perspective, to the right, a modern church, of an elegant architecture; to the left, in a retired situation, is seen the sombrous majestic dome of an ancient temple; in front is the electoral chateau, to which you go through a vast but irregular place. And, lastly, you arrive between two public buildings of considerable extent, at the entrance of a beautiful street, which leads across a place still more vast, to the *Hotel de Saxe*, one of the

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grandest inns of the empire, and the situation of which is one of the most agreeable.

Would you enjoy the most magnificent view that the Florence of Germany affords, you must ascend, on some fine evening, the bastion which overlooks what is called the Italian village. It is there that every sensible heart palpitates with pleasure, that the soul expands and enlarges at the view of a basin much more extensive than that of Florence; it is there that the eye embraces and investigates all the beauties which the southern side of the mountain exhibits, as well as the long terrace belonging to the palace and the garden of Bruhl (one of the principal ornaments of Dresden), the active multitude of individuals passing and repassing from the new to the old town, the noise of the carriages and horses, incessantly in motion from one bank to the other, over the bold yet delicate arches of a long and broad bridge. On another side the curious spectator will admire the superb *Palais de Japon* (Japanese palace), the most beautiful, perhaps, in the two cities, which raises its majestic domes in the midst of surrounding groves, and receives the light of the last rays of the setting sun. After having enjoyed the reflection of its beams on the tranquil surface of the river, the admirer agreeably reposes his dazzled sight on the verdant extremity of that superb alley, which, in its almost interminable course, stretches out as far as to Ubigau, parallel with the bed of the Elbe, and whose vigorous trees have braved, for a century past, the fury of the ice, and of inundations.

If you walk on a fine day on the pavements of the bridge, you are tempted to sit down on the elegant balconies, with iron ballustrades, which seem to invite the friends of embellished nature to come and contemplate the rich vineyards that rise, like an amphitheatre, bespangled with magnificent villas, and which sometimes ornament even the summits of the hills, and sometimes are crowned, in a picturesque manner, with groves of tufted trees.

Comparing the German Florence with that of Italy, you will be delighted with the activity of the watermen, who seem to glide over the surface of the water; for the navigation of the Elbe has a character of animation very different from that of the Arno. And, lastly, your enchantment will not cease until you shall have enjoyed the picturesque scenes which await you in the environs at twenty different points of the circumference of Dresden.

Returning into the city, you will be charmed with the beautiful simplicity of the houses; for palaces are rare, and even the electoral chateau has but an insignificant exterior, although, from the richness and taste of the furniture, it is superior to many other residences.

The two palaces of the princes Anthony and Maximilian, situated, one in the suburb Frederickstadt, and the other out of the Seethor, deserve to be noticed. They are in the modern taste, of an agreeable architecture, with gardens half English, half French, which exhibit a handsome scenery. The promenade in them is free for the public.

Among the gardens to be met with out of the city, the most extensive is the electoral garden, two thousand five hundred paces in length, by a considerable width, but it is not the more frequented on that account. The grove, which makes part of it, is shut up from the public, and reserved for pheasants. This garden contains some large alleys, but has little variety; it is adorned, however, with some beautiful statues; from time to time concerts are given there, which attract a great concourse of auditors, the most valuable pieces of the best composers, the *Naumanns*, the *Schusters*, being executed here in the most correct style.

The garden of Richter seems to be the most popular; a concert is held there regularly every week, besides particular *fetes*, illuminations, &c.

There are so many other beauti-

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ful promenades, that it may be said, within due bounds, no other residence displays so many, and no other place is so rich in, natural and artificial beauties of this kind.

Without the gate of Blasewitz, on the banks of the Elbe, lies a meadow appropriated to an annual popular feast, viz. that of La Cible; a spectacle truly curious, and which cannot be beheld without a tender emotion, excited by the appearance of a multitude of all ages, and all conditions, indulging the impressions of joy, without tumult, and without any of the disorders commonly inseparable from similar assemblies. It is, at the same time, a sort of fair: the villager, the artizan, the modest *bourgoise*, find wherewith to satisfy their taste and the inclinations of their children at a trifling expence. On the first and following days of this popular festival, the work-shops are deserted; men, women, children, old men, all wish to enjoy the divertisements of the place; and, when the weather is fine, from five to six thousand persons may be reckoned there. Dancing, music, fire-works, illuminations, refreshments of all kinds, are to be found here in profusion.

We may further notice certain bathing-houses, near the city, which a beautiful alley leads up to; there you are entertained with comedies and ballets exhibited by children, as are likewise the concerts. Women, who desire to see and to be seen, men of a gallanting turn, never fail to make their appearance there, and often return highly satisfied with the shape, the delicacy, the forms, the vivacity, the manners, and the good taste, which so eminently distinguish the Saxon women; qualities which set off to advantage the charms of their figure, and the beauty of their features.

To such as covet a landscape perfectly rural and romantic, a picturesque delightful situation, Terni and Tivoli would lose half their reputation, says the author, should some beneficent enchanter ever arise to produce a single cascade from one of the rocks of Tharaud*.

There are, besides, a number of particular walks, which contribute to the amusement of the inhabitants of Dresden; but here we would speak of those which are to be found in the vine grounds. There are few individuals in easy circumstances, who have not their vineyard, or portion of a vineyard, which they frequently visit, with their family and friends, and even strangers that are recommended to them; here the Saxon appears in all the amiableness of his character, and displays a gaiety of temper, which, however, rarely passes beyond certain limits.

The vineyards of Dresden stretch

* This is the name of an agreeable little district, which wants only the afore-mentioned single attraction. Figure to yourself a village, the main street of which winds irregularly, for a quarter of a league, among rocks, ruins, eminences, and small handsome groves; a limpid stream serpentines with murmurs over a rocky bed, sometimes over or across this street, and sometimes alongside of it. Little mansions, generally handsome, are scattered over the unequal heights which ingulph the village. The truly picturesque ruins of an ancient chateau in the centre of these village-habitations overlook the whole inclosed valley; paths ascend and descend in every direction, piercing through the woods which overshadow the different hills. Resting-places, tastefully and judiciously situated on the most attractive points of view, serve to recreate the wanderer, and render him attentive to the fine scenes which spread before his eyes. There you behold a lake, whose pure and transparent water reflects the surrounding trees; here a bowling-green, with a handsome building, and a small alley winding round it; further off is the torrent, whose waves bellow and foam, indignant at the obstacles, which the rocks oppose in their way; yet it is the same mass of water which runs gently through a meadow of a dazzling green colour. "For green," says the writer, "is greener here than in any other place."

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over a tract about three leagues in length; that is to say, one league above the city, and nearly two leagues below it, next to the electoral chateau of Pilnitz. The whole of this space is sprinkled with little mansions, more or less ornamented, that may be called so many Belvideres, from the immense and variegated views to be enjoyed there. The river rolls its majestic waves at the foot of those rich hills, and adds to the movement, to the interest of the picture. Some of these vineyards are, in a manner, public, as they are open, at all times, to the curiosity of strangers. The taste and opulence of the proprietors have lavished embellishments upon them.

Leaving the friend of nature here, we return to the city, to admire the master-pieces of art, the sanctuary of which seems to be in the gallery of Dresden. If the *coup-d'œil* is one of the most striking, it is no less curious to find there artists of different countries, employed in their several occupations. The Polander is working close by the Fleming; the Italian near the Russian or Swede; the Englishman is distinguished by the number of his pupils, and by an animated conversation, sometimes approaching to the boisterous. We cannot better compare these different artists, scattered or grouped in those vast saloons, than to a swarm of bees fluttering over the flowers of a garden, to come at the honey which is to enrich their hives.

The Zwinger exhibits a depot perhaps *unique*, from its large collection of engravings and designs.

We should see the beauty, the neatness, the decorations of the saloons of the library, as likewise the order and arrangement which reigns there, to form an idea of them.

Dresden must have lost one-fifth of its population since the epoch of the war of 1756, but it has gained in its buildings; a number of its edifices are of a later date. The city and suburbs are calculated to contain 60,000 souls, 4 or 5,000 of whom profess the catholic religion, and there are about 800 Jews.

Although this city has no very considerable commerce, it contains, nevertheless, a number of manufactures. A great exportation is made to foreigners of gold and silver lace, as likewise of the beautiful manufacture of paper-hangings, one of those branches of industry, wherein the German genius has the ascendant over the English. The works of jewellery which are made at Dresden are known through all Europe, as likewise the instruments of music, organs, hautbois, French horns, hunting horns, and, above all, German flutes. The manufacture of macaroni justly enjoys a reputation, which scarcely yields to that of Italy; but the most considerable manufacture of the environs by far, and the most celebrated, is, unquestionably, that of porcelain, at Meissen, a little town on the Elbe, about half a day's journey from the capital; its works, however, are too well known to speak of them here. We shall only remark, that there is to be seen, in the *Palais de Japon*, a collection of pieces of the most ancient porcelain of Meissen, and a quantity of the porcelain of Japan and of China, valued altogether at more than a million sterling.

It is time to repair to this last palace. What an immense collection of statues, of busts, real antique master-pieces, not to be matched in Germany, and most of them equal, and sometimes superior, to those of Italy and of Paris. Here you will find two restored Venuses, the style of which, in the opinion of some great connoisseurs, bears away the palm even from that of the Venus de Medicis at Florence. Here is an Esculapius, which is esteemed preferable to all the statues of that divinity to be found at Rome, or in any other city of Italy; it is of the best Greek style. Here is likewise an athletic figure, whose body and left arm are antique, a master-piece truly incomparable. Among the most valuable rarities of this collection, we should, doubtless, place the three celebrated statues disinterred from among the ruins of Herculane-

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um. They are wonderful, especially for the drapery, and dispute the palm, in this respect, with the Flora Farnese, and with other Greek works of the first rank. King Augustus was so fortunate as to purchase them for the moderate sum of six thousand Saxon crowns.

The building which is most striking to a stranger, as well for its agreeable situation near the bridge, as from the singularity and elegance of its construction, is the catholic church, unquestionably one of the finest temples of Germany, although the architecture deviates from the rules and the form which serve for models in these times. On entering the church, through the principal door, we are agreeably surprised with the beautiful *ensemble*, with the justness, the harmony of proportions of all parts of this grand edifice, with the agreeable light that illumines it, and with the symmetrical masses simply decorated, where the eye loves to repose; but, on advancing some paces, the surprise increases, and changes to admiration, at the sight of the magnificent painting which adorns the altar-piece..... it represents the ascension. A dozen of personages appear agitated with different emotions; the expression is as natural as the contrasts are happy. Attitudes, draperies, colours, all is beautiful, all is harmonious; every thing flatters the eye, satisfies and rivets the mind. The principal figure, noble, and almost aerial, rises majestically, and without effort, as a being superior to humanity, and, so to speak, homogeneous with the pure ether that environs it. The angels that accompany the Redeemer, in some measure absorbed in the brilliant vapours of his glory, are exquisitely beautiful. This composition places Mengs on a par with the greatest masters: it should be seen more than once to appreciate it duly. In a chapel to the right appears a Calvary, which no sensible being can contemplate without experiencing a lively and profound emotion, whatever may be his creed. But that which attracts the greatest crowds to this superb temple, is the excellent music in the chapel of the elector; it will suffice to name a Naumann, a Schuster, and a Seidelmann, all three worthy rivals and masters of the chapel, to withhold our astonishment at the concourse of people who attend the sacred offices. According to the Court Calendar for this year, the elector keeps in pay no less than sixty-seven musicians..... With the exception of Rome and of Naples, no capital in Europe possesses a church-music comparable to that of Dresden. The author recollects that, on his return from Italy with M. Schuster, assistant in the church of Dresden, at the execution of a piece composed by that virtuoso, he was perfectly enchanted with the *ensemble* and the goodness of the orchestra, although he was fully taken up with the impressions that the Italian music had made upon him.

Among the different cabinets of curiosities, we particularly distinguish that which is designated under the name of the Green Chamber; we may consider it as unique in its kind. On entering this enormous magazine of toys, you are dazzled with the magnificence of the different objects. An enfilade of eight chambers, almost all inlaid with marble, presents itself; some partitions are covered with mirrors, which reflect the most striking objects that are not inclosed under lock and key. You also perceive the equestrian statues and the busts of king Augustus, one of the electors, to whom Dresden owes the greatest part of its treasures, and of its different embellishments.

The second chamber contains all sorts of works in ivory, such as a ship of war completely fitted out; the cordage is of gold, the sails (as thin as fine paper) are of ivory, and the guns (about a finger in length) are of brass.

An immense pile of silver furniture, ranged in pyramids against the walls, the pillars, on the tables, and the windows, occupy the third apartment.

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The vases of gold, of vermillion, the snuff-boxes, watches, &c. make the ornament of the fourth apartment. The man of taste will dwell with pleasure on a great clock of silver gilt, of an exquisite finish; the cyphers are of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; it strikes every quarter of an hour; there is a small ball of crystal, which marks the minutes by running round the dial-plate.

The fifth and sixth chambers are enriched with precious stones, porphyry, jasper, agate, calcedony, onyx, carnelion, amethyst, lapis-lazuli, mother of pearls, &c. Here are likewise specimens of very beautiful marbles produced in Saxony, and which scarcely yield to those of Italy. On the tables and windows shine a quantity of vases, enamelled after the antique, and surpassing gold itself in value, as the art of composing these enamels is lost. One of the most valuable pieces, both for the materials and workmanship, is the great mogul, placed on his throne, encircled with courtiers, who bring him presents, and with soldiers, officers, and ministers; in the court you see the body-guards, the elephants, and all the pomp of attendants of an Asiatic prince; the whole is in gold, silver, or enamel. Another very beautiful production of the art is a pyramid of precious stones, of the height of a cubit and a half, in the midst of which rises the bust of Augustus II. The other faces are adorned with antique busts..... This single piece has been valued at 100,000 crowns.

The richest of these chambers is the eighth and last.....it contains scarcely any thing but jewels.

During the last ten years, a manufactory, or house of industry, has been established at Dresden, where a great number of individuals are kept at work, according to their respective strength and talents: this establishment is on a plan calculated to extirpate mendicity or beggary, and after the models in the cities of Hamburgh, Kiel, &c.

Here are a number of public schools, where children are instructed gratis, as likewise many other houses of charity. The school founded by the free masons is one of the principal. The military school has been established for one hundred and fifty Saxon young gentlemen, who are educated at the expence of government.

The library is open to the public several days in the week, and individuals may easily obtain permission to carry home books out of the library which they want to use for any length of time.

Among the institutions of eminent utility, we must not omit that of the veterinary school, where, as well as at Vienna, all pupils are obliged to attend a course of lectures.

Dresden has no academy of sciences as at Berlin, and no university as at Vienna; but we must not therefore infer, that the capital of Saxony does not include, among its inhabitants, a number of men of science and letters. We should expect the contrary from a city, which is the centre of the graces, and of Germanic urbanity....it is here that the fine arts are cultivated with the greatest success. The Academy of Painting and Sculpture has a number of directors and professors of high reputation.

Here are many clubs, but all for the purposes of conviviality, none for politics. There is also a literary museum, where all sorts of journals are taken in, and a number of reading rooms, &c.

Hospitality towards strangers is one of the virtues inherent to every inhabitant of Dresden who lives in easy circumstances. With so many establishments favourable to the instruction of youth, it may be easily conceived that both the men and the women are distinguished by an agreeable cultivated mind; the ladies especially are in possession of a language and a pronunciation, which have inexpressible charms for any one that has lived in the southern parts of Germany; their manners and conversation are replete with the most seductive graces, and, al

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though great lovers of pleasure, they cheerfully and successfully apply themselves to all the occupations of their sex. The men are, in general, very well-informed; many speak with facility, and even agreeably, several foreign languages.

We shall conclude with remarking, that, for some years past, an air of discontent, a sort of vague distrust, has displayed itself more or less openly, and has gained ground on all classes of society, and individuals of all ages. The schemes of politics, the divers incidents of the revolution, the scourge of war, and the progress of luxury, combined with the still increasing price of provisions, are the real and unfortunate sources to which this temper of the public mind may be attributed.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH ON THE SLAVE TRADE, SPOKEN BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF THE LEEWARD ISLANDS, MARCH, 1798.

COULD I, like other men, have beheld the wretched Africans exposed to sale by hundreds, in our Guinea yards, and satisfied myself with saying, it is so, and it must be so....could I have reflected on the misery which they suffer, when torn from the country where they were born, and the greater misery of their passage accross the ocean, which separates them from it for ever....could I have witnessed their deaths, which almost glut the grave, after their arrival among us, and the melancholy worse than death which mark their path to it....could I have witnessed the barrenness of our Creole women, whose forms are moulded to fecundity, the loss of our children at the instant of their birth, the mortality among our ablest slaves, their decay and death in the time of manhood....could I have witnessed all this, and have satisfied myself with saying, it is so, and it must be so, I should not on the present day, and in the present meeting, have stood up an advocate for abolishing the slave trade. But, blessings on my eccentricity, it would not suffer me to see and to think like other men, nor to speak in union with their contented apathy.

The horrors of a separation from the country in which the Africans are born, this trade certainly is the parent of. But consider, Mr. Speaker, how unmitigated their horrors are, how aggravated beyond the example of every other exile.

The wretched African has no interval allotted, previous to his departure, in which he can make a preparation for his journey, or provide a defence against the evils of the way. No tender adieus, no consolatory leave-takings set *him* forward on his road, or beguile the tediousness of the passage with recollections that soothe while they pain. Banishment is mercy to his lot. He is not banished; he is literally torn from his country, and from every thing which it contains that is dear to him.

Children at play are caught up by those who steal men. The weary labourer is bound while asleep, and awakes to captivity from competence and freedom. Wives in vain stretch out their arms after their husbands; and the eyes of the husband in vain linger for the grief and form of his wife.

Not that all are free who are brought to the West Indies from Africa. Many are slaves in their own country. But some are not so; and so susceptible is wretched man of misery, that a single free born African may realize in his individual bosom greater woes than all I have described.

I have directed, Mr. Speaker, four Africans, purchases lately made by myself, to be brought here to-day. The first is a huge skeleton, who lives in my kitchen, and wallows in victuals; but neither plenty nor excess can put an ounce of flesh upon his bones. The second has never raised his head, or smiled, since I purchased him. There he is. Melancholy has marked him for her

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own. The third is a woman....the sickly victim of obstructions created during her passage, lest the value of her purchase should be diminished. .....These, and an experience which the grave now covers, determine me never again to contribute to this horrid trade. So may the great Father of mankind prosper those who are dearest to me, so may he bless my children, as I here swear, I will not!

The fourth, Mr. Speaker, is a boy: his father, who and a numerous offspring, had but little clothes to give them, sold him in exchange for a piece of cloth. Youth, thoughtlessness, the frame of an infant Hercules, render him superior to the evils of slavery. If this shocking trade is still persevered in, it should then be confined to children, who are too young, and too inconsiderate, to brood on the reverse which has overtaken them. But no, it must be abolished. Though the father sold him, who knows the pangs the mother felt at their separation. Children leave behind them miseries and regret equal to what the grown exile carries with him, and in his bosom. This trade must, Mr. Speaker, be abolished, unless every tender fibre of the human heart is to be explored, that torture may be lodged in it.

That the consequences of this trade are such as have been described we must acknowledge, Mr. Speaker, if we connect effects with causes, and trace the calamities which the West Indian world has endured, and with which *we* are threatened, to their source.

It was the eager and boundless prosecution of the African trade, which, in St. Domingo, filled with negroes every situation that ought to have been occupied with men complexioned like the planter:....that stationed a conspirator wherever an ally ought to have been found:.... that crowded with enemies every avenue through which succour could arrive in time of alarm and danger. It was in St. Domingo, that the standard of revolt was first uplifted; that it waved over the most flourishing colony upon earth, and gave the signal to her mass of blacks to fall upon and butcher the whites. Instantly they set at nought her twenty thousand militia, bid defiance to her regular forces, and the shipping in her harbours; ravaged her fields, attacked her towns, and left her inhabitants weltering in their blood.

Such were the dire effects of the African trade on St. Domingo: and in the Leeward Islands, Mr. Speaker, it is the same trade which menaces us with the same horrors. For it is this trade, with its dangerous facility of procuring slaves, and the treacherous submission of their demeanour, that has multiplied the lurking assassins, till they swarm wherever the planter turns his eyes; it is this trade, that has excluded from his employment, and driven from his society, his white brethren; it is this trade, which has cut him off from succour and from hope, when destruction is at hand: when death stares him in the face, and indignities worse than death threaten to precede it.

Hear then, thou thoughtless planter, these indignities which aggravate the pangs of death, and shudder at the horrid trade which engenders them, although thou dost not fear to die. For it is true, that heroism, nay obstinacy, can endure, despise, and provoke all that savages can inflict on ourselves, when they make a sport of pain. But there are other sufferings, there are wounds which can be inflicted through those we love, and have reared, which pierce our noblest principles and most cherished sentiments before they reach ourselves, and such wounds agonize beyond endurance. What hero, nay, what savage, could endure to see the massacre of his children, or the dishonour of his wife, to be taunted with, and called on to witness the foulest of stains, and the most afflicting of cruelties, at the instant that he was expiring. But such has been frequently, and recently has been the fate of the West Indian planter in consequence of the African trade, in consequence of his

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being encompassed with blacks, whom his African purchases had gathered round him.

Let him then abandon this dangerous and horrid trade, if he wishes not to be crushed by the calamities that hang over him; if he wishes not to sink into the grave childless and dishonoured; if he wishes to die in peace, and in the arms of his family.

ON THE PROPENSITY OF SEVERAL NATIONS TO GREASY MEATS AND DRINKS.

ON taking a general view of the history of the victuals of all nations, we shall find as great a diversity in the meats and drinks in different countries and parts of the globe, as in the provender that nature has allotted to the most different classes of animals; and from these differences of food, and their preparation, we may form as certain conclusions on the original difference of nations, and the degree of their innate dignity or indignity, as from the differences of clothing, habitations, forms of government, manners, and religions. Nations are so much the more brutal and rude, the more voracious they are, the more disgusting and nauseous things they live upon, the more raw and unprepared meats or carrion they devour, and, lastly, the greater avidity they have for pure fat or animal oils*.

The Americans, of all the races of mankind, are, undoubtedly, the least elevated above the irrational animals, and this near relationship to the brutes, as in all the other provisions they consume, so likewise in the prodigious quantity of fat, and greasy viands they can bear. The soups of the North American savages are nothing else than melted fat, which they swallow so greedily, that at almost all their feasts some of them eat themselves to death. They are not contented with heightening the savour of their soup, or sagamite, with bear's grease, but they throw a pound of candles into it, whenever they can get them..... This partiality for fat is as strong in the South American savages, as in the North American. The former not only devour putrid tiger-flesh, which at a great distance would cause an European stomach to rise by its intolerable stench, but they even drink the melted fat of that animal.

This avidity for fat, and greasy food, did not first spring up in the Americans on their transplantation into their present place of abode, but they inherited it from their progenitors, and brought it with them from the north-eastern parts of Asia. The Tunguses, and other Siberian tribes of Mongolian extraction, eat fat and tallow, without either salt or bread, and even the Calmucs are fonder of animal flesh the fatter it is.

All the nations of southern Asia regard obesity as the height of beauty, and in order to acquire it they drink melted butter, or other oleaginous liquors. This conceit and taste the Hindoos have adopted from the Mongolian nations of southern Asia. They therefore drink melted butter, as in Europe we drink Spanish or other strong wines. The other oriental nations do not indeed drink butter, but melted butter is almost the only sauce they take with their favourite pilau. They first pour off the gravy of the meat, and then pour melted butter upon the dry rice-meal, or make a hole in it, and fill it up with butter. Lobo likewise affirms of the Abyssinians, that all their dishes swim in butter, or overflow with fat.

The inhabitants of New Zealand resemble their ancestors of Asia in regard to their taste for fat, and unctuous liquors. They not only

* Even among us there are instances of particular persons that have an insatiable liking to fat. The Ephemerides Naturæ Curiosorum adduce the example of an officer, who had a natural aversion to bread, and instead of it always ate bacon fat.

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drink blubber, but also eat fat, and even soap and the wick of lamps with the greatest greediness.

In Europe, the Russians are, as far as I know, or at least have remarked, the only people that drink melted butter, like brandy, to the most immoderate degree, in what they call the butter week. Yet I have no manner of doubt, that the rest of the Sclavonian nations are like the Russians in this particular. Among the nations of Celtic extraction, though the common people prefer bacon, lard, and greasy soups, yet I do not know that even the rudest clown, in the countries that are not Sclavonian, eats pure fat without bread, or drinks melted butter or other grease. The Icelanders and the inhabitants of the Orcades form the only exception here. For amongst the former the taste for fat things is so great, that many of the common people eat tallow, or drink the melted fat of oxen and sheep; and others drink the fat of wild geese, however rancid it may be. And from this circumstance I conclude, either that the Icelanders and the inhabitants of the Orcades are not of pure Norman or Celtic origin, but are partly descended from the Finnish savages, who in ancient times were much more widely spread than at present over the regions of the North; or even I suppose that the extraordinary cold of their climate begets in them their taste for fat meats, and renders them absolutely necessary to their well-being. For experience teaches us, that animal oil is so much the wholesomer, and spirituous or inflammatory liquors are so much the more dangerous, the nearer the pole, or the colder the region.

CHARACTER OF CHAUCER. BY GODWIN.

The life of Chaucer, by Godwin, which has been lately imported from Europe, contains a great variety of curious and instructive views of the state of England at the period of the poet's existence. The following extract is a sort of recapitulation of the work, and will serve as an excellent specimen of this performance.

HAVING accompanied Chaucer through his public and poetical life, as far as our documents will enable us, from the cradle to the tomb, it may be gratifying to take one connected and concluding view of his manners and habits, to survey the features of his mind, and the principal traits of his character.

We know little of his early youth, except that he was born and brought up in the city of London; and we seem to have sufficient indications that he was not exposed to the inconveniences of a narrow fortune, and that he received all the intellectual discipline and instruction which the metropolis of England could then afford. If he discovered in his boyish years any of those original powers which have recommended him to our present attention, if his progress in learning was rapid, or if any interesting anecdotes of enterprize, good-nature, or fortitude were repeated of him by his contemporaries, these circumstances, as might be expected, are lost to us for ever, through the obscurity of the long interval of time which has succeeded.

At college, during the period of his studies at Cambridge, at Oxford, and perhaps at Paris, he was indefatigable in his exertions to attain a knowledge of what man and mind had been in the ages that were elapsed. It perhaps never happened that a man was so devoted to books as Chaucer represents himself to have been at successive periods of his life, without feeling a very early vocation to the pursuit of letters. Ancient history was at this time an unsubstantial and fleeting shade. The writings of the Greeks were inaccessible to Chaucer. But he studied Latin, French, and Italian. Virgil was particularly his favourite. The adventures of romance, and the songs of the mins-

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trels, were listened to by him with avidity. Tales of chivalry, of generous enterprize, and heroic adventure, had a double interest with him, because he knew that, when he went forth into the world, the men of whom he read, a race that is now extinct, would be the objects of his daily observation and intercourse. The whole world was then romantic, scenic, and sublime. The castle of the ancient baron, the magnificence of ecclesiastical edifices, the splendour of the tournament, the solemnity of religious worship, yet unstripped of any of its decorations, the troops of monks and friars devoted to the things of an invisible world, these were the objects which met the eye on every side. The mind of man was not yet broken down into a dull uniformity. This was the age of reformers and of robbers. Pilgrimages and crusades invited the consent of the pious. Chaucer too had a particular turn for subjects of humour. And those adventures, which have since received their last touches from the hands of Boccaccio, Ariosto, La Fontaine, and Voltaire, were not feebly shadowed forth in the tales of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

It was at college that Chaucer contracted a friendship with Gower and Strode, two young Oxonians of great learning and talents; a friendship which probably lasted for the greater part of their lives.

Chaucer was both a lawyer and a soldier; but he quitted each of these professions after a very short trial, and having collected from the experiment a more exact knowledge of human nature, as it is modified by them, than he could have gained merely as a spectator.

Chaucer was a courtier; but he was a courtier in the best sense of the word, not bowing at levees, not depending upon the smiles and promises of ministers, but associating with their masters, and being the confident of the loves of the generous, and at least as yet uncorrupted, because as yet youthful, offspring of those masters. He probably had a large share in forming the mind of the patron of Wicliffe; the saviour of the bishop of Limoges, of Hereford, and of Swinderby; the generous, gallant, manly, and frank John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster. He was the earnest vindicator of his calumniated reputation. He is said to have been employed by Blanche, the heiress of Lancaster, and youthful consort of John of Gaunt, to write the godly verses which she chanted as she dropped her beads.

Chaucer received in early life the gift of a house almost contiguous to the royal palace at Woodstock. This gift could have no other meaning than that his sovereigns were desirous frequently to enjoy his society, and be exhilerated with the sallies of his conversation. He observed intimately the heroic Philippa; the venerable mother of the Black Prince, of Lionel of Antwerp, and of John of Gaunt; the protectress of the distressed, and the patroness of Froissart. Edward III and his eldest son, the victors of Cressy and Poitiers, whose glorious forms often pass in review before our entranced imaginations, were the similar friends of Chaucer, and were equally known to him in their proudest stretch of thought, and in their plainest and most undisguised moments.

Chaucer was an ambassador. He is affirmed by Froissart to have been a principal in the unsuccessful attempt to negotiate a marriage for Richard prince of Wales with a daughter of France. This situation must have afforded him an ample opportunity of observing the temper of courts, the tricks of ministers, and the prejudices and prepossessions of kings.

Chaucer was a minister. His place was that of comptroller of the customs. His office was probably by the water side, amidst all the bustle and confusion of trade. Trade was, in a considerable degree, the passion of his age, for at this time Venice, Genoa, and London were powerful cities, made so by the operation of commerce. The comptroller of the customs was enjoined

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to keep the accounts of his employment with his own hand. Chaucer was seldom absent from the duties of his place, for we find a leave of absence to him for a month formally recorded upon the patent rolls, and only one such leave of absence has yet been observed. He tells us himself that he had no opportunity for the pleasures of study, till he "had made an end of all his reckonings," and the business of the day was concluded. This lasted twelve years.

Chaucer was a patriot. He never, even in thought, departed from his allegiance to the grandson of his first benefactors. But he bitterly deplored the evil habits that prince had contracted, and the pernicious counsellors into whose hands he had fallen. He saw them plotting at once the destruction of the man in the world to whom he was himself bound by the most complicated ties, and and the ruin of the liberties of the metropolis of which he was a native, and which was dependent for all its distinctions upon the permanence of those liberties. He embarked his all in resistance to their machinations.

Chaucer was an exile and a prisoner. He was fated to experience the vicissitudes of human life. He paid, in this instance, the debt for which we are all of us in some manner called upon, to the condition of our terrestrial existence; and he gained that knowledge, and those wholesome impressions, which are seldom gained but through the operation of adversity. In his exile he was nearly destitute of all the comforts and conveniences of life; and in his imprisonment he witnessed the savage triumph of the unrelenting Thomas of Woodstock, and perhaps saw from his window the victims whom that usurper was daily dragging to execution.

The terms upon which he was liberated from his confinement after five years of oppression and difficulty, are such as no admirer of Chaucer will with pleasure contemplate.

Upon his restoration to liberty Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works, an office on many accounts more agreeable to him than his former place of comptroller of the customs. He occupied this situation, however, only for a short time.

Being now more than sixty years of age, he retired to his favourite residence of Woodstock. He was tired of business and of courts, and wished to enjoy the pleasures of privacy and nature. He did not, however, retire to a life of indolence. As he had begun his literary career early, so he finished it late. In a green and vigorous old age he planned and undertook the Canterbury Tales. One of the most extraordinary specimens of active genius and various talent which England has produced, thus appears to have been the fruit of a period of life, when common men think themselves excused from further exertion.

Chaucer was probably satisfied with his modest roof at Woodstock. The Canterbury Tales may be seen to have been the production of a serene, a cheerful, and contented mind, buffeted by the world, but not broken, and carrying off from all its defeatures and misadventures whatever is most valuable in man. Yet he was not so contented with Woodstock, as to be incapable of being tempted to leave it. John of Gaunt at this time married Chaucer's kinswoman; and he told the poet that now, being nearly allied to royalty, he must change the style in which he had hitherto lived. Chaucer consented. An ancient castle opened its ample gates, and spread out its spacious apartments, to receive him as its inhabitant. Chaucer brought hither the same gay and well-tempered mind which had accompanied him through life: he sat under his own oaks, and in a truly social spirit named them after his benefactors and patrons.

One event only was reserved for the concluding scene of the life of Chaucer. His sovereign was deposed, and the son of John of Gaunt usurped the throne. Chaucer's conduct on this occasion is highly worthy of our praise. He did not oppose the usurper; he did not wish to

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involve his country in further broils. He was too old and too retired, to be able to flatter himself that he could contribute to redress the wrongs he deplored. But all the benefits of the new sovereign, and all his old connections with and obligations to the father of that sovereign, could not extort from him a line of congratulation.

Chaucer died easily and happily as he lived; and, if the verses he is said to have written on his death-bed were actually his, they may be regarded as a very extraordinary exhibition of a serene and collected mind in the last period of existence. If he were a lover of greatness, he might be satisfied with the high rank of his wife's relations, and his own nearness to the throne. If he felt anxious for the future prosperity of his offspring and descendants, he must have been pleased with the situation and prospects of his son, who was, in the year after his father's death, chosen speaker of the house of commons. The remains of Chaucer were interred in the repository of our kings, and the place hallowed by his dust has ever since been considered as the resting-place of poets.

The placid and gentle character of Chaucer is conspicuous in all his works. In this respect there is a striking resemblance between him and Shakespeare. That genius, whose creative mind soared above all human competition, who could enter into all the peculiarities of man, and personate all his passions, was himself characterized by a temper peculiarly equable and serene. With an intellect incessantly active, wandering amidst the imaginary inhabitants of earth, and sea, and air, and every day engendering new miracles to astonish mankind, he perpetually retained his true bias, and rested upon his proper centre. It is perhaps distinctive of a genius of the first order, to perform his greatest wonders without that straining, agitation, and effort, that are incident to minds to which the production of any thing above the ordinary level is a matter of difficulty.

The customary cheerfulness and serenity of the mind of Chaucer is particularly conspicuous in his delineations of nature. They all take their hue from the mind of the beholder, and are gay, animated, and fresh. He usually set out upon his walk early in the morning, when the world has been refreshed by repose, when the grass is impearled with dew, and when the delicious scents of field and tree and flower are yet unpolluted by the beams of the flaring sun. Many instances of the beauty of Chaucer's landscapes we have already had occasion to cite. Its sweetness intrudes itself into his most sorrowful compositions. It soothes in his elegy upon the death of the princess Blanche, and it breaks forth with peculiar lustre in his Complaint of the Black Knight. One exquisite example of this feature of the poet's mind it may be worth while to add from the poem of the Cuckow and the Nightingale, written when he was "old and unlusty*," and addressed, like the Legende of Gode women, to Anne of Bohemia, who appears at this time to have resided at Woodstock†. The poet is desirous of hearing the song of the nightingale, which yet he had not "herde of al that yere," though it was already "the thirde of May." For this purpose he sets out "anon as he the day aspide";

And unto a wodde that was fasté by
I wenté forthe aloné boldély,
And helde the way downe by a brokė side;

Til I came to a‡ launde of white and grene,
So faire an one had I never in bene;
The grounde was grene, ypoudered with daisye,
The floures and the‖ grevés alike hie,
Al grene and white was nothing ellés sene. ver. 58.

* ver. 37. † ver. 274. ‡ lawn. ‖ groves, bushes.

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The sweetness of Chaucer's character may also be inferred from his long friendship with Gower, and from the circumstance of his drawing up toward the close of his life a treatise of astronomy for a boy of ten years. But a circumstance still more singular and worthy of recollection, when we are summing up his character, is that of his being eight years suitor to a lady, probably the same whom he afterward married. A number of traits of disposition may be deduced from this anecdote. It could never have belonged to a person of a fiery and hot-brained temperament; it could never have belonged to a man dissipated, fickle, and inconstant. Such things have been related of persons of feeble understanding and emasculate character. But, in a man of Chaucer's force, it marks only persistive choice, a pursuit, not easily repressed, yet not breaking out into extravagancies, a character undebauched and sincere, and a love deeply grounded in the most permanent qualities of the mind.

Chaucer was a man of a frank and easy temper, undeformed by haughtiness and reserve, and readily entering easily into a certain degree of social intercourse upon trivial occasions. This particular is strongly confirmed to us by the curious record of his testimony in the cause of arms between Scrope and Grosvenor. He describes himself as walking in Friday-street, in the city of London, and observing there the arms which he had always seen borne by the family of Scrope, hung out as a sign. This inconsiderable circumstance immediately excites an interest in the patriarch of the English language and of English poetry. The Scropes were his friends. He accosts a stranger, whom he perceives accidentally standing by, and asks, What inn is that, which I observe has hung out the arms of Scrope for its sign?....Nay, replied the other, it is no inn, nor are those the arms of Scrope; they are the shield of a Cheshire family of the name of Grosvenor. In Chaucer, the thus addressing himself to a person unknown, is no evidence of a vulgar, indelicate, and undiscriminating mind. It shows that he was a character, not fastidious enough to refuse to interest itself in trifles, and frank, even, and affable in his intercourse with mankind.

Chaucer was a man of convivial dispositions. This has reasonably been concluded from the grant he received of a pitcher, or what we should now call four bottles of wine daily from the royal cellar. It may fairly be inferred that this wine was designed for the poet's daily consumption.

Chaucer was a man of expensive habits, and of no very rigid pecuniary economy and foresight. This may be concluded from his frequent embarassments. Immediately after the loss of his place of comptroller of the customs, which he had held for twelve years, and in which he had "richesse suffisauntly to weive nede, and in delicious houres was wont to enjoy blisful stoundes," he found himself in great poverty. "His worldly godes were fulliche dispente." On his restoration to favour, he obtained the perhaps equally lucrative place of clerk of the works. He resigned this office, and retired to Woodstock; yet no sooner was he settled there, and engaged in writing his Canterbury Tales, than it became necessary that he should solicit another pension. When any of his patrons, John of Gaunt, Anne of Bohemia, or Henry IV, are desirous of demonstrating their kindness to him, the first thing thought of is a further pecuniary provision.

But Chaucer was not less fond of study than of convivial intercourse. There is scarcely one of his longer poems in which this feature of his character is not incidentally mentioned. He reads in bed *. In the Parliament of Birds, he had been reading all day long, and it is only when the light fails him that he falls asleep, and has the dream which he proceeds to relate. And in the House of Fame, the eagle tells him,

* Boke of the Duchesse, ver. 47.

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——when thy labour al done is
And hast made al thy reckeninges,
In stede of reste and of newe thinges,
Thou sittest at another boke,
Tyl fully dased is thy loke.
Book II, ver. 144.

Chaucer was a man of an enthusiastic turn of mind. This may well be inferred from the journey he appears to have made, when already forty-six years old, and employed in affairs of state, across the peninsula of Italy, that he might have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Petrarca.

Let us add to these features of the personal character of Chaucer his description of his own figure, at the time when he was writing the Canterbury Tales.

Our hoste to *japen he began....
And saiéd thus: What man art thou? quod he,
Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare.

Approché nere, and loke up merily!
Now ware ye, †sires, and let this man have face!
He ‡in the waste is shap'n as well as I.
This were a ||popet in an arme to' enbrace
For any woman smal and faire of face.
He semeth ¶elvish by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he **daliance.
ver. 13623.

To be continued.

THE FEMALE CHARACTER DISPLAYED DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Conjugal Affection.

MADAME LAVERGNE had been married but a very short time to M. Lavergne, governor of Longwy, when that fort surrendered to the Prussians. The moment Longwy was retaken by the French, the governor was arrested, and conducted to one of the prisons of Paris: Madame Lavergne followed to the capital. She was then scarcely twenty years of age, and one of the loveliest women of France. Her husband was upwards of sixty, yet his amiable qualities first won her esteem, and his tenderness succeeded to inspire her with an affection as sincere and fervent as that which he possessed for her.

That dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold reeked daily with the blood of its unfortunate victims; and while Lavergne expected every hour to be summoned before the dreaded tribunal, he fell sick in his dungeon. This accident, which at any other moment would have filled the heart of Madame Lavergne with grief and inquietude, now elevated her to hope and consolation. She could not believe there existed a tribunal so barbarous, as to bring a man before the judgment-seat, who was suffering under a burning fever. A perilous disease, she imagined, was the present safeguard of her husband's life; and she promised herself that the fluctuation of events would change his destiny, and finish in his favour, that which nature had so opportunely begun. Vain expectation! the name of Lavergne had been irrevocably inscribed on the fatal list of the 11th Germinal, of the second year of the republic (June 25, 1794), and he must on that day submit to his fate.

Madame Lavergne, informed of this decision, had recourse to tears and supplications. Persuaded that she could soften the hearts of the representatives of the people, by a faithful picture of Lavergne's situation, she presented herself before the committee of general safety: she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed, whom she represented as a prey to a danger-

*gibe. †sirs. ‡is as fat as a landlord. ||poppet, poupée, Fr. ¶fairy-like, humoursome, mischievous: **offices of courtesy.

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ous and cruel disease, deprived of his strength, of his faculties, and of all those powers either of body or mind, which could enable him to confront his intrepid and arbitrary accusers.

"Imagine, O citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne, "such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal about to decide upon his life, while reason abandons him, while he cannot understand the charges brought against him, nor has sufficient power of utterance to declare his innocence. His accusers in full possession of their moral and physical strength, and already inflamed with hatred against him, are instigated even by his helplessness to more than ordinary exertions of malice; while the accused, subdued by bodily suffering, and mental infirmity, is appalled or stupified, and barely sustains the dregs of his miserable existence. Will you, O citizens of France, call a man to trial while in the frenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment expires upon the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits of no medium between liberty or the scaffold; and, if you unite humanity with justice, can you suffer an old man ....." At these words every eye was turned upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those with which she had so eloquently sought to inspire them. They interrupted her with coarse jests and indecent raillery. One of the members assured her with a scornful smile, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had lived already long enough. Another of them, equally brutal and still more ferocious, added, that the fervour with which she had pleaded the cause of such an husband was an unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation, and despair took possession of the soul of Madame Lavergne; she had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest of men contemned and vilified as a degraded appetite. She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice, by the administrators of the laws of a nation, and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman men, to hide the bursting agony of her sorrows.

One faint ray of hope yet arose to cheer the gloom of Madame Lavergne's despondency. Dumas was one of the judges of the tribunal, and him she had known previous to the revolution. Her repugnance to seek this man in his new career, was subdued by a knowledge of his power, and her hopes of his influence. She threw herself at his feet, bathed them with her tears, and conjured him by all the claims of mercy and humanity, to prevail on the tribunal to delay the trial of her husband till the hour of his recovery. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to him to grant the favour she solicited, nor should he chuse to make such a request to the tribunal: then in a tone somewhat animated by insolence and sarcasm, he added, "and is it then so great a misfortune, madame, to be delivered from a troublesome husband of sixty, whose death will leave you at liberty to employ your youth and charms more usefully?"

Such a reiteration of insult roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation, she shrieked with insupportable anguish, and, rising from her humble posture, she extended her arms towards heaven, and exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious men awaken thy vengeance! Go, monster," she cried to Dumas, "I no longer want thy aid, I no longer need to supplicate thy pity: away to the tribunal, there will I also appear: then shall it be known whe-

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ther I deserve the outrages which thou and thy base associates have heaped upon me."

From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the crowd, waited in silence for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day commence. M. Lavergne is called for. The jailors support him thither on a mattrass; a few questions are proposed to him, to which he answers in a feeble and dying voice, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

Scarcely had the sentence passed the lips of the judge, when Madame Lavergne cried with a loud voice, *Vive le Roi!* The persons nearest the place whereon she stood, eagerly surrrounded, and endeavoured to silence her, but the more the astonishment and alarm of the multitude augmented, the more loud and vehement became her cries of *Vive le Roi!* The guard was called, and directed to lead her away. She was followed by a numerous crowd, mute with consternation or pity; but the passages and staircases still resounded every instant with *Vive le Roi!* till she was conducted into one of the rooms belonging to the court of justice, into which the public accuser came to interrogate her on the motives of her extraordinary conduct.

"I am not actuated," she answered, "by any sudden impulse of despair or revenge, for the condemnation of M. Lavergne, but from the love of royalty, which is rooted in my heart. I adore the system that you have destroyed. I do not expect any mercy from you, for I am your enemy; I abhor your republic, and will persist in the confession I have publicly made, as long as I live."

Such a declaration was without reply: the name of Madame Lavergne was instantly added to the list of suspected persons: a few minutes afterward she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own accusation, and was condemned to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided, serenity took possession of her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced only the peace and satisfaction of her soul.

On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the cart, and desired to be so placed that she might behold her husband. The unfortunate M. Lavergne had fallen into a swoon, and was in that condition extended upon straw in the cart, at the feet of his wife, without any signs of life. On the way to the place of execution, the motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of Lavergne's shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of the sun, till his wife entreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief and fasten his shirt. Shortly afterwards, Madame Lavergne, whose attention never wandered from her husband for a single instant, perceived that his senses returned, and called him by his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been withheld from him, Lavergne raised his eyes, and fixed them on her with a look at once expressive of terror and affection. "Do not be alarmed," she said, "it is your faithful wife who called you; you know I could not live without you, and we are going to die together." Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude, sobs and tears relieved the oppression of his heart, and he became able once more to express his love and admiration of his virtuous wife. The scaffold, which was intended to separate, united them for ever.

Filial Affection.

During the war of La Vendee, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, condemned to die, as was also his daughter, found in the resources of that affectionate girl the means of concealing himself, till a period arrived more favourable to that justice which he successfully claimed. His daughter's

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first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artizan, who had formerly been a domestic in the duke's service, after which she procured an asylum for herself. They were thus both secured from the immediate power of their persecutors; but as the duke's property was confiscated, and as compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon worn out. While the daughter was suffering under the extreme of poverty, she learnt that her father's health was declining, for want of due nourishment. She now saw no way but to devote her life to save her father's, and she instantly made the resolve.

A general of the republic at that very time was passing through the city in which was her place of concealment, and to him she wrote the following letter:

"CITIZEN GENERAL,

"Wherever the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But, in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want almost of every thing. Without clothes, without bread, without friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid: my father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful...that of dying of cold and hunger.

"Be the judge, citizen general, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me. It is to cast myself upon your generosity. I offer you my head, I undertake to go, and to go willingly, to the scaffold, but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment, there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent."

The soldier had no sooner read this letter than he hastened to the asylum of Madame de Rochefoucault, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both, and after the 9th *Thermidor*, procured the restoration of M. de Rochefoucault's property by a revision of their sentence.

Affection of sisters to brothers.

It was the practice at Nantes and other places, to put a number of condemned persons on board a vessel, and sink them in the river. During these terrible drownings, a young girl, whose brother had been arrested, repaired to the house of Carrier to implore his protection in behalf of her brother. "What age is he?" asked Carrier. "Thirty-six years." "So much the worse; he must die, and three-fourths of the persons in the same prison with him."

At this horrible answer, the poor girl knelt before the pro-consul, and declaimed emphatically against the barbarity of his conduct. Carrier ordered her to leave the house, and even brutally struck her with the scabbard of his sabre. Scarcely, however, had she left his apartment, when he called her back to inform her, that if she would yield to his desires, he would spare the life of her brother. His proposition filled her with disdain, and restored her to courage; she replied, that "she

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had demanded justice, and justice was not to be bought with infamy."

She retired, and learning that her brother was on the point of being conducted to one of those dreadful boats at Paimbeuf, she ran again to the pro-consul, hopeless now of his life, and entreating only that she might be allowed to give something to her brother that might support him on the way.

"Begone," replied Carrier, "he has no need of any support."

The brother of this unfortunate girl went to Paimbeuf, but before he had perished his sister was no more.

Fortitude.

During the disastrous reign of the assignats, a family formerly opulent, consisting of a father, mother, and five children, pined in want in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. The father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for herself and his children, was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident, he never thought on them without anguish bordering on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbours, she knew would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient; and she knew, that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she expressed to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity.

"All is not lost," she said, "I have health and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labour to support their father." She added, that if their labour was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated awhile over this proposition, and took this resolution with a constancy worthy of the honourable life he has since led.

"No," he said, "I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it."

He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse dress of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose, in the neighbourhood of which he hired a cabin, with a field, and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools to cultivate the land for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a peasant to teach him.

A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children; and acquiring a competence from its labour and constancy, originating in the courage of the virtuous mother, this family lived perfect patterns of peace and domestic union.

Gratitude.

During the unhappy days of September, 1792, a woman conceived

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the project of rendering funeral honours, from motives of gratitude, to her confessor, whom she understood to be massacred at the prison *Des Carmes*. As she intently dwelt upon this idea, she heard an extraordinary cry in the street, by which she was drawn to the window: she saw a cart passing, filled with dead bodies, and among them recognized the person of her confessor! A surgeon, one of her neighbours, happened to be with her; pointing out the body, she entreated him to go and purchase it of the driver. Yielding to her entreaties, the surgeon went to the driver, and telling him his profession, said he wished to purchase one of the bodies for dissection. The driver asked him twenty crowns, permitting him to take his choice. He paid down the money, and took the body pointed out to him, which he caused to be conveyed into the house of his friend: but what was the surgeon's surprise when he saw the priest on his feet! Clothes being procured for him, and being in the presence of his benefactress, he said, "When I saw my brethren massacred at *Des Carmes*, I imagined it possible to save my life by throwing myself among the dead bodies as one of them. I was stripped, and thrown into the cart in which you saw me. I did not receive a single wound; the blood with which you saw me covered was that of the carcases with which I was confounded. Receive, my benefactress, the most grateful thanks! It is probable, that, thrown into a quarry with the bodies of my unfortunate companions, I should have perished there!" All three then fell on their knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for this singular deliverance.

MORSE FISHING DESCRIBED.

THE people who go out to catch the morse are hired for that purpose by a master or ship-owner, who not only furnishes them with the necessary vessels, but fits them out with provisions, stores, and whatever they are likely to want on the voyage, but either agrees to give them a share of what they take, or pays them certain wages. The latter, however, seldom exceed five or ten rubles for the summer; a trifling sum, when we consider the hardships, toils, and dangers attending this profession. The morse-catchers usually take with them a year's provisions, as they are often obliged to pass the winter on board their ships. Every vessel has an oven for baking bread and cooking their victuals, for the supply of which they take the needful stock of wood. The only drink they carry out with them is water, with which when they go ashore they prepare quas. The time of departure varies according to circumstances; some set out at the beginning of summer, when the White Sea is free from ice; others not till autumn, especially if they intend to winter on the voyage. The greatest peril to which they are exposed at sea, is that of being hemmed in by the driving masses of ice; in this case, the ice by its force beats in the sides of the vessel, and the morse-catchers are then reduced to the dreadful alternative either of being buried in the waves on the spot, or of getting on the fields of ice floating at the mercy of the winds, till cold and hunger put an end to their sufferings. And yet it has happened, though very rarely, that some of these poor fellows have been brought alive to land on their flakes of ice.

When the morse-catchers are happily arrived at the place of their destination, the first thing they do is to conduct their vessels to some safe anchorage, where they generally find several little huts that have been constructed by their predecessors in this hazardous warfare, and then commit themselves to the small boats, of which every vessel takes with it one or two, to proceed to the conflict with the beasts of the ocean. This is usually done on the first fine day, because then

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the morses delight in going on the land or on the ice to repose; and besides, they are at times stimulated to leave their native element for a length of time for the purpose of copulation, which business lasts with these monsters for a month or two, or to cast their young, or to rescue themselves from the bites of the sea-lice, by which the morse in summer is perpetually tormented, and from which they have no other means of escaping than by fleeing into an element which deprives these insects of life. All these causes together collect them frequently on the beach or the fields of ice, in prodigious numbers. When the captors discover one of these multitudes, they must have the precaution to approach them against the wind, because these animals have so fine a smell, that they perceive the approach of men with the wind at a great distance, and then immediately take to the water; whereas in the contrary case they continue lying undisturbed, though they even see the boat advancing to them. Besides, the morse-catchers by this means have the advantage of discovering sooner the place where the prey has couched; for these fat animals, especially in summer, emit far round them a horrid stench.

When the captors have reached this formidable encampment, they immediately quit their karbasses or boats, armed with nothing but their pikes, cut off the way to the sea from the morses, and then pierce those animals which come first to save themselves in the water. As it is the way with the morses to scramble over one another in their attempts to escape, from the numbers of the slain there soon arises a bulwark which effectually choaks up the passage to the living, and then the captors proceed with the slaughter till they have left not one alive. It sometimes happens, that after such an engagement so great are the heaps of the dead, that the vessels can only contain the heads or the teeth, and the people are obliged to leave the fat or blubber and the skins behind.

But, easy as it is for the captors to conquer the morse by land, so dangerous is the conflict with these animals in their own element..... We have only to recollect that the morse is commonly of the size of a large ox, and that, besides their sharp teeth, they are provided with two long stout tusks, for judging how a sea fight of this kind is likely to terminate. When any of the morses escape into the water before they can all be killed, the captors leap upon the ice, and fall upon the animals with harpoons, which they strive to strike into their breasts or their belly, and to each of which is fastened a long cord. This done, they drive a stake into the ice, wind the other end of the long harpoon-string round it, and are now drawn about, on the piece of ice on which they stand, by the animal till he has lost his strength, when they draw him upon the ice by the cord, and kill him outright. But when the morses lie so near to the water, that they can leap in ere the attack begins, then the captors fasten the cord, when they have thrown the harpoon, only to the head of the boat, which is then drawn by the huge animal so deep into the water, that the sailors must all run immediately astern. The morse having fruitlessly endeavoured to get loose from the cord, rises erect upon the surface of the water, and makes a furious attack on his persecutors..... In this he is sometimes so successful as to shatter the boat with his tusks, or to throw himself suddenly by a proportionate leap into the midships. Then nothing is left to the crew, but to jump overboard, and to hold by the gunnel, till other morse-hunters come to their assistance in this desperate situation. To mitigate the danger of these misfortunes, the captors not only take all proper measures, but it is even laid down by laws and regulations what conduct every one is to observe during the voyage, and in the actual en-

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counter with the morses. Each of these companies consists generally of a master or pilot, two harpooners, two barreling people, a steersman, and several rowers, each of whom has his appointed duty.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DURING the last visit which the doctor made to Litchfield, the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table: on enquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner:

"Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning; but I was constrained to it by my *conscience*. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending ..... market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to ....., and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers by, and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which, I trust, I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

SPEED OF THE OSTRICH.

DURING the time that Mr. Adanson was at Podor, a French factory on the south bank of the river Niger, he says, that two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, afforded him a sight of a very extraordinary nature. These gigantic birds, though young, were nearly of the full size. They were so tame, that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village; as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I wished it to be repeated; and, to try their strength, directed a full-grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burthen did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went a pretty high trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed not to touch the ground. Every one must, one time or other, have seen a partridge run, consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine, that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with both these advantages; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true they would not hold out so

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long as a horse, but without all doubt they would be able to perform the race in less time. I have frequently beholden this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich; and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it as we do a horse.

CHARACTER OF THE STORK.

IT has a grave air, and a mournful visage; yet, when roused by example, it shows a certain degree of gaiety, for it joins the frolics of children, hopping and playing with them. "I saw in a garden," says Dr. Hermann, "where the children were playing at hide and seek, a tame stork join the party, run its turn when touched, and distinguish the child whose turn it was to pursue the rest so well, as, along with the others, to be on its guard."

A wild stork was brought by a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, into his poultry-yard, to be the companion of a tame one he had long kept there; but the tame stork, disliking the idea of a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was compelled to take wing, and with some difficulty got away. About four months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry-yard, recovered of its wounds, and attended by three other storks, who no sooner alighted than they altogether fell upon the tame stork and killed him.

SOCIABILITY OF THE LAPWING.

THE following anecdote exhibits the domestic nature of the lapwing, as well as the art with which it conciliates the regard of animals differing from itself in nature, and generally considered as hostile to every species of the feathered tribe. Two of these birds were given to a clergyman, who put them into his garden; one soon died, bnt the other continued to pick up such food as the place afforded, till winter deprived it of its usual supply. Necessity soon compelled it to draw nearer the house, by which it gradually became familiarized to occasional interruptions from the family. At length one of the servants, when she had occasion to go into the back-kitchen with a light, observed that the lapwing always uttered his cry of '*peewit*' to obtain admitance. He soon grew more familiar: as the winter advanced, he approached as far as the kitchen, but with much caution, as that part of the house was generally occupied by a dog and a cat, whose friendship the lapwing at length conciliated so entirely, that it was his regular custom to resort to the fire-side as soon as it grew dark, and spend the evening and night with his two associates, sitting close by them, and partaking of the comforts of a warm fire-side. As soon as spring appeared, he left off coming to the house and betook himself to the garden; but on the approach of winter he had recourse to his old shelter and friends, who received him very cordially. Security was productive of insolence; what was at first obtained with caution, was afterwards taken without reserve; he frequently amused himself with washing in the bowl which was set for the dog to drink out of; and while he was thus employed, he showed marks of the greatest indignation if either of his companions presumed to interrupt him. He died in the asylum he had chosen, being choaked with something that he picked up from the floor.

THE DIGNITY OF GEESE VINDICATED.

THE following instance of warm affection in a goose was communicated to the Compte de Buffon, by a man both of veracity and information. The following are nearly his own words:

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"There were two ganders, a grey and white one (the latter named *Jacquot*), with three females. The two males were perpetually contending for the company of these three dames. When one or the other prevailed, it assumed the direction of them, and hindered the other from approaching. He, who was the master during the night, would not yield in the morning; and the two gallants fought so furiously, that it was necessary to run and part them. It happened one day, that, being drawn to the bottom of the garden by their cries, I found them with their necks entwined, striking their wings with rapidity and astonishing force; the three females turned round, as wishing to separate them, but without effect; at last the white gander was worsted, overthrown, and maltreated by the other. I parted them, happily for the white one, as he would otherwise have lost his life. Then the grey gander began screaming, and gabbling, and clapping his wings, and ran to join his mistresses, giving each a noisy salute, to which the three dames replied, ranging themselves at the same time round him. Meanwhile poor Jacquot was in a pitiable condition, and, retiring, sadly vented at a distance his doleful cries. It was several days before he recovered from his dejection, during which time I had sometimes occasion to pass through the court where he stayed. I saw him always thrust out from society, and each time I passed he came gabbling to me. One day he approached so near me, and showed so much friendship, that I could not help caressing him, by stroking with my hand his back and neck, to which he seemed so sensible, as to follow me into the entrance of the court. Next day, as I again passed, he ran to me, and I gave him the same caresses, with which alone he was not satisfied, but seemed, by his gestures, to desire that I should lead him to his mates. I accordingly did lead him to their quarter, and, upon his arrival, he began his vociferations, and directly addressed the three dames, who failed not to answer him. Immediately the grey victor sprung upon Jacquot. I left them for a moment; he was always the stronger; I took part with my Jacquot, who was under; I set him over his rival; he was thrown under; I set him up again. In this way they fought eleven minutes, and by the assistance which I gave, he obtained the advantage over the grey gander, and got possession of the three dames. When my friend Jacquot saw himself master, he would not venture to leave his females, and therefore no longer came to me when I passed: he only gave me at a distance many tokens of friendship, shouting and clapping his wings, but would not quit his companions, lest, perhaps, the other should take possession. Things went on in this way till the breeding season, and he never gabbled to me but at a distance. When his females, however, began to sit, he left them, and redoubled his friendship to me. One day, having followed me as far as the ice-house, at the top of the park, the place where I must necessarily part with him, in pursuing my way to a wood at half a league distance, I shut him in the park. He no sooner saw himself separated from me, than he vented strange cries. However, I went on my road, and had advanced about a third of the way, when the noise of a heavy flight made me turn round my head: I saw my Jacquot four paces from me. He followed me all the way, partly on foot, partly on wing, getting before me, and stopping at the cross paths to see what way I should take. Our expedition lasted from ten o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, and yet my companion followed me through all the windings of the wood, without seeming to be tired. After this he followed and attended me every where, so as to become troublesome, I not being able to go to any place without his tracing my steps, so that one day he even came to find me in the church. Another time, as he was passing by the rec-

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tor's window, he heard me talking in the room; and, as he found the door open, he entered, climbed up stairs, and marching in, gave a loud burst of joy, to the no small affright of the family.

"I am sorry, in relating such pleasing traits of my good and faithful friend Jacquot, when I reflect that it was myself that first dissolved the sweet friendship; but it was necessary that I should separate him by force. Poor Jacquot fancied himself as free in the best apartments as in his own, and after several accidents of that kind, he was shut up, and I saw him no more. His inquietude lasted above a year, and he died from vexation. He was become as dry as a bit of wood, as I am told, for I would not see him, and his death was concealed from me for more than two months after the event. Were I to recount all the friendly incidents between me and poor Jacquot, I should not, in four days, have done writing. He died in the third year of the reign of friendship, aged seven years and two months."

ACCOUNT OF THE BURYING-BEETLE.

THIS account of the burying-bettle is taken from M. Gleditch, a well-known writer on natural history.

This gentlemen had at different times observed, that moles which had been left upon the ground after they had been killed, very unaccountably disappeared. He therefore was determined to ascertain by experiment, if possible, what could be the cause of this singular occurrence.

On the twenty-fifth of May, he accordingly obtained a dead mole, which he placed on the moist soft earth of his garden, and in two days he found it sunk to the depth of four fingers' breadth into the earth: it was in the same position in which he had placed it, and its grave corresponded exactly with the length and breadth of its body. The day following this grave was half filled up; and he drew out the whole cautiously, which exhaled a horrible stench, and found, directly under it, little holes in which were four beetles of the present species. Discovering at this time nothing but these beetles, he put them into the hollow, and they quickly hid themselves among the earth. He then replaced the mole as he found it, and having spread a little soft earth over it, left it without looking at it again for the space of six days. On the 12th of June he again took up the same carcase, which he found in the highest state of corruption, swarming with small, thick, whitish worms, that appeared to be the family of the beetles. These circumstances induced him to suppose that it was the beetles that had thus buried the mole, and that they had done this for the sake of lodging in it their offspring.

Mr. G. then took a glass cucurbit, and half filled it with moist earth; into this he put the four beetles with their young, and they immediately concealed themselves. This cucurbit, covered with a cloth, was placed on the open ground, and in the course of fifty days the four beetles interred the bodies of *four* frogs, *three* small birds, *two* grasshoppers, and *one* mole, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox.

Of the mode in which they performed this very singular operation, the following is an account. A linnet that had been dead six hours was placed in the middle of the cucurbit; in a few moments the beetles quitted their holes and traversed the body. After a few hours, one pair of the beetles only was seen about the bird, the largest of which was suspected to be the male. They began their work in hollowing out the earth from under the bird. They arranged a cavity the size of the bird, by pushing all around the body the earth which they removed. To succeed in these efforts, they leaned themselves strongly upon their collars, and, bending down their heads,

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forced out the earth around the bird like a kind of rampart. The work being finished, and the bird having fallen into the hollow, they covered it, and thus closed the grave.

It appeared as if the bird moved alternately its head, its tail, its wings, or feet. Every time that any of these movements were observed, the efforts that the beetles made to draw the body into the grave, which was now nearly completed, might be remarked: in effecting this, they jointly drew it by its feathers below. This operation lasted full two hours, when the smallest or male beetle, drove away the female from the grave, and would not allow her to return, forcing her to enter the hole as often as she attempted to come out of it.

This beetle continued the work alone for at least five hours, and it was truly astonishing to observe the great quantity of earth that he removed in that time: but the surprize of Mr. G. was much augmented, when he saw the little animal, stiffening its collar, and exerting all its strength, lift up the bird, make it change its place, turn, and in some measure arrange it in the grave that it had prepared, which was so spacious, and so far cleared, that he could perceive exactly under the bird all the movements and all the actions of the beetle.

From time to time the beetle, coming out of its hole, mounted upon the bird, and appeared to tread it down; then returning to the charge, it drew the bird more and more into the earth, till it was sunk to a considerable depth. The beetle, in consequence of this uninterrupted labour, appeared to be tired; leaning its head upon the earth, it continued in that position near an hour, without motion, and it then retired completely under ground.

Early in the morning, the body was drawn entirely under ground to the depth of two fingers' breadth, in the same position that it had when laid on the earth; so that this little corpse seemed as if it were laid out on a bier, with a small mount or rampart all round, for the purpose of covering. In the evening, the bird was sunk about half a finger's breadth deeper into the earth; and the operation was continued for near two days more, when the work obtained its final completion.

A single beetle was put into the glass cucurbit with the body of a mole, and covered, as before, with a fine linen cloth. About seven o'clock in the morning, the beetle had drawn the head of the mole below; and, in pushing the earth backward, had formed a pretty high rampart around it. The interment was completed, in this instance, by four o'clock in the afternoon, a space of time so short, that one could scarcely have imagined possible by so small a creature, without any assistance, considering that the body of the mole must have exceeded it in bulk and weight at least thirty times.

While engaged in these experiments, a friend who wished to dry a toad in the shade, fixed it to a stick which he stuck into the ground. When it began to putrify, the beetles, allured by the smell, having loosened the end of the stick that was fixed in the earth, brought it to the ground, and they then interred both the toad and the stick together.

ACCOUNT OF ROSLIN CASTLE.

By a Lady.

ROSLIN! sweet Roslin!....even though on a gloomy afternoon, and a good deal of rain, I was charmed, I was enchanted, with its beauties. The chapel was the first thing seen, being very near the inn. Its outside appeared to me like a common looking kirk, with a tiny side door for an entrance. Certainly a larger one, at the end, must have once existed, though now walled up. At present, there are only two small Gothic doors, opposite each other. No sooner had I passed the threshold, and entered the side aisle, than I was struck with astonish-

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ment, at the beautiful structure and workmanship of the cieling and pillars; which, I suppose, were originally of a reddish stone, which time and weather have changed and softened to a variety of most beautiful tints. This chapel was built in the purest age of Gothic architecture, by a Sinclair of Caithness, who married the daughter of Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. The chapel is a good way from the castle that was Sinclair's residence; which in its time must have been a place of great strength from its situation, on a point of a rock, inaccessible on every side but one, and that so narrow, that it is probable it was only a gateway and drawbridge. The chapel of Roslin has been the burying-place of the Sinclairs of Caithness for ages; but at present they have no property at Roslin.

As one generally learns the legend of the spot one visits, from some garrulous guide, that of Roslin chapel must not be forgotten; but it was told in language so unintelligible, by the good wife who showed it, that I fear my tale will be but imperfect. An abridgment, however, may not be amiss. I shall, therefore, only take up her tale from the apprentice's pillar, which is certainly very different from all the others.

The architect employed to build this chapel could not discover the intent of the plan given him; he was therefore obliged to go to Rome to learn his lesson. In the mean time his apprentice, having more penetration than his master, discovered the design; and in the absence of the architect, wrought the pillar that goes by his name. When the master returned, and found that his lad had more skill than himself, he struck him a violent blow upon his temple, which instantly killed him.

Over what I suppose to have been the great door, opposite the four windows over the altar-piece, is carved the broken head of the poor apprentice, and his mother weeping for his untimely end. After all his trouble, the architect did not succeed, if the apprentice's pillar was conformable to the original plan of the edifice; for no other part of the work in the chapel resembles it; or the employer did not like the richer and more complicated style of the apprentice's pillar, so well as the more simple workmanship of the rest of the chapel.

Roslin chapel is not large, but is reckoned to be a specimen of a very chaste and elegant piece of Gothic architecture. It is a ruin, but the most perfect ruin that can be seen. From the chapel to the ruined castle is a short quarter of a mile, down a very steep hill. There is but a very small part of the castle standing; a middling modern house being erected on a part of its wall..... It is situated, as I have before mentioned, upon a small peninsulated promontory of an immense rock, high above the surrounding river, North Esk, which winds round the castle, rushing hoarsely over its rocky bed, imprisoned by perpendicular sides of towering rocks, finely covered with wood; its noise, and its romantic beauties increase as it rolls down towards Hawthorndean, and forms a most picturesque view from the turning at the entrance to the castle. The walks by the river's side, cut through the rocks and woods of Roslin, are enchanting beyond description. It is impossible to do justice to the romantic charms of either Roslin or Hawthorndean; whose ancient walls rise amidst rocks and wood, hanging over the opposite side of the river, within sight of the walks of Roslin. Hawthorndean belongs to bishop Abernethy Drummond, and was once the habitation of a [the] poet of the name of Drummond.

In going through Leswade, from Dalkeith to Roslin, we met a country wedding; it was then a very fine day, and the parties had just quitted the kirk, and mounted their horses. The bride and bridegroom were on the first horse, and a long cavalcade followed them; some double on a horse, some single, all

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trotting after the happy pair. As soon as they got down the steep hill from the kirk, they scampered through the town as fast as they could, in order to escape, as quickly as possible, the gaping curiosity of the town's-folks, who all came crowding to their doors. This, probably, was a penny wedding. In former times, when money was of far greater value than it is at present, it was the custom, in some parts of Scotland, when a bridegroom was not in circumstances to *treat* the guests at his marriage, for all who were invited to the wedding to pay each one penny, for dinner, dancing, &c. And although a shilling, or more, be now paid on such occasions, still they are called penny weddings. It is no very uncommon thing for the meeting at such weddings to be so numerous, as from the profits of it to enable the new married pair to furnish their house, or take a small farm.

ON THE PROPENSITY OF SEVERAL NATIONS TO HARD DRINKING.

IT is in general with whole nations as with individuals. The more noble and generous they are, so much the more moderate are they in the enjoyments of sense; and, on the contrary, the more base and ignoble, so much the more preponderant and unconquerable is their propensity to sensual pleasures of the grosser kinds. One main branch of sensuality is an inclination to intoxicating or stupefying liquors and drugs; and this inclination augments, in whole nations, allowing for some particular exceptions, the causes whereof I have elsewhere endeavoured to ascertain, in equal proportion with the decline of superior mental powers, and the disposition to great virtues and signal exploits. Accordingly, all Sclavonian nations have ever been, as in general more sensual, so also more intemperate in the use of strong liquors, than the not-Sclavonian; and the former are again, in regard to gluttony, beyond all comparison exceeded by the Mongolian nations.

I here pass by the oriental nations, having already taken notice of them in another dissertation. Neither shall I collect together the universal testimony of travellers concerning the gluttony of each particular Sclavonian nation, the Poles, the Illyrians, Moldavians, and Vallachians. I confine myself principally to the Russians, because I find the most express and accurate accounts of them in writers of the highest credit sufficient to convince every one, that the gluttony of the other not-Sclavonian nations was never so great as among the common Russians.

When the elder Gmelin was on his travels through Siberia, between the years 1733 and 1743, there happened no religious festival, no civil anniversary, no family entertainment, which was not celebrated by all who assisted at them by a general intoxication. This rage for drinking in the Russians of Siberia, Gmelin knew not how to compare to any thing but a contagious burning fever that attacked every age and rank and sex, which, though it had its intervals, soon returned, at stated periods, with equal or increased fury. This drinking fever always broke out more violently and universally on the high festivals, and therefore also in the Christmas week. From Christmas to the Epiphany, and frequently for a week longer, it was extremely rare to see a sober person. The Siberians were not satisfied with being intoxicated once a day, but the drinking and the riot continued night and day almost incessantly. During all this time it was not possible, either by intreaties or bribes, or any other means but open violence, to induce artificers and labourers to work, and when the travellers arrived at any place on this or any the like drinking-festival, their soldiers and the rest of their attendants, notwithstanding all the threats they could employ, got drunk as immoderately and continually as the inhabitants of the place, and they had nothing to do but to wait there in

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patience till the paroxysm was over. Not only men, but women likewise, frequently drink themselves to death; and it is affirmed by Bruce, that, in what is called the Butter-week, seldom a morning passes in Mosco, but from ten to twelve persons are found dead in the streets, who have fallen down in the night, and been frozen. Of such mortal intoxications we can the less doubt, on reading that a single boor will frequently drink in one day brandy to the amount of five rubles.

Not less licentious than the Christmas week, were the Butter-week, as it is called, or the week before Lent, the Easter week, every saint's day, every harvest or threshing feast, every consecration of a church, and all other solemn occasions. Such festivals and solemnities often followed so close on each other, that they were drunk for a whole month together, particularly in October, from one festival to another. At these times, when the Russians of Siberia were once fallen into this rage, it cost them inexpressible efforts to return to their usual way of life, and to be completely drunk only once in about every four days.

The ordinary liquor for this purpose used by the Russians of Siberia is bad brandy, and when this is wanting, a sort of beer, which they frequently render more inebriating by infusing a handful of the ephedra monostachya. This herb has the peculiar property of producing such a surprising intoxication, that those who are drunk with it continue singing and capering till they fall down to the ground. When the brandy or the beer is all out, they then guzzle down the dregs, as every thing is of a good taste to them that does but fill.

The viceroy and governor in great towns, and, after their example, the sub-governor and secretary, let no court-holiday, and no names-day and birth-day in their own family, pass unsolemnized. To such festivities, not only the officers, and the higher and lower orders of the clergy, but likewise the most considerable persons in trade are invited. To the former the most choice foreign wines are served in abundance; but to the latter only mead is presented instead of wine, and yet no merchant goes away from table without leaving upon it a half ruble or a ruble for the honour of having been feasted at so noble a board, by which custom the expences of the entertainment are greatly diminished. At the tables of the inferior voivodes the brandy is drunk not out of common wine glasses, but large stochans or tumblers, and whoever at such banquets has been the most beastly in his drinking and in his behaviour, has a rich present sent him the following day. Drunkenness there, at this present day, is so little disgraceful, that it is not taken amiss even in ladies of the best breeding. It is not long ago, that not only the common people, but princes and ladies of quality, when sick, would drink whole goblets of brandy instead of the water prescribed them by the physician.

The generality of our readers would scarcely believe that the Russians can be outdone in drinking by other nations. But they will think quite otherwise when they shall have read the following accounts of the excesses of the Negroes and Americans.

All travellers are agreed herein, that, among the Negroes, not only men, but also women and children, have an unsurmountable propensity to strong liquors. In Africa palm-wine, and especially European brandy, and in the West-Indies rum, are their favourite drinks. For procuring European brandy, kings sell their subjects, husbands their wives, and parents their children for slaves to the Europeans. When they have obtained this water of life, or fire-water, as they call it, they seldom leave it till they have seen the end of it. Thus, a Negro-king continued uninterruptedly drinking for six days and nights, without taking any the least food. The Negroes usually assemble every afternoon in certain public buildings appropriated to that purpose, and fuddle themselves either in brandy, or for want of it,

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in palm-wine. When the first calls of thirst are silenced, and the head begins to grow warm, they order the wine to be brought in bottles holding one or two quarts, and continue drinking as long as there is any left. In these drunken carousals, women and even children of three or four years old take part, as the capacity of drinking a great deal is esteemed an honourable art. Formerly the drunkard, who wanted to make a figure, let two-thirds of the wine run down his beard. If, during their senseless intoxication, they commit murder or any other act of violence, they, with the utmost composure, take no blame to themselves, but lay the fault on the wine or the brandy.

The Americans, beyond all other nations of their kind, justify the remark, that the slow and stupid savages have never shown greater ingenuity than in the discovery of the art of making inflammatory liquors. There is hardly any eatable fruit, or root, or plant, from which they have not learnt the method of preparing an intoxicating drink; and many of the wildest savages had, previous to the arrival of the Europeans, invented from six to nine several kinds of strong liquors. The most universal drink of the original Americans, is that which bears the name of chica, which indeed is prepared a great many different ways, but the most usual is from maize, or Turkish wheat. Some soak the maize in water, even in feculent water. But commonly it is chewed by old women, and as often by young children, who spit it out all together into a vessel, where it is left standing till the whole mass has fermented. The Americans give several reasons why the maize is best chewed, and why this mastication should be performed by old women and young children. Namely, they pretend that it is a common observation, that the chica never more perfectly ferments than when it is mixed with spittle. But they make choice of old women and children in preference to marriageable girls and young wives, for the purpose of mastication, because they reckon them impure on account of the monthly evacuations to which they are subject. Even the Europeans accustom themselves to the chica prepared in this manner; yet they would take care not to drink it, if a living toad were thrown in and dissolved in it, as Gage saw done with his own eyes among the Indians of Guatimala *.

When the Americans have prepared a due quantity of this chica, they invite their friends to a jovial drinking bout. Indeed there are particular districts where the women abstain from drinking at these scenes of riot, and when their husbands have had enough, carefully put them to rest; but usually the women and children take part, like the men, in these drunken frolics, and the women even give a good dose of chica to their children at the breast..... When the Americans have once begun to carouse, they observe no bounds, but drink till they fall bereft of their senses on the earth. The drunkards resist with all their might any attempts to carry them off, and return with a kind of fury to the field of battle; and this, continues Ulloa, is not peculiar to Americans of any particular districts, but in this they are every where alike. The most violent vomitings not only do not in the least abate the drunken rage of the Americans, but rather inflame it more; and when they are relieved and somewhat freshened by it, they fall to it again with redoubled avidity. Such drinking bouts last not only three or four days, during which every American drinks as much as would fill a large cask, but at times for ten or fifteen days, nay, for three or four months almost without inter-

* Ulloa, voyag. vol. i. p. 249, pronounces the chica, when prepared like our beer, without the disgusting mastication by the old women, to be not only a very nutritious and cooling drink, but also ascribes to it several medicinal virtues, and particularly praises it as a powerful promoter of urine and a preservative from the gravel.

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mission. When any one falls, there he remains, whether in a heavy shower of rain or in a morass, or in a heap of filth, till he comes to himself, without letting any thing disturb him. When a man feels the burning heat too excessive, he makes great wounds in his head, in the temples, or the breast, or sticks a knife in the calf of the leg, in order to ease himself a little from the consuming fire by a copious loss of blood. It almost always happens that some of them die from the excessive draughts they have taken; and still more frequently that they come to bloody conflicts, in which several are either killed or wounded. All acts of manslaughter and maiming committed in fits of drunkenness appear to the Americans as perfecly innocent, and are never revenged, either by the magistrate, or by the relations, or even by the wounded person himself.

Ever since the American savages have been acquainted with the European brandy, or with the rum prepared by the Europeans, their eagerness after intoxication is much increased by a new incentive. They themselves confess that the fire-water kills them before their time, that it reduces them to poverty, that it undermines their activity and vigour; but they add, that it is impossible for them to abstain from it, and complain of the Europeans for having introduced among them so dangerous and irresistible a liquor. For procuring brandy, in South America, they sell all they have, even their wives and children; and in northern Louisiana it has often happened, that the most faithful, and to all appearance the most sensible Indians, have murdered their masters at the chace, only for the sake of getting possession of his brandy-bottle. The laborious Indians who work in the Spanish mines expend in a few hours in rum the half of the money that is paid them every Sunday; and in the same manner, the other Americans, women as well as men, throw away all or greatest part of the money they earn, and are therefore obliged to put up with the most wretched habitations, the vilest food, and the poorest covering. When they have drunk out their stock of brandy, they beg the Europeans, with tears in their eyes, to give them more bitter water, or demand it with the utmost assurance. In Peru an Indian drank to the amount of seven pesos, or thirteen bottles of rum, in a very few hours, without feeling any other effects from it but a senseless intoxication. Adair, unable to free himself from the importunity of an impudent savage for brandy, gave him a large bottle of pepper-water. The American drank of this fiery distillation till he was almost suffocated. He was as little dismayed, however, by these painful effects, as another was after a merry-making, though from the violent agitation of his stomach and bowels he fell breathless on the ground. When both had somewhat recovered, they broke out in extravagant praises of the powerful water and the bountiful donor. Another time Adair was so long persecuted by a savage for brandy, that he was obliged at last to give him a quart of the strongest spirit of turpentine. The American presently gulped it down, began to foam at the mouth, and fell senseless to the ground, but was in a few days quite recovered by the hot bath and cooling drinks.

Though it is agreed by all travellers, that brandy and the small-pox have committed more ravages in America than the sword of the Europeans, yet it is no less certain that numberless Americans can be guilty of the most prodigious excesses in drinking, without getting pleurisies or other sicknesses, the usual attendants on that practice with us. With all their debauches, as Frazer informs us, they will reach to the age of a hundred years; and, without being bald or grey-headed, numbers are seen that are a hundred and twenty, or a hundred and thirty, or even of a greater age.

The foregoing facts are sufficient to convince every one, that the propensity of the Negroes and Ameri-

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cans to intoxicating liquors is of a kind altogether different from the licentiousness in that respect of the European nations; and that the former as much exceed the latter in their avidity for inflammatory liquors, as in the capacity of drinking them in such quantities as would infallibly cost any European his life.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF NOTES OF ACCOMODATION.

The following remarks on a certain species of paper credit, though written in England, are also applicable to the mercantile system of the United States. The *pro* and *con* on this subject are thus discussed by able politicians.

THE interest which traders have in being always possessed of a number of notes and bills, has naturally led to a great multiplication of them; and not only to the multiplication of notes given for goods sold, or of regular bills of exchange, but to the creation of numerous other notes and bills. Of these, some are termed notes and bills of accommodation: and the term fictitious is often applied to them. It may be useful to describe them particularly.

The principal motive for fabricating what must here be called the real note, that is, the note drawn in consequence of a real sale of goods, is the wish to have the means of turning it into money. The seller, therefore, who desires to have a note for goods sold, may be considered as taking occasion to ingraft on the transaction of the sale, the convenient condition of receiving from the buyer a discountable note of the same amount with the value of the goods. A fictitious note, or note of accommodation, is a note drawn for the same purpose of being discounted; though it is not also sanctioned by the circumstance of having been drawn in consequence of an actual sale of goods. Notes of accommodation are, indeed, of various kinds. The following description of one may suffice:

A being in want of 100l. requests B to accept a note or bill drawn at two months, which B, therefore, on the face of it, is bound to pay; it is understood, however, that A will take care either to discharge the bill himself, or to furnish B with the means of paying it. A obtains ready money for the bill on the joint credit of the two parties. A fulfils his promise of paying it when due, and thus concludes the transaction. This service rendered by B to A is, however, not unlikely to be requited at a more or less distant period by a similar acceptance of a bill on A, drawn and discounted for B's convenience.

Let us now compare such a bill with a real bill. Let us consider in what points they differ, or seem to differ; and in what they agree.

They agree, inasmuch as each is a discountable article; each has also been created for the purpose of being discounted; and each is, perhaps, discounted in fact. Each, therefore, serves equally to supply means of speculation to the merchant. So far, moreover, as bills and notes constitute what is called the circulating medium, or paper currency, of the country (a topic which shall not be here anticipated), and prevent the use of guineas, the fictitious and the real bill are upon an equality; and if the price of commodities be raised in proportion to the quantity of paper currency, the one contributes to that rise exactly in the same manner as the other.

Before we come to the points in which they differ, let us advert to one point in which they are commonly supposed to be unlike, but in which they cannot be said always or necessarily to differ.

"Real notes," it is sometimes said, "represent actual property. There are actual goods in existence, which are the counterpart to every real note. Notes which are not drawn in consequence of a sale of goods, are a species of false wealth, by which a nation is deceived..... These supply only an imaginary capital; the others indicate one that is real."

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In answer to this statement it may be observed, first, that the notes given in consequence of a real sale of goods cannot be considered as, on that account, *certainly* representing any actual property. Suppose that A sells one hundred pounds worth of goods to B at six months credit, and takes a bill at six months for it; and that B, within a month after, sells the same goods, at a like credit, to C, taking a like bill; and again, that C, after another month, sells them to D, taking a like bill, and so on. There may then, at the end of six months, be six bills of 100l. each existing at the same time, and every one of these may possibly have been discounted. Of all these bills, then, one only represents any actual property.

In the next place, it is obvious, that the number of those bills which are given in consequence of sales of goods, and which, nevertheless, do not represent property, is liable to be encreased through the extension of the length of credit given on the sale of goods. If, for instance, we had supposed the credit given to be a credit of twelve months instead of six, 1,200l. instead of 600l. would have been the amount of the bills drawn on the occasion of the sale of goods; and 1,100l. would have been the amount of that part of these which would represent no property.

In order to justify the supposition that a real bill, as it is called, represents actual property, there ought to be some power in the bill-holder to prevent the property which the bill represents from being turned to other purposes than that of paying the bill in question. No such power exists; neither the man who holds the real bill, nor the man who discounts it, has any property in the specific goods for which it was given: he as much trusts to the general ability to pay of the giver of the bill, as the holder of any fictitious bill does. The fictitious bill may, in many cases, be a bill given by a person having a large and known capital, a part of which the fictitious bill may be said, in that case, to represent. The supposition that real bills represent property, and that fictitious bills do not, seems, therefore, to be one by which more than justice is done to one of these species of bills, and something less than justice to the other.

We come next to some points in which they differ.

First, the fictitious note, or note of accommodation, is liable to the objection that it professes to be what it is not. This objection, however, lies only against those fictitious bills which are passed as real. In many cases it is sufficiently obvious what they are. Secondly, the fictitious bill is, in general, less likely to be punctually paid than the real one. There is a general presumption, that the dealer in fictitious bills is a man who is a more adventurous speculator than he who carefully abstains from them. It follows, thirdly, that fictitious bills, besides being less safe, are less subject to limitation as to their quantity. The extent of a man's actual sales form some limit to the amount of his real notes; and, as it is highly desirable in commerce that credit should be dealt out to all persons in some sort of regular and due proportion, the measure of a man's actual sales, certified by the appearance of his bills drawn in virtue of those sales, is some rule in the case, though a very imperfect one in many respects.

A fictitious bill, or bill of accommodation, is evidently, in substance, the same as any common promissory note; and even better, in this respect....that there is but one security to the promissory note, whereas, in the case of the bill of accommodation, there are two. So much jealousy subsists lest traders should push their means of raising money too far, that paper, the same in its general nature with that which is given, being the only paper which can be given, by men out of business, is deemed somewhat discreditable when coming from a merchant. And because such paper, when in the merchant's hand, necessarily imitates the paper which passes on the

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occasion of a sale of goods, the epithet fictitious has been cast upon it; an epithet which has seemed to countenance the confused and mistaken notion, that there is something altogether false and delusive in the nature of a certain part both of the paper and of the apparent wealth of the country.

Bills of exchange are drawn upon London to a great amount, from all parts, not only of Great Britain, but of the world; and the grounds on which they have been drawn, in a great degree elude observation. A large proportion of them, no doubt, partakes of the nature of bills of accommodation. They have, however, in general, that shape communicated to them, whatever it may be, which is thought likely to render them discountable; and it is not difficult, as the preceding observations will have shown, to make use of some real, and, at the same time, of many seeming, transactions of commerce as a ground for drawing, and as a means of multiplying such bills.

The practice of creating a paper credit, by drawing and re-drawing, has been particularly described by Dr. Adam Smith; and is stated by him to have a tendency which is very ruinous to the party resorting to it. This practice, however, is often carried on at much less expence to those engaged in it, than Dr. Smith imagines. A, for instance, of London, draws a bill at two months on B, of Amsterdam, and receives immediate money for the bill. B enables himself to pay the bill by drawing, when it is nearly due, a bill at two months on A, for the same sum, which bill he sells or discounts; and A again finds the means of payment by again drawing a bill, at two months, on B. The transaction is, in substance, obviously the same as if A and B had borrowed, on their joint security, the sum in question for six months. The ground on which transactions of this sort have been stated by Dr. Adam Smith to be ruinous, is, that of the heavy expence of a commission on every bill drawn, which is paid by him who raises money in this manner. If, for instance, one-half per cent. is the commission, and the bills are drawn at two months, and a discount of five per cent. per annum is paid, the money is raised at an interest of eight per cent. Such transactions, however, are often carried on alternately for the benefit of each of the two parties; that is to say, at one time the transaction is on the account of A, who pays a commission to B; at another it is on the account of B, who pays a commission to A. Thus each party, on the whole, gains about as much as he pays in the shape of such commissions; and the discount in turning the bill into money, which is the same as that on any other bill, may, therefore, be considered as the whole expence incurred. Money may be raised in this manner at an interest of only five per cent. In the case recently proposed, the drawing and re-drawing were imagined to be only between A, of London, and B, of Amsterdam. This practice, however, is often carried on between three or more parties drawing from three or more places. In such case, the draft is drawn on the place on which the existing course of exchange shows that it will best answer to draw it. An operation of this sort may obviously be carried on partly for the purpose of raising money, and partly for that of profiting by a small turn in the exchange. Transactions which are the converse to this, are, on the other hand, entered into by those who happen to possess ready money. They remit, if the exchange seems to favour their remittance, and draw in consequence of having remitted. To determine what bills are fictitious, or bills of accommodation, and what are real, is often a point of difficulty. Even the drawers and remitters themselves frequently either do not know, or do not take the trouble to reflect, whether the bills ought more properly to be considered as of the one class or of the other; and the private discounter, or banker, to whom they are offered, still more frequently finds the credit of the bills to be the only rule which

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it is possible to follow in judging whether he ought to discount them.

To these arguments the following objections may be made:

1. Fictitious bills are not strictly legal. If my attorney does not deceive me, the holder of a bill cannot recover in law, without he can prove a valuable consideration given for it, either by discounting; or in a way of trade.

2. They carry falsehood upon the face of them, and the man who offers such a bill as real, which is, I presume, generally the case, attempts to impose on the person to whom he offers it. It is also a temptation to deliberate falsehood; for, if interrogated as to the nature of the bill, few tradesmen, I presume, would have the honesty to confess the truth.

3. They encourage immoderate speculation: by these means two or three petty tradesmen, with little or no property, may speculate to the amount of thousands; and as they have, in fact, nothing of their own to lose, may thus sport with the property of their creditors, and the credulity of their friends.

4. They are expensive. The very stamps, in many houses, amount to a considerable sum in the course of a year; and I have known some tradesmen pay a considerable proportion of their profits for discount at the banker's. Nor is this the worst. Bankers are often shy, and withdraw their discount. Friends tire, and perhaps reprove. Other means must be resorted to, and more expensive. A third part, or even half the bill, must be expended to obtain discount. The butcher, the baker, the linen-draper, the mercer, the upholsterer, the silversmith, the pawn-broker, and even the Jew bill-broker, are applied to, and what are the consequences? The butcher charges high for his meat, the baker makes *dead men*, the linen-draper and mercer enrich the ladies' wardrobe, the upholsterer furnishes the house in an expensive stile, the silversmith covers the sideboard with plate, which is soon removed to the pawn-broker's, and the Jew bill-broker charges an enormous premium. At last the man fails; his spirits, his purse, and his credit alike exhausted. If these things are secreted, creditors wonder what is become of their property: if they are found, the parties are charged with an extravagant stile of living; whereas, perhaps, in five instances out of six, these luxuries would not have been purchased, but to procure discount for bills of accommodation.

Lastly, These bills generally plunge the unhappy tradesman deeper and deeper, till he finds his situation inextricable. A second bill must be discounted to provide for the first, and so on; and as the expences of discounting encrease, or money must be sunk to obtain it, the notes must be successively encreased either in number or amount, till the poor debtor is plunged into an abyss of disgrace and misery. In short, from what observations I have been able to make, I have seen few instances in which this unhappy traffic has not ended in bankruptcy, and few bankruptcies which have not been brought on by this dangerous and illicit practice.

PROOFS THAT THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHERN CLIMES HAVE A MUCH STRONGER PROPENSITY TO HEATING AND INTOXICATING LIQUORS AND DRUGS THAN THOSE OF THE NORTHERN.

AMONG the prejudices which, though entirely void of foundation, are yet almost universally adopted as true, may be ranked the following: That the want and the desire of heating liquors increases and decreases with the heat and cold of the climate; and that the people of the south have in all ages been as much distinguished by their sobriety, as the northern by their intemperance. This unauthenticaed common-place axiom arose probably in part from the experience that some southern nations of our quarter of the globe, particularly the Italians,

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Spaniards, and Portuguese, are more seldom intoxicated than the northern inhabitants of Europe; and that some oriental nations, in obedience to the precepts of their religion, or the commands of their legislator, have abstained and still abstain from wine. From these few instances, not explained upon their true principles, a fallacious induction has been drawn, on which has been built the pretended universal experience, that the avidity for heating liquors solely depends on the heat or cold of the climate, and that it is abated by the one, and increased by the other.

But, if we consult the history of mankind, we shall obtain from that faithful instructress an answer directly the reverse. The comparison of the various nations of the earth incontestably shows, that the avidity for heating liquors and intoxicating drugs, as well as the want of hot spices, increases proportionately with the warmth of the climate, and, on the other hand, totally disappears in the frigid zones: but that the propensity to intoxication is determined not only by climate, but also by the higher or lower dignity, and the higher or lower refinement of nations. Accordingly, all the Mongolian nations, and among them especially the Americans and Negroes, have ever had a more irresistible propensity to heating liquors, than the Sclavonian; and these again a stronger propensity than the not-Sclavonian nations. Among the latter, the Italians, the French, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards, relinquished earlier in the middle ages the generally prevalent gluttony, than the northern nations, because they were earlier enlightened. For the history of all nations, and even the experience of the later generations, plainly prove, that gluttony declines as civilization advances, as it again rears its head with returning barbarism and corruption of manners. Among the Spaniards and Portuguese we must perhaps seek another co-operating cause of their sobriety in a mixture of the Moorish disposition and manners, still remaining with them.

It is not my design at present to enter into circumstantial examinations of the foregoing results of careful inquiry. I confine myself here to the proof of the two propositions: that the use of strong liquors totally disappears in the coldest climates, and on the contrary is most immoderate in the torrid zones.

There are likewise several nations in cold climates, who have, in a manner, outwitted nature, by finding, among the poisons of their otherwise unfruitful soil, shocking means for intoxicating, or rather of stupefying themselves. The Kamtshadales and Koraiks, the Ostiacs and Samoiades, the Yakouts, Tunguses, and Burrets, devour, with more than brutal greediness, the poisonous mushroom, whereby, in half an hour after they have swallowed it, they become raving or senseless. The poor, who cannot procure this inebriating poison, drink the urine of those that are drunk with it, and experience the same effects as the taking of the mushroom itself produces. Steller affirms, that the urine exhibits its virtue to the fourth and fifth man; and that even the flesh of rein-deer, who have eaten of the poisonous mushroom, stupefies quite to the privation of the senses, unless they previously let the drunken rein-deer sleep out the fit, The Kamtshadales first learnt of the Cossacs the art of preparing a brandy from an herb called kath, which the latter had fruitlessly attempted to make from all kinds of berries, herbs, nay even from putrid fish..... This brandy is so strong that it gives the blood a black colour, and dyes the face of the drunkard blue; nay, that iron will be corroded by it..... Whoever has taken only a dram-glass or two of it will be plagued all night with the most unaccountable fancies, and feels the next day a dejection of mind, as if he had committed the most atrocious crime..... Steller saw with his own eyes, persons who the day before had drunk

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of this brandy, that were so inebriated afresh by a single draught of cold water, that they could not stand on their feet. Other Siberian tribes, the Tunguses, the Ostaics, and the Teleutan Tartars, use the tobacco which they get from the Russians and Cossacs as a powerful means of intoxication. They continue to swallow the tobacco-smoke with water, till they fall senseless to the earth, and begin to take these gulps afresh, immediately as they are recovered from the first inebriation.

But, as a contrast to these people, several others may be named, who, previously to their communication with the Europeans, were utterly unacquainted with intoxicating liquors or herbs; and who, on their first entering into connection with the Europeans, had as little liking for their strong liquors as for their kinds of food. To this class especially belong the Greenlanders, the Esquimaux, the savages on the north-western coasts of America, the New-Zealanders, and the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego; which latter even make wry faces at a glass of Madeira, but lick their lips at the sight of Cape wine. All these nations drink either plain water, or the blubber of whales and seals, as the Esquimaux; or goose grease, as the inhabitants of St. Kilda; or the warm blood of rein-deer and sea-dogs, as the Greenlanders, the natives of the eastern isles, who take it in such quantities, that it often runs out of their mouths, the Ostiacs, &c. This drink of warm blood, or animal fat, as well as the eating of raw or half-dressed flesh and fish, is so congenial to the nature of man in cold climates, that the Russians, who pass the winter at Nova Zembla on account of the chase, preserve their health upon them alone, and escape the scurvy if they entirely refrain from brandy, and from all salted and dried flesh, and only eat fresh rein-deer flesh, and drink the warm blood of that animal. Thus Steller and his fellow-travellers, during their abode on a desart island in the eastern ocean, freed themselves from the scurvy only by constantly eating the flesh of the morsh or sea-cow and porpusses, and drinking the blood of the morsh. This fat was as fluid, and had as agreeable a taste as the oil of almonds, wherefore the Russians drank it in cups, without feeling disgust or any uneasiness from it. To the astonishment of the shipwrecked mariners, this oil kept sweet for two weeks in the hottest season, in the open air, and remained equally fresh and well-tasted, when the surface of it was covered with worms and insects.

Physicians, and all other readers that are versed in the study of nature, will readily perceive the causes why the apparently noxious manducation of so much animal fat, and of crude flesh, should be wholesome in the cold regions of the earth; and, on the other hand, the eating of salted and dried flesh, but especially the use of heating liquors, should be dangerous. I shall content myself with adding only this one circumstance to the accounts already mentioned: that all travellers agree in regarding the introduction and the immoderate use of spirituous liquors as the principal cause of the depopulation of the northern America, and the total extinction, or the alarming diminution, of the savage tribes in those parts. All the nations that are acquainted with the European firewater (so the Americans call brandy) not only waste away from year to year, but likewise show by their sloth, by their lean and shrivelled state of body, the dismal effects of spirituous liquors. Accordingly, it is no difficult matter to distinguish the tribes that are fond of brandy from those that either do not know it, or have absolutely prohibited the use of it, even by the state and condition of their body. The one sort are healthy, active, and large; the other little, lean, and lazy, and do not bring near so much peltry to market as the former.

It is from contrary physical causes, that the taking of spirituous liquors is always more necessary, more ge-

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neral and innoxious, the greater the heat of the climate, and the more brutal the people. We shall scarcely find, in the history of the Germans and the northern nations, such instances of inborn or acquired capacity for drinking, as the most authentic travellers relate concerning the most beautiful of all nations, the Mingrelians, the Georgians, and the other Caucasian tribes. Chardin himself was an eye witness of four Mingrelian nobles, who, from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, drank a last and a half, or in weight, 450 pounds of wine. Not only men, but women likewise, drink pure unmingled wine in incredible quantities; and even a princess was not a little surprised, that Chardin mixed water with the wine she sent him, having never seen any thing of the kind before. Both nations make the essence of christianity to consist in eating pork and drinking wine; and a Capuchin friar heard the catholicos or patriarch of Georgia himself declare, that whoever did not get completely drunk on the great festivals was no true christian, and deserved to be anathematized. Nothing is more honourable among the Mingrelians, than to be able to drink a great deal without being drunk..... A hero of this sort acquired so great a fame for drinking, that the king sophi of Persia thought himself happy in obtaining leave for him, of the prince Dadjan, to come for a time to do honour to his court. Schedan Cilatze (this was the name of the hero) not only vanquished all the Persians of distinction that contended with him, but, according to report, the king being jealous of his glory, Schedan drank him to death; and, after all these drunken conquests, he returned, loaded with honour and riches, to his native country; for every victory brought the conqueror a stated prize of great value.

It would be a great mistake to suppose, that perhaps only the rudeness of the Caucausian tribes, and the cool air of the mountains which they breathe, is the cause of their prodigious excesses. The southern nations, as well of Asia as of Africa, that profess the faith of Mohammed, indeed, in pursuance of a command of the author of their religion, abstain more or less from wine, and many of them even from all other heating liquors, but they are not therefore at all more sober than the inhabitants of Mount Caucausus..... They rather addict themselves with far greater fury to much more dangerous intoxications and stupefactions by opium and other similar means.

It is true, the Turks have not all without exception, an aversion to wine; but they drink it not so frequently and so copiously as the Persians, who for that very reason pronounce them to be damned heretics. But they abstain from wine, not so much because it is forbid them by a decree of Mohammed, as because it is too dear or too weak for them..... Accordingly the janizaries prefer brandy to the most costly wines, holding it to be pure, from its having passed through the fire in its preparation; and the people of distinction inebriate themselves with French and other liqueurs, of which the Turks, like all other Sclavonian nations in Asia, Africa, and Europe, can bear much larger quantities than the bravest and strongest European nations. Not only the emperor, or other principal personages, but also the women and eunuchs of the seraglio, are extremely greedy of distilled waters; and we are informed by Habeschi, that, on the death of the emperor Mustapha, among his other debts, they found one for six hundred chests of French liqueurs. The more conscientious Turks, and especially the dervises, avoid all strong liquors, but they make themselves amends for this abnegation by the use of opium..... Even at Constantinople, within the inclosure of their greatest mosque Solimanie, there is a row of booths in which sophas are placed for the accommodation of the takers of opium. The most immoderate of these wretched people can swallow down four balls of it, larger than olives, which, after three-quarters of an

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hour, or an hour at most, produce their deleterious effects. Those that are drunk with opium expose themselves in a thousand ridiculous motions and tricks, in which they do not allow themselves to be disturbed by the clamours and derisions of the passengers. The Turks experience all the terrifying symptoms of this poison, which other travellers relate of the rest of the orientals. Hasselquist saw on board of a ship a young dervise, who in two days had taken no opium, and was thereby fallen into such a condition that gave him room to fear lest he might make the sea his grave. He was lean, emaciated, and dejected, trembled all over, and fell into frequent fits. As a palliative he took a strong dose of Venice treacle, but without the smallest effect, and the ship-master was obliged to set this wretched being ashore on the coast of the lesser Asia, where he might find the poison that was habitually become to him a necessary of life.

In Persia there have been times when wine has been more strictly forbidden than even in Turkey..... When Della Valle was on his travels through the east, at the beginning of the last century, king Abas, either from his having hurt himself by debauches in wine, or because of the stings of conscience he felt in a violent sickness, forbad all the Mohammedans to drink wine, under the severest penalties. The transgressors of this law were punished by having melted lead poured down their throats; and those who had sold or given wine to the Mohammedans had their bellies ripped up. This decree was the more grievous to the Persians, as, according to Della Valle, excesses in wine were as usual among all ranks and both sexes as gaming among the Italians. The most vigorous remonstrances against the law of Abas were made by the public dancing-girls, whose arts, in conjunction with the general propensity of the people, probably soon invalidated the decree of the pious monarch. In Chardin's time, the whole court, and all the rest of the nobles, drank wine, not only for their health, or for the raising of their spirits to mirth and laughter, but to the utter privation of sense.... The Persians therefore only valued the most intoxicating wine; and if they did not soon feel themselves giddy with it, they asked, contemptuously, What sort of wine is this? it does not make one merry. They drink the rarer sorts of wine with dislike, as they would take physic, in order to intoxicate themselves, and when they are once fuddled, every wine is too weak for them..... They then require spirituous liquors, and the strongest are ever the most acceptable.

Such of the Persians as are more seriously disposed, and are zealous adherents to their religion, drink, according to Chardin, neither wine nor brandy, but they drive away the cares of life by the use of opium. By Chardin's account, the Persians were in his time much more moderate in the practice of taking this drug than the modern Turks are. They began first with a pill, not larger than the head of a pin, and at last came to take a bolus of it as big as a pea. The delicious dreams produced by every repetition of the dose, and the languor of body, as well as the melancholy and dejection of mind that follow on these agreeable fancies, are described by Chardin and all other travellers. He relates, what Hasselquist heard confirmed by an English factor at Aleppo, that the use of opium may become so indispensible a necessary of life, that he who only defers for a few hours to take the usual dose, will certainly pay for the neglect with his life. A Persian prince, on a journey, perceived too late that his slaves had forgot to take opium with them. He dispatched several of his people various ways to procure it; but the prince was already dead, when the first servant returned, after an absence of no more than two hours.

The common Turks intoxicate themselves by an infusion of green hemp-leaves; the Persians mix pop-

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py-seeds with the seed of hemp and some other simples, and drink the water poured upon it, when it has imbibed the virtue of all these ingredients. This drink is made use of in Hindostan for the purpose of depriving those princes of the use of their understanding, whom they want to render incapable of reigning.

The Moors, or Mohammedans of Hindostan, refrain but little from spirituous liquors. But, like all the orientals, they greatly prefer distilled waters to wine, which they say is not strong enough for them. They even despise arrack as too weak, unless it has been three times drawn off; nay, what is still more incomprehensible, says Grose, they affirm, that brandy has a cooling quality, when taken not in too great quantities, in languors occasioned by violent exertions, or by the extreme heat of the sun. The common Moors, and some sects of the Hindoos, intoxicate themselves with an infusion compounded of the rind, the leaves, and the seeds of hemp. Chardin indeed says, that the Banians abstain from this drink, as the Bramins do in general from all heating liquors; but professor Pallas took notice that even the Banians in Astrachan threw leaves of assafœdita, or of wild hemp, into their pilau, by which they became somewhat intoxicated and drowsy, and that the same effects, in a greater degree, are produced when they prepare themselves a drink of the same leaves. The Bramins and others of the Hindoos drink melted butter, as we Europeans take stomachic wine; nay, they drink it, if Antequetil does not exaggerate, at times even to intoxication. But far more precious than all heating liquors and drugs, used by the orientals, is to many of the Hindoos the holy and expiatory water of the Ganges, of which they frequently consume at one meal as much as costs an hundred pounds of English money.

A great part of the Arabians likewise scruple not to drink wine or other inflammatory liquors; at the same time agreeing with the Turks and Persians in this, that the pleasure is very imperfect, unless they tipple to intoxication. The free-thinkers among the Arabians pretend, that the prohibition of Mohammed is not so inviolable a law as the commandment of circumcision, but rather an admonition by which he meant to restrain them from pernicious intemperance. The common Arabs smoke hemp-leaves, as tobacco, in order to intoxicate themselves; and the people of rank eat opium, among the effects whereof Arvieux mentions some that I do not find noticed by other travellers..... Persons, says this author, who have long accustomed themselves to the use of opium, fall into such a state of continual drowziness and relaxation, that if a man discharge a musket within their hearing, or only speak somewhat loud, they shake with fear as if they were in imminent danger of death. Another bad consequence from the taking of opium is this, that it entirely destroys all relish for meat, and even inspires a distate for wine, and whatever else has a tendency to exhilirate the spirits.

The Armenians and Bucharians are not less addicted to the use of opium, and all the other means of inebriation that have been from time immemorial introduced into the east, than the above-mentioned nations..... Even the Armenian women drink wine, like water, and in the morning it is their custom to strengthen their stomachs with brandy made hot. The Bucharians intoxicate themselves either with opium, or with little balls made of hemp-blossoms, which latter they likewise smoke, mixed with tobacco. The Moors of Africa distinguish themselves from the Arabs and other eastern nations, in that they neither smoke tobacco, nor drink wine or any other heating liquors. They think, however, that they continue strict mussulmans, though they eat themselves drunk. To this end they make use of the seeds of hemp together with the leaves of the same plant, which they either chew in their crude state, or boil up with ho-

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ney and spices. Sometimes they light the seeds and leaves of hemp, and then three or four whiffs are sufficient to make the strongest head turn round.

What opium is to the western Asiatics, that betel is to the southern Asiatic nations, which is constantly used from Hindostan to the extreme boundaries of China, and on all the East-Indian and Asiatic islands by persons of both sexes. The betel consists of three several component parts: namely, of the quarter of an areca or arac-nut, which most resembles a moscat-nut; of a betel-leaf, which is very like a laurel-leaf, and in which the portion of the areca-nut is wrapped; and lastly, of a fine powder, or chalk, of calcined muscle-shells, and sprinkled thinly over the betel-leaf. Over all the southern Asia it is usual for every one to carry betel-boxes constantly about him, and to present betel at visits, as wine and coffee are handed about in Europe. They believe that betel not only sweetens the breath, preserves the gums, though it makes them and the teeth red, and fortifies the stomach, but also that it possesses other medicinal virtues. Both Dampier and Grose assure us, that the areca-nut causes violent giddinesses to such as are in the habit of taking it, but that they do not last so long as the effects of opium, which on the Malayan coast is prohibited on pain of death, by reason of the blood-thirsty rage into which it drives many of the Malayans..... Marsden contradicts, or at least doubts of these dangerous effects of opium, and affirms that it is generally smoked by the rich Malayans. He likewise allows the smoking of opium to be noxious, though not so pernicious as is commonly pretended. He says, that the Boygess-soldiers and others, who are most addicted to the smoking of opium, are indeed generally thin and meagre, but that this may probably proceed from their other excesses; for the gold-dealers who use opium in the same profusion are the strongest and healthiest men on the whole island.

Besides the betel, a more immoderate use of arrack is observable in the southern Asiatic tribes, beyond what the western nations of that quarter of the globe indulge in. Indeed the use of wine and other inflammatory liquors is forbidden to the inhabitants of the southern Asia, who have adopted the religion of the Hindoos, as it is to the Bramins, and therefore it is said that even the emperor of China drinks no wine, or rather ought to drink none; but this prohibition is still less regarded in the southern than in the western parts of Asia. The Chinese, the Siamese, the Tunquinese, Formosans, and their neighbours, get intoxicated as often as they can, but mostly in secret, towards night, with arrack.

The relaxed and oppressive state of the fibres, and the total languor of the animal spirits, produced in the torrid zone by the incessant heats, and the immoderate exhalations thence arising, soon effect an alteration in the constitution of the Europeans transplanted thither, and force them to have recourse to the hottest spices and the most inflammatory liquors, without which they could not keep their stomach and the other organs of digestion in order. The French, in the Antilles, and the Spaniards, as well as the Mestizes, in South America, take sugar-brandy in great quantities betimes in the morning, as a stomachic; and the Spaniards, so sober as they are in Europe, give themselves up to the greatest excesses, when they have been some time at Quito, and other provinces of South America. A similar enervation, or listlessness, arising from the heat of the climate, may probably be the reason why the Roman ladies drink wine without any mixture.

THE ORAN OTAN.

PERE CARBASSON brought up an oran otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it

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always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

THIS work has received such generous encouragement, that it is proposed occasionally to ornament the numbers with engravings.

The editor feels grateful to several intelligent and scientific friends for the favours which have been received from them. To others.....to the patriot, to the friends of literature, he would still extend his call; he would solicit the aid of the man of science, and breathe his invitation through the shades where the muses are slumbering.

The literary fraternity of New-York, friends of the editor, and of the editor's friends, are respectfully saluted, and requested not to be unmindful, in the midst of their professional engagements, of their promises.

The poem entitled "Self-deluded Jessy," from our correspondent "Sabina," has afforded us very high pleasure. It is inserted in the present number. The writer will perceive that we have exercised very sparingly the liberty allowed to us. Such ditties as hers, which breathe the true spirit of empassioned and pathetic simplicity, we shall always consider as the most valuable ornaments of our publication.

Denville, Valverdi, and Cassander, we hope, are not already tired of our acquaintance.

The "Remarks on the Pronunciation of the Latin Language," though somewhat prolix, will appear in our next number.

We are sorry that our political neutrality will not allow us to admit the speculations of "Demonax." We are ambitious of treading, in this respect, in the footsteps of that sage ancient whose name our correspondent has assumed, without sufficiently considering the sentiments and conduct belonging to it.

Philo is informed, that the treatment his essay will receive at our hands will depend upon our judgment of it when we see it. The literary world abounds with projects like his, and his sanguine predictions remind us of "John Stewart the traveller," whose numerous works are dated from the year of the publication of the first of them, called "the Apocalypse of Nature." If a projector cannot stifle the suggestions of vanity in his own heart, he can at least intercept them in their progress from his heart to his lips.

The lines of N. N. have been received, and will receive a speedy and honourable place. We should be proud of any future communications from the same hand.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A STUDENT'S DIARY.....NO. VI.

ST. BLAIZE THE HERMIT.

ST. BLAIZE de Belle Isle was a renowned knight and courtier, in the reign of Charles VIII, and Louis XII of France. He was sprung from a noble family, and received the best education, both military and literary, of the times. He wrote Latin verses, and spoke that language with elegance and fluency, and was thought by some of his contemporaries to be in his real sentiments more of a pagan than a christian. The follies, vices, and dogmas of the Roman church, and of the popes, were the objects of his profane wit. Blaize de Belle Isle, from his iron constitution, his hardy habits, his fearlessness of God and man, acquired, from a white silk token which he wore in his morion, the name of "Le Diable Blanc."

This hero, in the thirty-second year of his age, in the vigour of his health and reputation, visited the shrine of St. Peter's at Rome, apparently through mere curiosity. On leaving the church, he laid aside his arms and knightly guise, threw away shoes and hose, assumed a woollen cloak and pilgrim's staff, and bare-headed and with naked feet, explored his way to the coast of Brittanny. He transferred all his property to a distant relation, who had done him a great number of ill offices, and whom he had previously regarded with the utmost animosity, and, depending for daily sustenance on vagrant alms, he set to work, with chisel in one hand, and mallet in the other, to hew himself a dwelling in a rock which overlooked the bay of Biscay. It is said that he persevered in continually chipping this stone for forty years, during which time he hollowed out a mansion, consisting of several tolerably spacious apartments. Here

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he immured himself for the rest of his days, confining himself to a single woollen garment, denying himself all society, and refusing on every occasion the use even of speech. The neighbouring inhabitants regarded him with great veneration, and vied with each other for the privilege of supplying his wants. In this solitude he survived his hundredth year, and finally, before any visible decay had taken place in his limbs or senses, he blocked up the narrow passage to his cell, where, before the obstacle could be removed by the neighbours, he perished with famine.

The conduct of this man is easily explained by the supposition of insanity, but this is a clumsy way of surmounting difficulties; but I confess that though I reject this, I cannot supply its place with a better.

THE AUTOMATIC CHESS-PLAYER.

In all the dissertations on mechanism and automata, the principal place is given to the automatic chess-player, as the most admirable, and, at the same time, the most mysterious and inexplicable display of mechanical skill which has ever been known. Twiss, in his book on chess, has given a particular account of this machine, and observes, that the utmost sagacity of the greatest mechanists and mathematicians of Europe were completely baffled by this contrivance.

The exploits of the automatic chess-player are generally known. A wooden image, of the human form, was seated at a table, on which were placed a chess-board and men. A set of wheels being wound up, the image, resting its head upon the left hand, with its right played an excellent game, with any adversary that chose to encounter him.

A man, accustomed in any degree to these subjects, instantly perceives the difficulty of directing blind machinery to the infinitely nice and various operations of the game of chess. The master, indeed, superintended the game, and appeared to set the automaton in motion by a touch, but how the mere touch could set wheels and pullies into the proper and desired motion, was an insuperable enigma.

On this occasion, however, Twiss and the other speculators on this subject have been greatly mistaken. The true secret of this piece of mechanism was detected by a professor at Berlin, who formed the resolution of devoting his whole life, if necessary, to the clearing up of this mystery. By a watchful and assiduous attention to all the motions of this machine and its master, and a careful comparison of circumstances, he discovered that the whole mystery was nothing more than the operation of a common pentagraph, moved by a well instructed boy, artfully concealed within the apparatus. The death of the boy put an end to the master's exhibition, for either another pupil sufficiently docile, apt, and faithful could not be found, or his education would not quit cost, or the public curiosity was exhausted.

The automatic chess-player was an instance among thousands, of the facility with which the agencies of nature and the mechanic powers may be directed to excite the wonder of mankind.

My friend C..... once told me, that he was wonderfully interested, some ten or fifteen years ago, by the exhibitions of the noted Falconi. One of the most incomprehensible exploits of this conjurer was the putting a piece of wood, some inches in diameter, through a hole less than half an inch diameter. To a superficial observer, this appears just as difficult, as for a stout man to pass entire and uninjured through a key-hole, or even the eye of a needle. My friend, however, having first fully ascertained that the piece of wood had actually been passed through the hole, set himself to do so likewise, and, after many experiments, at length discovered that there is a species of wood which becomes soft and compressi-

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ble by boiling, and afterwards when suffered to grow dry and cold, assumes its customary size and density. He procured two pieces of wood, of the proper size and shape, and confounded the magician by producing them united in the same miraculous manner.

A man who will take the trouble to read a few books, may supply himself with inexhaustible means of puzzling and amusing his friends, for to puzzle and amuse is the same thing. Hutton's Mathematical Recreations, lately published (an improved edition of Ozanam's), is a vast treasury of curious and philosophical enigmas, for which the world, the gravest part of which disdains not the task of solving riddles, are much his debtors.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

Maximilian, surnamed the pennyless, emperor of Germany in the sixteenth century, had an ecclesiastical counsellor, who advised him to publish a decree, prohibiting the distillation of every kind of spirit, the manufactory of every kind of beer, and even the importation of any of them, under the penalty of death..... The emperor, instead of following this counsel, only laughed at the counsellor, and then put him at the head of a convent of wealthy and luxurious Carthusians, giving him full liberty to put into rigorous execution the laws of monastic discipline over this community.

On many accounts, this advice was the most phantastic, visionary, and absurd that could be given; that is, the crime prohibited is committed by so great a number, and with so much facility, and under such temptation, that to punish it with death would be to exterminate the whole society. Nevertheless, the crime itself is the most flagrant and atrocious in the whole catalogue. No cause of misery, to which human society is liable, is productive of more profound, extensive, and complicated mischief and destruction, than the use (the *abuse* is inseparable from the *use*) of inebriating liquors. One liquor is only less pernicious than the other, the vinous less than the distilled, and the fermented less than the vinous; but the habitual use of any one of them, or any quantity of any of them, is not wholly innoxious.

It is deplorable and wonderful in how many ways, and to what extent the felicity and integrity of human beings are undermined, overthrown, or impaired by the use of liquors. If the treatment, under an impartial tribunal, of men were proportioned to the evils which their conduct produces, exclusive of their motives, he that first discovered the art of making wine and brandy, is entitled among human beings to the heaviest load of malediction and punishment.

EMPIRICISM AND KING'S EVIL.

There are many complaints in the world of the inefficacy of the healing art; but is it not to be suspected that the regular physicians chiefly fail in their attempts from their disdain of every influence but the merely physical one of potions and steel?

History and common observation are continually supplying us with instances and proofs of the power of imagination or belief over diseases, but these examples, instead of suggesting to physicians an improvement of their practice, only furnish them with topics of invective against the impudence of imposture, and the credulity of mankind.

I once read the report of a committee of the French Academy of Sciences, on the operations and pretensions of mesmerism. Their enquiry furnished them with surprising instances of the irresistible power of the rod and "baquet," but they likewise discovered, or thought they discovered, that the effect was produced merely through the imagination and credulity of the patient. Thus the matter, in their opinion, was settled, and Mesmer and Deslon were considered as detected and

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condemned. It is plain, however, that the reality of the effects was the point of real importance. Whether the mysterious scroll or the waving wand be the original or secondary cause, the intrinsic or instrumental agent, is matter of very little moment. The cure of diseases is the grand point, and those who effect this end, in the easiest, quickest, completest, and cheapest manner, are the best physicians, and the benefactors of mankind.

No considerate man will promiscuously reject the stories of the wonderful achievements of empirics, from Paracelsus down to Perkins. He will ascribe these, perhaps, to the influence of the imagination, but he will not hastily condemn the operator, if, through the bias of self-interest, from which no human being is wholly free, a feeble judgment, a warm imagination, or a learned vanity, he ascribes the whole power to his wand. He will chiefly consider, whether this power, whencesoever derived, is exerted for good or bad purposes, and condemn and renounce, or applaud and imitate accordingly.

What opinion must we form of the following facts, respecting one of the most horrid maladies, and one, by ordinary means, the most incurable.

Henry IV, of France, among the other appendages and prerogatives attached to the monarchial dignity, inherited that of curing the distemper known by the name of the king's evil. He seems not to have lost any time in dispensing its healing virtue to his subjects. As early as Easter Sunday, 1594, only about a fortnight after the subjection of Paris, "he touched publicly," says De Thou, "in the court of the Louvre, conformably to an ancient custom, six hundred and sixty poor persons infected with the scrophula; and in his own apartment, he touched thirty other persons of a higher description." Cayet declares, that many of these individuals, it was notorious, had been cured by the royal touch; and he adds, that the voluntary return of the rector, professors, and members of the university of Paris, to their duty and obedience, was principally produced by the emotions excited in them, at seeing Henry thus fulfil one of the most sacred functions belonging to a catholic king of France.

Matthieu says, that the greater number of those who came to Fontainbleau in 1602, to avail themselves of his power of healing, were Spaniards. They arrived, under command of a captain or leader, who brought in his hand an attestation from several Spanish prelates, of cures performed by Henry on their countrymen. It may be inferred from this and other passages, either that Philip the second and third did not arrogate the same virtue, or that they had attained no celebrity among their own people, in its exercise. De Thou speaks of the pretension and practice as sanctioned by antiquity. What confidence Henry himself placed in its efficacy, it is hard to say; but in his letters to Sully, he expresses great anxiety to touch the persons who had repaired to him at Fontainbleau, for the purpose.

A modern reader will smile if any one should venture to ask, whether this virtue might not actually reside in the monarch; yet there are few, I presume, who will deny that the touch was sometimes followed by a cure, though this cure was produced, not by any inherent mechanical or chemical operation and virtue of the royal hand, but merely by the ardent conviction of the patient that such virtue did reside there. This opinion is now pretty much subverted by what is called the progress of knowledge. Queen Anne was the latest sovereign of England who touched for the scrophula; but when we consider the formidable nature of this malady, and the want of any pharmaceutical antidote for it, and if we admit that in some instances the patient's faith might have made the kingly touch efficacious, we shall be apt to think that knowledge, at least *in this respect*, has gone back instead of for-

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ward, and has been productive of more *evil* than good.

CANINE MADNESS.

The inconsistency and infatuation of human nature is nowhere more conspicuous, than in the protection which mankind have afforded in all ages to useless or pernicious animals. Those classes which supply us with clothing by their hides and fleeces, or with food by their flesh and milk, or which lend us their strength and speed for mechanical purposes, have an evident claim to be reared and fostered by men; but no mortal can discover any use to be derived from the innumerable army of dogs and cats, with which the civilized world is over-run; while every man is familiar with the long catalogue of evils which they generate.

To talk of the guard or defence which dogs sometimes contribute to their masters, or their masters' flocks or habitations, is throwing ridicule upon their cause, for let the plea be made as comprehensive as possible, it would not save the life of a single *cat*, nor of one *dog* in an hundred thousand, and no man would object to excepting those from a sentence of proscription, who are any wise serviceable to the human race. He would, however, rigorously enforce the sentence against a race in general, that devour that morsel, and engross that care and affection, to which reasonable beings are entitled; which are instrumental to the waste of time, the prostitution of taste, the debasement of morals, the perversion of intellectual and bodily activity, all implied by the term *sporting*, and which, above all, gives existence to that dreadful and enormous malady, the *rabies canina*.

In all the various speculations on this disease, I have never met with any one who suggested the only remedy of which it is susceptible; a remedy obvious, intelligible, and absolutely certain and complete; namely, the removal of dogs themselves; a process that involves not an atom of cruelty, since the race, if not suffered to propagate, must necessarily become extinct; a process, which at the same time would cure a very numerous and formidable list of moral diseases, springing from the corruption of our taste, and the prostitution of our affections, and which, unlike most human designs, would produce no conceivable injury to balance the extensive benefits.

It is matter of wonder and of pain to see men shuddering under the constant apprehension of this evil, heaping honours and rewards upon those who pretend to mitigate or cure it, and busily employed in searching out potions and processes for this end, while the obvious and effectual prevention, both of the malady and of the fear of it, is always overlooked.

Particular cities and districts have, indeed, on some few occasions, on which the hydrophobia has been unusally prevalent, issued feeble decrees, for shutting up dogs in the houses of their masters, or for lessening their number by a tax. These decrees have been futile and temporary in their own nature, or have been defeated by popular insensibility and folly. Mankind continue, and ever will continue, to lavish their best affections upon brutes; to fill their houses and streets with animals, which, whatever may be said of the moral qualities of a few individuals of them, or some varieties of the species, are, in general, filthy, obscene, gluttonous, sanguinary, ferocious, peevish, quarrelsome, and noisy, and which, above all, are incessantly liable, by their mere touch, to impart a disease, the most shocking, agonizing, and desperate of all others.

DUELLING.

Duelling, in its theory and practice, cannot fail of obtaining the attention of every observer of human nature. Much as it prevails in the present age, there is reason to be-

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lieve that it is declining, at least to have been more customary the further we go back in the history of the nations of Europe. I was much amused, this evening, by the following account, by a popular historian, of the state of duelling in France, during the age of Henry IV.

Defiances and challenges to single combat, as proofs of veracity, had not fallen into total disuse under Henry IV. The duke of Mayenne, calumniated by the Spanish ambassador, the duke of Feria, besought of Philip II to permit and authorise him to assert his innocence in single combat against his adversary, as well as to name the place and arms with which they should engage. Philip appears to have treated the request with silent disregard. Only three years before, in 1591, the earl of Essex, commanding the English auxiliaries in the royal camp before Rouen, sent a cartel to Villars, the general of the league within the city, conceived in these words: "If you will fight, either on horseback or on foot, armed or in your waistcoat, I will maintain, that the quarrel of the king is more just than that of the league, that I am better than you, *and that my mistress is handsomer than yours.* If you should decline coming alone, I will bring with me twenty, the worst of whom shall be an antagonist worthy of a colonel; or sixty, the least a captain." Villars accepted the challenge, but declined abandoning his public duty to engage in a private combat, till circumstances should justify such a conduct. To the two first assertions contained in Essex's cartel, he gives the lie in the most unequivocal and formal manner: but, as to the superiority of their respective mistresses in point of beauty, he speaks with more caution, as well as indifference, contenting himself with doubting it, and treating it as in itself an object which gave him little concern. No consequences followed from the defiance. Essex always wore Elizabeth's glove fastened to the loop of his hat, while conducting her forces to the aid of Henry.

The frenzy of duelling was one of the most characteristic features of the age; and the impunity which attended them, loudly accused the injudicious lenity, or the criminal negligence of the government. L'Etoile asserts, that between the accession of Henry IV, and the year 1607, at at least *four thousand* French gentlemen perished in these encounters: he adds, that, far from the computation being an exaggerated one, it would be easy to verify the list in the most accurate manner. The dead bodies of those who fell, were interred without ceremony, as a matter of course, in which justice had little interest. A desperate and successful duellist obtained not only pardon, but enjoyed the most distinguished consideration in the court.

If we would wish to form an idea of the received modes of thinking and acting, in affairs of honour among men of condition, we may do it by reviewing the principal circumstances of the memorable duel, fought in 1599 between Don Philippin, natural son of Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, and the marquis of Crequi. It originated from an assertion made by the latter, that, at the capture of a small fortress situated among the Alps, he had got possession of a scarf belonging to Philippin. The Savoyard conceiving himself insulted by such a declaration, sent a challenge to Crequi. It was accepted; and at their meeting the bastard was wounded, which terminated the contest. Charles Emanuel, duke of Savoy, indignant at hearing that Crequi boasted of having "drawn the blood of Savoy," commanded his brother, on pain of his displeasure, instantly to wipe out so insolent an affront to their common family..... Philippin obeyed, though, as it would seem, not without reluctance and many delays. A second cartel was sent to Crequi, who received the summons with alacrity. As it appeared, nevertheless, to be too open and indecent a violation of the laws

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prohibiting duels, for Lesdiguieres, who was governor of Dauphine, to permit his own son-in-law, Crequi, to meet his antagonist on the French territories, the scene of action was fixed in a little island formed by the Rhone, in the dominions of Savoy: the meadow was mowed in order to prevent any ambuscade or surprize. It was stipulated that the two combatants should fight on foot in their shirts, armed with a sword and poniard. Only a single second was to be present on either side, and they were not to be separated till one was killed. Twelve gentlemen of the respective countries were stationed at a certain distance, who, after the termination of the duel, were to take possession of the body of the vanquished champion, and to protect the victor from harm. A long debate arose, whether the seconds should engage, which they warmly demanded, esteeming it dishonourable to be only spectators of the danger of their friends; but it was at length determined, that the principals alone should decide the contest. Previous to the duel, each of the combatants underwent a search, for the purpose of ascertaining that they neither had concealed arms nor enchantments. Crequi, suffering his adversary to exhaust his first fury, watched an opportunity, transfixed him with his sword, and commanded him to ask his life. The bastard disdained it, and expired on the same evening. Crequi repassing the river, returned to Grenoble unwounded, and covered with glory.

In 1602, Henry IV endeavoured to repress the fury of duels, by issuing an edict of the most rigorous nature. It inflicted the punishment of death, not only on the person sending, but on him who accepted a challenge, under any circumstances. Confiscation of effects, and every prohibition which could impress with terror, or deter from an appeal to the sword, were added. "Never," says De Thou, "was a more wise or respectable law promulgated, nor ever was any so ill observed." The facility of the king, importunity, merit, or favour, obstructed its execution, and rescued the culprit from the pursuit of justice. Wearied at length with the perpetual infractions committed, and deeply sensible to the devastation made among the upper classes of his subjects by so pernicious a custom, Henry, only about ten months before his death, published a second edict, in which, to all the other penalties, was joined degradation from the rank of nobility. He even bound himself by a solemn and public oath, never to pardon an offender, even at the solicitation of the queen. The short period which elapsed between its publication and his own assassination, left its operation a matter of doubt. Under Mary of Medecis, the vigour of the laws was relaxed; and it was reserved for Lewis XIV, by wholesome severity, to impose some restraint on a practice so general and destructive.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

CONTINUED.

MEANWHILE, in a point of so much moment, I was not hasty to determine. My delay seemed to be, by no means, unacceptable to Ludloe, who applauded my discretion, and warned me to be circumspect. My attention was chiefly absorbed by considerations connected with this subject, and little regard was paid to any foreign occupation or amusement.

One evening, after a day spent in my closet, I sought recreation by walking forth. My mind was chiefly occupied by the review of incidents which happened in Spain. I turned my face towards the fields, and recovered not from my reverie, till I had proceeded some miles on the road to Meath. The night had considerably advanced, and the darkness was rendered intense, by the

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setting of the moon. Being somewhat weary, as well as undetermined in what manner next to proceed, I seated myself on a grassy bank beside the road. The spot which I had chosen was aloof from passengers, and shrowded in the deepest obscurity.

Some time elapsed, when my attention was excited by the slow approach of an equipage. I presently discovered a coach and six horses, but unattended, except by coachman and postillion, and with no light to guide them on their way. Scarcely had they passed the spot where I rested, when some one leaped from beneath the hedge, and seized the head of the fore-horses. Another called upon the coachman to stop, and threatened him with instant death if he disobeyed. A third drew open the coach-door, and ordered those within to deliver their purses. A shriek of terror showed me that a lady was within, who eagerly consented to preserve her life by the loss of her money.

To walk unarmed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, especially at night, has always been accounted dangerous. I had about me the usual instruments of defence. I was desirous of rescuing this person from the danger which surrounded her, but was somewhat at a loss how to effect my purpose. My single strength was insufficient to contend with three ruffians. After a moment's debate, an expedient was suggested, which I hastened to execute.

Time had not been allowed for the ruffian who stood beside the carriage to receive the plunder, when several voices, loud, clamorous, and eager, were heard in the quarter whence the traveller had come. By trampling with quickness, it was easy to imitate the sound of many feet. The robbers were alarmed, and one called upon another to attend. The sounds increased, and, at the next moment, they betook themselves to flight, but not till a pistol was discharged. Whether it was aimed at the lady in the carriage, or at the coachman, I was not permitted to discover, for the report affrighted the horses, and they set off at full speed.

I could not hope to overtake them: I knew not whither the robbers had fled, and whether, by proceeding, I might not fall into their hands..... These considerations induced me to resume my feet, and retire from the scene as expeditiously as possible. I regained my own habitation without injury.

I have said that I occupied separate apartments from those of Ludloe. To these there were means of access without disturbing the family. I hasted to my chamber, but was considerably surprized to find, on entering my apartment, Ludloe seated at a table, with a lamp before him.

My momentary confusion was greater than his. On discovering who it was, he assumed his accustomed looks, and explained appearances, by saying, that he wished to converse with me on a subject of importance, and had therefore sought me at this secret hour, in my own chamber. Contrary to his expectation, I was absent. Conceiving it possible that I might shortly return, he had waited till now. He took no further notice of my absence, nor manifested any desire to know the cause of it, but proceeded to mention the subject which had brought him hither. These were his words.

You have nothing which the laws permit you to call your own. Justice entitles you to the supply of your physical wants, from those who are able to supply them; but there are few who will acknowledge your claim, or spare an atom of their superfluity to appease your cravings. That which they will not spontaneously give, it is not right to wrest from them by violence. What then is to be done?

Property is necessary to your own subsistence. It is useful, by enabling you to supply the wants of others. To give food, and clothing, and shelter, is to give life, to annihilate temptation, to unshackle virtue, and

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propagate felicity. How shall property be gained?

You may set your understanding or your hands at work. You may weave stockings, or write poems, and exchange them for money; but these are tardy and meagre schemes. The means are disproportioned to the end, and I will not suffer you to pursue them. My justice will supply your wants.

But dependance on the justice of others is a precarious condition. To be the object is a less ennobling state than to be the bestower of benefit. Doubtless you desire to be vested with competence and riches, and to hold them by virtue of the law, and not at the will of a benefactor.....He paused as if waiting for my assent to his positions. I readily expressed my concurrence, and my desire to pursue any means compatible with honesty. He resumed.

There are various means, besides labour, violence, or fraud. It is right to select the easiest within your reach. It happens that the easiest is at hand. A revenue of some thousands a year, a stately mansion in the city, and another in Kildare, old and faithful domestics, and magnificent furniture, are good things. Will you have them?

A gift like that, replied I, will be attended by momentous conditions. I cannot decide upon its value, until I know these conditions.

The sole condition is your consent to receive them. Not even the airy obligation of gratitude will be created by acceptance. On the contrary, by accepting them, you will confer the highest benefit upon another.

I do not comprehend you. Something surely must be given in return.

Nothing. It may seem strange that, in accepting the absolute controul of so much property, you subject yourself to no conditions; that no claims of gratitude or service will accrue; but the wonder is greater still. The law equitably enough fetters the gift with no restraints, with respect to you that receive it; but not so with regard to the unhappy being who bestows it. That being must part, not only with property but liberty. In accepting the property, you must consent to enjoy the services of the present possessor. They cannot be disjoined.

Of the true nature and extent of the gift, you should be fully apprized. Be aware, therefore, that, together with this property, you will receive absolute power over the liberty and person of the being who now possesses it. That being must become your domestic slave; be governed, in every particular, by your caprice.

Happily for you, though fully invested with this power, the degree and mode in which it will be exercised will depend upon yourself..... You may either totally forbear the exercise, or employ it only for the benefit of your slave. However injurious, therefore, this authority may be to the subject of it, it will, in some sense, only enhance the value of the gift to you.

The attachment and obedience of this being will be chiefly evident in one thing. Its duty will consist in conforming, in every instance, to your will. All the powers of this being are to be devoted to your happiness; but there is one relation between you, which enables you to confer, while exacting, pleasure..... This relation is *sexual*. Your slave is a woman; and the bond, which transfers her property and person to you, is....*marriage*.

My knowledge of Ludloe, his principles, and reasonings, ought to have precluded that surprise which I experienced at the conclusion of his discourse. I knew that he regarded the present institution of marriage as a contract of servitude, and the terms of it unequal and unjust. When my surprise had subsided, my thoughts turned upon the nature of his scheme. After a pause of reflection, I answered:

Both law and custom have connected obligations with marriage, which, though heaviest on the female, are not light upon the male. Their weight and extent are not immutable and uniform; they are modified by various incidents, and

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especially by the mental and personal qualities of the lady.

I am not sure that I should willingly accept the property and person of a woman decrepid with age, and enslaved by peryerse habits and evil passions: whereas youth, beauty, and tenderness would be worth accepting, even for their own sake, and disconnected with fortune.

As to to altar vows, I believe they will not make me swerve from equity. I shall exact neither service nor affection from my spouse. The value of these, and, indeed, not only the value, but the very existence, of the latter depends upon its spontancity. A promise to love tends rather to loosen than strengthen the tie.

As to myself, the age of illusion is past. I shall not wed, till I find one whose moral and physical constitution will make personal fidelity easy. I shall judge without mistiness or passion, and habit will come in aid of an enlightened and deliberate choice.

I shall not be fastidious in my choice. I do not expect, and scarcely desire, much intellectual similitude between me and my wife. Our opinions and pursuits cannot be in common. While women are formed by their education, and their education continues in its present state, tender hearts and misguided understandings are all that we can hope to meet with.

What are the character, age, and person of the woman to whom you allude? and what prospect of success would attend my exertions to obtain her favour?

I have told you she is rich. She is a widow, and owes her riches to the liberality of her husband, who was a trader of great opulence, and who died while on a mercantile adventure to Spain. He was not unknown to you. Your letters from Spain often spoke of him. In short, she is the widow of Bennington, whom you met at Barcelona. She is still in the prime of life; is not without many feminine attractions; has an ardent and credulent temper; and is particularly given to devotion. This temper it would be easy to regulate according to your pleasure and your interest, and I now submit to you the expediency of an alliance with her.

I am a kinsman, and regarded by her with uncommon deference; and my commendations, therefore, will be of great service to you, and shall be given.

I will deal ingenuously with you. It is proper you should be fully acquainted with the grounds of this proposal. The benefits of rank, and property, and independence, which which I have already mentioned as likely to accrue to you from this marriage, are solid and valuable benefits; but these are not the sole advantages, and to benefit you, in these respects, is not my whole view.

No. My treatment of you henceforth will be regulated by one principle. I regard you only as one undergoing a probation or apprenticeship; as subjected to trials of your sincerity and fortitude. The marriage I now propose to you is desirable, because it will make you independent of me. Your poverty might create an unsuitable bias in favour of proposals, one of whose effects would be to set your beyond fortune's reach. That bias will cease, when you cease to be poor and dependent.

Love is the strongest of all human delusions. That fortitude, which is not subdued by the tenderness and blandishments of woman, may be trusted; but no fortitude, which has not undergone that test, will be trusted by us.

This woman is a charming enthusiast. She will never marry but him whom she passionately loves. Her power over the heart that loves her will scarcely have limits. The means of prying into your transactions, of suspecting and sifting your thoughts, which her constant society with you, while sleeping and waking, her zeal and watchfulness for your welfare, and her curiosity, adroitness, and penetration will afford her, are evident. Your danger, therefore, will be imminent. Your forti-

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tude will be obliged to have recourse, not to flight, but to vigilance. Your eye must never close.

Alas! what human magnanimity can stand this test! How can I persuade myself that you will not fail? I waver between hope and fear. Many, it is true, have fallen, and dragged with them the author of their ruin, but some have soared above even these perils and temptations, with their fiery energies unimpaired, and great has been, as great ought to be, their recompence.

But you are doubtless aware of your danger. I need not repeat the consequences of betraying your trust, the rigour of those who will judge your fault, the unerring and unbounded scrutiny to which your actions, the most secret and indifferent, will be subjected.

Your conduct, however, will be voluntary. At your own option be it, to see or not to see this woman. Circumspection, deliberation, forethought, are your sacred duties and highest interest.

To be continued.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH, in a free country, it may be thought a slavish maxim, that men in private life should pay no regard to public affairs, but leave them to those who are appointed to conduct them; yet I am persuaded that this maxim, or rather advice, properly understood, would produce the happiest effects. In order, therefore, that it may not be misunderstood, I would make this small amendment: "Mind your own affairs *first*, and what time you find can be spared from them, bestow it on the public concerns, and bring your private virtues and your private experience into the public stock."

Now, sir, if the advice thus qualified, be taken, I am certain, that in a very short time men might become both good citizens and skilful politicians, instead of figuring away only in the latter character, as successfully as a man would build houses who had no materials. Politics surely require some school for instruction, and I know not any school so excellent as a man's own family.

If we consider what is in a family, we shall find, that it contains every branch of government, of executive and legislative power in miniature; small, indeed, *parva magnis composita*, yet enough for the life and talents of any one man to conduct with wisdom, and to sustain with firmness. It is the more necessary, sir, that a man who aims at being a statesman, should begin with domestic politics, because, he may, at home, have a great deal of practice upon those important questions which agitate the great world; some of which I shall beg leave to notice.

And, first, sir, it seems to be a disputed point, whether *monarchy* or *republicanism* be the best form of government. That dispute, upon the great scale, we leave to kings and people; but upon the domestic scale, we find that it is a continual dispute wherein the balance of power resides. Some have been of opinion that the husband is king, president, stadtholder, or principal governor; some have put on the state of emperors, while others have ruled like bashaws. In general, however, most contend for absolute power, and, while a few have used that power wisely, others have employed it only to the destruction of the happiness of their subjects. But, sir, if we allow that the monarchial branch is confided in the husband, by what denomination shall we mark the duties and station of the consort? Is she queen, and second personage in the kingdom, entitled to nearly the same honours and respect, and from whom a progeny only is expected, as the price of her high station, or, is there not, in many cases, such a perpetual struggle for supreme power between those great personages, that it has

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never yet been determined in whom the executive privileges reside?

I presume, that if a man will try his skill in resolving this question, he may come forward into public life with a much better notion of what belongs to the power of the government, than he can get merely by reading newspapers and pamphlets. If, for example, he is a friend to the monarchial form of government, he will see the many mischiefs that arise from the monarch being over persuaded by his consort, or by the favourites she may recommend to him; and he may learn how wise and prudent a thing it is to make use of his own eyes and ears, and not put these valuable organs into the hands of commissioners. This is no contemptible branch of experience, especially at a time when very frequent rebellions take place in domestic governments, and when the struggle for power is kept up at no little expence to the parties, and often ends in a partition of the dominions that completely disturb the succession, and renders the title of the heirs-apparent very doubtful.

In whatever manner this question may be finally settled, whether domestic monarchy, or domestic republicanism, shall prevail, there is much reason to dread that the contest will be long and obstinate, because the *subjects* of the reigning sovereign are divided in their opinions, and what is very remarkable, have sided so long with the weaker party as to make it the strongest. By subjects, I mean children and servants, in the government of whom so much skill is required, that he who has attained it, may come forward, upon the great political stage, a better performer, than hundreds who have written voluminous speculations upon the subject. The art of government, therefore, is the second lesson that may be learned in a man's family; and I humbly conceive that its rules are few and simple.

It is only necessary that the laws should be so few as to be easily remembered, and so simple as to be easily understood; that punishments are necessary only where advice is neglected, and, even then, to be proportioned to the crime; that all tyrannical conduct is horrible and destructive; that our subjects are to be considered as our equals, in all questions of right and justice, and that we are not to allow them to be oppressed or robbed by those in authority over us. Such are the outlines of domestic government, which prevails in all civilized families, and which would likewise be oftener practised upon the *great scale*, if it were *there* accompanied with the same proviso, namely, that he who violates it has a good chance to be hanged by the neck.

A third political lesson that a man may learn, without going very far from home, is, how to regulate his finances. I know not any subject upon which men in general think themselves better capable of deciding than the public finances, nor any, respecting which they make a greater number of mistakes. This would not be the case if every man was precisely such a chancellor of the exchequer or secretary of treasury at home as he expects to find abroad, or as he thinks he would make were he called to that high office.

The rules to be observed here are, as in the former case, very few and simple. The only duty is to raise money honestly and fairly, and to use it economically and discreetly; and, while he is benefiting himself, to remember that he ought not to impoverish others. He ought also to embark in no speculation that is not, upon the very face of it, probable, nor to borrow money which he has no prospect of repaying.

A man who has practised these rules, for a series of years, would, in my humble opinion, be better qualified to speak upon matters of public finance, than many who talk upon nothing else, and would be able to detect error and imposture at a glance of the eye. And why? For this plain reason, that, being subject to proper laws, he would know that a man who borrowed money with-

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out the prospect of repaying it, is the most unpardonable of all rogues, while he who engages in speculations that are unintelligible, is the vilest of all fools; and that a man who pretends to manage the finances of another, with both these defects, would, in justice, be sent to prison, if he were not, in mercy, sent to a bedlam.

Were I to pursue this train of reasoning, by applying it to all the subordinate branches of good government, I might probably carry on this letter too far. I hope I have, however, said enough to prove, that all the virtues of political, may be learned in private life, where *only* it is much to be regretted, its vices are punished as they deserve. I know not by what fatality it happens, that the possession of power should be a license to do wrong, and that to be in office and in security are synonymous.

We have lately got into a kind of jargon about a distinction between private virtues and public virtues. Thus, while one set of philosophers are endeavouring to prove that man has not a soul, another set are taking equal pains to prove that he has *two souls*, one of which he employs at home, and the other abroad, in schemes which are diametrically opposite. Of what use this doctrine may be we cannot yet be certain, as it has not been pushed as far as it can go; but, in the mean time, it may not be amiss to consider, that the qualities of a highwayman are no great recommendation to public favour, and that he who has not been "faithful over a few things," will require to be carefully watched when he is "ruler over many."

A. B.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON WEALTH.

PHILOSOPHERS have affected to despise wealth, and writers have endeavoured to prove that it cannot give happiness to its possessors; but the first may despise it, and the latter reason on the folly of seeking it, yet their efforts have ever been, and still will be, like the labours of Sysiphus, useless and unavailing: no man has ever yet been persuaded to despise this great object of human pursuit and anxiety, and I think no one ever will.

Instances may be produced where wealth, instead of conferring happiness, has inflicted misery; where it has narrowed the heart, debased the mind, smothered the noblest feelings of the soul, and shut out from the bosom the love of all good and virtuous actions, of all noble and elevated desires. We may see men possessing wealth, insensible of its blessings; we may see them pile it in useless heaps, and deny themselves the necessaries of life, waste it in extravagant or vicious pursuits, or make use of it to effect the oppression and misery of mankind.

Yet no man believes he would act in the same manner, under the same circumstances. He thinks he would enjoy the real happiness it affords; he imagines himself possessed of riches, and lays down many sage plans for their enjoyment; he calculates exactly, and determines on that plan, which, in his opinion, will ensure him the greatest felicity and the fewest cares; he laughs at the folly of his wealthy neighbour, who is prevented from the enjoyment of his wealth by niggardness or extravagance; he thinks he better understands the use of it, and the pleasure it bestows.

And thus do all men reason, who have never been wealthy: even I myself, while toiling for subsistence, have indulged in these flights of fancy. I have fancied myself in every situation of life which appears more susceptible of ease and enjoyment than the one in which I am placed; I too have fancied myself wiser than my neighbours, and have believed myself capable of enjoying felicity in situations where others have not: and yet I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say, I am certain I should use wealth better

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than my neighbours, enjoy it with less anxiety, or be more sensible of its blessings. But most men reason, I believe, in the same manner, because they do not see the many imaginary wants which wealth excites, or the desire which all men have of continually improving their condition. Few men believe they are sufficiently wealthy; our appetites daily increase; what has once been a state of abundance is at another a state of want; one plentiful feast of wealth excites a wish for a repast still more abundant; this, like the former, creates a desire for more, and so on progressively.

Yet, that wealth is a blessing, cannot be denied; it saves us the pain of many privations, and affords us much to enjoy. Besides enabling us to avoid the evils of poverty, and enjoy ease and independence, wealth enables us to indulge all the noblest inclinations of the heart, to be useful to our country, enlarge the sphere of active benevolence, and become the benefactors of mankind: and who, if but for this alone, would not rejoice in its possession? who, when expiring, would not wish to look back with delight on his past life, if it has been passed in the exercise of benevolence, conscious that, like the life of the illustrious Howard, it had been eminently useful to mankind? The thought would cheer the dark and gloomy passage to eternity, while his good works would meet the approbation of his God, and receive a rich and eternal reward.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, AND ON THE BEST MODE OF PRONOUNCING LATIN.

THERE has been much controversy, much difference, both in practice and opinion, among the lettered part of mankind, concerning the true pronunciation and rhythm of the Latin language. If this language were now spoken in Italy as a colloquial dialect, the custom of the speakers would be universally received as the criterion of propriety. Their practice would probably be just as capricious and irregular as that of other nations, but it would still be received as the unquestionable standard, and all speakers would be deemed barbarous and corrupt in proportion as they deviated from it.

The Latin language, however, is no where the national dialect. It exists only in characters and books, and every nation, therefore, has taken the liberty of giving to its characters the sounds which such characters bear in their native language.

This circumstance is productive of several advantages. In a living language it is never thought sufficient to be able merely to comprehend the words as they are written, or to write them ourselves. We are subjected to the laborious task of pronouncing these words after the manner of the people to whom the language belongs. We must study to familiarize all the absurdities, irregularities, and inconsistencies to which the very nature of an oral language is always obnoxious. The foreign sounds are not only different from our own, but, frequently, so peculiar that strange mouths find it nearly impossible to utter them..... And when the *true*, that is, the native sound is obtained, it must be kept alive by perpetual use.

There are few cases in which it is requisite to *speak* a foreign living language. In the greater number of cases, this necessity has no existence; all that we really want is to understand it as written: but still custom and prejudice condemn us to the irksome labour of pronouncing it in the *vernacular* manner. To this disadvantage, the Latin language is not liable: as every nation thinks proper to give its characters their own sounds, and there is no

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Pliny or Atticus alive to convict them of barbarism.

Some celebrated scholars have denied our right to speak Latin with an English mouth. They acknowledge that Ciceronian Latin is not familiarly spoken at this time, but they maintain that the system of pronunciation is essentially the same in ancient and modern Italy: that is, the natives of the same country affix the same sounds to the same characters, and there is the same reason for conforming to the Italian modes in pronouncing Latin, as to the French mode in pronouncing French. The modern language of Italy is a very slight variation from the ancient. The principal difference consists in the use made of the pronoun *ille*, and the numeral *unus*. The words of the ancient dialect remain, with some change of inflection and collocation. It is the opinion of some, that the ancient *oral Latin* bore a very strong likeness to the modern Italian, and that the principal change consists in writing Latin words at present as they were formerly pronounced.

Few people have given their minds to the subject, and few therefore are aware of the resemblance, or rather the identity of the Latin and Italian. The use of articles, the disuse of some inflective terminations, the softening of certain consonants, and the omission of others, all which distinguish the modern Tuscan from the old Roman, are, some of them, mere varieties of syntax, and others, mere specimens of the deviations of oral from written speech, and such as, no doubt, occurred in the Roman times. Few are aware that Italian does not differ from Latin, more than the spoken does from the written French, or even than the English conversation, if peculiarities of utterance be nicely attended to, will be found to differ from the English as written.

However this be, and whatever be the exact degree of difference between Virgil's and Tasso's Italian, it is certain that Italy was once the seat of the Latin language; and that the present inhabitants, descendants of the Romans, and speaking a language radically the same, must afford a standard of Latin pronunciation nearer to the true than any other. I confess, I cannot see how this conclusion can be escaped from. If the natives of a country be allowed to be the best judges of the pronunciation of their own language, the Italians must be permitted to prescribe the mode of speaking Latin, which was once the language of Italy, and whose structure bears a nearer resemblance to the present dialect of that country than to any other.

With those who acknowledge the premises, the conclusion seems inevitable, but I do not see, in this case, the truth of the premises. It is a general and incontestible maxim, that, as the purpose of language is to convey meaning, it is our duty, when called upon to speak or recite, to employ those words and that mode of uttering them which are most intelligible and agreeable to the hearers. If I am called upon to speak or read Latin to a company of foreigners, I must pronounce it according to their fashion. If the company be composed of English, I must employ the English fashion; or, in either case, my words must pass for incomprehensible jargon.

Whatever be the standard of abstract propriety, it is certain that the Roman tongue is spoken by different nations in a manner peculiar to each, and that therefore it may be strictly proper and even indispensible for me to pronounce its phrases in many different ways, on different occasions. But it is seldom necessary to address others in this language. It is only to be looked for in books, and our chief business is to read it to ourselves in private. We are therefore very rarely obliged to conform to the practice of others. We may chuse our own standard of propriety or harmony, and commend it to others without scruple. A man who, in his closet, bestows an Italian sound on every letter, commits no violence on vulgar prejudices, provided he

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adhere to the above maxim when he reads or speaks in the hearing of others.

But what standard shall the solitary student select? On what principles shall we regulate the pronunciation of a dead language, when no authority is given, in the case, to a living one?

He who shall undertake to propose a scheme to this effect, will subject himself to numerous difficulties. He will find it nearly impossible to convey to the eye those distinctions in sound, which are easily perceptible by the ear, and so arbitrary, so much under the dominion of habit, are our notions of grace and harmony in language, that all inferences from general principles are usually rejected as absurd or unintelligible. Notwithstanding these formidable obstacles, however, I cannot resist the temptation to say a few words on the subject, and possibly some few of my very few readers may find themselves at least amused by the novelty of my system.

The ordinary distinction of elementary sounds into vowels and consonants, and of consonants into such as approach or recede from the nature of vowels is well known. Vowels are pronounceable alone, with the lips open, and are by themselves distinct sounds. As their sounds can be shortened or prolonged at pleasure, they are the only sounds adapted to musical notes. Strictly speaking, they are the only *audible*, or compleatly *utterable* parts of language. Most consonants, by themselves, are mute, and merely modify the sound of vowels by being prefixed to them.

All consonants, however, are not absolutely mute; five of them, in the English tongue, being imperfectly pronounceable by themselves. These m, n, ng, l, r, are hence called liquids or semi-vowels, and the rest mutes.

The concurrence of a vowel enables us to enunciate a consonant, and by its aid we may give utterance, at one time, to several consonants. Consonants coalesce with each other before a vowel, with more or less ease, agreeably to the relation which maintains between them. It is evident that the sweetest and most musical language is that which abounds most in vowels, liquids, and mutes easily coalescible. Sweetness may be carried to excess, and language may be too soft and smooth, for all the purposes of human intercourse: a perfect dialect will therefore steer midway, between the two extremes of harshness and softness, and admit into its substance neither too few nerves nor too many sinews. I strongly suspect that the Roman language is an example of the highest excellence in this respect.

It is in vain, however, that the greatest skill is displayed in the choice and distribution of elementary sounds, by the framers of a language, if the speakers exercise the liberty of changing, omitting, or adding to these sounds and combinations at pleasure, and thus to introduce on the one hand discord, harshness, and confusion, or, on the other, a weak effeminacy and a cloying sweetness.

It is an old complaint among all who study the English language, and indeed, as the evil is incident to all living tongues, the complaint is universal, that the spoken and written words are not sufficiently alike; that various and sometimes opposite sounds are given to the same character, in a manner the most capricious and irregular, and that letters and syllables are licentiously added or omitted.

To this evil, in our own and in a living tongue, we must patiently submit, because it is either in itself incurable, or because *our* efforts and opposition will avail nothing to the cure. But what can equal the absurdity and folly of introducing the same confusion into a dead language? why not adhere to some fixed mode of pronouncing each letter? and why not scrupulously pronounce every letter and every syllable that is written?

The English have, in their written language, *five* vowel characters,

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and in their spoken language, *eleven* vowel sounds. These, being susceptible of the distinction of short and long, do, in reality, amount to twenty-two. These are distributed among the five characters, in such a manner that the confusion seems to be elaborate and systematic. The same character is sometimes made to represent two, three or four sounds, as *a* in *bat*, *bate*, *beat* and *ball*, and sometimes no sound at all as *e* in *able* and *bite*. Sometimes one sound is given to the same character doubled, as *beet* and *fool*, or to two or more characters as *beat*, or *beau*. Sometimes the same character performs the part both of vowel and of consonant, on different occasions, as *y*; and sometimes two or three characters represent a simple sound, which sound likewise belongs to a single character as *eau* * in *beau*, or which has no single character to represent it, as *au* in *Paul*, and *ou* in *sound*. Nay, such is the licence of speech, that, in the hurry of articulation, all the vowels occasionally degenerate into that obscure, imperfect, and inanimate one which we hear in *but*, as in *honourable*, *error*, *substantial* †. In short, I am at a loss to conceive how a greater degree of confusion could be, even designedly, introduced into language, than exists in the vowel system of the English.

The consonants are no less defective. A double sound is sometimes given to one character as x, and sometimes one sound to two characters, as sh and th, and ng, (in thing.) Sometimes the character is doubled while the sound remains simple, as in hall. A character is sounded in one case and omitted in another, as *h* in *hour* and *home*. We sometimes drop two consonants in six, as *gh* in *straight*; and two in five as *daughter*, &c. D is dropped in *sounds*, *commands*, &c.

A catalogue of these irregularities would fill volumes, for there is scarcely a single word in the language of more than one syllable, in which we do not more or less depart from the word as written..... Now all this confusion is transferred into our pronunciation of the Latin language. Nothing can justify this practice in our own language but necessity. We catch our words by slow degrees, from our mothers, nurses, and companions, and of course receive them with all these corruptions and infirmities on their heads, but the Latin language is taught systematically and in schools. The teacher may affix what sounds to what characters he thinks proper, and as he merely enforces distinctions and uniformity, as he does not give foreign sounds to English characters, but merely confines each character to one of the sounds which the English speech most commonly bestows upon it*, there appears very little difficulty in adopting the system.

The genius of the English pronunciation is extremely unfavourable to clearness and melody. This shows itself in several respects. In the first place, it has a continual tendency to omit vowels altogether; where several vowels come together, it usually contents itself with sounding one of them, or with a single sound, not answerable to any of the characters separately, as feat, fool, beauty, action. In a great number of words, the vowel is omitted when it occurs in a situation where it is most wanted, as at the end of words, as *e* in the terminations *ite*, *ude*, and *ble*.

Secondly, The proper use of a consonant is to modify a vowel by *preceding* it. All the ends of variety and energy in language are thus accomplished, without destroying its sonorousness and melody. On

* *Ou* and *eau*, the grammars call *dipthong* and *tripthong*, which mean or ought to mean a combination of *characters* and not of sounds; because the sound is equally simple and uncompounded in both cases.

† Pronounced *on-nur-rubl*, *er-rur* (more commonly *ur-rur*), substan-*shul*.

* The sound, for example of *o* in go, and of *k* and *c* in keep and call.

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the contrary, by making all our syllabic sounds terminate in consonants, we contract and freeze up our organs, and make our words as indistinct, inaudible, and immelodious as possible.

Most syllables in our language, agreeably to this genius of its speakers, end, as they are written, in consonants; and the greatest part of those which end in vowels, to the eye, we take care, in the utterance, to terminate in consonants. Where the two kinds of sound are pretty equally distributed through a word, and an open or obscure pronunciation of it are therefore submitted to our choice, we are sure to chuse the latter. The following words, for instance, prosper, modify, sonorous, honour, moral, mother, Latin, Italian, are all colloquially pronounced as if thus divided: pros-pur, mod-dif-fy, son-nur-rus, hon-nur, mor-rul, muth-ur, Lat-tin, It-tal-yun.

Of the southern languages of Europe, particularly the Italian, the genius is directly opposite. In converting the Latin tongue to their own use, they either convert consonants to vowels, or harsher consonants to softer ones, or omit consonants, or add vowels, especially to the end of syllables and words*..... The French abounds in consonants, but few of them are heard in speaking, and the license of utterance is carried further in this tongue than in any other. In no living tongue does the speech more accurately conform to the written language than in the Italian, the reason of which is, that the written structure of the language humours this temper of the speakers so much, that they have no pretence for deviation.

This difference between the English and their neighbours, was accounted for by Addison by difference of climate, and he sportively observes, that the English are afraid to open their mouths wide in the cold air of *fifty-five*. This is an obvious absurdity, since the primitive dialect of Britain was eminently *vocal*, and since the Scots and Irish at this day speak the English tongue in a manner far more sonorous and musical than the English themselves. The tyranny of opinion over the sentiments of genuine truth and beauty, is no nowhere more conspicuous than in the stigma of barbarism that cleaves to the Scottish and Irish accent. Middlesex being the seat of empire, its dialect and accent, with all their imperfections, become, of course, the standard.

Thirdly, among the *eleven* vowel sounds of our language, we have a strong propensity to those which are least distinct, least open, and least musical.

Vowels, like consonants, are distinguishable into classes, denominated from the organs chiefly employed in forming them. They are guttural, palatal, and labial. These divisions are further subdivided into three, distinguished from each other by a different degree of openness, fulness, and strength.

These distinctions have been long ago fully stated and demonstrated by Dr. Wallace, but are overlooked or totally unknown to the modern compilers of grammars and pronouncing dictionaries. It is necessary to my purpose to make these distinctions fully known, but I am hopeless of effecting this purpose without prolix explanations and discussions. I shall merely content myself with arranging the various vowel sounds known in our language in a table, and trust to the candour and sagacity of the reader for admitting their propriety. Instead of the usual vowels, with marks to denote their variety of sound, I shall take the words in which these sounds appear, premising that the vowel sound in these words is simple, distinguished merely by being long or short, though the characters in some of them are double or triple.

* The phrase *chiaro oscuro* from the Latin *clarus obscurus* is a good specimen of this property of the Tuscan tongue *Chiaro* is pronounced *kiaro*.

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Most open.		Open.		Less open.		Least open.		
long.	short.	long.	short.	long.	short.	long.	short.	
ou		pole		pool	pull		put	labial.
ei		ma'am	man	mane		meen		palatal.
		paul	pol		pell		pill	guttural.

The words in this table are supposed to be pronounced by a pure Anglo-Philadelphian tongue. This method of conveying a notion of sounds is extremely defective, but it is the best method we have. Besides, I am not solicitous as to the distribution and classification of these sounds, provided the distinction between sounds more or less open be admitted, for the point I have in view is merely to prove that the English pronunciation has a constant tendency to those sounds which are most obscure and imperfect..... We are accustomed to pass from consonant to consonant, with the least possible delay, and when a vowel sound must be admitted between some of them, to slur it over as carelessly and quickly as we can. Thus the long, open, labial *o*, which fills the mouth and the ear more completely and agreeably than most others, is seldom used but in two cases; first when it terminates a monosyllable, as in go, and next, when there is a succession of vowels, the *o* is made to represent the whole, as in *loan*, *hope*, *toe*, *throne*, *court*. In other cases it is changed to the guttural open sound, as in *pot*, and the labial close sound, designated by *u* in *fun*, as in *honour*, *colour*, *nation*. So likewise the agreeable palatal, which is heard in *meen**, is retained, chiefly, when there are several vowel characters in the word, in which case it is made to supply the place of all, as in *seen*, *mien*, *scene*. When the *e* occurs alone, it is turned into the close guttural which is heard in *men*, *friend*.

I, which, as heard in *sigh* and *mine*, and which is one of the most full, vocal, and musical, that language is acquainted with, we should seldom or never hear, but when some consonants or other vowels in the word are omitted. By itself it is sure to dwindle into the close, guttural, and least vocal and distinct of all the vowel sounds of *I*, in *hit*, *pill*, *mill*.

From this enumeration it appears, that the peculiar genius of the English language is adverse to a clear, musical, and sonorous utterance. That this genius shows itself in a continual tendency, first, to omit vowels altogether; secondly, to terminate our syllables as much as possible with consonants, that is, with close mouths; and thirdly, to give to vowel characters the closest and most guttural sounds. And the English pronunciation being, with all its faults, commonly transferred to the Latin, the Roman language loses, in our mode of utterance, nine-tenths of the harmony, fulness, and strength which properly belong to it, in order to restore which, we have only to adopt a uniform, distinct, and natural mode of sounding its letters.

For example, let the fifteen Roman consonants, B, P, F, V, D, T, S, ϑ (th), G, C (k), H, M, N, L, R be uniformly pronounced as the same letters in the English syllables bab, pap, fat, vat, dad, tat, sat, that, got, cot, hot, mam, nan, lal, ran, and let the five vowels O, A, E, I, U have complete, determinate, and invariable sounds. Whether these sounds conform to the usage of the English, such as occur in the words

* *E* in *scene* is in the third, or *closest* rank, but it is a palatal, the closest of which is more open and agreeable than the most open guttural.

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go, rat, feet, might, and use, or to that of almost all other nations, in which the E and I are pronounced as A in mate, and E in meet, is of small importance, provided the sounds given be distinct and uniform, and be those which are most open and agreeable.

Q and J occur in Latin and English. Q is by us employed in all cases as a simple K. It is always followed by U, preceding another vowel, as in *queer* and *qualis*. The U is pronounced so briefly as to become a W, and these words are pronounced as if written *kweer* and *kwalis*. J is *I* before a vowel, and, shortened in like manner, naturally slides into the kindred consonant Y. The English, however, delighting in harsh sounds, have prefixed a D to it, so as to make the J always equivalent to Dy. Thus *James* is pronounced *Dyames*, or, more accurately, the English D prefixed to the sound given by the French to Ch in *chaloupe*, and *chez*. The sound of Ch in these instances is strictly a simple one. The combining it with D, therefore, after the English fashion, is doubling the sound, without necessity or benefit. My scheme, on the contrary, sounds J as Y; thus, *jam*, *major*, *troja* are as if written *yam*, *mayor*, *troya*.

The Greek U is latinized into Y, which we pronounce in Latin words always as I. Whether the Romans gave to this letter a peculiar sound, it is impossible for us to do more than guess, but as a uniform, distinct, and musical utterance of a dead language is a consideration more important than that of fidelity to the ancient mode, we may be allowed to persevere in making Y equivalent to I in sigh.

Let the second rule be to pronounce every letter in the word, and no more: neither capriciously adding, changing, nor taking away.

In the third place, let the easy and natural distribution into syllables be adhered to, and since all the harmony depends upon a *vocal* termination of syllables, let the genius of the Latin language, so conspicuous in its structure, be carefully consulted, and no violence done to it in this respect.

It is impossible to judge of the nature and propriety of these rules, without copious illustrations. I have already run to tedious length, but cannot resist the inclination to exemplify these rules and peculiarities by a few instances. Let us listen to the following lines, as they are read by every common English scholar.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinia qui venit
Littora; multum ille et terris jactatus ab alto
Vi superum, sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram:
Multo quoque et bello passus dum conderet urbem
Inferret que deos Latio genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres atque alta mœnia Romæ.

In reciting this passage, we uniformly give the close or the guttural sound to all the vowel characters as far as is possible. The syllables *us*, *is*, *os*, *ol*, *es*, *um*, *ul*, *el*, *il*, *or*, *ur*, *et*, *it* we pronounce as if they were English syllables, instead of giving them the open labials and palatals which we hear in the following words: *chuse*, *eyes*, *beaux*, *hole*, *ease*, *room*, *rule*, *eel*, *more*, *floor*, *isle*, *eat*, *sight*. Æ and œ have the same simple sound, though a mere concurrence of *a* and *e* and of *o* and *e* are distinctly pronounced in the words *ay* and *toy*. The *j* in *Trojæ* and the *g* in *genus* are pronounced alike, and as if they were written *dzh*. *Latio* is turned into *Lashio*, instead of allowing the *t* its own sound as in *Latino*.

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avenâ;
Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus:

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In rehearsing these lines with a merely English mouth, the same tendency to a close and guttural pronunciation of the vowels will be conspicuous, as well as the habit of closing every syllable with a consonant. We divide these words pretty much in the following manner.

Tyt-ter-re, tu pat-tul-læ rec-ub-ans sub tegmin-e fadg-i
Sylves-trem ten-nui muz-am med-dit-tar-is av-vena:
Nos pat-riæ fin-nes, nos dul-shia lin-quim-mus arva;
Nos pat-riam fyudg-imus.

The natural, easy, and musical division is

Ty-te-re tu pa-tu-læ re-cu-bans, &c.
Sylve-strum, te-nui mu-sam, &c.
Nos pa-triæ fi-nes, &c.

I am very much afraid that these distinctions will be unintelligible, or unimportant to the majority of readers. Men acquainted with several languages, and accustomed to note the differences between them, and to reduce elementary sounds to an accurate scale, discover niceties and gradations which are totally invisible to eyes that have not habituated themselves to different objects. These remarks are addressed only to the former class of readers, for with them only have I any chance of being intelligible.

Vowels are the only audible and articulable parts of language, and the influence of speech upon the ear depends upon the quantity, kind, and collocation of its vowels. Hence the written language, affords little or no proof of its nature and texture as spoken; and hence the same language, as the Latin, may differ in the mouths of different nations, as much as different languages. I have heard Latin spoken by Germans and French, but it was utterly unintelligible; and thus, likewise, it is well known, does the Latin appear to French and Germans, as spoken by the English. In our mouths it becomes harsh, guttural, and obscure, because such is the peculiar genius of our own tongue, and because we transfer to the Latin, all the anomalies and asperities which abound in our own.

I was once presented with the following Iambic line, and desired to decypher it.

Dιω φᾶρω ϛινα ϱομᾶ τεκηρ.

This line has all the requisites of exquisite sweetness and melody; every syllable has a vocal termination, and every vowel is, or ought to be, of the most open, musical, and pleasing kind. No succession of sounds is more adapted to musical chant. The consonants compose a due mixture of mutes and liquids, and every consonant is fully and agreeably pronounced by means of the vowel that succeeds it.

It was sometime before I discovered, in this mysterious line, one with which, in plain English characters, I had long been familiar.

Dye of a rose in aromatic *air*.

Here the *o* and *i* immediately become guttural and close, and six out of the ten syllables are made to end in consonants: notwithstanding which, however, it is, in consequence of the pretty equal balance of vowels and consonants, and of the prevalence of liquids, one of the sweetest and most musical lines in English poetry.

I shall now conclude with the hope that some of your readers may derive, from these speculations, if not instruction, yet amusement. If they meet with nothing to approve, they will at least have the satisfaction of deriving from my errors, new arguments in favour of their own peculiar system, whatever that be. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES.

AT Fonthill, in Wiltshire, in England, is a seat of Mr. Beckford, one

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of the richest individuals in Europe. As a specimen of the mode of getting rid of superfluous wealth at present in fashion in Great Britain, may be mentioned a *ruined* abbey, which this gentleman has *built* in his pleasure-grounds at Fonthill; a *painted glass window*, which cost him twelve thousand pounds sterling, or upwards of *fifty thousand dollars!*

Another curious instance, to the same purpose, is the restoration or repairing of Arundel Castle, in Sussex, by the duke of Norfolk. No contrivance, in any degree compatible with the antique plan, can make a comfortable habitation of an Anglo-Saxon fortress. The sum, however, expended on these repairs, in 1797, amounted to 290,000l. or more than *a million of dollars*, and the repairs were still incomplete!

The greatest part of Beckford's wealth consists in the sweat and blood of Negro slaves in Jamaica, converted partly into sugar, and partly into that bane of human virtue and felicity called *rum*.

A person of the name of Philips, a warrant officer on board one of the frigates laid up in ordinary in Portsmouth harbour, delivered himself up, in 1797, to the hon. Lionel Damer, a magistrate for Dorsetshire. He confessed he had murdered the boatswain of his ship, by throwing him overboard, in consequence of which he had, he said, absconded for some months, and afterwards enlisted in the army as a private. The remorse he felt for his crime had several times tempted him to put an end to his existence. He was committed to Dorchester jail for trial. The mayor of Portsmouth was next written to, to have the matter elucidated, when, to the astonishment of the magistrates, it appeared that the boatswain, who was stated to be murdered, was alive and well on board the vessel. This led to further investigations, in the course of which the boatswain made a solemn declaration, that he had never received any insult from Philips, with whom, on the contrary, he had always lived in the strictest habits of intimacy. This being reported to Philips, he expressed considerable pleasure at the intelligence, and wrote a letter to the boatswain, congratulating him on his escape, and begging his pardon. A gentleman who was present at the time when the boatswain's deposition was reported to Philips, suspecting his intellects to be deranged, counselled him to have recourse to some professional person. This Philips promised to do; but two days after his discharge from prison he disappeared, and has, it seems, not since been heard of. He was a very sensible, well-educated young man, and his connections were respectable.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRODUCE OF GOLD AND SILVER MINES.

BY some it will be thought a very curious, by many a very idle, and by all a very difficult, if not impracticable undertaking, to compute the quantity of gold and silver existing in the world. To do this, with any degree of accuracy, is indeed impossible; but as the product of certain mines, in the eastern and western hemispheres, is pretty well known, for a definite period, a German political economist, of great eminence, has furnished us with the following statement of their product for the last or eighteenth century.

From the mines of Russia, Hungary, Sweden, Norway, France, Piedmont, and Saxony, are annually obtained,

Silver -	250,000 lbs.
Gold -	50,000 lbs.

From America have been annually imported,

Silver -	1,500,000 lbs.
Gold -	100,000 lbs.

Consequently the last century has brought into use and circulation,

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Silver	175,000,000 lbs.
Gold	11,000,000 lbs.
Total	186,000,000

The total value of which in dollars is about 4,080 millions.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIAN SETTLEMENTS.

As the European and foreign dominions of the Dutch commonwealth have lately passed into the hands of the two great rivals, France and England, it is an object of some curiosity to know the nature and extent of those dominions, and the benefits really redounding from them. The following account of the colonial establishments of the Dutch in the east, is taken, with some alterations and amendments, from a foreign publication, and will, no doubt, prove to many of your readers a curious and valuable document.

A. B.

THE island of Java, of which Batavia is the capital, is the principal settlement of the Dutch in India, and the seat of government. Its chief product is pepper, which, for the most part, is procured on the west side of the island, in the kingdom of Bantam. Of this article, Bantam and Lampon deliver annually six millions of pounds, and this pepper, with that of Malabar, is considered as the best in India. The pepper of Palembang, of which a great quantity also is delivered to the company, and that of Borrico, are not much esteemed. In consequence of a treaty, the king of Bantam receives, for every 125 pounds, six rix-dollars, or six dollars American.

All pepper is originally black; but, if it be covered with lime before it is dry, it loses its husk, and becomes whitish.

The second chief product of Java is rice, which grows here in such abundance, that this island is called the granary of the east. All the rest of the Dutch islands are destitute of this useful product, except Celebes, which, from its superfluity, supplies the colony of Amboyna. In the year 1767, the quantity of rice required for Batavia, Ceylon, and Banda, amounted to twenty-one millions of pounds.

Sugar also is made in great abundance. In the year 1768, the kingdom of Jacatra alone produced thirteen millions of pounds. This sugar is sent to America, Surat, Malabar, and to Europe. The greater part of the sugar mills here belong to the Chinese.

The fourth product of Java is coffee; but the plantations are confined entirely to Cheribon and Jacatra. This plant was introduced into the island in 1722 and 1723, by the governor-general Swaardekroon. So much encouragement has been given to the Javanese to cultivate it, that, in the year 1768, the kingdom of Jacatra delivered 4,465,500 pounds, for which they paid no more than three dollars and a half per picol, of 125 pounds.

The cotton of Java is a very important branch of trade to the company. It grows in great abundance in the higher parts, and is spun by the inhabitants. On account of a great drought which took place in 1768, Jacatra could deliver only 16,225 pounds; so that, according to estimate, the crop was short 1,875 pounds.

Salt, brought chiefly from Rembang to Batavia, is another important branch of trade for the company, with the west coast of Sumatra.

Indigo, the greater part of which is sent to Europe, is likewise a product of Java.

A great quantity of timber for building is conveyed to Batavia, from the north-east coast of Java; but this is employed more for constructing ships and houses than as an article of trade. In this respect the island, perhaps, is of as much importance as it is valuable to the company by its other products, which serve to support their trade, and by its fur-

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nishing the rest of their Indian colonies with provisions.

The Dutch colonies in India are divided into the east and west. Of those on the east from Batavia, Amboyna holds the front rank, and the neighbouring islands, with a part of Ceram, are under its government. The whole of the company's servants here are eight or nine hundred.

Cloves, the only product of the island, grow in such abundance, that the government sometimes orders a great many trees to be plucked up, and the new plantations to be confined to a certain number. In 1768, government prohibited planting till the whole number of clove trees producing fruit, which amounted then to 759,040, should be reduced to 550,000. In 1770, the company received 2,200,000 pounds of cloves, which cost them no more than ten cents a pound.

Banda, the second government in the east, consists of several small islands, the servants belonging to which are about as numerous as those of Amboyna. This place is so fortified by nature, that it has little to fear from an enemy. The coast is every where so steep, that it is almost impossible to find a landing-place; and the navigation is so dangerous, that ships dare scarcely approach it. The company's ships must be carried into the harbour by a number of small vessels. The products consist of nutmegs and mace. A pound of the former costs the company two and a half cents, and a pound of the latter almost eighteen cents.

The third government is Ternate, to which the island of Tidor belongs. They are defended by a garrison of 700 men. In Ternate, all the spice trees have been rooted out, and no new ones dare be planted; yet it is of great importance for the protection of the Spice islands, as, with five or six neighbouring isles, it forms a key to them.

Macassar, on the island of Celebes, the fourth government, consists of a part of that island subject to the company, who are in alliance with the chief princes of the remaining part. The garrison is of the same strength as the former; and here and there forts have been built to prevent any insurrection: but the chief support of the company is the jealousy which they foment among the princes, by which means the latter are prevented from falling on the Dutch with their united forces. This island furnishes slaves and rice, but its principal utility is to protect the Moluccas and Spice islands. On the island of Timor, which belongs partly to the Dutch and partly to the Portuguese, the company keep some troops, as likewise at Banjermassing, on the south side of Borneo. The principal production there is pepper.

Malacca is the fifth government, and a place of great importance, on account of the passage through the straits of the same name to the eastern parts of Asia. All ships going to China, Tonquin, Siam, and the Moluccas, must either pass here or through the straits of Sunda, and by a small force both might be easily blocked up. The garrison about 500 men.

The governor of the sixth government, on the north-east coast of Java, generally resides at Samarang, from which the company procure the greater part of their rice and timber for building. All the coast to Cheribon belongs to this government, and it is the most considerable of the whole.

To the seventh government, on the Coromandel coast, belongs, besides Negapatnam, all the factories along that coast, as Palicol, Sadraspatnam, Jaggernackpoeram, and Bimilipatnam. The goods brought thence are all sorts of cotton cloth.

The eighth government is Ceylon, and Matura on the opposite coast belongs to it. This island, since the peace with the king of Candy in 1763, was entirely subject to the Dutch East India company, as they were in possession of the whole coast, and all harbours around it. The prince was confined to the inland parts, and had no passage to the sea

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but over the territories of the company. This was all the company gained by a war, which cost them more than 3,200,000 dollars. Till the above treaty, the Dutch ambassadors to the court of Candy were obliged to appear before the king creeping on their knees; but it was then stipulated that, in future, they should be admitted standing.

Almost the only production of the island is cinnamon. Besides this, the company received annually a thousand dollars from the pearl-fishery. Formerly the pearls were fished up in the Tutokore banks; but, at present, they are fished up on the Ceylon coast, from the banks of the Manaar and Aripo. The oyster banks, however, are not always in a condition for fishing. For this reason, the council of Ceylon used to examine the oysters at the fishing season; and, if they had attained a sufficient size, they permitted the fishery to begin, and made known the number of vessels and men that might be employed. The number of divers amounted, in general, to ninety-six. The governor received a certain sum per cent. on the profit.

The trade of the Dutch East India company in Bengal, which was confined to a very small district, was under the management of a director. Their jurisdiction was equally small at Surat, where they had only a warehouse for their goods. From Bengal they procured cotton cloth, salt-petre, and opium; and, from Surat, all kinds of cotton stuffs, &c.

The Dutch possessions on the Malabar coast were under a commandant. Their principal product was pepper. Another resides on the west coast of Sumatra, and the articles from thence are gold, camphor, and pepper. Bantam, which delivers most of its pepper to the company, has also a commandant. At Palembang, on the eastern coast of Sumatra, the company keep a resident, and procure from it pepper and tin. A resident is settled likewise at Cheribon, where the greater part of the Javanese coffee is landed.

One of the branches of Indian commerce most advantageous to the company, is their exclusive privilege (the Chinese excepted) of trading to Japan. They are allowed the small island of Desima, near the city of Nangasaki, where they keep their goods; and the trade is under the management of a director, who, every two years, returns to Batavia. The expences of this factory amount annually to upwards of 40,000 dollars, of which the present to the emperor makes fully one half. They send Dutch cloth, sugar, and other articles; and receive camphor, copper in bars, porcelain, and lackered ware.

The company trade every year to China with four ships, sent directly from Europe. They touch at Batavia to take in tin, which is sold in China with advantage; and, on their return, they run under the northern islands not far from the straits of Sunda, where they water, and do not return to Batavia. The time of their sailing from Batavia to China is generally about the beginning of July.

By the many misfortunes which took place in the Dutch settlements, their late war with England, and the multiplied abuses which had long prevailed in the administration of their India affairs, the company, in the year 1790, were reduced to such a state of difficulty, that they were obliged to pledge 250,000 pounds of cloves in their warehouses, in order to raise 260,000 dollars, for five years. The directors, about that time, reckoned the amount of their sales in Holland, with which it was necessary to defray the principal expences of the company, and even to support India, to be as follows:

	Amount of sales. Florins, at 40 cents.	Expences. Florins, at 40 cents.
1786	17,719,027	23,279,369
1787	18,903,295	33,532,514
1788	17,418,860	20,717,107
1789	14,446,316	23,351,543
1790	14,421,050	26,004,765

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The whole deficit, however, in the year 1786, was sixty-eight millions of florins; in 1788, seventy-six millions; and, in 1790, ninety-six millions, one hundred and ten thousand, five hundred and twenty-six, which was divided in the following manner among the different chambers of Holland:

	Florins, at 40 cts.
Amsterdam	56,228,031
Zealand	14,901,567
Delft	6,852,475
Rotterdam	5,567,810
Hoorn	6,153,341
Enkhuysen	6,407,299

From this view of the income and expenditure of the company, which have always been considered as secrets of state, it is evident how necessary it was for them to think of improving their trade, and of making new regulations for placing it on a better footing. For this purpose, the following resolutions were entered into:

1. The company will limit their own proper trade to Japan, China, the Moluccas, and the neighbouring islands, and retain only the monopoly of opium, spices, Japanese copper, tin, pepper, and coffee from Java, and cause these productions to be sold by public sales, partly at Batavia and partly in Europe.

2. The trade to the continent, Bengal, Coromandel, and Malabar, shall be given up to their servants and private merchants. The company therefore resign all their possessions in those places, and will maintain there only a few persons to manage some particular affairs. The pepper trade shall be confined to one factory at Malabar, which shall cost no more annually than 524,000 dollars. The whole trade of Coromandel shall also be given up to private persons, and only two factories shall be kept there, at the expence of 16,000 dollars. They may here procure cotton in barter, and transmit it, at a certain price agreed on, to Batavia and Holland; and send from Batavia to Coromandel and various parts, sugar, spices, and other commodities. The company declare the trade with Bengal, silk and cotton articles, to be also free; but, as they will purchase their opium and salt-petre on their own account, they mean to retain the factory; but they will suffer these productions to be transported in vessels belonging to private owners. The whole trade to the western coast of Sumatra will also be given up to private persons: the company, however, mean to retain Padang. As they make so many sacrifices, and abandon the whole of the western trade, by having occasion for fewer ships and men, they will save 635,200 dollars, and have an annual surplus of 96,800 dollars. Private merchants, in future, may send from Europe to India goods of all kinds, except such as are actually prohibited; but they must be transported by the company's ships, at a stated freight, which is calculated to produce annually 240,000 dollars..... Every thing sent to Europe, on account of private merchants, shall be sold at the company's sales; and for this the company shall receive an acknowledgment of from eight to fifteen per cent.

3. The posts which the company had in the neighbourhood of the Spice islands, to render it difficult for foreign nations to visit them, shall, on account of the great expence, be also given up. They will introduce the cultivation of rice into Banda and Amboyna, to make unnecessary the expensive importation from Java, by which means the company expects to save annually the sum of 184,000 dollars.

4. In future four ships shall go to Batavia, two to Ceylon, and four to China. For the country trade in the eastern seas, which the company retain, no more than thirteen or fourteen ships shall be employed; two ships shall be employed for all the settlements retained from Malacca to Timor; two for Japan; and two for Banda. Formerly the six chambers of Holland were obliged to expend 1,795,256 dollars for the annual equipment of the fleet; but, at

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present, no more than 1,286,400 dollars will be required for that purpose.

5. The opium company shall be abolished, by which the company hopes to gain 140,000 dollars.

The yearly income and expences of each of the settlements were in the year 1791, after the new regulations had taken place, as expressed in the following table:

	Income.	Expences.
	Florins.	Florins.
Batavia	3,706,236	2,948,537
Ceylon	1,345,761	794,755
Coromandel	40,000	
Malabar	200,000	690,000
Bengal		
Surat	8,000	
Padang	10,000	
Bantam	66,098	8,607
Palembang	60,627	6,586
Malacca	141,925	183,410
Japan		
Amboyna	246,447	64,077
Banda	206,822	80,935
Ternate	214,010	83,219
Macasser	155,736	76,878
Timor	16,812	16,018
Samarang	346,744	419,224
Cheribon	18,935	40,829
Banjermassing	16,018	3,180
Cape of Good Hope	535,420	199,045
Puntiana	9,782	2,289
Total	6,576,888	5,109,449

In the year 1794, the income of the company, according to a statement of the commissaries, was 7,369,040 dollars; and the company expected to sell goods as follows:

	Florins.
Javanese coffee, to the amount of	4,687,500
Pepper	2,737,500
Sugar	348,000
Spices	4,311,000

The expences, on the other hand, were 7,312,648 dollars, as appears by the following account:

	Florins.
Interest and capitals to be paid	4,000,000
Dividend of 12½ per cent. to the proprietors	831,625
Bills drawn by Batavia and Ceylon	3,000,000
Goods and cash sent to India	2,400,000
Deficit expected to cease in 1795	800,000
Whole expences in Europe	7,000,000
Accidental expences	250,000
Total	18,281,625
	7,312,648

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For the Literary Magazine.

GENERAL IDEA OF PERU.

Translated from a work published in Peru.

THIS great empire, the foundation of which by the incas remains buried in obscurity, has lost much of its grandeur since it was stripped, on the north, of the provinces which form the kingdom of Quito, and afterwards of those which, towards the east, constitute the vice-royalty of Buenos-Ayres. Its extent, in 1778, in length, north and south, is from 420 to 450 leagues, and from 2 degrees to nearly 23 degrees of south latitude; and its greatest breadth is from 100 to 120 leagues, east and west, and from 297 to 310 degrees of west longitude, from Ferro. The river Guayaquil divides it from the new kingdom of Granada on the north. The desert of Atacama separates it from the kingdom of Chile towards the south. Another horrible desart, of more than five hundred leagues extent, separates it, towards the east, from Paraguay and Buenos-Ayres. And, lastly, the Pacific sea washes its western shores.

A chain of barren and rugged mountains; several sandy plains, which reach from one extremity of the coast to the other; and several lakes of many leagues in extent, some of which are situated on the summits of the mountains, occupy a great part of the Peruvian territory. The breaks and vallies which enjoy the benefit of irrigation, present to the view an extensive range of delightful plains, replete with cities and towns, the climate of which is highly salubrious. That of the elevated spots of la Sierra is extremely cold. In the Pampas le Bombon *, Fahrenheit's is constantly at from 34 to 40 degrees.

The people of Peru are composed of Spaniards, Indians, and Negroes. Proceeding from a mixture of these three, are the Mulatoe, the offspring of the Spaniard and Negro woman; the Quarteron, of the Mulatoe woman and Spaniard; and the Mestize, of the Spaniard and Indian woman. The final subdivisions which are formed by the successive mixtures, are as many as the different possible combinations of these primitive races.

Sowing and planting, as well as domestic employments, have constantly fallen to the lot of the Negroes. It is true, indeed, that within these four years past several white people have engaged in these tasks. Prior to this, any one, neither Negroe nor Mulatoe, who should have hired himself as a valet or labourer, would have been reputed infamous; to such a length was prejudice carried on this head. Enlightened politicians are not wanting who think it would be very unfortunate for the kingdom, and especially for the capital, Lima, if this prejudice were entirely done away.

The commerce of Peru has been considerably augmented, since it has, by the arrival of the merchant vessels of Spain by Cape Horn, and by the grant of an unrestrained commerce, freed itself from the oppression under which it groaned in the time of the Galeons, and of the fairs of Porto-Bello and Panama. Prior to that epoch, the bulky and overgrown capitals circulated through, and were lost in a few hands; and while the little trader tyrannized over the people, by regulating prices at will, he himself received the law from the monopolizing wholesale dealer. The negociations of this capital with the interior were then, in a great measure, dependent on the intelligence and decisions of the magistrates; and the commerce

* These are plains of fifteen leagues in length, and five or six in breadth, which form a part of the sub-delegation of Tarma, and of the intendancy of the same name. They are distant from Lima, in an eastern direction, forty leagues. The lake of Chincha-y-cocha intersects them in their length; and they constitute the most lofty and most level part of la Sierra.

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with Spain owed its best security to the circulation of the silver entered in the bills of lading. Commerce being now subdivided into many smaller branches, maintains a greater number of merchants; at the same time the fortunes which accrue from it are not so numerous. It is necessary that a commercial man should combine his plans skilfully, and extend his speculations wide, to acquire a handsome property.

The manufactures of this country consist almost entirely of a few friezes, the use of which is chiefly confined to the Indians and Negroes. There are besides an inconsiderable number of manufactures of hats, cotton-cloths, drinking-glasses, &c. which do not, however, occupy much space in the scale of the riches of Peru. Sugar, Vicuna-wool, cotton, Peruvian bark, copper, and cocoa (the two last, as well as a considerable part of the Peruvian bark, are sent hither from Guayaquil, &c.), are the only commodities, the produce of our mines excepted, which we export.

The mines are the principal, indeed the only source of the riches of Peru. Notwithstanding the little industry employed in working them, and the small help which commerce affords to the miners, 534,000 marks of silver, and 6,038 of gold, were smelted and refined, in 1790, in the royal mint of Lima; and 5,162,239 piastres *, in both metals, were coined there †.

From the mines of Gualgayoc ‡, and from that of Pasco ||, about one half of the silver which is annually smelted, coined, and wrought, is extracted. The mine of Guantajaya * is abundant in ores and rich metallic veins, but does not yield in proportion, in consequence of the dearness of every necessary, as well for working as subsistence. On account also of its distance from the capital, the benefits which would otherwise arise from it are lost: the ores of thirty marks the caxon † do not pay themselves; and the same may be said of the products of the smaller and more superficial veins, which occasionally present themselves, and in which the silver is chisseled out. It is hoped that the plan of transporting the produce of this mine to Callao may be adopted: this would not only cause the mine itself to flourish, but would benefit all the adjacent provinces.

That of Guarochiri ‡, the effects of the abundance of which are more immediately felt in this capital, does not flourish in a degree corresponding with the richness of its metals, and the abundance of its metallic spots and veins. The adoption of the new method of amalgamation, the employment of a sufficient number of Indian labourers, who may be engaged without difficulty, and a few reforms in the practical part of the operations, are the only principles on which this mine, as well as all others in the kingdom, can be brought into a flourishing condition.

The navigation of Peru is limited. Our commerce in corn carries us to the ports of Chile; with Guayaquil we carry on a traffic in timber, &c.

* Dollars.

† In the former year, 1789, 3,570,000 piastres in silver, and 766,768 in gold, were coined.

‡ This mine is in the intendency of Truxillo, 178 leagues distant from Lima, and from Truxillo 68.

|| Otherwise called Cerro Mineral de Lauricocha. It is situated at the northern extremity of the Pampas de Bombon, and is distant from Lima 45 leagues, and from Tarma 22.

* This mine, which, in opposition to the laws nature generally observes, is situated in a very hot and sandy soil, is comprehended in the province of Tarapaca, in the intendency of Arequipa. It is distant from that intendency 80 leagues, from Lima 300, and from the port of Iquique nearly two leagues.

† The caxon contains 6,250 pounds.

‡ This mine extends, in a manner, over the whole of the province which bears its name, the capital of which is the town of Guarochiri, distant from Lima 17 leagues, and from Tarma 28. It belongs to the intendancy of Lima.

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and, lastly, we make a few voyages to Chiloe, Juan Fernandez, Valdivia, and Panama. We navigate with economy and ease, but are deficient in the scientific part, deriving no aid whatever from astronomy. Those who have the charge of our trading vessels have no skill beyond imitation; the hydrographical charts which are consulted are very defective, and the direction of the coast is straighter than is represented. The fogs which almost constantly hover over the land, and hide it from the navigator's view, oblige him to make a circuitous course, by which his voyage is greatly delayed. Till the year 1780, it was a source of vast riches to a commercial house to keep a vessel in the coasting-trade: but as mercantile speculations have been multiplied, freights have lowered, and the profits are divided among a greater number of adventurers.

The fishery exclusively belongs to the Indians on the coast: but they are destitute of skill, and being unprovided with proper boats and instruments, keep constantly sight of the coast. Hence arise the scarcity and dearness of fish, so often experienced in Lima and along the coast. A few years ago, several boats, of a particular construction, were built, for the purpose of fishing throughout the whole extent of these seas; but this scheme was afterwards abandoned. The lakes afford few fish. Were the Indian to resort to them, he would put no price on the fruit of his labours. Content with his maize and his dried pease, he considers the multiplicity of foods as a useless sacrifice of health and ease.

Agriculture might supply all our wants, and our subsistence ought not to be so precarious as it is, nor so dependent on foreign aid. In the vallies adjacent to this capital, wheat may be cultivated with success. Bad roads, with the delays and expence of carriage, almost entirely obstruct the internal circulation of the kingdom, and are great obstacles in the way of agriculture. The valley of Jauja * affords many proofs of this: the facility with which it sends its maize and other products to the mine of Pasco, keeps it in a most flourishing condition.

The natural history of Peru is fertile in wonders. All the systems formed in Europe, on this subject, are capable of a thousand amplifications, whenever their theories shall be applied to our productions. The mountains of Chanchamayo, Huanuco, Lamas†, &c. are privileged spots of nature, to the surprising beauty of their productions. The dread of humid and hot climates, and of hostile Indians who inhabit them, has denied us much information on this head: there is, however, great scope for investigation and description.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. VII.

THE Georgics are generally acknowledged, by critics, to be the most finished of all the works of Virgil. They unite the most useful information with the delight which they convey. They appear to fall more within the province of the writer's genius, than either the Æneid or the Eclogues, and they are, and perhaps ever will remain unrivalled in that description of poetry to which they belong. To the

* This valley, the circumference of which is not more than 17 leagues, is extremely populous. Atunjauja is the capital of the province of that name, dependent on the intendency of Tarma, from which it is distant 10 leagues, and from Lima 38.

† The mountains of Chanchamayo are distant from Tarma 25 leagues. Those of Huanuco are distant from Lima about 80 leagues. The mountains of Lamas extend from Tefé, the boundary of the Portuguese possessions, to the confines of the intendency of Truxillo.

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former translations which have been given of this exquisite poem, another has been lately added from the pen of Mr. Sotheby. This perhaps is, in most respects, the best which the English language has yet seen. It is generally as faithful to the original as the difference of tongues, and the structure of our language will permit. It is true that it falls below many passages found in Dryden's translation, but it is throughout more correct, more uniformly harmonious, more freed from gross and disgusting expressions. The pitch, however, to which Dryden occasionally rises, Sotheby would in vain attempt to reach. I have taken down from its shelf my old academical Virgil, over which I have kindled into rapture, and passed many a happy hour, for the purpose of bringing some passages in these translations of Dryden and Sotheby to the test of the original, and of offering the reader an opportunity to judge of their comparative merits.

With this intention, I shall select, from the body of the work, those passages on which it is probable that the respective writers exerted most strength, and bestowed most labour.

In book II, v. 323, we meet the following admirable description of spring. In decorating his favourite season, we may suppose that the poet would not be parsimonious of his stores, or of his skill.

Ver adeò frondi nemorum, ver utile sylvis :
Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus Æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fætus.
Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus.
Parturit almus ager : Zephyríque tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus : superat tener omnibus humor :
Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò
Credere : nec metuit surgentes pampinus Austros,
Aut actum cœlo magnis Aquilònibus imbrem ;
Sed trudit gemmas, et frondes explicat omnes.
Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, aliúmve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim : ver illud erat ; ver magnus agebat
Orbis, et hybernis parcebant flatibus Euri :
Cùm primùm lucem pecudes hausêre, virûmq ;
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Immissæque feræ sylvis, et sidera cœlo.
Nec res hunc teneræ possent perferre laborem :
Si non tanta quies iret, frigúsque calorémque
Inter : et exciperet cœli indulgentia terras.

Spring comes, new bud the field, the flow'r, the grove,
Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love :
Æther, great lord of life, his wings extends,
And on the bosom of his bride descends,
With show'rs prolific feeds the vast embrace
That fills all nature, and renews her race.
Birds on their branches hymeneals sing,
The pastur'd meads with bridal echoes ring ;
Bath'd in soft dews, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbends ;
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexile wreath,
And freed from southern blast, and northern shower,
Spreads without fear each blossom, leaf, and flower.
Yes ! lovely spring ! when rose the world to birth,
Thy genial radiance dawn'd upon the earth,

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Beneath thy balmy air creation grew,
And no bleak gale on infant nature blew.
When herds first drank the light, from earth's rude bed,
When first man's iron race uprear'd his head,
When first to beasts the wild and wood were given,
And stars unnumber'd pav'd th' expanse of heaven;
Then as thro' all the vital spirit came,
And the globe teem'd throughout its mighty frame;
Each tender being struggling into life
Had droop'd beneath the elemental strife,
But thy mild season, each extreme between,
Soft nurse of nature, gave the golden mean.

SOTHEBY.

The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves;
The womb of earth the genial seed receives
For then almighty Jove descends and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers,
And mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her births with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature strong, renew their love;
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose;
With kindly moisture then the plains abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies;
The twining vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail,
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust their buds in open air.

In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, in holidays of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear:
Nor other was the tenour of the year.
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintry breath suspend;
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds;
And golden stars flew up to light the skies;
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender, new creation bear
Th' excessive heats, or coldness of the year:
But chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd,
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.

DRYDEN.

The description of spring in the original is short, but comprehensive; general, but vivid. All the descriptive poets, after Virgil, have seized upon the same images, and only amplified the same picture. The personification and the idea contained in the lines

Tum pater omnipotens fœcundis imbribus æther
Conjugis in gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore fœtus,

are great and thinking, and afford an instance among others of the extensive machinery, which heathen mythology allowed to the Latin poet.

In a passage succeeding, Virgil in the spirit of poesy declares, that spring prevailed at the creation of the world.

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Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, aliúmve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim:

By poetical license, a writer may represent the season which first dawned upon the world, to be such as he most wishes; but the Roman poet, in his representation, corresponds with the correctest opinion of theology. Nature at the birth of man was in unison with the tranquility, the purity, and happiness of his soul. The sun then did not dart upon him its intense and liquidating beam, nor did the cruel breath of winter congeal the blood. Serenely slept the bosom of the waters, unbeaten by the storm. The ground was not shaken by the earthquake, nor did the mountains heave to the skies their volumes of flames. The heavens looked on the earth with the smile of repose; paradise unfolded its foliage to the morning and evening dews, and loaded the wings of the Zephyr with the fragrance of sinless nature.

The translation which Sotheby has given of this description of spring is, I think, preferable to that of Dryden. It is more faithful to to the original text. Virgil has represented, in this instance, Æther as the *pater omnipotens*. Dryden, deviating from him, has said, "Almighty Jove descends." Sotheby, more poetically and more faithfully, has personified Æther as the prolific parent:

Æther, great lord of all, his wings extends,
And on the bosom of his bride descends.

In some lines, Dryden has a strength of expression, which is above Sotheby's more equable tenour; but what injustice has he done to his original by this remarkable line:

"The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king."

Does not this degrading line bring before our view the picture of Jove as a sitting hen, brooding over a vast egg, out of which, in due season, sprung the world. There is nothing in the original which can justify such a representation:

Non alios primâ crescentis origine mundi
Illuxisse dies, aliúmve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim.

The following concise and vigorous description of the chariot-race will furnish a good specimen of the powers of the different translators:

Nonne vides? cum præcipitii certamine campum
Corripuêre, ruúnque effusi carcere currus:
Cùm spes arrectæ juvenum, exultantiaq; haurit
Corda pavor pulsans: illi instant verbere torto,
Et proni dant lora: volat vi fervidus axis:
Jamque humiles, jamque elati sublimè videntur
Aera per vacuum ferri, atque assurgere in auras.
Nec mora, nec requies. At fulvæ nimbus arenæ
Tollitur: humescunt spumis flatúque sequentûm:
Tantus amor laudum, tantæ est victoria curæ.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race, and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of feverish hope and chilling fear:
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force,
The flying chariot kindles in its course.
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast back upon the foll'wers' eyes;
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
Such is the love of praise and honourable thirst.

DRYDEN.

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Swift at the signal, lo! the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers seize the ground.
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins, they lash th' extended steed,
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.
Now low, they vanish from the aching eye,
Now soar in air and seem to touch the sky.
Where'er they rush, along the hidden ground
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around.
Each presses each: in clouds from all behind,
Horse, horsemen, chariots, thund'ring in the wind;
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore
Stream in the gale, and smoke the victor o'er.
Thus glorious thirst of fame their spirit fires,
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.

SOTHEBY.

On reading these corresponding translations of the chariot race, the poetical critic will, I think, assign to Sotheby the greatest conformity to his text, and to Dryden the most strength and originality of expression. In the translation of the description of the Scythian winter, at the reading of which Addison said he felt a chill, Dryden stands unrivalled. How strong, how beautiful are the following lines!

Not so the Scythian shepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold;
Nor he who treads the bleak Mæotian strand;
Or where proud Ister rolls his yellow sand
Early they stall their flocks and herds; for there
No grass the fields, no leaves the forest wear.
The frozen earth lies buried there, below
A hilly heap seven cubits deep in snow,
And all the west allies of stormy Boreas blow.
The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.

In all those portions of the work which particularly require the touches of a strong and life-giving pencil, Dryden surpasses every competitor: he is not equally successful in pourtraying what is delicate and tender. Sotheby is throughout more delicate and tender. The story of Orpheus would afford fine exhibitions in support of these assertions; we would observe in it Dryden's superiority in the more daring and gloomy parts; and in those which are more pathetic, Sotheby's softer and more moving tints. Who does not remember the beautiful simile of the nightingale? And what ear attuned to harmony does not drink up with rapture the the following enchanting movements?

Qualis populiâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit; ab illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mastis latì loca questibus implet.

Let us now see with what words and melody Dryden and Sotheby have given these lines to the English reader.

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:

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Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
By stealth conveyed th' unfeather'd innocents.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.
DRYDEN.

Thus Philomel, beneath the poplar spray,
Mourns her lost brood untimely snatch'd away,
Whom some rough hind that watch'd her fostering nest
Tore yet unfledg'd from the maternal breast.
She on the bough all night her plaint pursues,
Fills the far woods with woe, and each sad note renews.
SOTHEBY.

I must confess that with neither of these versions I am perfectly satisfied, but the last is probably the most elegant, tender, and faithful.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

RUINS.

I LIKE to look upon the waste of time,
To stand 'mid ruins, while the ruthless wind
Shakes the old column, and through battered walls
Pours his long sullen howl. From such a scene
The mind takes thought, and sadly ponders on
The flight of years, on man, unstable man,
Who walks the earth, and breathes a fitful life,
Then falls before the blast that levels all.
That king of Milan was no common king,
Who bade the poet on his tomb inscribe
These melancholy words.....

" Passenger, wouldst thou know the nothingness of all human power and grandeur; learn what I was, and behold what I am. I had immense treasures, vast palaces, superb cities; my name alone made all Italy tremble. Of what use is all this to me now? Behold me shut up within a stone, and devoured by worms."

Thou tomb of fallen pride, ye hoary walls,
Ye mouldering fragments, and ye silent halls!
A pensive wanderer, I come to trace
Where sleep the ashes of your mighty dead,
To bid Remembrance, with her busy train,
Dwell on the splendour of your former reign,
When here the haughty baron held his court,
And your halls ecchoed to the voice of sport.
Now while the sun is gone, and Cynthia's light
Silvers the shadows of affrighting night,
While, bathed with dew, the sullen-sounding gale
With ghostly music fills the hill and vale;
And while the flood, once stain'd with warrior gore,
Breaks its dark billows on the winding shore,
Here let me rove, unheeded let me muse,
And drench my temples in the midnight dews;
Here let me call to mind that story told
By defac'd legends and by matrons old.
I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

A DESCRIPTION OF YOUTH.

SEE rosy Youth, gay, bounding o'er the plain,
With health, grace, beauty laughing in her train;

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A thousand fluttering joys around her fly,
And every hope lights up her ardent eye.
Her dreams of future years expect to prove
Unshaken friendship, everlasting love.
Each tale of woe prepares the tear to start,
Each generous act swells her enthusiast heart.
How sweet the tear which clouds the eye awhile,
Bathes Hope's bright cheek, then finishes .....a smile.
How sweet the feelings noble deeds inspire,
Which burn to reach the virtues they admire.
O spring of life, with every transport warm,
When all is new, and every scene can charm!
O age of bliss, thy rapid flight delay!
Ye golden hours, enchanting moments stay!

Should death its victim spare, how soon must fly
The roseate cheek, the rapture-beaming eye;
Bright tints of beauty we no longer trace,
The frolic step, or form of agile grace.
But can that fervid heart forget to glow,
And hear with apathy another's woe?
Will e'er deceit that open brow defile,
Or pale distrust destroy that playful smile?
Must all Youth's vivid feelings be forgot?
Guardians of human bliss, permit it not.
Time take thine own; bid every charm depart
From Youth's sweet form, but spare the youthful heart.
Oh! spare that heaven-strung lyre, with rapture stor'd,
Blunt not the music of a single chord,
Though doomed to warble woe; still let it own
Each soft vibration, each entrancing tone;
Still let it beat, to every virtue just,
Though oft deceived, oh! may it ever trust;
Let not cold interest, with its frown severe,
Chill the warm wish, or check the tender tear;
Bid friendship still with generous fervour burn,
Though unrequited friendship it must mourn;
Nor let affection from the bosom fly,
Though doom'd to heave the unregarded sigh;
Let not one bright ennobling passion cease,
Nor lose one feeling, though to purchase peace.

N. N.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESPONDENCY.

No more the sweet whisp'rings of Hope do I hear,
She has flown, cruel phantom, and left but the tear,
The tear that still hangs on my cheek;
Which arose from the silly illusions of heart,
Her flatt'ry instill'd, when in haste to depart,
She fled me, new victims to seek.

She has flown, and the prospect looks gloomy around,
Though May, not a flow'ret but droops to the ground,
Not a tendril but dies on the vine!
Yet the scene would revive could I hear but her voice,
The grove now so mournful methinks would rejoice,
And I should forget to repine.

Time was.....but 'tis past, and I murmur in vain,
Though I woo her, I ne'er shall behold her again,
For ever she has flown from my view!
As a nurse, she had fondled, and rock'd me to sleep;
When in darkness, behold, I awake but to weep!
She had taken a final adieu.

Were I to pursue, no return should I meet,
The syren, alas, is so lightsome of feet!
Though I on her shadow should stray,
Most sure she would 'scape me....she did so before....
She may go, the enchantress, I'll woo her no more,
Despair without wooing will stay.

SABINA.

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SELECTED.

OLD THOMAS.

I'VE often thought in humble life
  Souls truly great are prov'd,
In ranks from ostentation free,
Where men are ne'er by vanity,
  Or thirst of glory mov'd.

Old Thomas but a peasant was,
  A man of poor degree;
Day after day with Heaven's first light
To toil he rose, and toil'd till night,
  Yet proud of heart was he.

In bold and independent tone,
  He told and told again,
How often he with manly vaunt
Repell'd an undeserved taunt
  From richer, greater men.

When yet a boy, where Thomas toil'd
  My sport I oft confin'd;
And many a question would propound
Whene'er the good old man I found
  To chat with me inclin'd.

Thoughtful I ask'd him once when he
  Would be content to die:
When with old age my strength is fled,
And Charity must give me bread.....
  The old man made reply.

May God preserve from such a fate,
  Thought I, thy noble heart;
Yet thought I not of half the grief,
When his grey head should need relief,
  Dependence could impart.

As late I pass'd the lowly roof
  Where this good peasant dwelt,
His little garden told his fate,
Wild weeds grew rank, as it of late
  No hand of his had felt.

And is old Thomas dead? I ask'd
  A villager that pass'd:
Alas! he was, nor had he died
Till strength no more his wants supplied,
  Though struggling to his last.

A palsy shook his hardy frame,
  Then feeble fast he grew,
Till power so little could he raise,
That all he did in six long days
  Was but the work of two.

A weak old man would none employ,
  Though all would Thomas praise;
Anon they told him (sound of woe!)
That he must to to the work-house go,
  And end his wretched days.

Beneath his full and hoary brow
  Indignant flash'd his eye—
In vain—of ev'ry hope bereft,
His kindred poor, no means were left
  His hapless fate to fly.

He pac'd his garden up and down,
  And loudly thus complain'd:
" Full forty years upon this spot
" A happy independent lot
  " My labour has maintain'd.

" And trimly was my garden kept,
  " And neat my fire-side.
" And must I own them ne'er again,
" But herd with idle wicked men,
  " My grey locks to deride?

" Rear'd by this hand have children eight
  " To men and women grown;
" And doth it basely now deny
" With bread and water to supply
  " The poor old man alone?

" But bread and water doth he ask
  " With independence still;
" Rouze! rouze! thou yet may'st that engage,
" Thou grow'st a sluggard in thy age,
  " And wantest but the will."

Next morn he rose (he knew no rest
  With such a fate impending),
And to the fields he went his way,
And stubbornly he toil'd all day,
  With youth and strength contending.

'Twas the last glimmer of a flame
  That could no longer blaze;
It was an effort vast and vain,
That freed his soul of all its pain,
  And closed his feeble days.

Exhausted, scarce he totter'd home
  E'er fell the dews of night.....
Life ebb'd apace, in peace he bore
Death's chilly hand, nor evermore
  Beheld the morning light.

Then let the marbled grave of him,
  Of proud but meaner doom,
Who crawling from an humble state,
By littleness at length grew great,
  To Thomas yield his tomb;

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And there be carved in humble phrase
How Thomas lived and died,
That slaves of idleness and shame,
And beggars with a finer name,
May learn a peasant's pride.

AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

ONE day at a loss to dispose of my time,
And bent on attempting some new sort of rhyme,
That most with applause should be read,
A satire, thought I, is a d.....d flashy thing....
At Folly to pop, as she skims on the wing,
And boldly knock Vice on the head.

But then it was hard with such fellows to cope,
As Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope;
Of every vain hope they bereft me.
In fact, they'd so lavishly levell'd their jests
On rogues, fools, and all of society's pests,
Not a single new thought had they left me.

Thus daunted, the scheme I resolv'd to decline,
When Atticus enter'd to stop my design,
And all my ambition renew:
A plump-looking pamphlet he held in his hand,
He open'd, when lo! just the thing I had plann'd
Had Atticus brought me to view.

"A satire, you rogue!" I exclaim'd in amaze,
"That's brave, man! your enterprise merits my praise....
"Now let us hear what 'tis about."
"Read, read, sir," says he, "'tis a thing to my mind;
"The subject most striking and novel you'll find;
"Read, read, sir, I beg, and read out."

I eager obey'd, as you'll readily guess,
For on *striking* and *novel* he dwelt with such stress,
At once all my qualms he dispell'd.
I read, and soon found all he promis'd was true,
His subject was really most striking and new,
And so it must ever be held.

What was it then, pr'ythee? at whom does he sneer?
The statesman, the critic, the parson, the peer?
Not so, sirs; but, if you must know it,
The buts of this poet's sarcastical kicks
Are all little fellows of five feet and six,
And all little fellows below it!

What a thought! that it never should enter my head!
The want of new objects no longer I'll dread,
But Atticus' hint I'll pursue;
No more by such fears shall my genius be check'd!
Since Nature herself may be quizzed with effect,
I may surely find plenty to do.

Her blunders present me unlimited scope:
On Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope,
No longer I'll think with despair.
'Mid the deaf, and the dumb, and the blind, and the lame,
In the field of infirmity starting my game,
I've still left a pretty good share.

Complexions unseemly, or limb that offends;
Bandy legs and high shoulders, carbuncles and wens,
Shall soon feel the force of my song.
Your scare-crows and dowdies I'll cursedly maul,
All under-sized people, or people too tall,
And people as broad as they're long.

All ye that have locks to disfigure the pate,
Like carrots in hue, or as stubbornly straight,
Such locks ye shall certainly rue.
And henceforth shall none with impunity wear
A nose of the bottle kind, nose that's too spare,
Or nose you might make into two.

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On an uncomely leg, or a mere stump of wood,
Assuming the place where a leg has once stood,
Depend on't my wit shan't be stinting.
No face with more mouth than should come to its share,
Or short of an eye any longer I'll bear,
And let me catch any man squinting!

Next ailings of every description I'll scout:
Colds, agues, and fevers, the gripes, and the gout
Shall get a satirical trimming.
And dotage shall feel too the gall of my pen,
For no good excuse can there be for old men,
And surely still less for old women.

Then prosper, great bard! in this glorious career,
Though apes of ignoble dimensions may jeer,
Success your exertions must crown;
From readers more portly you'll meet with your due,
And satire so singular, striking and new,
Shall bring you deserved renown!

SELECTIONS.

CHARACTER OF CHAUCER.

BY GODWIN.

CONCLUDED.

WITH the poetical character of Chaucer we have more concern than with his personal qualities. It is because his works live, that we are curious about his dispositions and habits. If it be true, which paradoxical men have affirmed, and envious men have vouched for, that the persons who have made the greatest figure among their fellows are not the persons of greatest merit, and that many, who have not unfolded their talents to the world, have been both abler and more virtuous than those we are accustomed to admire, it would yet be impossible to interest us much about such characters. Men of high qualities, but who refuse the discovery of their qualities, if such there be, must be contented to be worshipped by the whimsical only, and to be regarded with indifference by the rest of their species.

The Canterbury Tales is the great basis of the fame of Chaucer, and indolent men have generally expressed themselves with contempt of the rest of his works, as unworthy of attention. The enquiries in which we have been engaged have led us frequently to refer to his smaller pieces, nor has our love of poetry come away from the pursuit unrewarded. Many passages of exquisite thinking and fancy have been recited. He, indeed, who wishes to become personally acquainted with Chaucer, must of necessity have recourse to his minor pieces. The Canterbury Tales are too full of business, variety, character, and action, to permit the writer in any great degree to show himself. It is in Chaucer's minor pieces that we discover his love of rural scenery, his fondness for study, the cheerfulness of his temper, his weakness and his strength, and the anecdotes of his life. The Troilus and Creseide, in particular, that poem of which sir Philip Sidney speaks with so much delight, though deficient in action, cannot be too much admired for the suavity and gentleness of nature which it displays. There is nothing in it to move the rougher passions of our nature, no hatred, nor contempt, nor indignation, nor revenge. If its personages are unstudied in the refinements of artificial and systematic virtue, even their vices, if such we denominate them, are loving and gentle, and undesigning and kind. All the milder and more delicate feelings of the

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soul are displayed in their history, and displayed in a manner which none but a poet of the purest and sweetest dispositions, and at the same time of the greatest discrimination, could have attained.

The Canterbury Tales is certainly one of the most extraordinary monuments of human genius. The splendour of the Knighte's Tale, and the various fancy exhibited in that of the Squier, have never been surpassed. The history of Patient Grisildis is the most pathetic that ever was written; and he who compares Chaucer's manner of relating it, with that of the various authors who have treated the same materials, must be dead to all the characteristic beauties of this history, if he does not perceive how much Chaucer has outstripped all his competitors.

What infinite variety of character is presented to us in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales! It is a copious and extensive review of the private life of the fourteenth century in England.

This has usually, and perhaps justly, been thought the most conspicuous excellence of Chaucer; his power of humour, of delineating characters, and of giving vivacity and richness to comic incidents.

Unhappily the age in which he lived was deficient in that nicety of moral apprehension and taste, upon which is built the no contemptible science of elegant manners and decorum. It has been said that men must have become debauched and consummate in their vices, before they can be masters in this science. This however is not true. There are, no doubt, various modes of expression, which will excite a prurient sport in the minds of the dissolute, and yet will be uttered with the most unapprehensive simplicity by the inexperienced and innocent; discrimination respecting these can only be the result of a certain familiarity with vice. But neither will these by the virtuous mind be regarded as almost any fault, even when discovered. But the licentiousness and coarseness of the tales of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, copied by Boccaccio and Chaucer, are of a different sort; they are absolute corruption and depravity. The progress of refinement does not merely make men fastidious in their vices; it makes them in many respects more virtuous and innocent: it not only prompts us to conceal some vices, but also induces us peremptorily and resolutely to abjure many.

The Millere's Tale, and the Reve's Tale, in Chaucer, are filthy, vulgar, and licentious. The Tale of the Marchant, and the Wif of Bathe's Prologue, are, in an eminent degree, liable to the last of these accusations. Yet it has been truly observed, that Chaucer never appears more natural, his style never flows more easily, and his vein is never more unaffected and copious, than on these occasions. No writer, either ancient or modern, can be cited, who excels our poet in the talent for comic narrative. The reader of the most correct taste, though offended with Chaucer for the choice of his topics, will peruse these divisions of his work again and again, for the sake of the eloquence and imagination they display. The story of the Cock and the Fox, called the Nonnes Preeste's Tale, is the most admirable fable that ever was written, if the excellence of a fable consists in liveliness of painting, in the comic demureness with which human sentiments are made to fall from the lips of animals, or in the art of framing a consummate structure from the slightest materials. The Sompnoure's Tale, though exceedingly offensive for the clownish joke with which it is terminated, is equal, in its opening and preparatory circumstances, to any satirical narrative that ever was penned. The entrance of the friar into the house of the sick man, his driving away the sleeping cat from the bench he thought proper to occupy, the manner in which he lays down his walking-stick, his scrip, and his hat, and

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the conversation which follows, are all in the most exquisite style of comic delineation.

To understand more precisely the degree of applause which is due to Chaucer, it is proper that we should distinguish between two principal schools in the poetry of modern European nations, the romantic, and the natural. On the first revival of poetry, the minds of men perhaps universally took a bent toward the former; we had nothing but Rowlands and Arthurs, sir Guys and sir Tristrams, and paynim and christian knights. There was danger that nature would be altogether shut out from the courts of Apollo. The senses of barbarians are rude, and require a strong and forcible impulse to put them in motion. The first authors of the humorous and burlesque tales of modern times were perhaps sensible of this error in the romance writers, and desirous to remedy it. But they frequently fell into an opposite extreme, and that from the same cause. They deliver us indeed from the monotony produced by the perpetual rattling of armour, the formality of processions, and tapestry, and cloth of gold, and the eternal straining after supernatural adventures. But they lead us into squalid scenes, the coarse buffoonery of the ale-house, and the offensive manners engendered by dishonesty and intemperance. Between the one and the other of these classes of poetry, we may find things analagous to the wild and desperate toys of Salvator Rosa, and to the boors of Teniers, but nothing that should remind us of the grace of Guido, or of the soft and simple repose of Claude Lorraine.

The Decamerone of Boccaccio seems to be the first work of modern times, which was written entirely on the principle of a style, simple, unaffected, and pure. Chaucer, who wrote precisely at the same period, was the fellow-labourer of Boccaccio. He has declared open war against the romance manner, in his Rime of Sire Thopas. His Canterbury Tales are written with an almost perpetual homage to nature. The Troilus and Creseide, though a tale of ancient times, treats almost solely of the simple and genuine emotions of the human heart.

Many, however, of the works of Chaucer must be confessed to be written in a bad taste, fashionable in the times in which he lived, but which the better judgment of later ages has rejected. The poem called Chaucer's Dreme is in the idlest and weakest style of romance. Nothing can be more frivolous than the courtship of his male and female eagles, in the Parliament of Birds. The idea of the worship of the daisy must be acknowledged to be full of affectation. A continued vein of allegory is always effeminate, strained, and unnatural. This error, so far as relates to the Romaunt of the Rose, is only indirectly reputable to Chaucer. But, in the Testament of Love, and elsewhere, he has made it the express object of his choice.

Boccaccio and Chaucer, it might be supposed, would have succeeded in banishing the swelling and romantic style from the realms of poetry. We might have imagined that as knowledge and civilization grew, the empire of nature would have continually become more firmly established. But this was not the case. These eminent writers rose too high beyond their contemporaries, and reached to refinements that their successors could not understand. Pulci and Boiardo took the romantic style under their protection in the following century; and, by the splendour of their talents, and the treasures of their fancy, bestowed upon it extensive and lasting empire. We have seen how Ronsard, Du Bellay, and Du Bartas corrupted the poetical taste of France. In Italy Ariosto and Tasso adopted, and carried to perfection the style of Pulci and Boiardo. Taste and literature had made no advances in England in the fifteenth century; and, in the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth, our countrymen resorted for models principally to Italy. The earl of Surry and his contem-

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poraries were the introducers of the Italian school in this island. Spenser, in his Faerie Queen, combined at once all the imperfections of the allegorical and the romantic. Even the transcendent genius of Milton formed itself upon these originals; and, however we may adore the wonders of his invention, impartial criticism must acknowledge that he studied much in the school of the artificial, the colossal, and the wild, and little in that of nature.

It is incumbent upon us, however, not to treat the romantic style with too undiscriminating a severity..... The fault was in thinking this the only style worthy of an elevated genius, or in thinking it the best. It has its appropriate and genuine recommendations. It is lofty, enthusiastic, and genial, and cherishing to the powers of imagination. Perhaps every man of a truly poetical mind will be the better for having passed a short period in this school. And it may further safely be affirmed, that every man, of a truly poetical mind, who was reduced to make his choice between the school of coarse, burlesque, and extravagant humour, such as that of Hudibras for example, and the school of extravagant heroism and chivalry, such as that of Tasso, would decide for the latter. The first chills and contracts, as it were, the vessels and alleys of the heart, and leaves us with a painful feeling of self-degradation. The second expands and elevates the soul, and fills the mind of the reader with generous pride, complacence in the powers he feels, and a warm and virtuous ardour to employ them for the advantage of others.

It is time that we should quit the consideration of these two less glorious spheres of human genius, and turn back to the temple of Nature, where Shakespeare for ever stands forth the high priest and the sovereign. The portraits drawn by those who have studied with success in her school, are dishonoured by being called portraits; they are themselves originals above all exception or challenge. The representations drawn in the romantic or the burlesque style may be to a great degree faithful exhibitions of what has actually existed; but, if they are, at least they exhibit a nature, vitiated, distorted, and, so to express the idea, denaturalized. The artificial and preconcerted is only shown, and those fainter and evanescent touches by which every man betrays the kind to which he belongs are lost. The portraits of Shakespeare, on the other hand, abound in, and may almost be said to be made up of these touches. In his characters we see the habits and prejudices of the man, and see, as through a transparent medium, how every accident that befals him acts upon his habits, his prejudices, and upon those passions which are common to us all. How precisely is this the case with Justice Shallow! How completely are the starts and sallies of Hotspur, his repetitions, the torrent of his anger, his fiery temper, and his images, drawn often from the most familiar and ordinary life,....how completely are they the very man that the poet desired to present to us! Shakespeare does not describe, he does seem to imagine the personages of of his scene; he waves his magic wand, and the personages themselves appear, and act over again, at his command, the passions, the impressions, and the sorrows of their former life. The past is present before us.

What comes nearest to the preeminence of Shakespeare is the Don Quixote of Cervantes, the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison, the Lovelace of Richardson, the Parson Adams of Fielding, the Walter Shandy of Sterne, and the Hugh Strap of Smollet. Fletcher also, though perhaps his most conspicuous merits are of another sort, has great excellence in the animating of character, as will readily be discerned, particularly in his Wit without Money, and his Little French Lawyer.

The successive description of the several pilgrims in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, is worthy to

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class with these. No writer has ever exhibited so great a variety of talent in so short a compass, as Chaucer has done in this instance.

The place which any author of works of imagination shall occupy in the scale of merit and genius, depends upon two circumstances, the merit of his poems, and the merit of the poet. The first of these is of the greatest importance. He who aspires to a permanent station upon the rolls of fame, ought to expect to be tried by a naked and absolute comparison of his productions with those of other men, without taking into the consideration the superior advantages other men may have enjoyed, of language, of fortune, of freedom, of information, of scenery to generate a poetical character, or of living models to excite emulation, which to him may have been denied. The reader has to do, strictly speaking, with the work only, and not with the man. His enquiry is into the invention, the fancy, the sentiments, and the style; and if an author tenders to him apologies and reasons why he could not exceed a certain degree of merit in these, this may relieve such an author from the harshness of condemnation, but can never obtain for his performance the stamp of applause. It may be true that the verses of Stephen Duck the thresher, or of the blind bard of Scotland, were extraordinary under the circumstances in which they were written, but a rigorous judge, placed upon the bench of criticism, would answer, "Do not tell me whether the writer of the productions you offer could spell or could see: I am only concerned to know whether the lines themselves are sublime, or pathetic, rich in fancy, or sweet and seductive with native simplicity."

Yet, a writer may lose something of the applause which seems due to him, by the operation of extrinsic circumstances; and therefore it appears but just that he should be permitted to gain something from the same cause. It is the first man who produces an excellent epic, ode, or tragedy, that ever engrosses our principal admiration; and another who composes something only just as good will infallibly be much less respected, commended, or read. The first is in possession of the ear and the favour of the public, and it is a most difficult task to deprive him of the honourable station he has gained.

Nay, though it should be determined that the circumstances under which a work of genius was written could never be admitted as matter of plea in the courts of criticism, they would nevertheless be always topics of interesting research. He must be indeed a rigid and cold critic, who, from approving the productions of the muse, does not proceed to entertain some love for the author. And, from the moment when that is the case, every difficulty with which he struggled, and every obstacle which he surmounted, becomes a darling subject of contemplation to his admirer. The reader of soul proceeds, from esteem of the work, to friendship, sympathy, and correspondence with the author. If he wrote in an obscure and barbarous age, if he had none but the worst models before him to copy, if, in addition to all the other labours of the poet, he had a language to construct in which to express his conceptions, or if he were the first to invent a species of poetical composition unknown before, all these are considerations inexpressibly interesting to his admirer.

The history of the poet too, as of any other man by whom what is extraordinary has been achieved, is a valuable section in the science of human nature. That such works as the Iliad or the dramas of Shakespeare have in any way been the produce of human intelligence is an important fact. But the wonder, and the degree of power displayed in any monument of literature, will often be greatly enhanced, when we come to be acquainted with the circumstances under which it was erected. I want not only to observe the beauty and solidity of the edifice before me, but also to understand

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the materials with which it is built.

Let us apply these principles to the writings of Chaucer. His best works, his Canterbury Tales in particular, have an absolute merit, which stands in need of no extrinsic accident to show it to advantage, and no apology to atone for its concomitant defects. They class with whatever is best in the poetry of any country or any age. Yet when we further recollect, that they were written in a remote and semi-barbarous age, that Chaucer had, to a certain degree, to create a language, or to restore to credit a language which had been sunk into vulgarity and contempt, by being considered as a language of slaves, that history and the knowledge of past ages existed only in unconnected fragments, and that his writings, stupendous as we find them, are associated, as to the period of their production, with the first half-assured lispings of civilization and the muse, the astonishment and awe with which we regard the great father of English poetry must be exceedingly increased, and the lover of human nature and of intellectual power will deem no time mispent that adds to his familiar acquaintance with the history of such a man, or with writings so produced.

ACCOUNT OF THE MAKING OF PORCELAIN, IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

THE works, conveniently situated close to the Severn, which flows by the city, are remarkable for their neatness and convenience, and display the whole process of making porcelain, from grinding the various articles to compose the clay used for the purpose, to packing the finished pieces for the market. Interesting as this manufactory is, you will excuse me for giving you its detail. The mixture above-mentioned consists of fifteen articles, the chief of which are, a white granite, from Cornwall, and a steatite or soapstone, from Penzance, in the same county, the whole quarry of which belongs to Mr. Flight, who employs his own men there. These articles, being first ground separately, are afterwards mixed, and then calcined. The product of this process is a quantity of small blue and white lumps, which being thrown into a mill, and ground with soft water, a liquid of the consistence of thick cream is produced, perfectly white. This is passed through a lawn sieve, and then poured into vats, heated by outside flues in order to consolidate the degree of heat applied to them, being kept under the boiling temperature. The water gradually evaporating by these means from the contents of these vats, an hard clay remains in the room of the liquid, which is brought into a stone apartment to be tempered, that is, wetted with water, beaten with a wooden mallet, and trodden by a man with his bare feet.

The material is now fit for the thrower, who throws a mass of it upon his lathe and horizontal wheel, set in motion by a boy, turning a vertical one, and whirled round with a degree of swiftness, either greater or less, as the thrower sees occasion. To this a gauge is attached, to ascertain exactly the dimensions of the article. The hands of the thrower being kept steady, the rotatory motion of the wheel being quick, and the clay soft but tenacious, the eye is agreeably surprised with the instantaneous creation of beautiful forms out of a shapeless mass of clay, which every moment change their appearance, according to the motion of the finger and thumbs of the workman; now rising into a long cylinder, again sinking immediately, and approaching the rotundity of a sphere, and at length settling into the elegant shape of an ancient vase, a modern mug, or a fashionable tea-pot.

The articles thus prepared, are then dried upon flues to consolidate their texture, and render them fit for the *vertical lathe* of the *turner*. Placed upon this machine, they are reduced to their proper thickness

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and exact form; and if their pattern require handles or spouts, they are fitted with them by a workman called the *handler*.

From this work-shop they are carried into the *kiln-house* to be burned, and placed in *saggars*, or circular pans, made of Staffordshire crucible clay, open at the top, and about eight inches deep, the flat bottoms of which are strewed with calcined flint, to prevent the adhesion of the articles to them. The kiln usually holds about one thousand five hundred of these saggars, and frequently from twenty-five to thirty thousand pieces of ware. Here they continue thirty-seven hours, exposed to such a violent heat as to render them red-hot, but carefully protected from flame. On coming out they are said to be in the *biscuit state*, that is, having the appearance of an unglazed tobacco pipe. If any blue be in the pattern of the articles, the figures are traced upon them at this time with a hair pencil, dipped in a mixture of a purple colour; and being suffered to dry, they are then immersed in a red liquid, called the *glaze*, of the consistence of cream, chiefly composed of white lead and ground flint. This adheres to every part of the articles, which are placed to dry in a room of a certain temperature, from whence they come out with a ground of a pale pink colour, and the pattern of a dingy purple.

Being perfectly dry, they are given to the trimmer, who smooths the surface of the article, and rubs off any little inequalities of the glaze; the most unwholesome part of the whole process, as he frequently inspires particles of the white lead, &c. to the great detriment of the stomach and lungs; which, indeed, he is obliged to relieve by frequent emetics.

The articles are next placed in the glaze-kiln, and remain there twenty-eight hours exposed to the fire, which being extinguished, the whole are suffered gradually to cool, and then taken out, when they exhibit a wonderful metamorphosis, effected by the chemical agency of fire. A vitrification having taken place on their surface, a beautiful glossy covering discovers itself within and without, in the room of the dull unpolished appearance they before had; and the figures of purple are converted into a vivid and beautiful blue.

After passing through the sorting room, they are given to the painters, who with colours properly and nicely prepared (for the hues are all changed by a subsequent firing) trace those beautiful patterns, figures, and landscapes upon them, which almost rival the force and effect of the canvas. Again they are placed in the kiln, in order to fix the colours, and remain there for six hours. This completes the process of such articles as have no gold in their pattern; but those which are ornamented with this superb addition, undergo another burning after the enamel is laid on. They are also carried afterwards into the burnishing shop, where this final decoration is given them by a number of women, who soon change the dull surface of the gold into a most brilliant appearance, by rubbing the gilt part of the pattern with little instruments pointed with bloodstones, and other polishing substances.

They are now ready to be introduced into the world, and are sent forth to gratify vanity, decorate splendour, or accommodate luxury; to ornament the tea-table of high life, the dressing-room of fashion, and the boards of the great; for the Worcester manufactory soars above the humbler articles in use amongst the happier tribes of common life. It would surprise a modern fine lady, were I to tell her, that the cup from which she sips her tea had been through the hands at least of twenty-three dirty workmen before it met her lips; but such is the fact: for if we retrace the process, we shall find the following crowd employed for the purpose:...the man who grinds the articles for the composition; the man that mills them; the person that calcines them; the

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grinder of the lumps; the sifter; the attender on the vats; the temperer; the thrower; the drier; the turner; the spout maker, who forms the spouts and handles; the handler, who puts them on; the biscuit fire-man; the blue painter; the dipper, who immerses them in glaze; the trimmer, who clears them from irregularities in glazing; the glass fire-man; the sorter; the painter; the colour fire-man; the gold enameller; the enamel fire-man; the burnisher.

It is to be observed that many articles which could not be conveniently thrown, such as tureens, plates, and dishes, are made on moulds of plaster of Paris, and when dry are given to the turner as above-mentioned. The earnings of the workmen in this manufactory, who are all paid by the piece, are very considerable; throwers and turners making about 25s. dippers and glazers 21s. and painters from 30s. to two guineas.

THE BLESSINGS OF MEDIOCRITY, IN THE CONDITION OF KESWICK MEN, IN CUMBERLAND.

From a late Traveller.

HERE, in the midst of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, uncorrupted by the society of the world, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing....the *estatesman*, as he is called in the language of the country. His property usually amounts from 80l. to 200l. a year, of which his mansion forms his central point; where he passes an undisturbed inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills. Occupied in cultivating the former, and browsing the latter with his large flocks of three or four thousand sheep, he has no temptation to emigrate from home; and knowing but few of those artificial wants, which spring from luxury, he has no opportunity of lessening or alienating his property in idle expenditure, and transmits to his descendant, without diminution or increase, the demesne which had been left to himself by his own frugal and contented forefathers. Hence it happens, that more frequent instances occur in the deep vales of Cumberland of property being enjoyed for a long series of generations by the same family, than in any other part of England. The pride of descent would be put to the blush, were it to be told that in a hallowed recess of this kind, in the neighbourhood of Keswick lake, a man is now living, who enjoys exactly the same property which his lineal ancestor possessed in the reign of Edward the confessor. Their sheep, running wild upon the mountains, and never taken into the farm-yard, are exposed to perpetual accidents and loss, arising from the inclemency of the weather, and the horrors of snow-storms, which, in some instances, have amounted to twelve or fifteen hundred head in a year. This circumstance prevents them from getting *rich*; but on the other hand, as the flocks are kept without the least expence to the proprietor, their losses never induce poverty upon them, so that, happily oscilating between their loss and gain, they are preserved in the only blessed, the only independent state, that golden mean which the wise Agur so earnestly and rationally petitioned of his God that he might: "Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove me far from vanities and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Removed by their situation and circumstances from the ever-shifting scene of fashionable life, their manners continue primitive, unabraded by the collision of general intercourse; their hospitality is unbounded and sincere; their sentiments

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simple; their language scriptural. "Go," said an estatesman to a friend of mine, whom he had entertained for some days in his house, "go to the vale on the other side of yon mountain, to the house of such an estatesman, and tell him you came from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep mingle upon the mountains.*"

FASHIONS, LUXURY, AND DRESS OF THE LADIES IN PERU, PARTICULARLY AT LIMA.

THE ladies of Lima are in general of a middling stature, very handsome and agreeable; their skin is uncommonly white, and their complexion, without having recourse to art, is excellent; they have fine sparkling eyes, and possess great vivacity. They are usually endowed by nature with fine black hair, extremely thick, and so long that it reaches nearly to the knees. To these bodily advantages are added those of the mind. They possess an acuteness of perception and a sound judgment, express themselves with elegance, and their conversation is gentle and agreeable. In a word, they are highly amiable; and thence it is, that so many Europeans willingly become their captives, and are happy to enter into marriage with them.

Their dress differs much from that of the European ladies, and it is only the custom of the country that can make it supportable..... Though it must be allowed that this dress is extremely advantageous, and appears beautiful to the eye, yet it seemed shocking at first to the Spaniards, who found it somewhat indecent.

All that a lady of Lima wears on her person, except on her legs and feet, consists of a shift, and a linen gown, called fustan, which in Europe would be styled a vest; over this an open robe, and a boddice, which in summer is of linen, and in winter of stuff; some, but the least in number, add to this a sort of veil or mantle, which goes round the body, but without fastening.

The vest reaches no lower than the middle of the thigh; and from thence to the ancle hangs a fine lace set round the fustan. Through this lace one sees the ends of the garters hanging, which shine with gold and silver, and are sometimes set with pearls.

The winter garment is of velvet or rich stuff, covered no less with ornaments, and decked with fringes, lace, or ribbands. The sleeves of the shift, which are a Castillian ell and an half in length, and two broad, are decorated, from one end to the other, with a variety of fine laces.

Over the shift is the boddice, the sleeves whereof, which are very large, are of a circular form. They consist of lace, with stripes of cambric, or very fine linen, inserted between. The sleeves of the shift, when they are not of the finest, are made in this manner. The shift is fastened over the shoulders by ribbands which are sewed to the boddice; it is the same with the round sleeves of the boddice, and the sleeves of the shift, and the four sets of sleeves present the appearance of so many wings, which fall down below the girdle. Ladies who wear the veil or mantle, bring it round the waist, and, notwithstanding, use the boddice.

In summer no lady is to be seen in Lima that has not her head covered with a veil, of cambric or very fine linen, and set with lace. Some are flying, as they express it, or tied up only on one side, and others are alternately ranged with top-knots and ribbands.

In winter they muffle themselves up, within doors, in a rebos, which is nothing else than a piece of flannel, without farther trimming; but when they make visits, the rebos is ornamented and decorated like the robe. Some adorn it with gold or silver fringes, others with a facing of black velvet, almost one third of its breadth.

Over the gown they put on an

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apron, of the same materials as the sleeves of the boddice; the apron, however, must not reach over the hem of the gown. From this description the reader will easily form some notion of the cost of such a dress; in which more is laid out on the trimming than on the principal materials: the shift alone amounts frequently to upwards of a thousand dollars. It is astonishing what care and taste the ladies employ in the choice of the laces which they so lavishly put upon their dress. An universal rivalship prevails of outdoing one another; and this not only among the ladies of distinction, but also among other gentlewomen, the Negresses alone excepted, of the inferior and lowest classes. These laces are sewed so close together, as to leave but a little portion of the linen visible; and in some articles of dress it is even so entirely covered with it, that the little that is to be perceived of it seems to be there less for use than for ornament: add to this, that it is all of the finest Brabant laces, and that every other would be rejected as too cheap and vulgar.

One distinction on which the ladies here in general value themselves, is a small foot; for in Peru, as in China, the littleness of the foot is reckoned so great a beauty, that they ridicule the European women for having so large a one. The girls in Lima, from their very infancy, are made to wear such little shoes, that their feet in general, when they are grown up, are not longer than five or six inches. The shoes are flat and without soles. A piece of cordaun serves at once for the sole and the upper leather; as broad and long at the one end as at the other, which gives the shoe the form of the figure of 8. They are fastened with buckles of diamonds or other precious stones, according to the circumstances of the wearer; but more for show than from necessity; for, as they are entirely flat, there is no need of a buckle to keep them on the foot, and they are put on and off without undoing the buckles. Shoes embroidered with silver or gold are no longer much in fashion, as they are but little adapted to let the smallness of the foot be remarked, but are found to give it rather a larger look.

They usually wear white silk and very thin stockings, that the leg may appear of a finer form. The stockings are sometimes green, with worked clocks; but the white colour is most fashionable, as helping at least to conceal any defect in the legs, which are almost entirely exposed to the eye.

As, of all the gifts they have received from nature, the hair is one of the most advantageous, they employ a great deal of care on their head-dress. They divide the hair behind into six braids, which take in the whole width, and through which they stick a golden pin, somewhat bent, which they call a policon; they give the like name to a couple of diamond knobs or buttons, the size of small hazlenuts, at each end of the pin. Those braids which are not fastened up to the head, fall upon the shoulders, in the shape of a flattened circle. They adorn it neither with ribbands nor with any other ornament, that they may not deprive it of any of its own peculiar beauty. On the head, both before and behind, they stick diamond aigrettes. In front they likewise form the hair into little locks, which reach from the upper part of the temples to the middle of the ears; and by the side of the temples little patches of black velvet are stuck, which have no bad effect.

The ear-rings are of brilliants, with little tassels of black silk, which they likewise call policons, and decorate with pearls.

Besides rings, diamond clasps, and bracelets of large and beautiful pearls, they also wear a round and broad stomacher, fastened by a girdle round the waist: it is richly set with diamonds.

If we figure to ourselves one of these ladies, dressed entirely in laces, instead of linen, and sparkling all over with pearls and dia-

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monds, we shall not be surprised at hearing, that in their grand appearances in state, they carry about them to the value of upwards of thirty or forty thousand dollars: a luxury which is so universal, that it holds good even concerning the wives of mere private persons.

But that at which foreigners are still more amazed, is the indifference with which they treat these riches. They care so little about them, that there is ever something to be added or improved, and always a part of them is lost or spoilt long before the term of their natural durability.

They have, generally speaking, two modes of dressing when they go abroad: the one consists of a veil of black taffety, and a long robe, the other in a hood and round gown.... The former is used when they go to church, the latter on taking a promenade, or going on a party of pleasure. Both dresses are wrought with gold, silver, or silk, on a linen ground of a quality not to discredit its ornaments.

They dress themselves in the former mode particularly on Maundy Thursday. On this day they visit all the churches, attended by three or four female slaves, Negresses or Mulattoes, wearing liveries wrought and decorated with prodigious extravagance.

They are uncommonly fond of perfumes: one can seldom see a lady without liquid amber; they put it behind their ears, in their gowns, in all their clothes, and even in their nosegays. They decorate their hair with the finest flowers, and even stick them on the sleeves of their robes. The flower they are the fondest of is the chirimaya.

It is the blossom of a lofty and thick-leafed tree, which bears a fruit of a sweet juice, but at the same time has a slight acid taste, and so agreeable a smell, that, in the opinion of all who know it, it is not only the sovereign fruit of India, but is the queen of all fruits in the known world. The colour of the blossom differs not much from that of the leaves, but when it is ripe its hue is a yellow bordering upon green. In its form it resembles the blossom of the caper plant. It is not very striking to the sight, but for its odour it is unparalleled. The number of the blossoms and the fruit is not great, and therefore the avidity shown by the ladies for these flowers is the occasion of their being plucked before they come to fruit. They are sold at a very hgh price.

The grand square at Lima, from the quantity and diversity of the flowers brought thither by the Indian women for sale, resembles an ever-blooming garden. The ladies come hither in calashes to buy the flowers that please them best, without regarding the price. Calashes are here so common, that every inhabitant, of any moderate circumstances, drives about in one: they make a handsome appearance..... These carriages are drawn by a single mule, having only two wheels, with a fore seat and hind seat, for the convenience of four persons..... The cut of them is elegant; are much gilded, and make a great show: to which we must add, that they are extravagantly dear. One meets always a great number of these calashes at the flower-market, where the pleasure is enjoyed of seeing the most eminent and the most beautiful persons of Lima.

ON THE BENEFITS OF WEARING FLANNEL.

By Count Rumford.

BEING engaged in a course of experiments upon the conducting powers of various bodies with respect to heat, and particularly of such substances as are commonly made use of for clothing, in order to see if I could discover any relation between the conducting powers of those substances and their power of absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, I made the following experiments:

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Having provided a quantity of each of the under-mentioned substances, in a state of the most perfect cleanness and purity, I exposed them, spread out upon clean china plates, twenty-four hours, in the dry air of a very warm room, which had been heated every day, for several months, by a German stove, the last six hours of the heat being kept up to 85° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; after which I entered the room with a very accurate balance, and weighed equal quantities of these various substances, as expressed in the following table.

This being done, and each substance being equally spread out upon a very clean china plate, they were removed into a very large uninhabited room, upon the second floor, where they were exposed 48 hours upon a table placed in the middle of the room, the air of the room being at the temperature of 45° F. after which they were carefully weighed (in the room) and were found to weigh as under-mentioned.

They were then removed into a very damp cellar, and placed upon a table, in the middle of a vault, where the air, which appeared by the hygrometer to be completely saturated with moisture, was at the temperature of 45° F. and in this situation they were suffered to remain three days and three nights, the vault being hung round, during all this time with wet linen clothes, to render the air as damp as possible, and the door of the vault being shut.

At the end of three days I entered the vault, with the balance, and weighed the various substances upon the spot, when they were found to weigh as is expressed in the third column of the following table.

The various substances.	Weight after being dried 24 hours in a hot room.	Weight after being exposed 48 hours in a cold uninhabited room.	Weight after being exposed 72 hours in a damp cellar.
	Pts.	Pts.	Pts.
Sheep's wool - -	1000	1084	1163
Beaver's fur - -	1000	1072	1125
The fur of a Russian Hare	1000	1065	1115
Elder down - -	1000	1067	1112
Silk. Raw single thread	1000	1057	1107
Silk. Ravelings of white taffety	1000	1054	1103
Linen. Fine lint -	1000	1046	1102
Linen. Ravelings of fine linen	1000	1044	1082
Cotton wool - -	1000	1043	1089
Silver wire, very fine, gilt, and flatted, being the ravelings of gold lace	1000	1000	1000

N. B. The weight made use of in these experiments was that of Cologne, the *parts*, or least divisions, being $\frac{1}{65536}$ part of a mark, consequently 1000 of these *parts* make about $52\frac{3}{4}$ *grains troy*.

I did not add the silver wire to the bodies above-mentioned, from any idea that that substance could possibly imbibe moisture from the atmosphere; but I was willing to see whether a metal placed in air saturated with water is not capable of receiving a small addition of weight from the moisture attracted by it, and attached to its surface: from the result of this experiment, however, it should seem that no such attraction subsists between the metal I made use of and the watery vapour dissolved in air.

I was totally mistaken in my conjectures relative to the results of the experiments with the other sub-

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stances. As linen is known to attract water with so much avidity; and as, on the contrary, wool, hair, feathers, and other like animal substances, are made wet with so much difficulty, I had little doubt but that linen would be found to attract moisture from the atmosphere with much greater force than any of those substances; and that, under similar circumstances, it would be found to contain much more water; and I was much confirmed in this opinion upon recollecting the great difference in the apparent dampness of linen and of woollen clothes, when they are both exposed to the same atmosphere. But these experiments have convinced me, that all my speculations were founded upon erroneous principles.

It should seem, that those bodies which are the most easily wetted, or which receive water, in its unelastic form, with the greatest ease, are not those which in all cases attract the watery vapour dissolved in the air with the greatest force.

Perhaps the apparent dampness of linen, to the touch, arises more from the ease with which that substance parts with the water it contains, than from the quantity of water it actually holds: in the same manner as a body appears hot to the touch, in consequence of its parting freely with its heat, while another body, which is actually at the same temperature, but which withholds its heat with greater obstinacy, affects the sense of feeling much less violently.

It is well known that woollen clothes, such as flannels, &c. worn next the skin, greatly promote insensible perspiration. May not this arise principally from the strong attraction which subsists between wool and the watery vapour which is continually issuing from the human body? That it does not depend entirely upon the warmth of that covering is evident; for the same degree of warmth, produced by wearing more clothing of a different kind, does not produce the same effect.

The perspiration of the human body being absorbed by a covering of flannel, it is immediately distributed through the whole thickness of that substance, and by that means exposed by a very large surface, to be carried off by the atmosphere; and the loss of this watery vapour, which the flannel sustains on the one side by evaporation, being immediately restored from the other, in consequence of the strong attraction between the flannel and this vapour, the pores of the skin are disencumbered, and they are continually surrounded by a dry, warm, and salubrious atmosphere.

I am astonished that the custom of wearing flannel next the skin should not have prevailed more universally. I am confident it would prevent a multitude of diseases; and I know of no greater luxury than the comfortable sensation which arises from wearing it, especially after one is a little accustomed to it.

It is a mistaken notion, that it is too warm a clothing for summer. I have worn it in the hottest climates, and in all seasons of the year, and never found the least inconvenience from it. It is the warm bath of a perspiration confined by a linen shirt wet with sweat, which renders the summer heats of the tropical climates so insupportable; but flannel promotes perspiration, and favours its evaporation; and evaporation, as is well known, produces positive cold.

I first began to wear flannel, not from any knowledge which I had of its properties, but merely upon the recommendation of a very able physician (Sir Richard Jebb); and when I began the experiments, of which I have here given an account, I little thought of discovering the physical cause of the good effects which I had experienced from it; nor had I the most distant idea of mentioning the circumstance. I shall be happy, however, if what I have said or done upon the subject should induce others to make a trial of what I have so long experienced with the greatest advantage, and which I am

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confident they will find to contribute greatly to health, and consequently to all the other comforts and enjoyments of life.

I shall then think these experiments, trifling as they may appear, by far the most fortunate, and the most important ones I have ever made.

CARTMEL SANDS, IN LANCASHIRE, DESCRIBED.

By a Traveller.

ARRIVING at the peninsula, we entered upon the wide expanse of Cartmel Sands, almost nine miles across. But though these sands exceeded in extent those we had already passed, the effect was not equal to the impression we received from the first, both from the circumstance of the charm of novelty being lost, and the boundary of mountains, which lately was so grand, being now dwindled into comparative insignificance. But still the accompaniments were pleasing and curious; promontories and bays, hills and woods, villages and towns, in the distance; and numberless old women and children before us earning a scanty subsistence by digging cockles out of the sand, which they sell afterwards at two-pence per quart. A little river, flowing across the sands, soon presented itself; but it was small, and passed without the assistance of the guide, who, stationed on the margin of the Kent, took us under his protection as we passed this ford, highly dangerous to the incautious traveller, and so perilous even to the more prudent one, that from very early times the office of guide here has been an important object of public cognizance.

For many centuries the priory of Cartmel was under the necessity of providing a proper person for this charge, and received synodals and peter-pence to reimburse their expences; but since the dissolution, the dutchy of Lancaster grants it by letters patent to a trusty man, whose yearly allowance from the receiver-general is 20l. Nor should it appear, from the many accidents which have repeatedly occurred on these wastes of sand, that the precaution of a director over the fords is at all unnecessary; but larger still is the list of unfortunate people who have perished on their dreary surface, overtaken by darkness, or involved in unexpected mist. Inevitable destruction is the consequence of either of these disasters, since the moment the traveller has lost the distant marks which guide his course, diverted from the line he should pursue, he either turns towards the ocean, or, taking a contrary direction, wanders over the waste, "still more and more astray," till he is overtaken by the tide returning with an impetuosity not to be escaped, to cover the flat which for a time it had deserted.

An accident of a very melancholy nature, which nearly involved a whole family in its catastrophe, is yet fresh in the recollection of all the neighbouring country, though it occurred nearly half a century ago.

An old fisherman set out to cross the sands from Cartmel one morning, driving in his little cart his two daughters, followed by his wife on horseback, the whole party in gala dress for a day's enjoyment at Lancaster fair. Having journeyed halfway across the sands, a thick fog suddenly arose, and involved them in its darkness. The track now became obscure, and whilst the travellers were anxiously endeavouring to trace it, the water began to deepen around them. Bewildered with alarm, the poor man stopped his cart, and desiring the women to remain quiet, said he would go a few steps forward, and endeavour to trace his well-known marks. He accordingly went, but returned no more. Distracted with apprehensions for his safety, the faithful and affectionate wife would not listen to the prayers of the daughters, to hasten on from the inevitable destruction with which the rising waters

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now threatened her, but wandered about the spot where she had missed her husband, calling vainly on his name, till she was washed from her horse, and found the same common grave with him.

The sagacity of the horse saved the lives of the two young women. Perfectly petrified with grief and alarm, they lost the guidance of the animal, who, turning again into the road to Cartmel, at length brought them in safety to their homes. On the ensuing day, the bodies of the faithful old couple were found upon the sands.

ON THE NATIONAL DRESS.

A NATIONAL dress, which lays a tax on the luxury of particular prodigals, will at length also lessen the disbursements of the state, and even render the spirit of the nation more patriotic, when one dress unites all the individuals of it, and distinguishes them from other nations. It is really absurd to wear the dress of a Parisian in all climates, where the seasons, the mode of life, and the bodily frame, require a very different covering; and it is honourable with a generous disdain to refuse obedience to the sceptre of fashion, which is sometimes swayed over whole kingdoms by an opera girl, and sometimes by a taylor..... But whether in our times, with our manners, in our part of the world, such a reformation would be proper, is, I think, yet undecided.

Where a national dress is already in use, it is preserved by religion, by a barbarous contempt for foreigners, which dies away as illumination enters, by a studied jealousy of being distinguished from people of other countries, by the powerful influence of climate, by poverty, or separation from the rest of the world.

The turban and the dress of Mohammed are venerable to his descendants; the garb of the Banyans and Parses is likewise sacred to them; a jealous pride preserved the Spanish dress, in the very confines of the French, till the last century; and the Chinese clothe themselves like their fathers, because they honour their fathers with a kind of sacred reverence, and will not resemble the Tartars. In Africa the sun rules the mode, in Lapland poverty and cold; and many islands in the South Seas are a world to themselves.

What then remains for Europe? Laws and the example of princes.

Laws always press too much when they touch on the manners and usages of a people, and demand sacrifices in indifferent matters, which we have been accustomed to regulate according to our inclinations. Who would chuse to settle in a country where one general bill of fare was ordained by the government? especially if he had brought an expert cook with him from France. A perpetual intercourse between civilized nations awakes new desires, which at length become so many new wants. Only a nation that has never gone over its borders will never be desirous of foreign fashions, but neither of foreign wisdom, and this contented poverty will by no means outweigh the benefits arising from commerce, curiosity, and travel.

Therefore the example of princes. But only so long as a philosopher is upon the throne, not under the management of a vain woman, nor an upstart favourite. And who will be our voucher, that his successor will not plume himself on elegance in dress? that a brilliant retinue about his court will not please him better than a crowd of uniform monastic figures? Thus the national dress would be nothing more than a plain uniform for one single reign, but at length would be a costly uniform, as soon as the ingenuity of vanity should have practised upon it. For then the stuff must be finer, the allowed colour would assume a variety of shades, ornaments would be invented and singularity sought after, till a na-

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tional holiday-suit would be just as dear as a French one. It would then no longer be a saving to the private citizen, and perhaps, in the long run, not to the state; because, notwithstanding all possible vigilance in the officers of the customs, means would be contrived for clandestinely bringing the national dress, in more elegant forms and better materials, from abroad.

ACCOUNT OF IFFLAND, THE GERMAN DRAMATIST AND ACTOR.

THE talents of the great actor Iffland are now so much a topic of conversation in Germany, that it will perhaps not be improper to attempt displaying his dramatic character, as drawn from several of his parts.

The character of a man, as far as it shows itself by his external appearance, is one of the chief objects of scenical study. Much observation and a continual application are required, to seize and retain the distinctive marks by which the one or other trait of the character is precisely marked and expressed. But it is not enough to know exactly, and to represent truly, this distinctive mark; for instance, the peculiar character of avarice; every thing which tends to mark the contrary of it, beneficence and benevolence, must likewise be known, in order to avoid it. This separation of every thing foreign to the exhibition of the character is the highest degree of art; and the characteristic merit of Iffland's performance. He is always what he ought to be; no trait in the *vinegar-monger*, one of his favourite parts, betrays the man of breeding; no jest in Sheva, the honest Jew, is contrary to the character of a Jew. He knows perfectly how to express this character of the person by his very port and carriage. Before he utters a word, or stirs a hand, the Jew appears in Sheva; the hero in Piccolomini; the honest tradesman in Dominique; and the courtier in the father of the family. But as no actor can ever entirely disown his individual character, it follows, that his true greatness is visible within a certain compass, as far as his individual character coincides with the character of his part. It is chiefly the temper of the artist, which determines the extent of his art. Iffland's art seems to extend to all those characters which lie in the middle, between the choleric and the highest degree of the phlegmatic character, whether they are modified by roughness or education, prudence or stupidity, goodness or baseness; all those, on the contrary, which from the choleric ascend to the sanguine, seem to throw in his way new difficulties, and find some opposition in his individual character. It may be, that in these cases precisely the actor is most sensible of his skill; but I speak of the effect it produces upon the spectator.

The proper sphere of Iffland's art is the generalizing the representation of nature. His expression has general truth, though he remains still master of the individual copy. His *vinegar-monger* is not copied after one or the other man of that trade, but represents the whole class. The jests may be considered either *separately* or in a *suite*, as a whole consisting of several parts, which refer to each other. As for the latter manner of considering them, the whole may be regarded as a great compound picture, in which the acts and scenes constitute peculiar groups, which by the several moments of representation, in peculiar scenes, distinguish themselves into single figures. As in a picture all must be properly disposed to produce a whole, a general impression; so it must be likewise in dramatic representations. They must, like pictures, have their chief and secondary groups and figures, without which they would appear as a mixture of unconnected single traits, jumbled together without design. It is generally agreed that Iffland's representation resembles

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such well-arranged pictures. If we compare the whole of a performance with language, we shall find, that it is likewise susceptible of two kinds of style: it either follows, with exact truth, the sense of what is to be represented, omitting nothing nor adding any thing superfluous, and so resembles a well-arranged speech in prose; or it may, like language, be raised to a peculiar object of art, which, suiting the sense in general, the sense of the single parts is made subordinate to the position of the words and the metre. This latter style has reigned till now on the French theatre; and the bad reputation it is fallen into, must principally be attributed to the bad use the French made of it, by employing it every where, in comedy, as in tragedy. Iffland has deserved well of the German stage by drawing the public's attention to the value of this style in proper places, for instance, in his Pygmalion. But it is, perhaps, from fear of displeasing the spectator, too much accustomed to prose, that he does not entirely enter on this road, and display fully the poetical tendency of this style. As for the single parts of representation, Iffland shows himself a true artist, both by representing, not common, but ideal ennobled nature, and by a profound knowledge of man; but although the public, not of one place only, but of all those where he ever performed, agree in their opinion on these points, it is difficult and almost impossible to give a clear notion of his art to those who never saw him acting.

MOHAMMEDAN HISTORY OF THE CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

THE Mohammedans believe that the world was inhabited before the creation of man by the *genii*, and that God having ordered them to prostrate themselves before Adam, and acknowledge him as their superior, the *Peris*, or *good genii* obeyed, whilst the *bad genii*, or *Divs*, at the head of whom was *Eblis* (*the devil*) rebelled, in consequence of which they were driven from paradise, and have ever since continued the enemies of the human race. They say that God, when he resolved to create Adam, sent the angel Gabriel to the earth to bring seven handfuls of the different strata of which the terrestrial globe was composed, against which the earth remonstrated, under the apprehension that the creature for the formation of whom she was to furnish materials would rebel, and draw on her the wrath of God: Gabriel moved with compassion carried her remonstrance to heaven. Michael was then sent, and after him Asrafel, who both returning with reports of the earth's reluctancy, the Supreme Being, displeased at her obstinacy, dispatched Azrael, who seized by force the seven handfuls of her mass, and bore them to heaven: in consequence of which, Azrael, who, in the execution of this office, had displayed the stern unfeelingness of his nature, had the charge consigned to him of separating the souls from the bodies of this new creation, and thence received the appellation of the *angel of death*. From the different colours and qualities of the earths made use of in the creation of man arise, say the Mahommedans, the different colours and temperaments of his posterity.

Eblis, they add, being full of resentment against this new creature, associated himself with the *serpent* and the *peacock*, who, after various arts, having at length prevailed upon Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, the glorious robes with which they had been clothed immediately dropped off, when, struck with shame and surprise, they hid themselves among some fig-trees, where they did not long remain before they heard the awful voice of God pronouncing their banishment from paradise. They were all in consequence thrown headlong to the earth: Adam fell upon a mountain in the island of Serendib or Ceylon (now called Pico d' Adam); Eve at

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Gidda, on the Red Sea; Eblis at Missau, near Bissora; Hindostan received the peacock, and Ispahan the serpent. Adam, after suffering much as a punishment for his disobedience, was at length permitted to meet Eve on Mount Arafat, from whence he conducted her to Serendib, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

The moral of this verse seems to recommend a cheerful enjoyment of the present hour, without indulging too great curiosity, or giving way to melancholy, by thinking too despairingly on the time to come; for Adam, not contented with the delights of paradise, but wishing to pry into futurity, was suddenly punished for his presumptuous folly, and banished for ever from those mansions of bliss.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

By Stolberg.

COUNSELLOR BOCKMAN has very kindly shown us his instruments for the promoting of mechanical and experimental discoveries, and explained their uses. He possesses a large astronomical clock, constructed by the reverend pastor Hahn, which not only contains the common divisions of time, but has likewise divisions of ten, of a hundred, and of a thousand years. The spectator contemplates with pleasure the contrasted quick motion of the second hand and the thousand year hand, which turns on a small dial plate, not larger than that of a Parisian watch. The progress of the latter in fifty years is very small, so that its motion is imperceptible. The ten, hundred, and a thousand year hands are not a mere display of the art of the maker, they are of great use; for on the large dial plate, which contains all the lesser, the globes are described, and the progress of the stars denoted, so that the hands, by their combining motions, display the variations, positions, and appearances of the earth and the heavenly bodies.

We saw a watch made by Mr. Auch, of Stutgard, a scholar of the minister, Hahn. He is only six and twenty, yet, in the opinion of some, he already surpasses his master. This watch contains the divisions of time, from a second to a century. On the opposite side, on a clouded azure ground, is seen the course of the sun, and the moon, with its modes and eclipses. The artist means to improve this watch, and describe the course of Venus as a morning and an evening star. The price of the watch is only three hundred rix-dollars, which is but about half the sum paid for an English time-keeper, and which does not describe the course of the heavenly bodies.

This artist has likewise constructed an arithmetical machine, that works the most difficult questions with incredible expedition by the aid of a comprehensive table: in about five hours he worked all the sums from eleven times eleven to one hundred and sixteen times a hundred and sixteen, while an expeditious writer could scarcely copy the products fast enough *.

Mr. Auch is now, 1790, five and twenty years old, and is the son of a peasant of Wurtemburg. When a child about the age of four or five, he often rose with the sun, and diligently employed himself in mechanical pursuits. He conducted water through tubes of elder, dug wells, made conduits of quills, and about his sixth year made a pendulum clock from shingles, with a kind of English cogs, which would go tolerably for a quarter of an hour. In his tenth year he wished his schoolmaster to teach him arithmetic, in which request he was not indulged.

* The above particulars, and what follows of his life, are to be found in an essay by professor Bockman, inserted in the first part of the second volume of the *Journal der Physick*, published by Dr. Gren, professor at Halle, 1790.

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At eleven, he was permitted to stand in a corner, while the teacher heard the other scholars their lessons, all of whom he soon excelled, and was often cited by the master as an example, and as capable of working sums too difficult for the other pupils. His father wished to bind him apprentice to a barber, but for this the boy had no inclination.

At last he was brought acquainted, by his own pastor, with the Rev. Mr. Hahn, at Kornwestheim, near Ludwigsburg, who found in him a scholar as apt to learn as he was thankful for instruction. He afterwards quitted his teacher, and resided at Vaisingen, a small town in the province of Wurtemberg, where he married, and lived highly respected for his talents and his morals. He employed his leisure hours in reading, much to the improvement of his heart and understanding. Astronomical knowledge was that which he most eagerly endeavoured to acquire. He constructed a meridian line for himself, with other necessary astronomical instruments, and began, with great ardour, to observe the motions of the heavenly bodies, proceeding to draw ingenious plans, to simplify astronomical watches, and the whole system of the universe.

I have the less difficulty in sending you these anecdotes of a living artist, because I think it highly probable that this young man, who has already displayed so much genius, will hereafter make very valuable discoveries.

LATOUR D' AUVERGNE.

The following extraordinary character seems worthy of a biographical notice.

IN the engagement of the 28th of June, 1800, between the armies of Moreau and Kray, on the heights of Neuberg, was killed Latour d' Auvergne, the first grenadier of the French republic, and equally celebrated as a soldier and a man of learning. He was born at Pontivy, in Brittany, and from his early years was engaged in military studies and pursuits. He was nearly fifty years old when he died; he had been forty-five years in the army, and thirty-three in active service.

Before the present campaign, he was reduced to the half-pay of a captain, which is eight hundred francs: the present government raised him to full pay, upon which he not only subsisted, but by which he was enabled to do some acts of benevolence. Few men have carried the spirit of frugality so far. He lived upon milk and fruits; the national uniform was his dress, and he lived at Passy for several years without a servant, and in one small apartment, the sole decoration of which was his books and his arms.

Latour d' Auvergne manifested the most decisive attachment to liberty from the commencement of the revolution. He served during the whole war. In the army of the western Pyrenees, he commanded all the companies of grenadiers which formed the advanced guard; and that terrible column, called *la colonne infernale*, had almost always gained the victory by the time the main body of the army arrived on the field of battle. In the camp, in his tent, this illustrious captain lived in the midst of the grenadiers, whom he called his children, and by whom he was called father. His leisure hours were all devoted to study; and in barracks, or at the advanced posts, he had always some books near his sword. Twenty times had his hat, and his cloak, which he always kept upon his left arm in fighting, been pierced with bullets, yet Latour was never wounded. "Our captain," said the grenadiers, "has the gift of charming bullets."

Of the many extraordinary traits which rendered him famous in that army, two are very remarkable. The Spaniards had entrenched themselves in front of Bedassoa, in a stone house, from which they harrassed the advanced posts, and pre-

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vented the French from taking the famous position of the mountain of Louis XIV. It was necessary to drive them from the fortress, and Latour undertook the enterprise. He arrived at the head of the grenadiers, and amidst the fire of the enemy, before the stone house. He advanced to the gate, and, ordering the grenadiers to place their muskets in the apertures made for the garrison to fire from, he knocked at the gate, and summoned the garrison to surrender, threatening to set fire to the house if they did not. The Spaniards consented, and the place, which was nearly impregnable, was given up.

After the taking of the famous redoubts of Irun and Fontaraba, the French advanced guard arrived before St. Sebastian, a fortress situated upon a rock in the sea. Latour d' Auvergne threw himself into a skiff, and summoned the commandant to surrender. The French were only able to convey an eight pounder into the midst of these mountains. Latour d' Auvergne, feigning that he had all the artillery before the place, threatened to batter it down :....the commandant, intimidated with recent victories, and the tone of intrepidity adopted by Latour, began to listen to the demand :....but, captain, (said he,) you have not fired a single gun at my citadel: do me at least the honour to salute it; for without it you must be convinced that I cannot surrender." Latour d' Auvergne was too well acquainted with the laws of honour and war, not to accede to such a demand; he returned to camp, ordered the eight pounder to play upon the fort, which replied by a shower of grape-shot. Latour then returned to the fortress, and the keys were delivered to him. He was always summoned to councils of war. In the Pyrennees, he performed the duties of a general, but would never accept the rank. After the peace with Spain, he embarked on board a French ship to proceed to Brittanny, and was taken by the English, and carried into Bodmin in Cornwall. When he was exchanged, he returned to France, and lived in retirement at Paris. He was informed that his old friend Lebrigand, an old man of eighty, had just been separated by the requisition from his only son, whose assistance and talents were of the greatest use to him. Latour immediately went to the directory, obtained leave to replace the young man, and hastening to the army of the Rhine as a volunteer, sent back the young man to his father.

Oh what tears will not this venerable and learned old man shed to the memory of him, whom he called his redeemer! Greyhaired with incessant labour, but with all the vivacity of youth, Latour set off last year for the army in Switzerland, where he served the whole of the campaign under Massena. At length it was reserved for the first of the French generals to give to the first of their captains a recompence worthy of his great mind. Latour d' Auvergne would not wear the sword of honour before he had tried it upon the enemies of his country. Glory was his passion, his camp his element, the sciences the amusement and charm of his leisure. He was the author of a work, entitled "*Gallic Origins*," in which the greatest erudition is united with the soundest criticism, and the most animated style.

OF SOME STRANGE CUSTOMS IN USE AMONG VARIOUS NATIONS.

OF all the curious usages, whether sacred or profane, no one at first sight appears to be so irrational and unaccountable, as of men lying in bed, instead of their wives, after child-birth; and, if any thing can render the practice more absurd than it is in itself, it is the voluntary mortifications and fasts they inflict upon themselves on such occasions; a custom that has been, and is still observed by several ancient and modern nations. Another practice, no less apparently unac-

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countable, is the voluntary mutilation, particularly the amputation of a finger, on the death of a relation by consanguinity, and even on joyful occasions. I connect the history of these two sacred customs together, because both of them proceed from one and the same cause, though the former is founded on more reasons than the latter.

M. de Pauw, and Fischer, have taken the pains to collect examples from the nations of antiquity, among whom the husbands kept the lying-in weeks instead of their wives. It was customary, not only among the old Spaniards and Corsicans, and with some Mongolian races that Marco Paolo met with, but it is so at present in Bearn, for husbands, soon after the delivery of their wives, to take to their bed, to nurse the child instead of the mother, and to be attended upon like lying-in women. M. de Pauw justly rejects the opinion of Boulanger, who supposes that the husbands thus intended to do penance for having given life to such miserable beings as themselves. He thinks it more probable, that the husbands keep the weeks, as it is called, in order to show that they had as much share in the work of propagation as their wives, and to recruit their strength after the expence of it in the production of their species. In confirmation of his conjecture, he cites the testimony of Piso, that the Brazilians keep the bed instead of their wives, and are served with the richest foods, as lying-in women. To the same purpose, this sagacious writer might have appealed to a custom among the Hottentots, whereby every one that has slain a tiger rests for three days, in order to recover his lost strength. During this time allotted to repose, his wife may not come near the hero, as her caresses might retard his refreshment and invigoration.

However admissible this explication of a mysterious usage may appear, I am nevertheless convinced that M. de Pauw has not fallen on the true reason, and farther, that he has rejected, without foundation, as insufficient, the testimony of those authors who relate that the repose or the weeks of the husbands were attended with fasts and penances of various kinds. If the husbands, among several ancient nations, and among the Brazilians, take rest, and are nursed, it is not so much in a view to refresh themselves after the fatigues of enjoyment, for then they must rest and nourish themselves much earlier, but chiefly on account of the idle conceit almost universally prevalent among all unenlightened people, that the mode of life of the father has a mighty influence on the health of the child; that therefore repose and the taking of certain particular nourishment confers vigour and courage on the child; and that, on the contrary, violent exertions of the father, and the living on certain kinds of food, may spoil both the body and mind of the child.

Far more natural and better founded was the opinion of several nations, that the food and way of life of the mother might have effects, either favourable or unfavourable, on the health of the child, for which reason they generally prescribed the lying-in woman a very strict regimen. Among the Greenlanders, indeed, the father, for some weeks after the birth of a child, might not undertake any work, except the indispensable one of catching a few fish for the support of his family, lest the child should die; but the mother was obliged to be far more cautious still, not only in the rest of her conduct, but even in eating and drinking. She might not eat under the open sky, nobody might drink out of the same vessel with her, nor light a match from her lamp; nay, she herself might not for a long time cook over her own lamp.

Similar abstinences and cautions the women of Guiana were forced to observe; yet, at the same time, the fathers were kept to much harder fasts and penances than their wives. When young wives are

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brought to bed for the first time, the husbands are obliged to lie in their hammock, where scarcely any thing is given them to eat, and a morsel of cassave and a little water is their only support. After keeping this fast for some weeks, they are to undergo a severe mortification, and a servitude of several months, concerning which I shall presently speak. During this, the young husband may eat neither venison nor pork, nor any large game, neither may he hew any great piece of timber, as all this would be prejudicial to the child.

Among the Abipones, the lying-in woman abstains for a certain time from flesh; but, immediately after delivery, she goes to her work with the same alacrity as before. The husband, however, puts himself directly to bed, covers himself carefully with furs, to prevent the air from blowing rudely upon him, and abstains from several kinds of food; believing, as all the Americans do, that the health and the life of the new-born child depends on the sobriety and repose of the father. A cacique, whose wife had lately lain-in, even refrained from taking a pinch of snuff, for which the Americans, at other times, have no less avidity than for heating liquors..... Being asked the cause of this abstinence, by Dobritzhofer, he answered: "Hast thou not heard that my wife was brought to bed yesterday, and that by sneezing I should bring my new-born son into imminent danger of his life?" When a child dies suddenly, its death is always imputed to the intemperance or imprudence of the father. Either he has drunk too much chica, or eat too much swine's flesh and honey, or he has rode too violently on horseback, or crossed a river in a cold wind.

All the other tribes in Paraguay have fancies and customs of a similar nature with these; and especially the Caraibs, as well on the main land as in the Antilles. Whenever the wives of the latter lie-in, the husbands take to their bed, which is suspended from the roof of the house. Here they keep fast sometimes for five days, without taking the least sustenance in eating or drinking. In the following five days they drink a liquor that somewhat resembles our beer; and from the tenth to the fortieth day, they sustain themselves merely upon a little cassave, of which they eat only the inside. Even during the first six months, they eat neither flesh nor fish, imagining that the child would be infected with all the vices or infirmities of such animals. Accordingly, if the father were to eat of the sea-turtle, they would not have the least doubt that the child would be deaf and brainless, like those animals; or if he were to nourish himself with the flesh of such creatures as have little round eyes, that the child would have eyes of the like shape. During the whole of this time the Caraibs likewise keep apart from their wives, who indeed fast also, but not so rigorously as the husbands.

It is highly probable that many of the Mongolian tribes in Asia and Africa entertain the same notion with the Americans, that the health and advantages of new-born children are determined by the mode of life of the father: but these notions have not been remarked, as they have not been exhibited by such striking usages as among the inhabitants of the new world. However, Wolf affirms concerning the Malabars on the island of Ceylon, that they believe, that even after the begetting and conception of children, they may contribute something to their formation and perfection. For, as soon as they are acquainted with the pregnancy of their wives, they let their beard grow, as their children would otherwise be weak and effeminate.

The majority of the nations abovementioned rested and kept fast, not merely in order to avoid hurting their new-born children by excesses or too violent exertions; but they did the like, in the same view, during the sicknesses and after the death of their relations by blood;

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because they imagined, that dying people or departed souls may be disturbed or injured by the taking of certain foods, or by immoderate labours.

But almost all the American savages adopt the practice of rigorous fastings, and even of painful penances, from a totally different motive. They think to appease the malignant deities, and to hinder them from hurting their children, by such penances voluntarily undertaking. Accordingly in Guiana, when fathers have gone through their first rigorous fast, they are scratched on various parts of the body with pointed fish-bones, and not unfrequently scourged into the bargain. After these mortifications the father must abandon his wife for some months, and put himself into the service of an old Indian, where he is treated as a real slave. Likewise among the Caraibs the father is wounded all over the body with sharp teeth, and then rubbed over with brine, which puts him to still more violent pain than he felt from the wounds.

That these penances are intended to appease the wicked deities, is apparent beyond all doubt, by similar usages on the like occasions. The tribes upon the Oroonoko formerly used not only to circumcise their children, but, when they reached their tenth or twelfth year, they inflicted such serious wounds upon them, that Gumilla even saw a child die of the effects of such wounds. The Mexicans made gashes in the ears and privy-members of their new-born boys; and the inhabitants of the isle of Caput, one of the Philippines, even stick an iron nail through the glans of their children of the male sex. For the same reason probably, the Hottentots formerly took out one testicle from their male children: and among the Tapuias on Madagascar they transpierced the knees and the ears of their children.

Mortifications, of a like nature, were inflicted, as well on children as grown persons, on various other occasions. Mothers among the Guamos, on the Oroonoko, make a hole through their tongue with a sharp bone, and spit the blood that violently issues from the orifice upon their sick children, and then rub it all over the body. They daily repeat this cruel operation, till the child either dies or recovers. Among the same people, the chiefs are obliged to rub the chops of all sick persons with their own blood. Gumilla saw a chieftain, who was quite pale and emaciated from this practice, as there happened just then an epidemical disease to prevail, and the cacique had let out almost his whole mass of blood in healing his subjects, and in appeasing the malignant deities, the authors of the disease.

But they not only torment and excruciate themselves and their children at the time of births and sickness, but likewise on the first appearance of the signs of puberty, at marriages, previous to their going to the chace or on warlike expeditions, or even without any proximate cause, in a view to pacify the evil deities whose wrath they incessantly dread. Among several of the tribes of Guinea, it is the custom, as soon as the girls betray the first signs of puberty, to suspend them in a hammock, like the men at the delivery of their wives, hanging from the top of the karbet or hut. Here they must, for a certain time, keep a very strict fast, and when this is ended, their whole body is scratched all over with fish-teeth or sharpened bones. The savages of Paraguay deliver mature virgins to an old woman, who keeps them for a week on very hard fare and incessantly at work. The Tapujas in Brasil pierce a hole in the cheeks of ripe maidens, through which they blow smoke into the mouth. The islanders not far from Garcias de Dios even pierce or wound their privities when they want to be married.

It is notorious that several tribes in America abstain from their wives for several months after marriage, and often a whole year; and this abstinence is doubtless practised in

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the same design in which it was formerly observed among the christians, though not always for so long a time, and is still in use among several of the oriental christians. When the young warrior among the Natches formerly had brought down his first enemy, he abstained for six months from his wife and from eating any kind of flesh, for fear lest he should be slain by the next enemy, or otherwise die. I shall not venture to decide, whether the warrior of the same people, previous to his entrance on every expedition, took a violent emetic, in the same view in which they kept a rigorous fast after the happy issue of their enterprises. But, it is certain that the North American savages held a fast before the commencement of the chace, in order to appease or expel evil dæmons. Many of them, for the space of eight or ten days, never take even a drop of water, and, moreover, vex themselves by making incisions in various parts of their body. Nay, they even make their children fast, in order to appease the Manitus or the guardian spirit of animals.

The savages in Florida, formerly at least, solemnized annually a penance, in which the whole tribe kept fast, their priests and magicians fled into the wilderness, and the women slashed and hacked themselves, and spurted the blood into the air. The sacred virgins in Peru and Mexico are obliged to keep frequent fasts and watchings, and to lacerate their bodies, particularly to make holes in their ears. But these penances entirely vanish in comparison with those which the Mexican priests impose upon themselves. They frequently cut their cheeks quite to the bone, and then stick the instrument with which they made the wounds in their temples, that the people may see how much it costs them to appease the rage of the incensed deities, and to avert it from the tribe by the effusion of their blood. Previous to certain festivals, these priests fasted for five or six days; they drank no wine, slept little, scourged themselves with knotted whips, in which they were imitated on certain holidays by the people, and many of them made incisions on various parts of their bodies. The Negroes at this very day impose on themselves fasts nearly as rigorous, and penances to the full as austere..... Some of them lacerate their bodies, others abstain, as almost all the American savages do, from the flesh of certain animals, while others again vow an eternal chastity; a mortification of the flesh, which, to Negroes, is harder to undergo than the most painful vulnerations of their body. Now, seeing that so many nations, both of the old and new world, tormented themselves cruelly and fasted rigorously, in order to appease malignant or enraged deities, we cannot entertain a doubt that the fastings and penances of the American fathers at the birth of children were performed in a like design. And from the same motives we must derive the amputation of the finger among so many nations, which seems totally inexplicable to M. de Pauw.

As well in South as in North America, there are, or at least there formerly were, several nations, among whom it was the practice for people of both sexes, on the death of a relation, to cut off a joint from one finger of each hand; so that many persons, who were so unfortunate as to have lost several members of their family, had only five or six unmutilated fingers remaining. The same cruel custom formerly prevailed among the Hottentots, and still prevails on the Friendly Islands in the South Sea, where the subjects maim themselves whenever their chiefs are only sick. On those islands even children were thus mutilated; and at the Sandwich Islands the English met with very few persons who had not pulled out their fore teeth.

Among the cast of the Schoutres, in Hindostan, says father Le Gac, there is an extraordinary custom which I have never observed in any other cast. Whenever the first

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child of a family marries, the mother must cut off the two first joints of the two little fingers, and this religious rite is so indispensably necessary, that no mother can neglect it without being cast out from the tribe. Only the wives of the princes are exempted from the observance of this usage, who, instead of the real joints of their fingers, present an offering to the deity of two golden fingers.

Among the cast of the countrymen, relates another converter of heathens, father Le Caron, missionary in the kingdom of Carnate, or the Carnatic, it is a custom, that, when they bore their ears or contract marriage, they cut off two fingers as an offering to their idols. On such solemn occasions they are drawn in triumph to the temple, where their two fingers are cut off at one single stroke of the shears, before the image of the god. This amputation, however, may be commuted for a couple of golden fingers. Others cut off the noses of all such as fall into their power, and bring them to their princes, who give them a reward for every nose; and these noses are fixed up against the gate of the temple of a goddess.

These accounts prove incontestably, that persons of the lowest casts, in several districts of Hindostan, amputate their own fingers, and cut off the noses of others, in order to appease their deities. And if they maim themselves, in Hindostan, on occasion of marriages, why may not the Hottentots, Americans, and the islanders of the South Sea, maim themselves in the same design, on the death of their relations; especially as they are in no less dread of the wrath of departed souls than the Hindoos are of the fury of their deities? This practice of amputating the finger is to be classed with those singular customs, which we may reasonably suppose have not sprung up by chance among several nations, but that they may be ascribed to one and the same origin. I therefore presume, that this rite generally prevailed, in ancient times, among the Mongolian tribes in Asia, from whom the lowest casts in Hindostan, the Americans, the Hottentots, and even a part of the inhabitants of the Friendly isles, derive their pedigree, and in later times has been lost in many places by communication with enlightened nations.

WHY IS THE BIBLE DIVIDED NUMERICALLY INTO CHAPTERS AND VERSES?

THIS manner of subdividing the matter of a book into small verses is peculiar to the Bible, and it is the abuse of a contrivance, that was designed for an another purpose, the history and progress of which is worth considering.

The sacred books, whether Hebrew or Greek, came from the pen of their writers, and were in the hands of those for whom they were originally composed, without any division of this sort. The first need of any thing like such a division was after the Babylonish captivity: the Jews had then mostly forgotten the original Hebrew; and when it was read in the synagogue, it was found necessary to have an interpretation into Chaldee, for the use of the common people. To make this interpretation intelligible and useful, the reader of the Hebrew used to pause at short distances, while the interpreter pronounced the same passage in Chaldee; such pauses became established, and were marked in the manuscripts, forming a sort of verses, like those in our present Bibles. This division into verses was confined to the Hebrew scriptures, and to the people for whose use it was contrived; no such division was made in the translation of the Seventy, nor in the Latin version; so that the Bible used in the Greek and the Western churches was without any such division, either in the Old or New Testament.

It was, however, found necessary, in after times, to make a division and subdivision of the sacred books;

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but it was for a very different purpose; it was for the sake of referring to them with more ease and certainty. We are told that cardinal Hugo, in the thirteenth century, made a concordance to the whole of the Latin Bible, and that for this purpose of reference, he divided both the Old and New Testament into chapters, being the same that we now have. These chapters he subdivided into smaller portions, distinguishing them by the letters of the alphabet; and, by those means, he was enabled to make references from his concordance to the text of the Bible. The utility of such a concordance brought it into high repute; and the division into chapters, upon which it depended, was adapted along with it, by the divines of Europe.

This division into chapters was afterwards, in the fifteenth century, adopted by a learned Jew, for the same purpose of reference, in making a concordance to the Hebrew Bible. This was Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, who carried the contrivance a step further; for, instead of adhering to the subdivisions of cardinal Hugo, he made others, much smaller, and distinguished them, not by letters but by numbers. This invention was received into the Latin Bibles, and they make the present verses of the Old Testament. In doing this, he might possibly have proceeded upon the old subdivisions long before used for the interpretation into Chaldee. We see, therefore, that the present division of the Old Testament into chapter and verse is an invention partly christian and partly Jewish, and that it was for the sole purpose of reference, and not primarily with a view to any natural division of the several subjects contained in it.

The New Testament still remained without any subdivision into verses, till one was at length made, for the very same purpose of a concordance, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The author of this was Robert Stephens, the celebrated printer at Paris. He followed the example of Rabbi Nathan, in subdividing the chapters into small verses, and numbering them; and he printed an edition of the Greek Testament so marked. This division soon came into general use, like the former one of the Old Testament, from the same recommendation of the concordance that depended upon it; and Latin testaments, as well as Bibles, were ever after distinguished into chapters and verses.

It remained for the translators of the English Bible to push this invention to an extremity. The beginning of every chapter had been made a fresh paragraph in all the the printed Bibles; but the verses were only marked by the number, either in the margin or in the body of the matter; such minute subdivisions did not then seem fit to be made into distinct paragraphs. But the English translators, who had fled to Geneva during the persecution of queen Mary, and who published there a new translation, famous afterwards under the name of the Geneva Bible, separated every one of the verses, making each into a distinct paragraph. This new contrivance was soon received with as much approbation as the preceding; and all Bibles, in all languages, began to be printed in the same manner, with the verses distinguished into paragraphs; and so the practice has continued to the present time. A singular destiny, to which no other book has been subjected! For in all other works, the index, or concordance, or whatever may be the subsidiary matter, is fashioned so as to be subordinate to the original work; but in the Bible alone, the text and substance of the work is disfigured in order to be adapted to the concordance that belongs to it; and the notion of its being perused is sacrificed to that of its being referred to. In consequence of this, the Bible is to the eye, upon the opening of it, rather a book of reference than a book for perusal and study; and it is much to be feared, that this circumstance makes

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it more frequently used as such; it is referred to for verifying a quotation, and then returned to the shelf. What book can be fundamentally understood, if consulted only in such a desultory way! Those who extend their reading, but still regulate their efforts by the chapters, are not more likely to see the scriptural writings in the true view.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

CONCERNING the music of the ancients we know little or nothing, for want of many and authentic examples. The use which they made of their chromatic and enharmonic genera is now quite unknown; and the whole of the effect must have been caused by melody, since the arguments in favour of their having had counterpoint are superseded by those on the contrary side. And perhaps the powers of music were greatly over-rated from her inseparable union with poetry.

On the other hand, if the following hypothesis be admitted, we may be induced to entertain a higher opinion of the excellence of ancient music, than can be derived from any arguments I have hitherto seen on the subject. The hypothesis I mean is, that old national tunes are the degenerate remains of the music of the ancients. They bequeathed us their instruments, and consequently the manner of playing on them. With their instruments we necessarily received their music. The scale in which the Irish and Scotch tunes are composed, is the the same with that of some Chinese instruments and music, which favours the opinion of its high antiquity; the Chinese being remarkably tenacious of old customs, and averse to innovations. This scale also (as Dr. Burney happily remarks) bears a striking resemblance to the old enharmonic genus, which is in fact the same notes, only in the minor key. The cadence ascending to the key note by a whole tone in national music, is one of the many characteristics of antiquity, or of the imitations of antiquity, and is found in the old ecclesiastical Romish chants, supposed remains of ancient melody, and in the few fragments which are preserved of Greek music. Old national tunes of most countries may be traced to a very high antiquity, if we chuse to rely on the accuracy of traditional veracity as to facts, and of traditional accuracy as to the preservation of such tunes.

There is a Scandinavian tune of great antiquity, set to words which are attributed to Odin himself! This tune consists of only four notes, E, F, G, A; the four first which were invented, and the four constituent sounds of the first invented tetrachord of the diatonic genus. This and all other ancient tunes will be found far more excellent than the less ancient tunes manifestly composed in imitation of them. And hence we may, I think, very reasonably infer, that the music of the ancients was more pure, expressive, and simple than our's; which, on the other hand, possesses excellencies unknown to the ancients....harmony, fugue, and imitation; excellencies which it is folly to depreciate.

After music had been deprived of rhythm for the use of the early christian church, it was long ere it arrived at a second state of perfection. In the chants of the Romish church, the supposed remains of the heathen sacred music, there was indeed a sublimity in the character and intervals of the melody, which has never since been equalled; but which Tallis has imitated in his litany, and on which as a canto fermo, Bird, Leo, and other great masters, have constructed many glorious compositions. After the invention of harmony, in the eleventh century, for the barbarous combinations used before the time of Guido do not deserve the name, its progress of improvement was very gradual, and almost imperceptible; and with whatever veneration we may re-

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gard that great luminary of the fifteenth century, and father of harmony, Josquin de Prez, yet, on trying his music, we must own that its merit is rather comparative than positive; his splendour having been greatly eclipsed by the bright constellations of musical excellence which arose in the sixteenth century, among which we must regard as luminaries of the first magnitude, our countrymen Tallis, Bird, and Farrant, the second of whom has never been exceeded in the masterly contexture of many distinct parts closely sustaining a subject; and Perluigi di Palestrina, or Præneste, who advanced the improvement of his art to a greater degree than any cotemporary church composers, by the sweetness of his melodies, and the free and natural motion of his parts. The madrigals of the above masters, and of Morley, Weelkes, M. Este, G. Converso, and above all, of Luca Marenzio, have never been equalled. The excellence of a madrigal consists in the subjects being well sustained, natural, varied, and relieved with episodes and counter-subjects, the parts being well employed and flowing, the melody *chantant* and vocal, the harmony rich and clear, and the modulation natural and easy. If the glees of this or any other age be compared with those of the 16th century, they will be found inferior in each of these respects. Orlando Gibbons, who flourished in the seventeenth century, composed in the style of the sixteenth, and his full anthems and services will serve as a model to long posterity. A new field of improvement was opened in the early part of the seventeenth century, by the great attention to expression, and by the invention of recitative, of the cantata, of the oratorio and the opera. Carissimi excelled in almost every species of composition extant in his time, and his productions are in general as superior to those of his numerous imitators, as an original poem is to a translation. Purcell was likewise a most original composer, and excelled in a variety of styles. At the time in which these great masters lived, expression, especially of the pathetic kind, was carried to its greatest degree of excellence. If the music of the present day is more brilliant, chearful, and animated, it is less pathetic, dignified, and solemn. If the cadences in recitative are less formal, and bear a stronger resemblance to a period of elocution now than formerly, they are, however, less melodious and more vulgar. The truly vocal melodies in the cantatas of Stradella, Al. Scarlatti, and Cesti, were the fountains of all succeding beautiful airs; and the sacred motetti of Carissimi, and anthems of Purcell were the perfection of church music, which since their time has been, I think, gradually on the decline. The seventeenth century was the golden age of music, for to the before-mentioned names, those of Keifer, Colonna, Durante, Allegri, Benevoli, Steffani, Marcello, Leo, Luigi Rossi, and Corelli, may be added; all great composers of various styles. The only improvement which church music seems to have received in the eighteenth century was from the organ and other fugues of Handel, which surpass in the subjects themselves, as well as in the manner of treating them, those of Sebastian Bach, Froberger, and every other fuguist. Oratorio music, viz. choral music, with instrumental accompaniments, was certainly brought to its greatest perfection in the eighteenth century, by Pergolesi, Baron D'Astorga, Leo, the two Grauns, Jomelli, Hasse, and above all by Handel; and the opera was rapidly advancing to perfection by the above-mentioned composers, and also by Porpora, Caldara, Lotti, Telemann, Vinci, Jomelli, Gretry, Sacchini, Gluck, Piccini, and Sarti. And the names of Paisiello and Cimarosa rescue the present age from the imputation of degeneracy. Instrumental music seems now nearer perfection than at any former period. Handel and Geminiani composed music which was far superior to that of Corelli. Tartini invented

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numberless beauties, which have been the admiration and objects of imitation to most of the early composers of the modern style. But the modern concert symphonies of Haydn, Pleyel, and Kozeluch, surpass them all in brilliancy, invention, and instrumental effect. Instrumental chamber music too is certainly not on the decline. The quartetts of Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, are far better calculated for the chamber than the trios of Corelli or Handel. And, if the modern piano-forte sonatas have not the wildness and originality of Dom. Scarlatti's harpsichord music, they are more methodical, more melodious; and in some *adagios*, particularly Kozeluch's, the air is so *cantabile* and expressive, as to seem to be the perfection of that style of music. Vocal chamber music is, perhaps, not in so flourishing a condition. In cantatas the accompaniment should not be too predominant, which, it is to be feared, is the case in many instances; and no modern vocal chamber music is to be compared with the cantatas of Carissime, Stradella, Cesti, L. Rossi, Al. Scarlatti, Bononcini, Lotti, Hasse, Durante, and Pergolesi. The songs of Purcell should not be forgotten, and the elegant cantatas of Sarti. Thus it appears that church, oratorio, and vocal chamber music are on the decline; and that opera, concert, and instrumental chamber music are nearly in a state of perfection.

REMARKS ON PUNISHMENT, WITH SEVERAL CURIOUS EXAMPLES.

By Dr. Lettsom.

MANY of our legal punishments have long appeared to me more likely to harden than to reform the offender, not only by the inequality of punishments in proportion to the degrees of vice, but still more by their publicity. By exposure to the general notice, the perpetrator of a crime endeavours to acquire hardiness, that he may destroy shame, and brave disgrace; to retrieve reputation is now almost impracticable; he feels himself disregarded by society, and he disregards it; nor does he longer feel an interest, where he receives no social gratification; and whether it be a public whipping or the public hulks, he loses shame and remorse, and acquires the passions of revenge and cruelty, and a habitual profligacy of conduct.

In society in general, mankind are too apt to form their decisions of vice from the vicious act itself, rather than from the motives that lead to it, whilst our decisions and punishments should rather be guided by the latter. We may, perhaps, in general, justly plead our incompetency of ascertaining motives to action; but in certain instances, and under circumstances which precede or attend actions, very different shades of criminality will be discovered, and ought to influence both judgment and chastisement; there are even vices, or supposed vices, which seem to vibrate from a false shame, or mistaken integrity. The impoverished husband, upon whom the sustenance of a family depends, may privately steal, or boldly rob, from the urgency of domestic sensibility, without a malicious design to commit a real or permanent injury against another.

Persons of superior stations, who, from incidental contingencies, become suddenly destitute of resources for present subsistence, may be urged, by a kind of honest frenzy, to rob on the highway, to discharge debts of necessity, or to supply calls of hunger, and thus forfeit their lives to the laws of their country from mistaken, rather than vicious motives. Such individuals are not irreclaimable, and at all times demand commiseration. One instance, which lately occurred to my knowledge, among some others equally extraordinary, I shall relate to explain this reasoning:.....It was my lot, a few years ago, to be attacked

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on the highway by a genteel-looking person, well mounted, who demanded my money, at the same time placing a pistol to my breast. I requested him to remove the pistol, which he instantly did; I saw his agitation, from whence I concluded he had not been habituated to this hazardous practice; and I added that I had both gold and silver about me, which I freely gave him; but that I was sorry to see a young gentleman risk his life in so unbecoming a manner, which probably would soon terminate at the gallows; that, at the best, the casual pittance gained on the highway would afford but a precarious and temporary subsistence, but that if I could serve him by a private assistance, more becoming his appearance, he might farther command my purse; and, at the same time, I desired him to accept a card, containing my address, and to call upon me, as he might trust to my word for his liberty and life. He accepted my address, but I observed his voice faultered. It was late at night; there was, however, sufficient star-light to enable me to perceive, as I leaned towards him on the window of my carriage, that his bosom was overwhelmed with conflicting passions; at length, bending forward on his horse, and recovering the power of speech, he affectingly said: "I thank you for your offer....American affairs have ruined me....I will, dear sir, wait upon you."

Two weeks afterwards, a person entered my house, whom I instantly recognized to be this highwayman. "I come," said he, "to communicate to you a matter that nearly concerns me, and I trust to your honour to keep it inviolable." I told him I recollected him, and I requested him to relate his history with candour, as the most effectual means of securing my services; and such was the narrative, as would have excited sympathy in every heart.

His fortunes had been spoiled on the American continent, and, after a long imprisonment, he escaped to this asylum of liberty, where his resources failing, and perhaps with pride above the occupation of a sturdy beggar, he rashly ventured upon the most dreadful alternative of the highway, where, in his second attempt, he met with me.

I found his narrative was literally true, which induced me to try various means of obviating his distresses. To the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers application was made, but fruitlessly; at length he attended at Windsor, and delivered a memorial to the queen, briefly stating his sufferings, and the cause of them. Struck with his appearance, and pleased with his address, she graciously assured him of patronage, provided his pretensions should, on enquiry, be found justified. The result was, that in a few days she gave him a commission in the army, and by his public services twice has his name appeared in the Gazette among the promotions *.

The following history of a convict was related by Mr. Livius, a native of New Hampshire, in America, and then chief justice of Quebec under general Carleton.

He was then in London, and on reading a morning paper, he observed a paragraph to the following import: "To-morrow the noted house-breaker, Cox, with ****, of Piscataway, in New Hampshire, for returning from transportation, will be executed at Tyburn." The chief justice had never seen Newgate; and observing that a person from his own native country was condemned to expiate his crimes on the gallows, was induced to visit this prison, and see his countryman. His relation was nearly, as I can recollect, (for the transaction happened about the year 1780), was, however, too interesting ever to be obliterated from my memory. The convict had been an American sailor,

* After some years employment in the service of his sovereign, this valuable officer fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the West Indies.

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and passing in a boat from the ship lying off Wapping to the shore, the boatman informed him that he could sell him some canvas, sufficient to make him a hammock, very cheap; the price was sixteen shillings; within a short period afterwards, he was arrested for purchasing stolen goods, and proof being adduced to the court that the canvas was worth twenty-four shillings, he was condemned to be transported to America, then under the crown of Great-Britain; this, he said, he did not much regard, as he could work his way thither, from his seamanship, and his family lived in New Hampshire.

Some time after his arrival in America, as a transport, he hired himself in a vessel chartered to Lisbon, and which he understood was not to touch in England. The agent at Lisbon, however, received orders, from a merchant in London, to load the vessel for the latter port; this at first alarmed him greatly, but he reconciled himself to the voyage under a resolution never to go on shore whilst on the river Thames: he kept this resolution till the day before the vessel was appointed to sail; upon which occasion the captain had given all his men the privilege of going on shore, and taking leave of their acquaintance; the unfortunate American was the only sailor who did not accept this offer; the captain remained also on board, and recollecting something that he wanted in the town, requested the only seaman he had with him to take the small boat, and scull her on shore, to procure what he then wanted; he made some frivolous excuses, till at length, by the persuasion of his captain, he consented to go on his errand; but scarcely had he stept on shore, before he was recognised and arrested. In the presence of the judge he was identified, and the gallows was his sentence. Chief justice Livius observing to him, that he seemed to have some comfortable food in his cell, enquired how he could afford to purchase it; he replied, that a person, he believed a Roman catholic clergyman, gave him money, in hopes of his dying a papist; "but," added he, "I am no papist in my heart," and as to dying, I have hardships enough not to care so much about it as about my wages, which I want my wife and children to receive for me. He was asked if he knew Mr. Livius' family, which he described immediately.

The whole history appeared to the chief justice to merit further investigation; and instantly he proceeded to enquire respecting the circumstances attending the chartering and sailing of the ship; and also, the particulars of the original trial, and subsequent sentence, which corresponding with the sailor's narration, the worthy magistrate hastened to lord Weymouth's office, and thence to the king, at Windsor, and returned to London just in time to stay the fatal rope. After the trials and circumstances attending them were revised, the king was pleased to change the sentence to transportation during his natural life, and he was shipped off from London, soon after this act of mercy. Livius, however, who felt a lively interest in the fate of his countryman, whom he believed guilty from ignorance, and not from design, renewed his importunities, and at length got an order for pardon; he hurried with the glad tidings down the river, and overtook the convicts at Gravesend, where he found on board the transport ship the poor sailor chained to another convict. The order from the secretary's office was shown to the captain, who absolutely refused to resign him agreeably to the pardon, because he had received these convicts from Mr. Akerman, to whom alone he was answerable, and that the prisoners were no longer under the jurisdiction or controul of a secretary of state. Disappointed as Mr. Livius was in the prospect of liberating the prisoner, he hastened to town again, and got a proper legal order from the late humane

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Akerman; he then hired a Gravesend boat, and did not overtake the transport till he arrived at the Nore, whence he conveyed the convict to London, where a few merchants on 'Change, on hearing the whole transaction, collected sixteen guineas, with which the tar, honest in principle, sailed a free man to the American continent.

A second time I was attacked and robbed, and at the instant seized the criminal, whom I knew; he fell on his knees, and returned the money he had taken from me, and prayed forgiveness. I told him I could not commute felony; he must instantly depart, and advised him to go to sea, and never suffer me to see him again. About two years afterward, on visiting a person in the country, I met with this offender. Upon enquiring into his situation, I found that he had since been maried, and was become a respectable farmer.

I have been since repeatedly attacked and robbed, but after the most friendly expostulation with the robbers, I could not persuade them to listen to advice, or ever afterwards call upon me as the highwayman did. In one of these instances, the party consisted of five footpads, in another of even more in number, but in neither of these did I receive any personal ill-usage; and I think from their behaviour, had they dared to postpone their retreat till they had heard the whole of my expostulation, some conviction and submission would have resulted.

Certain, however, it is, that the man rescued by the efforts of chief justice Livius, as well as the person who robbed me on the highway, had forfeited their lives to the laws of this country; and that all were casually, not legally, saved from expiating their crimes on a gallows. It is equally remarkable, that each became useful members of the community, in different situations; namely, in the military, the naval, and agricultural departments; these circumstances strongly plead in favour of a sentiment worthy of every humane breast, that, in judging of actions, we should endeavour to discriminate motives, and form our judgment from the most lenient and favourable construction.

VARIETIES.

MISREPRESENTATION COMMON IN ACCOUNTS OF SIEGES.

LE CLERC properly introduces, as an illustration of the absurdities and inconsistencies into which a historian is betrayed by national partiality, the example given by Polybius of a narration in Philinus, who, after saying that the Romans were defeated with great loss by the Syracusans and the Carthaginians in two sallies from Messina, goes on to relate, that after these actions, both Hiero, king of Syracuse, and the Carthaginians, broke up their camps before Messina, retreated in haste, abandoning several forts, and all the open country, and never again in that campaign dared to face the Romans, who, on their parts, laid siege to Syracuse....plain proofs that all the advantage had really been to the Romans! This fact leads me to observe, that there is no case in which opposite representations of the same thing are so easily made, as in the accounts of sallies from besieged towns. The purpose of the besieged is usually to gain some particular point; to destroy a battery, beat up a post, facilitate the entrance of a convoy, and the like. When this is effected, it is their business to retreat, in which they are pretty sure to be pursued by the besiegers, when recovered from their first alarm. While the besieged, therefore, can boast of the complete success of their sally, the besiegers can equally boast that they repelled and drove them back, probably with loss. And there is never a campaign in which we do not meet with this apparent contrariety in the relations of the different parties.

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ETIQUETTE.

Whence comes the word etiquette ?

INSCRIPTION VARIOUSLY INTERPRETED.

Some Gothic carvings in stone were removing from an appurtenance to the cathedral of Paris. A horned man's head occurs, with the letters C*RNU. Montfaucon examines it, has it engraved, writes learned dissertations, and proves it to be the Druidical god Kernunnus; although the Druids had no idols, and worshipped, says Cæsar, only the sun, moon, and fire. Leibnitz undertakes it next: it now becomes the Frankish god, February, or Hornung; and his readers learn, that *keren* in Hebrew, *keras* in Greek, *cornu* in Latin, and *cern* in Breton, all signify *horn*. At length, some one observes that the deficient letter was an O; that the word thus completed, is very plain French, signifying *a cuckold;* that the monks frequently adorned their cloisters with drolleries, and that the clumsy sculptor might well think it necessary to write names under his figures. Almost every one was satisfied, except Leibnitz and Montfaucon.

EXTRAORDINARY DOG.

In 1712, a dog was shown at Leipzig, which could articulate all the alphabet, but *m*, *n*, and *x*.

DYADIC ARITHMETIC.

The dyadic arithmetic proposes to express all numbers by two characters, 1 and 0. The value of 1 is to double at every remove into a preceding column. Thus, 1 is represented by 1, 2 by 10, 4 by 100, and 8 by 1000; 3 is represented by 11, 5 by 101, 6 by 110, 7 by 111, 9 by 1001, and 10 by 1010. Thus far nothing seems to be gained but simplicity: and there is a grievous loss of brevity. But in the huge numbers of the mathematicians this inconvenience was to fall away: and the complex operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, were to sink into mere transcription.

RELIGIOUS COALITION.

Adam Neuser a minister in the Palatinate, seriously proposed a coalition between the anti-trinitarian christians and the Turks.

MAGLIABECCHI.

Magliabecchi was so fond of books that he chose to be always in contact with them: he paved his staircase with volumes, in order to walk up and down upon them, and had no other bedstead than his folios.

POPE PIUS VI.

Every new elected pope is greeted with the formule, *Sancte Pater, non videbis annos Petri.* Peter, as catholic annalists tells us, was pope exactly twenty-four years, five months, and ten days. None of his successors so nearly approached him in the duration as his office of Adrian I, who is said to have been pope about twenty-four years. Pius VI was elected pope on the 15th of February, 1775, and crowned on the 22d of the same month. Those who are inclined to believe in the popedom of Peter, and in the length of his reign, and to confide in the efficacy of formules sanctioned by long established usage, will easily find the prediction verified likewise in the person of Pius VI, if he suppose his popedom to have terminated at the time of his being carried away from Rome, in which case, he indeed comes the nearest to Peter in the duration of his episcopate, but does not altogether attain it. However, as the Romanist must acknowledge him as pope to the time of his death, no deposition or abdication having taken place, it appears that Pius VI possessed the see of Rome longer than Peter. But perhaps orthodox chronologists may find

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means to add to the number of years which Peter is supposed to have sitten in the episcopal chair of Rome: to others it is a matter of indifference.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE USE OF THE AFFUSION OF COLD WATER.

By Henry Reeve, Student.

FROM the writings of learned men, and the most authentic historical records, it appears, that no nation, however barbarous and uncivilized, has yet been discovered totally unacquainted with diseases and the knowledge of remedies. The various circumstances that might lead to the discovery of medicinal virtues and powers, are with difficulty ascertained; but the learned Dr. Cullen has suggested, that the rude and ignorant must have been directed to the invention of remedies by the instincts arising in certain diseases, by accidental observation, or by random trials, to which pain and uneasiness often lead. It seems probable, therefore, that cold water has been in the list of remedies among all nations from the earliest ages. The use of water as a common drink, and its being so well adapted by nature for the various purposes of the animal economy, must soon have attracted attention for the cure of diseases; and as bathing has been universally practised, experience has proved that the external use of it is no less beneficial and safe.

If we look into the old writers on physic, we shall find that cold water has been recommended and employed in fevers in the most ancient times: and it might have been expected, from its well-known properties and good effects, that the use of it would have continued, and have been brought into general practice; but it has sometimes been highly extolled, and at another time almost totally neglected, which must be imputed to practitioners in physic searching after more compound remedies, and therefore despising the simplicity of water; and, moreover, to their observing it prove very useful in some instances, yet attended with pernicious consequences from misapplication in other cases.

These trifling observations were occasioned by reading the following remark in a late classical and ingenious publication "On the Effects of Water in Fevers and other Disorders," by Dr. Currie. After enumerating the effects and advantages of the affusion of cold and warm water, in chap. x, p. 75, the doctor goes on to say: "The practice of giving cold water as a drink in fevers, was common among the ancients; and immersion in cold water they occasionally employed, but the *affusion of it* on the surface of the body seems to have been *wholly unknown*. Ablution of the surface with cold water was first practised in modern times at Breslaw, in Silesia, as appears from a dissertation, by I. G. de Hahn, under the title of Epidemia verna quæ Wrateslaviam, anno 1737, afflixit."

It would be needless to cite the numerous instances that might be adduced of the use of cold water in fevers, inflammations, &c. from the oldest authors; and as the external use of it, in the way of ablution and affusion, seems to have been doubted, and not generally known, I shall humbly attempt to prove that it was both known and practised long before the epidemic in Silesia.

The first author who notices the use of water in diseases, together with almost every thing important to the science of medicine, is Hippocrates, who appears to have been a strenuous advocate for the use of it, both as an internal and external remedy. It may be remarked, however, that Hippocrates in his account of epidemics, which is wholly employed in treating upon fevers, delivers the particular history of the disease, and rarely mentions the remedies. We are, therefore, not able confidently to decide, whether

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he always used the cold affusion in cases of fever; although we may conclude that it was not neglected or disregarded by him, since we find in case 7, book 1, the patient drank largely of cold water, and had it poured upon his head, which moderated the delirium, and he became rational and recovered, having at the same time a critical hemorrhage from the nose. Sir John Floyer, in his Psychrolusia, or History of Cold Bathing, has observed, that Hippocrates describes, in his Aphorisms, the virtues of hot and cold water, without mentioning affusions, fomentations, or baths; but the το ψυχρόν or το θερμόν, relate to all of them equally. The term used by Hippocrates is καταλυσμος or καταχυσις, which signifies perfusion, or affusion, and was performed by a servant, who poured the water upon those persons who were recommended to try its effects in various diseases; and the same virtues are ascribed by him to this method as to cold baths. If the internal use of cold water was only known to Hippocrates, he would not have given directions about affusions, lotions, and fomentations, as he has done in his tracts upon the use of liquids, and upon the diet in acute diseases; and especially as the latter part of the tract *De Liquidorum Usu*, is entirely upon the effects of καταχυσις, or affusion. Besides, it seems probable that he was well acquainted with the necessary cautions to be attended to in applying the affusion, since, to supply the deficiency of thermometrical observations, he advises the skin of the patient, or of the person who pours on the water, to be the criterion of the degree of cold or heat; and he cautions against proceeding to any great excess, which might prove injurious. In the cure of typhus, he advises to refrain from immersion for the first few days, but recommends cloths wetted with cold water to be applied where the patient complains most of heat; which method answers to the *lavatio frigida*, as practised by Dr. Gregory at Edinburgh. Hippocrates, after mentioning the advantages of drinking and bathing in cold water, observes that it produces more powerful effects by affusion, δυναστερον καταχυσιν; and as he has studiously avoided the appearance of empiricism, by combining reasoning with events, he thought the cold water produced heat and sweat, and that the heat cured the diseases for which the use of water was most effectual.

Although Asclepiades, Celsus, Galen, and many other old authors, have noticed the use of cold water, it does not appear that they generally understood the affusion of it upon the surface of the body, or that such a mode of applying it was in great repute among them. Yet we find Aritæus, in his chapter *De Curatione Phreniticorum*, advises the liberal affusion of cold water upon the patient; and Galen also practised ablution in ardent fevers; and in *lib.* x, *de Methodo Medendi*, he has laid down rules for the proper application of it. And other writers have recommended, in vertigo and inveterate head-achs, *ut caput frigida aqua perfundant*. The antiquity of the external application of cold water may perhaps be further illustrated, by the relation of Augustus Cæsar's case, as mentioned in his life by Suetonius: "*Cum etiam distillationibus jecinore vitiato ad desperationem redactus, contrariam et anciphitem rationem medendi necessario subiit, quia calida fomento non proderant, frigidis curari coactus, auctore Antonia Musa.*"—Sueton. lib. ii.

History informs us, that the American Indians have always practised cold immersion for the cure of fevers, to which they are particularly subject; nor is this practice confined to warm climates, since the northern nations make use of that custom, both for the prevention and cure of diseases. The affusion and ablution of the body might first take its origin from the custom of purifying the body with water, in great esteem among the patriarchs, and imitated from them by the Egyp-

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tians, Greeks, and Romans; and the use of it, probably, became more general at the introduction of christianity, when the ceremony of baptism was universally practised by what was called the trine immersion, or by placing the persons in the font, and pouring water on their heads and bodies three times. In a work published about the beginning of the present century, entitled Psychrolusia, or history of Cold Bathing, by sir John Floyer and Dr. Baynard, the use of cold water applied to the surface of the body is much recommended and insisted upon, for the cure of almost all diseases; and although that book partakes too much of what would justly be called medical enthusiasm, yet it contains many important facts and useful observations. It seems rather remarkable that Dr. Currie should not have referred to this book among others which he has noticed, since it would have furnished some striking facts of no small consequence to his ingenious theory and judicious practice. Dr. Baynard mentions many cases of persons who have leaped into a pond, or any other water, in their delirium from fevers, and not one ever received any harm, but were thereby presently cured. And he adduces instances of manaical persons being plunged into cold water, and having ten or twelve pails of water thrown over them during the paroxysm of insanity; and refers to a remarkable case related by Dr. Willis, in his *Chapter de Delirio & Phrenitide*, where the same means were used with equally good success. No other work of importance, concerning the application of cold water to the human body, appeared till the year 1785, when an ingenious essay was published by Mr. Rigby, of Norwich, "On the Theory and Production of Animal Heat, and its Application in the Treatment of Diseases." As far as relates to the simple abstraction of heat from the surface, the author of that essay seems to have said as much as has been since repeated by Dr. Currie and others; and the observations it contains upon the treatment of cutaneous diseases, especially small-pox, scarlatina, and measles, and local inflammations, are valuable, and deservedly claim attention. Hence it appears, that the external use of cold water has been known and practised from the earliest periods down to the present time; and this practice has not arisen as the mere suggestion of hypothesis, or the product of speculative enquiry, but has been established and confirmed by long experience.

Yet, after all that can be found in ancient authors upon the affusion in fevers and other diseases, it will be readily acknowledged that their practice was unconfirmed, and the conclusions drawn from their experience were vague and uncertain. And it will be as readily acknowledged, that we are greatly indebted to Dr. Currie, who, by a diligent investigation, conducted with judgment and accuracy, has corrected the errors and supplied the defects of preceding writers, and has been a valuable agent in establishing the use of a remedy in the art of medicine, endued with the most efficacious properties, and admirably calculated to produce the greatest benefit to all mankind.

PICTURE OF LONDON.

AS the prevailing characteristics of polished life take their impression from example held forth by persons of exalted rank in society; so the customs, opinions, amusements, and propensities, of the community at large may be said to derive their leading features from the pursuits and pleasures which are practised and tolerated in the metropolis of a kingdom.

As London is the great emporium of commerce, it is also the centre of attraction for the full exercise of talents, and the liberal display of all that can embellish the arts and sciences. It is not, however, to be

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denied, that the very finest powers of intellect, and the proudest specimens of mental labour, have frequently appeared in the more contracted circles of provincial society. Bristol and Bath have each sent forth their sons and daughters of genius; the universities have been the schools of classical refinement, the nurseries of the muses, the treasuries of literary lore, during many centuries: Exeter has also its phalanx of enlightened scholars, its poets, its philosophers; while the county of Devon may boast the birth of Sir Joshua Reynolds; Coleridge, the exquisite poet; Wolcott, the unequalled satirist; Northcote, Cosway, Kendall, Tasker, Mrs. Cowley, and many others of deserved celebrity.

Somersetshire had its Chatterton; it still has its Southey. Indeed there is scarcely a city, or even a town, of any considerable population throughout the kingdom, which has not displayed a constellation of some importance on the broad hemisphere of intellectual splendour. Yet, the lustre of these luminaries accumulates and collects itself into a focus of dazzling light, which has for ages, and will, amidst all the glooms of prejudice or oppression, shed its increasing glory round the metropolis of England.

The wide expansion of literature has been an augmenting fountain of knowledge ever since priestcraft and bigotry became palsied by those energies of mind which have, of late years, burst forth with an invincible and gigantic dominion. Every man, nay, almost every woman, now reads, thinks, projects, and accomplishes. The force of human reflection has taken off the chain which once shackled the mind; and the poorest peasant is now enabled to trace the language of truth, in pages calculated by the plainest doctrines and the most rational reasoning to awaken, enlighten, harmonize, regulate, and refine the human understanding.

London is the busy mart of literary traffic. Its public libraries, its multitudes of authors, its diurnal publications, and its scenes of dramatic ordeal, all contribute to the important task of enlarging and embellishing the world of letters. The press daily teems with works of genius, and the public eye is ever on the watch for productions of every species, calculated either to amuse, instruct, astonish, or enlighten. It is true, that the hordes of vapid writers are multitudinous: but the judgment of the public turns with disgust from the dull, the vain, the feeble, and the licentious scribbler; the puny novelist, who dresses the coarse satire of malevolence in the borrowed trappings of other authors; the vapid rhymester, who versifies without evincing even the shadow of poetic inspiration; and the traveller, who never journeyed beyond the confines of his native country:....while it fosters and draws forth the genuine unsophisticated effusions of genius, learning, and philosophy.

The metropolis presents such an extensive field for the display of talents, that the observer is bewildered where to choose its samples of superior excellence. Literature, in all its branches, has claimed the laurel; and the distinctions of fame have not been confined either to rank, sex, or profession. Yet the tree of knowledge has flourished spontaneously; for patronage has been frigid; and the lot of the sons and daughters of the muses has been too often marked by neglect, or chequered by calamity. Men and women of superior literary endowments are rarely seen at the tables of the wealthy and ennobled. The most obscure habitations have known no cheering ray, excepting that which mental lustre has diffused; and even our prisons have been illumined by the brilliancy of talents which would have spread the brightest radiance round the throne of Britain.

Works of extensive thought and philosophical research have been watched with more malevolence than justice. Political restrictions

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have been enforced, to warp the public taste; and the gigantic wings of reason have, at times, been paralyzed by their augmenting severity. Still the libraries of the learned, the liberal, and the philanthropic, are open to the works of those who promote that universal good, originating in expansion of mind; and the productions of some living authors, both male and female, will in future ages embellish the literary annals of the British empire.

The open schools of public manners, which exhibit at all times the touchstone of the public mind, are the theatres. It is true that the scenic art has been debased by the most vapid buffoonery; that true taste has been cheated into a momentary deviation from its natural tenour, by the splendour of pantomimical pageants, and the broad caricature of vulgar personification; yet we have seen refinement pleasingly presented in the very extent of fashionable attire, and the heart has melted with sympathy at scenes pathetically created by a romantic imagination. The dramatic boards have not been exclusively dedicated to productions of this species; for though the elegant and polished have smiled through the lively scenes, and applauded the brilliant wit of a Sheridan; though manners have been delineated with a free and capable pencil by a Burgoyne, a Morton, a Reynolds, an Inchbald, and a Cowley; though taste has at times turned from our own rich and national feast of rational sentiment, to sicken itself on the high-seasoned treat of a German salmagundi; still we have seen, in the characters of a Penruddock and a De Montfort, such tenderness, such harmony of colouring, such powers of discrimination and such expansion of thought, as would have added a new tribute to the laurels of an Otway. Ought we not to blush then, when we reflect, that some of our very first literary and dramatic writers stoop from their own native eminence, to follow the footsteps, and adorn their brows with wreaths the produce, of other less gifted, less enlightened, labourers in the wide field of literary emulation?

The theatres have, frequently, exhibited the most sublime efforts of the dramatic art, with advantages that are scarcely to be paralleled. The astonishing powers of a Kemble and a Siddons, the magical fascinations of a Jordan, have been the source of wonder and delight to the discriminating of all nations who have visited the metropolis; while, by their exertions, even the most glaring violations of probability, and the most absurd experiments of a vitiated taste, have frequently passed current with the multitude.

Perhaps, on the habitable globe there is not a more splendid assemblage of dramatic talents than is to be found at this period on the British stage. And if the authors of the present day condescend to mingle with genuine wit the buffoonery of dulness; it is because reflection flies to the theatres to forget the terrific scenes of warfare, and the gloomy intricacies of political manœuvre. Man, when he is oppressed with melancholy bordering on despondency, flies to the broad outline of boisterous mirth: the finer and more delicate minutiæ of sentiment, and the sweet, the interesting, realities of domestic life, with their richer adornments of sighs and tears, may soften the mental pain, but will not extract the deeply driven thorns of disappointment. The mind which is absorbed in the contemplation of public events, has no leisure to cherish the meliorating powers of sober, rational delight....It is in the solitude of peaceful thought alone that man becomes something far above the common herd of humanity.

To be continued.

MANNERS OF MONKIES.

MONKIES are generally peaceable enough among each other. In extensive, solitary, and fertile places,

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herds of different species sometimes chatter together, but without disturbance, or any confusion of the race. When, however, adventurous stragglers seem desirous of seeking their fortunes in places where another herd is in possession, these immediately unite to sustain their rights. M. de Maisonpré, and six other Europeans, were witnesses to a singular contention of this nature in the enclosures of the pagodas of Cheringam. A large and strong monkey had stolen in, but was soon discovered. At the first cry of alarm many of the males united, and ran to attack the stranger. He, though much their superior in size and strength, saw his danger, and flew to attain the top of a pyramid, eleven stories high, whither he was instantly followed; but when arrived at the summit of the building, which terminated in a small round dome, he placed himself firmly, and taking advantage of his situation, seized three or four of the most hardy, and precipitated them to the bottom. These proofs of his prowess intimidated the rest, and after much noise they thought proper to retreat. The conqueror remained till evening, and then betook himself to a place of safety.

Their conduct towards such of their brethren as become captives is very remarkable. If one is chained in their neighbourhood, especially if of the society to which he belonged, they will attempt various means, for some time, to procure his liberty: but when their efforts prove ineffectual, and they see him daily submit to slavery, they will never again, if he should by any chance escape, receive him among them, but will fall upon and beat him away without mercy.

THE VAMPIRE.

CAPTAIN STEDMAN was, while in Surinam, attacked during his sleep by one of these animals; and as his account of this incident is somewhat singular, and tends to elucidate the fact, we shall extract it in his own language from his narrative. "I cannot here," says he, "forbear relating a singular circumstance respecting myself, viz. that on waking about four o'clock one morning in my hammock, I was extremely alarmed at finding myself weltering in congealed blood, and without feeling any pain whatever. Having started up, and rung for the surgeon, with a fire-brand in one hand, and all over besmeared with gore; to which, if added, my pale face, short hair, and tattered apparel, he might well ask the question,

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs of heav'n, or blasts from hell?

The mystery, however, was, that I had been bitten by the *vampire*, or *spectre* of Guiana, which is also called the *flying-dog* of New Spain, and by the Spaniards *perro-volador:* this is no other than a bat, of a monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle while they are fast asleep, even sometimes till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fanning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is consequently not painful; yet through this orifice he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging till he is scarcely able to fly, and the sufferer has often been known to sleep from time into eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes

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as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and my hammock, I observed several small heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain, upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least twelve or fourteen ounces during the night."

THE RHINOCEROS.

MR. BRUCE's description of the manners of the two-horned rhinoceros, is highly worthy of notice. He informs us, that, "besides the trees, capable of most resistance, there are, in the vast forests within the rains, trees of a softer consistence, and of a very succulent quality. which seem to be destined for his principal food. For the purpose of gaining the highest branches of these, his upper lip is capable of being lengthened out so as to increase his power of laying hold with it, in the same manner as the elephant does with his trunk. With this lip, and the assistance of his tongue, he pulls down the upper branches, which have most leaves, and these he devours first; having stripped the tree of its branches, he does not therefore abandon it, but, placing his snout as low in the trunk as he finds his horns will enter, he rips up the body of the tree, and reduces it to thin pieces like so many laths; and, when he has thus prepared it, he embraces as much of it as he can in his monstrous jaws, and twists it round with as much ease as an ox would do a root of celery, or any such pot-herb or garden-stuff."

MACKEREL A CANNIBAL.

MACKEREL are said to be fond of human flesh. Pontoppidan informs us, that a sailor belonging to a ship lying in one of the harbours on the coast of Norway, went into the water to wash himself; when he was suddenly missed by his companions. In the course of a few minutes, however, he was seen on the surface with vast numbers of these fish fastened on him. The people went in a boat to his assistance; and though, when they got him up, they forced with some difficulty the fishes from him, they found it was too late; for the poor fellow very shortly afterwards expired.

ANECDOTE FROM POGGIO.

A MONK, preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors, was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. Holy father, answered the mourner, I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband. But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief.

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THE

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AND

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON A TASTE FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

A GENTLEMAN, a friend of mine, who sometimes favours me with a visit, lately found me at a window that overlooks New-York Bay and its islands. This scene, just then, was extremely beautiful, and its beauties were heightened by a long-protracted echo, occasioned by the evening gun, fired from the ramparts of the fort on the island. My guest took his seat by my side, and began the talk by some reflections on the picturesque. He spoke somewhat to this effect:

"The pleasure which the beauties of nature afford, are of a very pure and exalted kind. There are few cultivated minds, which do not gaze upon a rural landscape, with a pleasure higher than most of those that may be called sensual, and many derive thence a delight bordering upon rapture; yet I have remarked that the terms by which the most ecstatic of these enthusiasts convey their notions of a scene, are strangely meagre, jejune, and vague. Persons, otherwise rich in words and combinations, have frequently but one or two trite and insignificant phrases to denote all the variety of kinds of scenery, and all the degrees of pleasure which the scenery produces.

"There are some people with whom every thing is *fine*, *very fine*, *very fine indeed*. Do they eye the still expanse of a lake, *'tis very fine*, they cry. Do they look upon the falls of the Mohawk or Pasaick, set off by the gloomy dignity of mists, or gilded by the farewell beam of a summer's sun, *'tis very fine* still. Do they gaze from some promontory of the Highlands, on the long-protracted and magnificent career of the Hudson, still they have but one dialect: Oh! how fine! exclaims

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the soft enthusiast, *'tis very fine indeed!*

"A lady, with whom you and I are well acquainted, who has exquisite sympathies of this kind, and is not deficient in language on other subjects, can only convey her admiration by such exclamations as "Oh, it is a *sweet* evening, a *sweet* moonlight." Does she gaze upon the sun when his western throne is arrayed with reflected purple and gold, she is enchanted, and cries out when she has leisure, "Look at the sweet, *sweet clouds*, only look, Maria."

"She invites her friend to a romantic dwelling in the country, and talks much about a summer-house, perched upon the very verge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, and is embowered by the intertwining leaves and flowers of the willow and catalpa. "Oh, Maria!" says she, "'tis a sweet place, I'll assure you. The trees about it are such *sweet* trees, and the rock it stands upon! never, Maria, never saw you so *sweet* a rock."

"Sometimes the admiring gazer sees nothing in the wide extent of nature but what is *pretty*. Such a one once confirmed a description of the wonders of Niagara, by an assenting nod, and a "Very pretty, indeed. The very prettiest cataract I ever saw in all my travels."

"With some people, every thing they see in the works of the grand designer, Nature, or of her human imitators, is *handsome*. "Othello is a very *handsome* composition; a very *handsome* piece of eloquence, that of Tully's speech for Ligarius." His neighbour *Whatman* gave a hundred pounds to a charity..... "'Twas a very *handsome* action, to be sure." The grandeurs of the Blue Ridge, and the solemn beauties of the Lehcigh, are spoken of. "It must be owned," says he, "there are very *handsome* prospects upon that river."

"'Tis very seldom that we meet with one who occasionally diversifies his praise with all these flowers, and who distributes, with due judgment, his *handsome* skies, his *sweet* rocks, his *pretty* water-falls, and his *fine* lakes. In general, one of these terms serves all our purposes.

"This poverty and indistinctness of expression arises not from sluggish feelings, but from want of accurate conceptions. We discriminate too little between the peculiar character of different scenes. We are too seldom able to tell what it is that pleases us, or why it pleases. We distinguish not between the different emotions which scenes of different kinds produce. The gentlest impulses of pleasure are confounded with the most impetuous; and that black cloud which wreathes itself round a rugged pinnacle, and inspires us with solemn awe, is *pretty*, or *sweet*, or *fine*; just like the wide and undulating plain seen from a lofty summit, whose intermingling woods, and corn-fields, and orchards, sweetly, yet tranquilly, exhilerate the heart.

"The study of landscape, or, as some call it, *picturesque beauty*, not only furnishes distinctness, and thus multiplies and renders accurate our language, but it serves, at the same time, a much more useful purpose. It unspeakably augments and extends our pleasures. It invigorates, diversifies, and prolongs a gratification the nearest akin and most friendly to the ennobling and domestic virtues, of any that the senses possess. It ministers to health, by strengthening the inducements to wholesome exercise and rural excursions. There is a physical delight in inhaling a pure breeze; the music of the groves is more cheaply purchased, more intimately blended with the knowledge of animated nature, more indicative of meaning (the music of birds is their language) than the senseless squeakings of the pipe, and the unintelligible murmurs of the chord. The sense of smelling is no less gratified by the aromatic exhalations of which the vegetable tribes are so liberal. A hundred other benefits, indeed, might be mentioned as flowing from, or

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connected with, the study of landscape; but enough has been said to establish its pre-eminence."

My companion pausing here, I said to him, "How is landscape to be studied?"

"Much may be done," answered he, "by solitary efforts to analize the scene before us, and nothing can be done without such efforts. It is likewise of great use to examine the works in this kind of celebrated painters; but that is an advantage scarcely to be hoped for by us who stay on this side of the ocean. Books are of the most use, but I know of but one writer any ways eminent for displaying the principles of landscape; I mean Mr. Gilpin, whose works ought to be perfectly familiar to every mind endowed with virtuous propensities and true taste.

"There is another set of writers who are, in some sense, to be regarded as commentators upon Gilpin; who have travelled and written books for little other purpose than to deduce the application of the principles of this kind of beauty, and to furnish out such a set of pictures, *in words*, as Verney, Claude, and Salvator, exhibited on canvas.

"Ann Radcliff is, without doubt, the most illustrious of the picturesque writers. Her "Travels on the Rhine and in Cumberland" is, in this view, an inestimable performance. In reading this work, the reader is surprised to find how much, in this respect, can be done by mere words, and is frequently affected in a way similar to the effect produced by the actual view. Her two last romances, "Udolpho," and "The Italian," are little else than a series of affecting pictures, connected by a pleasing narrative, and in which human characters and figures are introduced on the same principles that place them on the canvas, to give a moral energy and purpose to the scene. This is the great and lasting excellence of her works; and, to limit the attention, as is usually done, to her human figures, is no less absurd than to look at nothing in a sea-view but the features of the pilot, and to scrutinize, in a picture of Salvator, only the hooked nose of the sybil, the sorry steed of the bandit, or the uncouth forms of the imps that hovered round St. Anthony. Yet, Mrs. Radcliff's narrative is beautiful and interesting.

"To examine, with a picturesque-discerning and a cause-inquiring eye, every scene that really occurs; to ponder in like manner on the landscapes of painters and picturesque travellers, many of whom delineate and describe at the same time, seems to be the best mode of opening, in your breast, the source of high and beneficial pleasure; and I advise you to begin with all speed."

"Most willingly," said I, "and, luckily, I have in the house Gilpin's work on "Forest Scenery," and Beaumont's "Travels in the Rhetian Alps." To show my docility, I will set apart the whole of to-morrow to read these books. If Clara cannot be a painter herself, she will at least be, with regard to Nature's works, and the works of Nature's favourite disciples, a diligent

LOOKER-ON."

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION, AS A BRANCH OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE influence of fashion enters into every human concern, and its various turns and changes have almost as sensible an effect on literature as on dress; on philosophy as on politics. Each change arises from the increase of wealth, or knowledge, or industry, or the love of novelty; and it were as easy to discover an adequate cause for a revolution in metaphysics, as in the shape of a new shoe-buckle. The hand of time is wont to conduct the improvements in every art and

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every science to that point of simplicity, where a more perspicacious order of beings would probably have commenced their discoveries. At the close of the eighteenth century, the wheel of fashion has touched the point, at which philosophy, politics, and morality ought properly to have set out....education. To form the mind of youth, is to mould the disposition of a new generation; it is the reformation or the debasement of mankind for a certain period; it is the confirmation or the destruction of all that our ancestors have done of good, or wise, or virtuous. Education may be called the art of concentrating the spirit of philosophy, and of the acquisitions of our forefathers. It draws them to a focus, and fits them for present use.

Locke saw the necessity of attention to education, and reasoned upon it; Helvetius imagined, Rousseau felt, Condillac mistook theory for practice, and Edgeworth from practice deduces theory. Little is now wanting but perseverance in the arduous task, to effect all that can be desired, and to produce a virtuous and enlightened race.

In order to attain this end, however, one thing is necessary, which seems to have been slightly regarded by most of the writers upon this subject, to have been rejected as superfluous by others, and to have been purposely omitted altogether by the candid and ingenious author of *Practical Education*....I mean early attention to religion.

Miss Edgeworth has treated of all parts of education connected with the present life, in a manner that combines the research of the theorist with the corroborative testimony of the practitioner. But she has not sufficiently attended to the most important of all points, "our being's end and aim," the object of our existence. This is to acquire happiness, and to promote that of others; to avoid evil ourselves, and to prevent evil in others. Upon these points do the virtue and the prosperity of the world depend, individual and collective.

But general or speculative motives are not of themselves strong enough to balance the counter-impulse of the passions, which act individually and immediately. They require the assistance of religion..... of the prospects and sanctions of eternity. Is it not rational, then, to afford such support to the young and flexible mind, at a time when the passions are most violent, and most difficult to counteract by mere reason? Must we pass our lives without that support? or must each individual, in order to chuse his religion, involve himself in the abstruse questions of original sin and social order? Must he wade through the various systems of false or erroneous religions that have divided the world? It is impossible. Neither the time, nor the inclinations, nor the abilities, nor the necessary callings of men will admit of this: and, if it were practicable, half a life would probably be consumed in deciding upon their merit or demerit; and old age would have extinguished the passions, before the necessity of restraining them were determined. On the boundless ocean, without some guide, the directing helm were of little use: reason is indeed the rudder of our bark, but religion is the compass that points out the welcome shore.

These reflections were occasioned by a comparison between two recent works on education; rivals in utility as well as in literary merit. Hannah More teaches us to expect visible and tangible blessings and comforts from the Holy Spirit, if we fast and pray from the time of our birth; but while she inculcates methodism, she forgets christianity..... Perhaps she believes all that she writes; I hope she does. But too much violence on any subject changes an advocate into a partizan; and, therefore, that part of the *Strictures on Female Education* will be laughed at, laid aside, and forgotten by some, whilst it will

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serve to prejudice many against the whole work.

Maria Edgeworth, on the other hand, omits the subject entirely.

Sincere in my attachment to religion, convinced of its truth, and of the importance of its being early impressed on the mind, I observe with equal concern the redundancy of the one, and the deficiency of the other.

Miss E. says, that she purposely avoids treating of religion, because every parent may and will teach it, according as the principles and judgment of each may direct, and "she wishes not to make proselytes."..... But why then discuss the art of teaching at all? Every parent may provide his child with toys according to his fancy; or may regulate the tasks of his young pupil, as his judgment shall direct; or may follow former maxims, and ascribe as much importance to superficial accomplishments in the tuition of the daughter, as her mother's schoolmistress would probably have done. But in these matters it is acknowledged that parents are liable to error, and that increased attention, and additional experience may provide useful rules for their direction. And yet in a matter of infinitely greater moment than any of these; in that which should serve as the polar star in the voyage through life, and which points to the haven of eternal rest; that where truth is but one, and, however our ignorance be prone to mistakes, there is no room for variety of fancies, for every deviation must be error, greater or less;.....there, it is left to the ignorance, or carelessness, or caprice of every parent, to guide, or not to guide, the mind of youth.

If religion can have any hold on the mind, it must be early instilled. If religion be of any use, it must be taught rationally. If religion be designed to restrain the passions, it must have its foundation fixed before the passions rise in an impetuous phalanx to resist its approach. We laugh at the absurd position, that a man should not make choice of a profession till the age of twenty-five: it is not less irrational to say that a man must be left in the dark with regard to religion, till he becomes old enough to chuse and decide for himself which he will embrace. It very rarely happens that men who have attained that period of manhood, unacquainted with religion, will then stoop voluntarily to impose on themselves its restraints; or will take the pains to investigate what their early habits must have led them to despise, and their present desires must urge them to reject.

But, it is said, religion should be founded on reason, not on prejudice. Most assuredly. The same caution is to be observed in teaching religion, as in explaining any science. Let not its proofs be taught, let not its doctrines be examined, till the child have reason to comprehend; but let it be laid open to young reason, and wait not till old reason fly to it, to read its own condemnation for a life of misconduct, and meet every incitement to reject its authority..... Let religion be a regimen for prevention, not a potion for an obstinate disease.

Yet I cannot consent to condemn as *prejudice*, a fashionable word of great latitude, that predisposition to regard the subject with reverence, and to acknowledge its importance, which can alone arise from the early care of the attentive parent, and which leaves a tinge upon the whole course and tenor of life. This it is which, in the untutored and the ill-disposed, grows into superstition and weakness; but which humanizes and invigorates the well-regulated mind, and produces constancy, heroism, and virtue.

I wish not to make proselytes either, though firmly convinced of the superiority of the religion that I profess; for a treatise on education is not a disquisition on religion, or on the comparative merit of sects. But I wish that every parent should be convinced of the necessity of early fixing in the mind a reve-

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rence for religion in general. The outlines of all religions, and the foundation of all sects (I speak of christian sects), are the same; in teaching these, therefore, they all agree. And as every parent, I suppose, professes what he believes to be true, it is surely his duty to impress the truth on the mind of his child. He has thus done his part. Mature reason will afterwards judge for itself, with regard to particulars; but the general impression will ever be retained. All parents who have religion, will, I trust, make their children joint partners in the reasonable hopes that it offers; and will not leave it to the industry of each to search for the seed and sow it too: the harvest may ripen too late to be gathered in due season.

Nearly allied to a sense of religion, are the virtues of courage and chastity. Military ardour, the sympathy of numbers, is not always to be taken for courage. Civil courage is more necessary, and more difficult of acquisition. Why, then, should it not be taught? And what can serve, like the promises of religion, to inspire conscious rectitude with due confidence? It is in the confidence of conscious rectitude that real courage consists; a virtue as requisite to one sex as to the other. Men, it is allowed, ought not to be slaves of public opinion; in its stead this inward conviction of rectitude should be the standard of their actions. But, to public opinion, woman, it is supposed, should not dare to be indifferent. Why? Because the very scanty portion of education that is usually bestowed upon women, and their *consequent* unsteadiness of mind, leave them destitute of any fixed rule of conduct. But public opinion is a very variable and uncertain standard, particularly with regard to the female sex. Scarcely are virtue and vice more opposite, than the public sentiment respecting the conduct and manners of women in different countries, and at different periods. Let them then be furnished with a determinate invariable guide, and they will no longer need to be the wavering slaves of public opinion; nor will they be in danger of offending against it: no public takes offence at virtue.

Religion is this guide. Religion alone can provide such a steady and certain standard.

Prudence*, says this fair author, is a sufficient safeguard to chastity; that is, the dread of public censure. But prudence is of two kinds; there may be prudence to conceal, as well as prudence to avoid. By prudence a woman may indulge the sin, and escape the shame. With impudence she may brave the shame; and with talents, as too many examples prove, she may do it too successfully, but here public opinion is set aside, and no rule remains. The prudent sensualist, the female tartuffe, still regards the opinion of the world; and she wears a perpetual veil of falsehood, behind which she hides the deficiency of truth and virtue.

A profession, which admits me into the most secret recesses of female dissimulation, has given me opportunities of discovering what Miss E.'s innocence could not have imagined, and what would not have been suspected by a man devoted to literature and to his family, as her father appears to be. I have known *chaste patterns of virgin prudence*, whose persons have been for more than twenty years at the disposal of men endowed with ingenuity to obtain, and honour to conceal, the favour.

Chastity is a virtue of no common value to a state, and it should be guarded with no common care..... Early religious instruction will sow the seeds of virtue in the vigorous and ductile mind of youth. The plant that rises will be a much more effectual preservative against licentiousness, than any penal statute against adultery.

* See *Letters for Literary Ladies*, where the subject is elegantly discussed with regard to married women.

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For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND PRESENT STATE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The following account of our native city has already been printed, but has been limited to a very narrow circulation. It has been thought proper to re-publish it in this work, carefully corrected. It attempts the description of objects, and the relation of events, familiar to most of the inhabitants of this city, but, of course, little or not at all known to strangers and foreigners. To the latter it may not prove unacceptable, as it is the fullest account of Philadelphia that has hitherto been given to the world.

PHILADELPHIA is the capital of Pennsylvania, and the chief city of the United States, in point of size and splendour, though it now fills but the second rank in commercial importance; the trade of America having latterly flowed more freely into the open channels of the bay of New-York. It must also yield metropolitan precedence to the doubtful policy of a *seat of government, far removed from the chief resort of wealth and population*, the springs of national activity, which must long vibrate, perhaps for ever, between Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York; a chain of commercial cities, unparalleled in history, whose vigorous impulse is already accelerated by the bold ramification of turnpikes and canals.

Philadelphia is situated about 40 degrees north of the equator, and 75 west of London; being in the same parallel of latitude with Spain, Italy, and Greece; climates whose happy temperature had already indicated for Pennsylvania a milder winter, before the original frosts of November and December, by which the first adventurers were sometimes frozen up in the Delaware, had evidently yielded to the qualifying effects of exposing the surface of the earth to the rays of the sun.

Its founder, the benevolent and pacific William Penn, denominated it Philadelphia, or the city of brotherly love, from a town in ancient Greece, so named in honour of the fraternal attachment of Attalus and Eumenes, and afterwards famous in the christian world, for one of the seven churches to which St. John addressed his prophetic visions, so sublimely delivered in the book of Revelations. A name, methinks, of auspicious omen. "Behold," says the inspired apostle to the angel of the church in Philadelphia, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Religious liberty is here a chartered right, the policy, as well as the equity, of which, to say nothing of its consistency with the spirit of that religion which breathes *peace on earth, and good will to men*, is happily confirmed in these latter ages of the church, by the harmony and fellowship in which the various professors of the modern Philadelphia so peculiarly fraternize.

Penn had been concerned in the settlement of New-Jersey, some years before he obtained from Charles II a grant of the territory on the western side of the Delaware. The Dutch and Swedes were then numerous at Upland (now Chester), at Newcastle, and at the Hœrkills (now Lewis Town), and a number of his brethren in religious profession had already established themselves at Shackamaxon (now Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia), in the year 1678; when a ship, called the Shield, of Stockton, the first that had ever ventured to sail so high up the river, in tacking about, ran her bowsprit among the trees which lined the shore where the city now stands; and the new comers on board, bound for Burlington, then remarked to each other, that *it would be a fine place for a town.*

The royal grant passed the great seal on the 4th of March, 1681; and in August, the following year, the venerable legislator of Pennsylvania set sail from London, in the ship Welcome, captain Greenway.

The proprietor was accompanied by a hundred of his friends and fellow-professors, contemptuously call-

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ed quakers by their haughty countrymen, because, in their religious meetings, like the faithful of every age, they sometimes trembled at the word of God.

A prosperous gale wafted the patriarchs of Pennsylvania, in six weeks, to the friendly coast of America; and the proprietary landed at Newcastle, on the 24th of October, under the acclamations of the Dutch settlers, who accompanied him to Upland, the principal Swedish settlement, where he collected an assembly of all the freemen of the province, by whom his jurisdiction was unanimously recognized and confirmed.

It was here that the father of his country made a treaty with the harmless natives, which was to last, in the figurative style of those nervous aborigines, who have since been so grossly misrepresented by European theorists, *as long as the trees should grow, or the waters run:* a treaty that was faithfully observed by both parties (let the potentates of Europe blush) through a happy period of eighty successive years, and that has since been consigned to historic immortality by the patriotic pencil of a descendant of one of the peaceful assistants, now the first painter of the age.

The founder of Pennsylvania was not long in fixing upon a situation that seemed prepared by nature, perhaps by Providence, for the sudden growth of his future capital. The spot was then covered with timber, its foundation was a stratum of potter's clay, the harbour furnished a bed of sand, the nearest hills contained quarries of stone, the vicinity yielded limestone and marble, and the penetration of intelligent observers discovered mines of coal and iron, upon the navigable branches of the Delaware, long before the new settlement afforded hands to work them.

It is an extensive plain, five miles above the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill; the former, though 120 miles from the sea, being there a mile in width, and deep enough for vessels of 1200 tons; the latter, half as wide as the Thames at London, being also navigable as high as the scite of the town.

Some families of Swedes and Fins had obtained, by settlement, the right of possession. They willingly sold, or exchanged, their claim; and by the end of the year 1682, the ground plot of the future city was regularly laid out. Nine streets, two miles in length, run east and west, from river to river, and twenty-three, of a mile, intersect them at right angles, from north to south. None of these are less than fifty feet wide; and they distribute the plan into squares, the interior of which was designed for yards and gardens. Two main streets, of a hundred feet wide, cross each other in the centre, and form a public square, of which four more were laid out in the different quarters of the city; and a range of houses, for the principal inhabitants, was intended to open upon the water, in the manner of the Bomb Quai at Rotterdam; for which purpose the warehouses, &c. along the river, were intended to have been kept from rising above the bank. But cupidity, perhaps convenience, has crowded the platforms between the streets with narrow alleys; the public squares, except only that in the centre, have been otherwise appropriated; and the bank of the river has been built up with a row of houses, that now intercepts from the city the intended view of the port.

Fourscore houses and cottages were erected within the year, one of which is now occupied as a tavern, the sign of the Boatswain and Call, at the corner of Front and Dock streets; and another that was the city residence of William Penn, is yet standing in Black Horse alley, directly back of Lætitia court, which was so named from one of the daughters of the proprietary. Opposite to the latter, in the middle of Market-street, there stood for many years a monument of primitive simplicity, a wooden jail, that was sel-

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dom inhabited by any body but the jailor.

The first child born in the new city, by name John Key, lived to his 85th year; one Edward Drinker, who was born in a cave under the bank of Delaware, survived till the declaration of independence, when the capital of the United States was estimated to contain 6000 houses, and 40,000 people; and there is a widow lady yet living, whose mother arrived from England when there were but three houses in Philadelphia.

The state house, or town hall, a substantial building, 200 feet front, including the wings, was erected within half a century after the woods were cleared away from its scite; the first episcopal church was soon afterward ornamented with a steeple that may vie, in point of elegance, with any spire in Europe; and, while Pennsylvania was still a dependant colony, scarcely distinguished, on the other side of the Atlantic, among twelve adjacent provinces of the British empire in America, a new prison was erected, sufficiently capacious for the future introduction of the philanthropic reform that has since converted jails into manufactories, and criminals into manufacturers.

During the revolutionary war, the capital of the struggling colonies remained stationary, or rather retrograded, under the occupation of the royal army, by whom, however, the houses were first numbered, and a floating bridge was thrown across the Schuylkill.

The western improvements then scarcely extended half a mile from the Delaware; and it was a country walk for the citizens to go to the Hospital, the Swedes' church, or the ship-yards at Kensington.

Since the revolution, so happily terminated by the independence of the United States, under the disinterested co-operation of a Franklin in counsel, a Morris in finance, and a Washington in the field, Philadelphia has increased with astonishing rapidity, notwithstanding the repeated ravages of a mortal fever, introduced from the pestilential atmosphere of the western Archipelago, where it has been excited to unusual virulence, by the civil wars of St. Domingo. In the year 1793, it swept away 5,000 people; a degree of mortality quite as great as usually attends the plague of the Levant.

A superb edifice of the Corinthian order, with a majestic portico of six fluted columns, was then building for the reception of the Bank of the United States, a vigorous offspring of the federal constitution, that had been framed in 1788, and organized in the following year, by the patriotic Washington, on being voluntarily ratified by two thirds of the thirteen independent states that then formed the American union: thus exhibiting to the expecting world a first example of a great nation reforming a defective system of government, without unsheathing the sword.

The city has since been beautified with an elegant structure, executed in white marble, from the design of an Ionic temple, for the offices of the Bank of Pennsylvania; and the intersection of the two principal streets is now occupied by a round tower, for the reception and distribution of the Schuylkill water, raised by machinery to a level of thirty or forty feet above the highest ground in the city.

The streets of Philadelphia are paved with pebble stones, and bordered with footways of brick, ten or twelve feet wide, elevated one foot above the carriage way, for the ease and safety of passengers. They are kept cleaner than those of any city in Europe, excepting the towns of Holland, where trade is carried on by canals; and London is the only capital in the world that is better lighted at night.

The private buildings are generally three stories high. They are built of a clear red brick, and mostly ornamented, in the new streets, with facings, key stones, and flights of steps, in white marble.

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Ever since the operation of the federal constitution, three or four hundred houses have been annually erected, no small proportion of which (it is said, not less than two hundred) have been built, or caused to be built, by a single citizen, whose well laid plans have greatly improved the city, particularly in Walnut street; in Sansom street, the first that has been built in America with a strict attention to uniformity; and in Second street, where it crossed a morass that had long formed an inconvenient separation between the city and the northern suburbs.

Philadelphia, including Southwark and the Northern Liberties, now extends near three miles along the Delaware, and about a mile east and west; and is supposed to contain thirteen thousand houses, and eighty thousand people.

There are in it upwards of thirty churches, or meeting houses; in which the various denominations of believers perform the homage of public worship, to the common Father of mankind, according to their several forms and persuasions, under the happy system of toleration, secured to all professions, without a legal establishment for any.

Three large meeting houses are now building in different parts of the city; and stone piers have been erected in the river Schuylkill, for a permanent bridge of three arches, whose gigantic span would have been thought impracticable in Europe, long after the first settlement of Pennsylvania.

The market of Philadelphia, for beef, veal, and mutton, is second only to that of Leadenhall; and its pork, poultry, and game, are not inferior to those of the finest climates in the world; though it is excelled by New-York in the articles of fish and fruit.

The city was first incorporated in 1701, before which period it was called the town of Philadelphia; but the corporation was self elective, and not accountable to the citizens, according to the arbitrary systems of the mother country.

On the late auspicious revolution, this charter was annulled, and its powers were variously distributed, until, in 1789, a corporation was again regularly organized, by charter, constituting a mayor, recorder, fifteen aldermen, a common council, &c. the latter to be annually chosen by the taxable inhabitants.

The public institutions of Philadelphia are peculiarly numerous and beneficial. They include a university, as well as a competent number of public, private, and free schools, a philosophical society, a museum, a public library, an hospital, a dispensary, one public and two private alms-houses, a college of physicians, societies for promoting agriculture, for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, for the abolition of Negro slavery (a stain of colonial dependence that still tarnishes the fair escutcheon of American freedom), and for alleviating the miseries of public prisons, to whose benevolent exertions is chiefly owing the improvement of the penal code, and the present safety of the inhabitants from the depredations of the unprincipled part of the community.

Besides these benevolent associations, there are now in Philadelphia four chartered banks, six marine insurance companies, two for insuring against fire, and forty-one printing offices, five of which publish daily papers, that are in a few days circulated, at a trifling expence, from Georgia to New-Hampshire, by means of the post office; an establishment which originated in 1775, in the then capital of the British colonies, under the auspices of the venerable Franklin, so long the benefactor of his country.

The mint of the United States is still kept at Philadelphia; a type foundery has been long established, and printing, coach-making, cabinet work, and ship-building are carried to a degree of perfection unrivalled in America, and little excelled in Europe. But the staple commodity of Philadelphia is flour, of which 400,000 barrels have been exported in a year.

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Such is the salubrity of the air of Philadelphia, that the births annually exceed the deaths in the proportion of five to three; yet the excessive heat of the summer months, during which the thermometer may be averaged at 72, and sometimes rises to 93, is so nearly allied to the atmosphere of the burning zone, as readily to receive and propagate the yellow fever of the West Indies, of late so frequently introduced into the United States, through perpetual intercourse, feebly restrained by the inadequate operations of local and temporary health laws.

Within the memory of a gentleman of observation, whose brilliant talents and engaging manners are still the ornament of the first circles of society, there were but three coaches kept by all the gentry of Philadelphia; not more than two, or at most three ships, arrived once a year with the *unrivalled* manufactures of Britain; nor were petty sloops fitted out to exchange American flour for West India produce but in shares of one third, one sixth, or even one twelfth, by the principal merchants of the place. Without exceeding the bounds of ordinary longevity, he has lived to see twelve or fifteen hundred sail annually expedited for every quarter of the globe, of which fifteen or twenty double the southern promontory of Africa, and explore the antipodes for the most costly productions of the east; while, at home, three hundred coaches occasionally display the ease of opulence, or the elegance of luxury.

Such an increase of wealth and splendour, within the recollection of a single man, admits but of one comparison in the history of the world; and if the capital of Russia may justly boast superior numbers, and a more recent origin, Petersburg has been created among the marshes of the Neva by a succession of absolute princes, commanding the resources of a mighty empire; while Philadelphia, at first only the chief town of a dependent colony, now no more than the capital of a single province of an infant nation, has risen upon the banks of the Delaware, from the liberal institutes of a PRIVATE founder, seconded only by the energy of principle, and the efforts of intelligence, to a distinguished rank among the capitals of nations.

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By way of supplement to the foregoing judicious account, the editor has thought proper to subjoin the following extracts with which he has been favoured, from a private letter of a traveller in America.

Few cities in the world bear such evident marks of improvement as this. I do not mean in the mere increase of numbers, but in the elegance and comfort of accommodation. The first houses were commonly of very small dimensions, seldom more than two stories high, these stories extremely low, and terminating above in unwholesome, unsightly, and cumbrous projectures called pent-houses, and having below what is called by the inhabitants of the city a *porch*, or a raised platform of earth and bricks, with a wooden bench on either side. The walls were generally constructed of blue and red bricks alternately, or chequer-wise. The interior of dwellings was gloomy and inconvenient; the passages to chambers and cellars generally opened into the parlour, or, if connected with an entry or hall, were involved in utter darkness.

As years rolled away, houses have insensibly enlarged their dimensions, the cielings have gained four or five feet in height, staircases have been insulated from other apartments, and illuminated from the roof; the use of marble has greatly increased, and as no front wall or hearth is entirely constructed without it, so there are some composed entirely of this material. Houses of two stories no longer rise from the ground, and a new story is

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gained by fitting up the cellars as kitchens and nurseries, and raising their level so as admit the light through neat and spacious windows.

The city with respect to its avenues has in some respects greatly degenerated from the wise and generous plan of its founder. Cupidity has not been able to narrow or incumber the streets, traced by him, but it has multiplied the number, by dividing what he intended should remain entire, and by leading dirty, crowded, and narrow alleys, through spaces which were originally designed to remain vacant.

Of late years, a most surprising and inestimable change has taken place, by the introduction of the Italian poplar. Before the revolution, several old forest trees were scattered through the city, most of which were felled by the British soldiery, when in garrison in 1778, and the rest were afterwards extirpated by a silly apprehension of fire, and by the current of fashion taking a turn hostile to trees. The yellow fever has brought into vogue notions of the salubrity of verdure, foliage, and shade, and the spiry form, quick growth, and hardy constitution of this species of the poplar, has made the use of it almost universal.

To a spectator, who views the city from one of its steeples, there is no circumstance in which the contrast is more striking between the prospect twenty years ago and now, than in the present profusion of trees. Every house, especially as the eye recedes from the Delaware, appears embosomed in a thick and delightful grove; whereas formerly, not only trees were extremely rare, but the poplar was no where to be seen, where now there are many hundreds. The fashion seems, in this respect, by no means declining, and will probably maintain itself in force till every principal street is adorned with a double row of trees: a period which every one condemned by necessity to a town life must joyfully anticipate.

A particular advantage redounds to this city, from the original plan extending westward. The suburbs, by which we commonly understand the residence of the poor and mean, are stretched north and south along the Delaware, while the western quarters have grown up more slowly into open and stately streets..... The yellow fever has, within the last ten years, given an extraordinary spring to the progress of building in a quarter supposed to be favourable to health, and as the western line of the city moves free and unobstructed for two or three miles, it has approached this line along many avenues, and in widely scattered buildings. Hence the western skirts present to us elegant structures, shaded and surrounded by flourishing trees and verdant fields, and almost all the benefits of a country life are combined, by the inhabitants of this quarter, with those of a town residence.

Philadelphia is not inferior to other American towns in the benefits of pleasant walks. The court belonging to the state house was the only public garden for many years; but the centre square has lately been thickly and regularly planted with poplars, and will, in a very few years, vie in pleasantness with any thing of that nature in the United States. Meanwhile, the taste and munificence of a private citizen, by covering almost an entire square (of four or five acres) with a great variety of trees, and the most luxuriant herbage, by raising round this field a low fence, and a double row of poplars, and by enlarging the external footway, at the expence of his own property, has supplied the city with a walk as pleasant, though not, perhaps, as sublime or as long, as any city in the world can boast.

In the state house garden, a very great concourse of children, and of the lower classes, is always to be found on Sundays and holidays, and by thus contributing to popular recreation and amusement, it serves an excellent purpose; though the

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distinctions that unavoidably creep into human society have made it almost disreputable for the wealthy and fashionable orders to appear there.

The state house was formerly the seat of the state and general governments. Here chiefly sat that illustrious assembly who commenced and completed the revolution, and that body, the grand convention, which raised the mighty edifice of the federal constitution. The translation of the general and local governments to other places, left this building for some time unoccupied, till the legislature granted permission to Charles W. Peale to occupy its upper story with his museum. This is the largest collection of natural history in America; and if the most disinterested and indefatigable zeal in the cause of science can lay claim to praise, there are few citizens more worthy of applause than the founder of this museum.

A house, originally built for the accommodation of the governor of the state, has since come into possession of the university of Pennsylvania, and the ancient building, formerly their property, is appropriated to other purposes. The new edifice is the largest structure in the city, and situated at a favourable distance from the seats either of business or disease.

This institution flourishes in one of its branches, namely, the medical, in a very high degree. The professors, in the various branches of that science, are of very great eminence, and their reputation attracts annually from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pupils, from the most remote parts of the United States. Barton, the botanical professor, is the greatest name on this side of the Atlantic, in the walk of natural history; Shippen, Wistar, and Physick have earned a great reputation in anatomy and surgery; chemistry is taught by Woodhouse, with all the skill and success to be naturally expected from his unrivalled zeal and industry; and Rush has acquired equal celebrity, as a medical author and teacher.

For the Literary Magazine.

A WORLDLING'S PRAYER.

BEND a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errors and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us, and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may not pester thy faithful and thrifty servants with their outcries for charity; and deliver them from all temptation to break our doors, and thereby put us in jeopardy of our lives, and rob us of the little that thou hast given us.

Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, hear the prayers of the widow, and the fatherless, and the halt, and the blind, and the old, and the bed-ridden, and relieve their many wants from thy own stores, and thy own bounty, that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry

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of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithal to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these metes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of July; that so thy servant may have excuse for not paying sundry notes of his hand thereafter to become due; and that so he may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master, *under thee*, for the present voyage, Caleb Strong, which said ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston..... Amen. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. VIII.

——"Black as night;
Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell."

EVERY reader knows that this is part of Milton's description of an imaginary personage called *Death*. How few are there among the readers of this, or any popular poet, who stop to enquire into the propriety or reasonableness of what they read! They are told beforehand that this or that is a sublime production, and, with a modesty in some respects praise-worthy, take the work as a criterion of taste and excellence, and seldom venture to judge for themselves, or to derive the reasons of their approbation from the unbiassed and original suggestions of their own minds.

I, for my part, must acknowledge myself not prone to this obliging and obsequious sort of acquiescence..... Perhaps I am a little captious, and take more pleasure in detecting faults, than in recognizing beauties. Vanity whispers that to find faults in a celebrated and generally admired spectacle, is to see farther

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than others, and to evince a superior penetration. To dissent where others acquiesce, to be dissatisfied where others are well pleased, is the readiest way to consideration and repute with some people. Among that number I am half inclined to place myself; but I am still encouraged to indulge this humour in carping at the bard of Paradise, because your readers, if they do not approve my strictures, will be, at least, prompted to exercise their judgment in accounting to themselves for their disapprobation.

Erroneous criticisms, as they are, in the same respects, injurious; so are they likewise, in the same respects, beneficial, as bad reasoning in politics or religion. They injure those whom they convince, but they are profitable to him whem they do not make a convert, inasmuch as they induce him to examine and enquire for himself, and all his objections to the false system are, at the same time, arguments in favour of the true. With these preliminaries, I now will take the liberty of stating the ideas which the above quotation has suggested to me.

Poets have frequently attempted to exhibit *Death* as a person or agent. They who have, for this purpose, described every part of nature as under the particular superintendance of an invisible agent or angelic minister, and have therefore represented the causes inimical to human life as the agency or influence of one, who, as in the Hebrew and Arabian allegories, may be termed the *angel* of *death*, seem to have been most consistent with propriety and a just taste. In this case, the usual symbols of the angel have been, very properly, those of a soldier or executioner.... He is painted like a man in armour, the destroying sword naked in his hand, and riding on a sable steed at one time, and hovering over the devoted place or person, with menacing attitudes, at another.

Another set of allegorists, among whom all the vulgar may be ranked, have made a person and performer of Death himself. They have given substance and design to a mere privation. One not familiar with the subject, would feel much curiosity as to the attributes and shape which so incongruous a freak of fancy would assume. If I do not mistake, we shall generally find that Death, personified under this view, is neither more nor less than a living skeleton of a man; the bones kept together by their ligaments, and moving by a sort of anatomic power. With this class of inventors, Death is nothing more than the osseous system of some dead individual.

Painters, and particularly Fuseli, have imagined the spectres of the dead in a mode, in some respects, remarkably proper. The apparition of Hamlet's father, for example, is no other than the identical individual risen from the grave. It is the corporeal frame which we behold, deprived of every thing but its bones and *muscles*. In short, it is the picture of a man *flead alive*, and who continues alive notwithstanding the loss of his cutaneous vesture. The propriety, in some respects, of this conception of a spectre, is evident; since, if the skin be not necessary to life, the *muscles*, at least, are indispensible to *motion*.

This notion of a spectre must be gained from the experience either of anatomists or executioners, unless, indeed, the right of re-appearance after death were extended to the lower animals: in which case, in order to gain an accurate idea of the apparition of an ox or a sheep, for example, the poet or painter may resort to the slaughter-house of any beef or mutton butcher. He need only look on while the dead animal is *skinned;* nay, may chance to meet in the market-house, depending from an iron hook, a very pretty ghost of a lamb.

It is in pursuance of this system that the portrait of Death is, in like manner, that of a dead man; but, in order to be a suitable representation of the grand destroyer, the image must be stripped of every

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thing but its *bones*. Even muscles, which may account for a ghost's moving, are denied to this *horrible mockery*, who, notwithstanding, stalks about, and even *shakes a dreadful dart*.

A young painter, of my acquaintance, was once highly pleased with a simile, which, though trite and vulgar, he had just heard for the first time. Some one, in order to illustrate the obstinacy with which a bailiff adhered to an ill-fated debtor, observed, that he stuck to him like grim Death to a dead cat.

This grotesque, yet powerful image, took such strong hold of my friend's fancy, that he resolved to *paint the groupe*. Inquiring as to what sort of forms he designed to bestow upon the two personages, he answered, "that the model of a *dead cat* was to be easily found in any kennel, but that as to the grim Death, he had been under some difficulty. The usual portraits of Death had been taken from the human figure; but this was evidently a consideration of Death in relation to the human subject. It was, therefore, inapplicable to a scene in which *cats*, and not *men*, were to be actors and patients."

I endeavoured to remove his difficulties, by suggesting that analogy required that the Death which he was desirous of making visible, should be copied from the skeleton of a *cat*. The power that kills cats may assume the form of the cat, with just as much propriety as the man-killing power is made to assume the form of a man. As to the kingly crown and the shaken dart (Death, it seems, is a *royal* and a military personage) I confessed myself at a loss to propose a substitute. Death, though an arrant murderer, is not always a homicide; must less is he himself constantly of the human species. The composer of the famous epitaph on "P. P. clerk of this parish," was not quite as wise as he was poetical, when he asserted that

"Do all we can,
Death is a man
That never spareth none."

This disquisition has led me away from my purpose, which was, not to censure the shocking and hideous incongruity which Milton, in common with the vulgar, has been guilty of in his portrait of Death, but merely to comment on the images contained in the above quotation. There are three attributes of this offspring of his brain, which these comparisons are designed to illustrate. In the first place, the creature is black as night; next, he is fierce as *ten* furies; and, lastly, he is terrible as hell.

How it may appear to others I cannot tell, but these images appear to me either vague or grotesque. *Black as night* is an image the most trite, obvious, and unprecise imaginable. Absolute darkness, which implies the utter exclusion of all light, produces to the eye the effect of the most perfect blackness; but not so night. The night is, in different degrees, dark or gloomy; but its darkness, and, consequently, its blackness, is never absolute. Of the three kinds of night known in this upper world, the moon-light and star-light ones are resplendent. Infernal or Tartarian night is constantly irradiated by an upper, nether, and surrounding fires. We should have smiled perhaps, had the poet chosen to say, black as ebony; and yet, would he not have gained in precision what he lost in sublimity?

The ferocity of ten furies is more formidable or destructive than that of one, as *ten hells* are more *terrible* than *one hell;* but *degrees* of ferocity are entirely distinct from the *multitude* of the fierce. As swift as ten race-horses, is a comparison without a meaning. As poetical as ten Homers, infallible as ten popes, brave as ten Diomeds, wise as ten Newtons, tall as ten giants, are all similies, the grotesqueness and absurdity of which are evident at first

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Names of States.	Length in Miles.	Breadth.	Latitude of North and South Extremes.	Longitude of E. and W extremes from Philadelphia.	Area in Square Miles.	Area in Acres.	Population in 1790.
Vermont	156	96	45. 42. 44.	3. 37 E. 1. 44. E.	10,000	6,400,000	86,0
N. Hampsh.	168	90	45. 15. 42 41.	4. 33. E. 2. 45. E.	9000	5,760,000	142,0
Maine	240	377	48 43.	7. 36. E. 4. E.	30,000	19,200,000	100,0
Massach.	155	90	42. 52. 41. 32.	5. 2. E. 1. 42. E.			380,0
R. Island	47	37	42. 41. 22.	4 E. 3. 11. E.	2000	1,280,000	70,0
Connecticut	100	72	42. 2. 41.	3. 20. E 1. 50. E.	5000	3,200,000	240,0
New York	335	316	45. 40. 32.	3. 6. E 5. W.	50,000	32,000,000	340,0
N. Jersey	160	52	41. 20. 39.	1. 24. E. 0. 25. W.	7500	4,800,000	185,0
Pennsylvania	261	161	42. 39. 43.	0. 20. E. 5. 20. W.	50,000	32,000,000	440,0
Delaware	92	33	39. 38. 29.	0 0. 40. W	2000	1,280,000	60,0
Maryland	198	130	39. 43 37. 56	4. 21. W. 0. 2. W.	10,000	6,400,000	320,0
Virginia	373	291	40. 39 36. 30.	0. 7. W. 8. W.	75,000	48,000,000	750,0
N. Carolina	450	180	36. 30. 33. 50.	9. 30. W. 1. W.	45,000	28,800,000	400,0
S. Carolina	270	250	35. 32.	3. 34. W. 9. 20. W.	30,000	19,200,000	250,0
Georgia	660	260	34. 53. 31.	4. 42. W. 16. 17. W.	120,000	76,800,000	85,0
Kentucky	370	200	39. 10. 36. 30.	7. 22. W. 15. 15. W.	45,000	28,800,000	75,0
Tenessee	442	104	36. 30. 35.	7. 45. W. 16. 56. W.	50,000	32,000,000	36,0
Missip. Ter.	384	97	32. 23. 31.	9. 52. W. 16. 20. W.	40,000	25,600,000	
N. W. Ter.	1,170	800	50. 37.	6. W. 23. W.	350,000	224,000,000	
Totals and averages	U. S. 1250	1,040	48. 31.	7. 36. E. 23. W.	930,000	595,000,000	3,894,0
Louisiana	1,400	1000	50. 29.	29. 12. 30.	750,000	480,000,000	
Totals and averages					1,680,000	1075,000,000	

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sight; but Milton's *ten* furies are exactly parallel to these.

A tattered woman once applied to me for alms; I offered her a trifle, but she demanded six times as much: "For see," says she, "I am as poor as *half a dozen beggars.*" Now, this rhetoric was quite as correct as Milton's.

I once overheard two children contending about the superior excellence of the lump of sugar which each had just received. One said that "his lump was as sweet....as any thing; as big....as big could be; and as white....as a *snow-ball.*" The other instantly retorted, that "*his* was sweeter than any thing; bigger than big could be; and *white* as a *hundred snow-balls.*" Now, the whiteness of a hundred snow-balls is nowise greater than the whiteness of any individual snow-ball. To be mad as an army of maniacs does not even imply a madness equal to that of the maddest trooper in the army; it simply *means nothing.*

That Death should be as terrible as hell, is not an unnatural thought, especially with those to whom one is only a conductor to the other: but this is just as if one should say, that a hangman is as hateful as the gallows, a dun as the bailiff, or a bailiff as the prison.

Every thing is desirable or otherwise, according to the good or bad effects it produces or is expected to produce. Strictly speaking, Death is as terrible to sinners as hell, because of the connection which one has with the other; but this affinity is rather moral than poetical.

The most powerful and magnificent conception that was ever formed of Death, is probably conveyed in the common phrase of "the king of terrors." This image, however, has no relation to crowns, swords, or skeletons. By these it is enfeebled and debased; nor is it possible, without incongruity and oddity, to attempt to *paint* the image. Such images it is the prerogative of poetry to call up; but the fault of the painter is essentially committed by the poet, when he attempts to exhibit such a portrait of his terrific majesty as a painter might copy.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATISTICAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IN the annexed table, the compiler has endeavoured to collect as many geographical and political particulars as possible, into one succinct view. The sagacious reader will perceive, in some of the items, a certain deviation from the most authentic documents. As this deviation was voluntary, it is necessary to explain the reasons which occasioned it.

In the first place, the area of any considerable region cannot be ascertained with absolute precision. The bounds of most countries and provinces have not been entirely measured astronomically; and different measurements are found to vary in a greater or less degree. This difference is seldom of any consequence; all the purposes of human science requiring, in these respects, not an absolute but only a relative precision.

The bounds of the American states, for example, and all computations of their area, are deficient in absolute certainty, but the degree of certainty obtained is amply sufficient for every ordinary purpose. *Round numbers*, in stating comparatively all great sums, are necessary to their easy comprehension and prompt recollection, and, if used with judgment, may actually be as near the truth as the most particularizing minuteness. In stating the area of a great country, like Great Britain, it is of no importance whether the stated sum be a few hundreds or thousands below or above the exact truth, for the exact truth can never be obtained. It can only be approached; and the benefits of this knowledge, in reasoning and comparison, are realized by mere proximity, while the memory is aided by

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employing as simple and entire sums as possible. Thus, some computers make the area of South Britain 57,947, and that of North Britain 27,120. This affectation of accuracy, in descending to hundreds, tens, and units, when the whole sum is so large, is evidently absurd, even supposing this degree of accuracy attainable; but 60,000 in one case, and 30,000 in another, have as good a chance of accuracy as the sums above specified, because other minute computers vary from those above-mentioned as much as 60,000 does from 57,947, or 30,000 from 27,120.

In settling the area of the American states, I have adopted such round numbers as are nearer to absolute precision than those commonly adopted, while, at the same time, being round numbers, they are much more suitable as objects of recollection and comparison than any broken sums.

It is well known, that the census of a great country can never absolutely reach the truth. A certain allowance must always be made for unavoidable omissions. This allowance has been only so far used, in the annexed table, as to make tolerably round sums; but the bounds of this allowance have never been touched; so that the sums actually stated, though a few units higher than the printed results of the census, are undoubtedly much below the truth.

Simple and concise as this table appears, the compilation has cost the author no small pains: but he will be highly gratified if any of its readers should derive instruction from it. It is manifest that it contains particulars, never before brought together into the same view, and that it contains almost every thing ascertainable or useful to the student of American geography.

No citizen should be ignorant of these particulars in the state of his own country; and yet it is probable that not one among five millions of Americans has all the particulars of this table in his memory. To enable those who please to familiarize themselves to these interesting and important facts, with facility and method, and to supply the place of memory to those who want the leisure, inclination, or ability, was my purpose in forming it.

I believe a single glance at this table will acquaint the reader with its usefulness. By arranging the particulars in distinct columns, and employing figures instead of words, we are enabled to see, at a single glance, the state of this part of the world, in extent, population, the degree of the prevalence of Negro slavery, and the population of its chief towns.

This or a similar table should be introduced into every seminary, and gotten by rote by every scholar between twelve and fifteen years of age. By searching in this table answers to the following questions, the reader will familiarize its contents to his imagination.

Which is the largest or least state in the union?

Which is the most or least populous?

Which is the most or least populous in proportion to its extent?

Which has the largest or smallest positive number of slaves?

In which is the proportion of slaves to free largest or smallest?

What is this extent, this population, this population of slaves, and this relative proportion?

What is the absolute and relative extent, population, &c. of all the states?

These questions can all be answered by a momentary glance at this table; but these, however important, could not be answered, without its assistance, but after difficult and tedious searches, calculations, and comparisons. ECONOMOS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PLAGIARISM.

PITIABLE is his lot that is impelled, by some casual or extraneous

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motive, to write, without possessing either sentiments or subject. This is, at present, exactly my situation. Having taken up the pen to write an essay, I made a short pause, and put up an earnest invocation to the muses for their succour, in a time of lamentable need. They have been deaf to my entreaties, unless, indeed, it has been by their inspiration or suggestion that my wife, a moment after, made her appearance, and seeing my musing posture, and bewildered look, enquired into the subject of my meditations.

I explained to her the object of my secret prayer; but, instead of seconding my supplication, she told me the prayer was superfluous, for I had only to turn to any current book of essays, and marking with a pen in the margin what chanced to please me, varying perhaps the title and the signature, send it to the press as my own. If I were particularly concerned to keep the secret from the type-setter, I had only to transcribe the essay.

On my observing how extremely liable to detection such an imposture would be, she answered, that the danger was much less than I expected; that the danger implied two circumstances, which very rarely occurred, namely, that the reader had ever read the essay before, or that, having read it, he would recollect it sufficiently to recognize any resemblance in the one before him. For one that discovers the fraud, thousands will be blind to it. And should you be detected, what then? It is not you, who are an anonymous personage, that gains by the deception, but they who read it as original that gain. If they see that it has been published before, they may read or forbear as they please; but if the belief of its novelty induces them to read, they have been deceived into an instructive and delightful path. Print one of the finest papers from the Guardian or Spectator in a popular newspaper, acknowledging the source from which it comes, and not one of its thousand subscribers will read; on the contrary, they will fiercely declaim against the folly and impertinence of republishing such stale and hackneyed stuff. But publish it with all the apparatus of an original production, and every body shall be delighted and instructed, and wonder who it is among his countrymen that writes so wittily and morally. To all but some forty out of the thousand, it will be absolutely new; they will now read it for the first time. Among this forty there shall be ten, perhaps, who have some faint notion that they have seen this, or something like it, before, while one or two, who have memories more lively and tenacious than is common, or whose attention has been, by chance, particularly fixed, in early life, by this essay, shall immediately recognize it. This one's vanity may possibly induce him to inform the multitude of less industrious readers of their mistake: but no harm will accrue from this. All the pleasure and instruction which the essay is calculated to afford will already be afforded by it, and this information can only operate by recommending to the carless or forgetful reader the original collection at large.

We have lately had an instance, continued my wife, to this effect. There is no collection of essays in English literature more familiarly known than the "Idler." And yet one of its essays was lately published and republished in some American newspapers as an original letter from the doctor to a lady, never before printed. I suppose some good girl had transcribed it for her own use, and being found among her papers by survivors, was naturally supposed by them to be original. How very few of the readers of this newspaper remembered to have ever read this performance before; and those most familiar with Johnson could probably go no further than to say, that they had suspected they had somewhere met with this or that paragraph or sentence before.

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For all this, said I, I cannot fully approve of your expedient. If the deception does no injury to others, but even benefits the world at large, I am afraid the injury done to my own character and feelings, by any deception, however plausible and palliable, will be more than equivalent.

You are marvellously punctilious, she answered. This rigid adherence to veracity, this forbearance to disguise or violate the truth, when no personal interest can possibly be suspected to influence you, and when others can derive from it nothing but advantage, is entirely unknown in real life. However, to save your scruples, you may publish it merely without acknowledging the source it comes from. You are surely at liberty, consistently with every rule, to repeat the sentiments of others, in this form, leaving your readers at liberty to ascribe it to whom they please. You are not bound to supply other people's defects of judgment or memory.

Still, said I, this is only palliating the fraud. To deceive, by silence or by words, by visible or audible signs, by speech, gesture, or look, are all upon a level with each other. The guilt consists in the intention and design; the means of executing the design are nothing. No man is culpable who misleads another without intending it, and every one is culpable who intends to deceive, even though the means he uses to effect his purpose should produce a contrary effect, and open the eyes they were designed to shut.

Well, replied she, Heaven grant that you and I may never have a more flagrant guilt to answer, for than that of deceiving others in this manner.

My dear, said I, I echo your prayer; yet I am very sadly sure that many more serious offences than this will rise up against me: but shall a man who pilfers sixpence from his neighbours excuse himself, by saying that he had already committed murder? He that is faulty already has a stronger reason than the absolutely innocent, for not augmenting his criminal list.

They that offend in this way, said my wife, still maintaining her point, are at least kept in countenance by a numerous fellowship in guilt..... What think you of Virgil, and indeed of all the Roman poets, who are little more than translators from the Greek, and who yet never acknowledged their debts. I need not remind you of the unlimited pillage which the *modern Latin* poets and prosaists have made upon the treasury of *ancient* similies, allusions, images, phrases, and epithets. Nobody ever thought of arraigning for literary felony or imposture our Milton, though his great work abounds in every page with thoughts and images taken, without acknowledgment, from Roman, Italian, and English poets, who preceded him. And what an arrant thief was Shakespeare! How very few of his plots and scenes are purely products of his own invention. To previous annalists, chroniclers, and play-wrights, in every tongue with which he was acquainted, he made no scruple to apply when in want of matter. Nor does it appear that he took any measures to prevent the natural inference that ignorance and inexperience, upon perusing his works, could not fail to draw. All the guilt of deceiving by silence and forbearance is imputable to Shakespeare, in as large a measure as to any mortal that ever wrote.....

As my wife never yet engaged in a dispute without having the last word, I wisely forbore to make any comments on her last speech. Here then the debate ended, but my scruples being in no degree abated, and the muses continuing as deaf as ever to my supplication, I find I must, however reluctantly, relinquish my design, and lay down the pen without writing an essay. Hereafter, perhaps, the tide of fancy may more easily flow.

ALCANDER.

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For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES.

RELIQUES.....ST. PETER'S SCULL.

A CERTAIN pope congratulated himself on his death-bed for the great integrity and prosperity of his administration, and all the ministers and courtiers which surrounded the pontifical couch joined in the homage: and pray, reader, what thinkest thou was the chief proof of this glory and prosperity, what the principal exploit by which his short reign had been so eminently and honourably distinguished in the eyes of God and man? Perhaps he drained some bog, by which some thousands of his subjects had their lives prolonged, and their health secured. Perhaps he abolished some iniquitous law, by which the happiness of tens of thousands had been molested and impaired. Perhaps he cleared away a sand bar, or constructed a mole, by which trade and commerce were endowed with new activity and energy. Perhaps he abrogated or softened some religious edict, and in consequence improved, in some slight degree, the condition of that part of his subjects who dissented from the Romish ritual. No, reader; these were frivolous exploits, and unworthy of so great a personage..... His holiness' great and only achievements had been the performance of the baptismal ceremony on ten Jews, and the conversion of half a million of crowns, collected in five years from the people by a new tax on bread, into a casket of gold enriched with gems, in which had been solemnly deposited a scull, supposed to have once belonged to St. Peter.

A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST EARTHQUAKE AND THUNDER.

Philip the second of Spain is well known to have expended enormous sums in the erection of the convent and palace of the Escurial. He very cautiously provided, by the best means, against all the ordinary accidents to which such a building was liable. There were two accidents, however, to which every edifice, constructed partly of wood, and raised upon the surface of the earth, are unavoidably exposed: and these are earthquake and lightning. After much reflection on the best method of averting these evils, the sagacious monarch and his counsellors at last hit upon expedients which they deemed infallible. One of these consisted in enclosing, with the utmost solemnity, certain small portions and splinters of the hair, nails, and bones which formerly belonged to St. Laurence, in the urns, placed along the roof of the building. This was to serve as a sure preservative against lightning, while earthquake was carefully averted by enclosing certain fragments of the oaken staff, woolen hose, and hairy mattrass of the same martyr, in the cubes and rhombs which formed the corner stones and buttresses of the edifice.

HENRY IV.

Henry IV of France used to ride beside his mistresses in the streets of Paris and Lyons, holding her by the hand, and occasionally kissing her. They usually attended mass together, and fondled and caressed each other during service. Shows were sometimes exhibited by the cities and provinces of France, in which bishops and priors bowed the knee, and presented incense to the picture or emblem of the royal mistresses. When the lady herself was present, this homage was offered to the real personage.

STONEHENGE.

Stonehenge is a double circle, formed of large oblong stones set on end, in the midst of a vast plain in Wiltshire, in England. For several centuries it was the firm belief of all classes of the English nation, that this circle was originally erect-

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ed by St. Patrick in Ireland, but that Merlin, the great Cambrian magician, at the earnest request of a certain British king (I forget his name), had caused it to be plucked up and transported across the Irish channel in one night, by certain demons, the vassals of his power. As many spirits were engaged in this task as there were stones, one pillar being allotted to each, and they were all placed on Salisbury plain, in exactly their pristine order. I have often thought that a very fine poetical use might be made of this tradition. A genius like Wieland's or Spencer's might raise a delightful structure upon such foundations..... But what must be the state of that understanding, which could solemnly and implicitly admit the tale as true!

Some of the strongest and most enlightened minds have given equal credit to the similar transportation of the *holy house of Loretto*, from Syria to Italy, while they laugh at the poor Arabs, who believe, with infinitely more reason, that the walls and columns of Palmyra and Balbec were raised by demons, working under the direction of Solomon.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Why beauty is so much prized by the sex; why the possession excites so much exultation, and the want so much envy and repining, will not be wondered at when we reflect upon the distinction which beauty confers in the eyes of *man*kind. The epithet *celebrated*, applied to a man, instantly suggests some intellectual quality. Applied to woman we as naturally imagine that her beauty or personal accomplishments in singing, dancing, and the like, are spoken of.

Roderigo, fourth count of Barcelona, had an only daughter, whose beauty made her name familiar throughout Europe. Several princes and nobles came from the extremities of the north and east for the mere purpose of verifying the reports of fame, and convincing themselves, by their own eyes, of her pre-eminence. Whenever she went abroad the eyes of every spectator followed her: on whatever human countenance she directed her attention, on public and solemn occasions, she beheld marks of rapture, devotion, and astonishment. It was no extraordinary thing for men to fall on their knees as she passed in the streets, and utter frantic ejaculations of delight, and even of adoration. The archbishop humourously prohibited her presence at church, because the congregation were irresistibly impelled to withdraw their homage from celestial objects, and bestow it on a mere mortal.

The poets of her country exhausted all their ingenuity in her praises; and a fraternity was formed among the most illustrious youth of the nation, which paid divine honours to her image or portrait, under the modest appellation of the *Mother of God*. My sober readers must not be scared at this; for they must know that the Roman religion enjoins worship to be paid to the mother of the Saviour; that is, to any statue or picture arbitrarily denominated such. As the votaries of this religion are at liberty to chuse any set of features for their Madonna, it is natural and easy to take for this purpose those, either real or imaginary, which please them most; and hence, nothing is more common than for lovers to worship their mistresses under this form.

As the beauty of Clara Isabella exceeded any thing that the imagination of painter or statuary could conceive, her image became the peculiar object of devotion to a select faternity who called themselves her knights; but it was at the same time scattered throughout Europe, by being copied in the foreign manufactures of this article, so that this exquisite beauty became really a universal idol, and received the most solemn testimonies of devotion from the farthest limits of Scotland, Sweden, and Hungary.

Her knights, composed chiefly of Catalonian and Provençal nobility,

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assumed a great number of vows, testifying their unlimited devotion to her, binding themselves to assert her universal pre-eminence, and fulfil her most trivial commands at the hazard of fortune and life..... Some of them are said to have given the most extravagant proofs of their attachment, by throwing themselves down precipices, or rushing upon certain death in battle, at a hint from her; and the personal love which numbers contracted for her, as it could not be gratified in the ordinary way, displayed itself in the most outrageous freaks and most desperate enterprizes.

Instances are mentioned of accomplished and illustrious youths devoting themselves to arduous pilgrimages, intolerable penances, and even to inevitable death, in obedience to commands imposed thoughtlessly or in jest, and extorted from her by their importunate devotion.... One of her knights assassinated a caliph's visier; another placed a crucifix in the principal mosque of Medina; another, with a band of followers, brought away a princess of Grenada, famed for her beauty, from the midst of her father's *haram*, to serve her as a waiting-maid.

Locks of her hair, her cast-off raiment, a slipper she had worn, a ribbon which had once encircled her arm or waist, were besought and preserved as the most sacred reliques. Compliments on her beauty and costly presents were sent to her, not only from christian potentates, but from Arabian emirs and Turkish sultans, from the borders of the Black sea and the Erythrean gulph.

What human being could fail of being intoxicated by homage like this! what portion of wisdom or humility could preserve Clara from some degree of vanity and credulity! and how must the value which the sex, in general, affix to beauty be heightened by observing these testimonies of devotion paid to it!

It does not appear that this paragon possessed a mind of extraordinary force or elegance; that her moral constitution was distinguished by any qualities remarkably good or bad. Her triumph appears to have been merely the triumph of personal charms, of a handsome face, and a graceful form. This triumph had a short career, and an early termination, for she died, at the age of nineteen, of a fever caught while beholding a show upon the water, exhibited at Barcelona in honour of her.

We cannot but indulge our fancy in imagining the consequences, if nature had combined with all this beauty, and the sovereignty of Catalonia, one of the most flourishing principalities at that time in Christendom, a mind as much endowed with dignity, energy, and sagacity, as met together in the character, for instance, of Elizabeth of England. Sovereign power confers upon human beings many of the attributes which properly belong only to superior natures. Intellectual powers are a still more irresistible claim to authority and veneration. The history of modern ages shows us the force of beauty. Had all these then been blended in the Catalonian princess, how much more than mortal would she have been!

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON WEALTH.

PART II.

IF we offered up our secret petitions to heaven for wisdom, with as much sincerity as we do for wealth, if our love of the former was as fervent as it is of the latter, if we were willing to undergo the same toils, and suffer the same privations to obtain the one, as we do to grasp the other, no doubt our prayers would be heard, our wishes would be gratified, and our toil and privations amply rewarded. If we were truly wise, we should prefer virtue to wealth, and a contented mind to all the good things this world can bestow. How glorious, how sublime then would

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be the picture of human nature! A flood of happiness would rush in upon the universe, of happiness founded on wisdom and virtue, overturning the temples of folly and the abodes of vice, of happiness not depending on external circumstances, liable to no change, but pure, unalterable, and eternal.

But wealth is preferred to wisdom, pleasure to virtue, and enjoyment to self-denial. There are few who would willingly rest their hopes of happiness on contentment, if wealth were within their reach; every man believes he would be better contented in a state of affluence than in any other, and in this every one is disappointed.

Wealth is in itself useless as the earth we tread, it is valuable only when we part with it. As the clouds which darken the face of heaven contribute nothing to the fertility of the earth, but when they part with the liquid treasures they contain, so the wealthy man contributes nothing to the good of society, but when his wealth is distributed among the lower classes; trade is then revived, arts and sciences protected and encouraged, and his country exhibits monuments of wealth, well employed and generously bestowed.

Wealth is valuable, because mankind agree in treating its possessor with respect and deference, and there are few so humble as not to wish themselves respected, and though every one is convinced that the respect with which he is treated is owing to adventitious advantages, and not to his intrinsic merit, yet without anxiety as to the cause, he is contented with the pleasing effect.

Were not this the case; were men valued and respected only for their services, their talents, or their virtues, wealth would be a trifling object, and unworthy the care, the anxiety, and toilsome exertions necessary to obtain it, and enjoy the pleasures it affords. We are informed by the ancients that there was a time, when the legislator of one of the states of Greece lessened the value of money, so as to make it less an object of pursuit; and also that the Roman citizens were accustomed to give their money to support the expences of the state. Some believe no man would now be willing to sacrifice his private interest at the shrine of public good; but let it be considered, times and circumstances have changed. The object of the Grecian legislator was to educate men in a warlike manner; war was then more the business of life than it is in modern times; to lead armies into the field, to conquer and destroy, to level all remains of a former government, and unite the governed to the conquering power, seems to have been the chief object of nations. Further, we are to consider that every wise government, at such a period, would provide for the defence of its people, as every one was liable to be overturned by some more powerful neighbour. A state of warfare was at first necessary to the Romans, as it is to all infant governments: the same spirit which induced them to defend themselves against the attacks of others, afterwards induced them to attempt their conquest..... The safety of the state, or its glory, was what every man thought himself bound to advance; and I have no doubt but the same emergencies would occasion similar conduct; human nature is still the same; men who despised wealth were, in my opinion, as rare as they are now, or why are they so extolled? Whatever is plentiful is held in little estimation, and whatever is rare is highly valued.

Wealth to be obtained must be sought with diligence and perseverance; if we are repulsed at one part of the fortress of wealth, we must attack another, neither must we be too fastidious; we must stoop where we cannot pass in an upright position; of this we have daily proofs: there are few who have not seen those who, deserving and knowing the value of wealth, have attempted to secure its possession, but who have been defeated at every at-

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tempt, because their lofty spirits disdained the many little, though, perhaps, necessary means for its attainment; while, on the other hand, men who have emerged from the deepest shades of obscurity, without talents or virtue, honour or dignity, have, by employing the necessary means, amassed great wealth, and filled the most elevated ranks of society.

Yet let it not be supposed that I consider these subordinate means beneath the dignity of an upright man; there are many, it is true, nefarious and unbecoming, but there are many perfectly honourable; yet the lofty dignity, and proud consciousness of superior talents and integrity, frequently prevents men from employing the means, by which alone the gifts of fortune and the enjoyment of ease can be secured.

Yet let not those who have disdained to tread the intricate paths which lead from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to splendour, from neglect to distinction, blame fortune; she sets a price on her favours, and whoever chuses may purchase; if they were unwilling to pay it, it is evident they thought the price too high; they are indigent from choice and not from necessity, and as they have preserved that which they esteemed the most valuable, ought to be contented with the situation in which they have been placed by their own inclinations.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF FEMALE CONVERSATION.

A GENTLEMAN who had very early lost his sense of hearing, but not till he had acquired a competent knowledge of reading and writing, and of consequence secured to himself the sure means of intellectual improvement, and even of conversation, has often expressed to me his feelings while sitting in a numerous company, and observing by the motions of the eyes and lips that those, round him were busily engaged in talk. Besides a great deal of regret that he could not share in this lively intercourse of thoughts, he has often been penetrated with wonder and curiosity as to what topic was handling, or what discussion going forward.

I have sometimes gratified this curiosity by conveying the desired information to him by means of the pen; but in almost all cases his former wonder has only been supplanted by new surprize, at the seeming eagerness and interest which the talkers had displayed upon the subject before them. In his eye, these topics were usually so trite and frivolous, that he could not comprehend by what magic they could be made to interest a rational being.

I was lately with him in a company of half a dozen ladies, all of whom had passed the age of dolls and toys, and all of whom were respectable for the good sense and dignity of their characters. My friend sat, as usual, very attentive to the discourse with his eyes, and very inquisitive as to what was passing before him, with so much vivacity and earnestness of gesture and looks; and having a high opinion of the merits and accomplishments of the ladies present, he displayed afterwards a more than usual anxiety to know from me on what subjects five or six ladies had thus spent some talkative and animated hours.

I endeavoured to satisfy his wishes, by informing him, that each lady had contrived to throw into the common stock of useful knowledge, the following important particulars: first, what flowers she was most fond of, together with the history of the identical orange tree, rose bush, or the geranium shrub, which was her favourite; including the unlucky tricks or negligences of the bound girl, Sukey, or the black boy, Tom, by which the poor flower had been exposed to many imminent dangers from vernal frosts, frisking kittens, or pilfering beggar women.

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Next came a dissertation upon favourite birds, in which the history was given, including the untimely and lamentable death, by luckless falls, mischievous boys, or ruffian cats, of a beautiful goldfinch from Bourdeaux; a mocking-bird, who had by heart as many tunes as Haydn; and a canary, who had escaped a dozen storms on its passage from Holland, and who drew its own water and unlocked its own cupboard. The comparative merit of singing birds was now warmly discussed; and one lady threw in a hint, which was not attended to, about the nightingale, which European poets talk about so much, but which American readers know only by description.

Next came upon the carpet the qualities, and especially the prices of fruit. Each one took this opportunity of telling which she preferred. On this head there was but little difference of sentiment; for though each one had a peculiar degree of liking for raspberries, black-berries, and whortle-berries, for apples, plums, cherries, and hickory nuts, there was an admirable unanimity on the great questions, whether peaches were not better than oranges, and whether strawberries with cream and sugar were not the greatest luxury upon earth. Many ingenious things were now said on the *prices* of these articles, the best time of the day or of the season to purchase them; together with some particular details of extravagance and imposition in venders, and dexterity or credulity in buyers. The transition was easy from this subject to *vegetables*, and each one's liking and antipathies were given in relation to potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, radishes, sallads, &c. &c. Here again, while there was great variety of sentiment on the merits of the above roots, there was a most cordial concurrence, and much eloquent encomium on the transcendant excellence of *young green peas*..... Each one detailed *her* practice in purchasing and eating this delicious product. Some made it a rule never to buy till they were *eleven-pence* the *half-peck*. Some were careful to buy a great quantity at a time, but to buy them seldom, while others bought them in smaller portions, but constantly. Some lived upon them, while in season, altogether; others admitted them proportionally or occasionally; while some were so unfortunate that their health required them, after repeated trials, long delays, and infinite reluctances, to renounce them altogether.

The company now launched out into judicious animadversions upon house-keeping, and all its various departments; of going to market, managing servants, locking up pantries, brushing furniture, and the like. A great number of particulars were detailed on each of these heads; each one having of course a practice and experience in some respect peculfar to herself, and many instructive anecdotes were related, serving to explain the various systems now in use. Much debate took place, as to the preference of male or female servants; young or old; of sending a servant to market, or going ourselves; of the comparative merits of cellar kitchens, and kitchens on the upper floor, with the respective advantages of different habitations; each one giving the history of their own, including the time of taking, the duration of their residence, and the vicissitudes in the rent, and the resolutions formed, with the motives giving rise to them, as to remaining or removing; together with the conduct and inducements of each, as to dividing their time between town and country, and of the feelings either of terror or indifference with which each regarded that periodical pest, the yellow fever.

Hre the lady who had attempted, on a former occasion, though without success, to introduce the nightingale, endeavoured to draw out the yellow fever into some remarks, as to the real influence of that disease, and of pestilence in general, on public prosperity and private happiness; but these abstruse

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and insipid topics instantly gave place to eloquent narrations of particular cases of head-ach and tooth-ach; in which, as two men, one of whom at least had ears, were present, great care was taken to steer clear of all feminine and sexual causes of complaint. Had the ladies been alone, no doubt the discussions on this head would have taken a turn much more minutely and personally interesting.

After a while, the conversation coming to a pause, one asked another, who had lately arrived from New York, how she was pleased with that city? There followed upon this hint, very copious and animated displays of the comparative merits of the two cities, to which all present contributed in proportion to their actual or hearsay information. On these interesting points, the variety of opinion was boundless: the battery and its salt airs and sea prospects came in for a large share of encomium, but to which of the two cities, as to its walks and environs, its churches and theatres, the preference was due upon the whole, was a question handled with much ardour. The principal grace urged in favour of New York was its boundless *hospitality*, while poor Philadelphia was but feebly defended from the charge of being egregiously deficient in this virtue, and several instances were recounted greatly to the dishonour of its inhabitants. An enquiry as to which city contained the greatest quantity of female beauty, brought upon the carpet many disquisitions on beauty in general, and particular portraits of ladies, either abounding or deficient in this inestimable commodity.

As beauty is justly supposed to be greatly indebted to ornament and dress, the transition was obvious and easy to the merits and demerits of the reigning fashion, in cutting robes, adjusting hair, and trimming hats, together with a critical review of the style of embellishment peculiar to each lady of their acquaintance, and the cost of *this* article and *that*.

All this variety of matter by no means exhausted the company, for they had still a half hour to bestow very busily, in settling the present state of the whole circle of their friends, male and female, on the subject of love and marriage; all the matches at present impending were counted up, and their degree of forwardness examined; and after a copious detail of unrequited loves and abortive courtships, the visit winded up with "Please give me my hat and my shawl," and "What's your haste? 'tis still very early."

After this account which I gave to my deaf friend, I had much trouble in defending the ladies from the charges which he uncivilly brought against them, of employing the divine faculty of speech upon nothing, or worse than nothing. The ladies, however, must not mistake me; I only mean that I had much trouble to convince *him*; merely to advance unanswerable arguments in their favour, was a very easy task. The importance and dignity of these topics are easily established; while it is impossible to prove that the themes which sometimes occupy the attention of those who call themselves the learned and the wise, are not truly insignificant and worthless.

Of what moment, for example, can it be to any woman in her social or domestic character; what instruction can she possibly derive in performing the incessant and respectable duties of a mother and mistress of a family, and of a member of society, from settling the style of dressing the hair, or furnishing a house, which prevailed three hundred years ago, or a thousand miles off? All the science of Newton, could not be exchanged in market for a pound of butter; a woman had much better know nothing about the population of China, than to be ignorant of the contents of her hen-coop, or her egg-basket. A single goldfinch in one's cage is worth all the

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ostriches in Zaara, and all the nightingales in Europe; and she who should suffer her squirrel to perish by neglect, while absorbed in weighing the merits and supplying the defects of the zoological arrangements of Linnæus, would be worthy of something sharper than ridicule. It is of far greater moment to know the current wages of a cook, or the qualifications of a nurse, a laundress, or a butcher, than to be a perfect judge of the merits of Cicero or Cæsar, or to be acquainted with the revenue of the Turkish or British empires. Trenton or New York, she may one day visit, or even make it her permanent abode. Surely then her curiosity is far more natural and judicious respecting the circumstances of that city, than those of Lima or Aleppo. A broken pane in her bed-chamber, or a fit of the tooth-ach, is more justly the object of her attention, because it more immediately and materially affects her own welfare, than the earthquake which swallowed up seven cities seven thousand miles off, or Justinian's plague, which killed half the human race a dozen centuries ago.

Such topics as occurred in the above conversation all relate to the actual condition of the talkers, to subjects which must oftenest occur to, and most nearly affect every human being, which fall under their immediate observation, and as to which every one present has some knowledge and some interest. How little reason, therefore, is there in the arrogant contempt and imagined superiority of those who call themselves the learned; who busy themselves about things which have no relation to their own condition, which happened at distant times or in remote regions, and of which therefore it is impossible to gain any precise or satisfactory knowledge. It is an old though not a trite remark, that the education of women, in most respects, embraces nothing but what is useful to them, and which they can turn to prompt and continual account in their passage through life; while that of men is occupied with solemn trifles and cumbrous pedantry. The most valuable years of our youth are commonly spent in acquiring sciences or languages, incapable of any useful application in our course through the world, and seldom even contributing to our solitary amusement, since they are soon supplanted in the memory by objects to which necessity confines our attention.

ALPHONSO.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Written at the falls of Passaick, July, 1800.

PRONE to admire the ever-changeful scene,
Which nature opens to the observant eye,
To tread, delighted, the enamell'd green,
And gaze, with rapture, on the starry sky;
To trace the murm'ring stream's retiring shore,
And, stretch'd along its bank, to linger there,
Or, startling, catch the torrent's distant roar,
Or climb where rocks their towering summits rear;
Here 'mid these wilds, we wind our devious way,
And trace each path remote from human ken;
Beneath the shadowy rocks now pensive stray,
Now wander through the deep entangled glen.

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Hark! the loud tumult of the water's roar!
Behold yon foaming stream's impetuous tide!
See headlong dash'd upon the rocky shore,
The oak, all shatter'd, once the forest's pride!

Exhaustless flood! no interval is thine;
Each day, each night, still hurrying thro' the vales,
No winter's icy bands thy course confine,
No summer's blaze thy glittering tide exhales.

Ceaseless the thunder of thy tumbling waves——
Here Silence ne'er a residence has found;
Unwearied Echo answers from her caves,
And shakes the hills and hanging cliffs around.

For ages shall these roaring waters glide,
These rocks succeeding ages shall remain;
While a few years shall stop the purple tide,
That now with ardour swells the youthful vein.

Yet rocks the ruthless hand of Time shall feel;
E'en ocean's self, in years, shall roll away:
Eternity on man has stampt the seal
That gives the promise of eternal day.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

A COPY OF VERSES,

Written by Susannah Wright, on removing from Chester to the banks of Susquehannah, in the year 1726; where she afterwards lived near 60 years.

FROM all the social world estrang'd,
In desert wilds and woods,
Books and engaging friends exchang'd
For pendant rocks and floods;

Nature's uncultivated face
A varying aspect wears;
But every charm and every grace
Are sunk in stronger cares.

Each morning dawn to labour calls,
Through noontide's sultry sun,
And when the dew of ev'ning falls,
The task is but begun.

Lamps (wont to guide calm midnight hours
O'er the amusing page,
Of poetry th' enchanting pow'rs,
The wisdom of the sage)

Now gild the midnight hours of toil,
'Till weary nature fails,
'Till glimmering they have spent their oil,
And balmy sleep prevails;

'Till morning dawn renews the day,
And with the day its care;
So pass the hours of life away
Through the unvarying year.

Ah! how unlike those days of peace
By earlier prospects given!
But hush, my heart, thy murmurs cease,
And take thy lot from heaven.

With spirit act thy painful part,
Subdue thy erring will,
Thy passions regulate, thy heart
Guard from each thought of ill.

Then shall thy waining hours of day,
(If life such hours shall bring)
Pass like a cloudless eve away
To an eternal spring.

Meantime enjoy this season fair,
And every joy that's given;
Shake from thy mind this weight of care,
And bless indulgent heaven.

Behold the trees their leaves resume,
The shrubs and herbage rise,
Unbidden flowers the groves perfume,
And all serene the skies.

Behold the morn and evening sun
The rock and water-fall,
Retract the wrong that thou hast done
To scenes that never pall;

A scene the hand of nature drew
With all surpassing skill,
Keeps through a thousand ages new
Its pristine glories still.

The morning sun revives and warms,
In native splendour bright;
And evening soft, with wonted charms,
Leads on the shades of night.

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The moon as pure her beams can shed,
And stars as brightly glow,
As when yon arch of heaven was spread
First o'er this world below.

Behold the morn and evening sun,
The rock and water-fall,
Retract the wrong that thou hast done
To scenes that never pall.

SELECTED.

THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

A PETER-PINDARIC FABLE.

A RABBIT who had all his life been pent
Within a hutch, at length grew discontent,
And having nothing else to do,
Amused himself in meditation
On a poor rabbit's luckless situation,
Compared with other animals he knew.

"Alas!" he cried, "how many ills I bear,
"And what a happy dog is yonder hare!
"He roves thro' wood or field contented, free,
"He has no cares or troubles, none at all;
"He can see life, enjoy society,
"And when he pleases give his friends a call.

"For food no human tyrant's aid he needs,
"But as thro' gardens in and out he pops,
"On what best suits his taste he freely feeds—
"On cabbage now, and now on turnip tops;
"Whilst I, with these infernal bars beset,
"Must be content with any thing I get.

"Yet why should I
"Thus tamely bear the loss of liberty,
"Whom nature made as proper to be
"free
"As he?
"It surely never was by nature meant
"That I in this vile prison should be
cramm'd.

"I'll not endure it, no, if I consent
"To bear it any longer, I'll be d——d.

"But how shall I escape my keeper's clutch?
"I have it——when he opens next my hutch,
"Instead of tamely sitting like a dolt,
"I'll slily make a spring and out I'll bolt."
The opportunity occurr'd,
And Bunny really kept his word.

And now, from all restraint set free,
He frisk'd about with wond'rous glee,
Till with his exercise he hungry grew,
Then food he sought, and found enough,
But found it very sorry stuff
To what he'd been accustom'd to.
To grumble now however 'twas too late,
So quietly he ate.——

Just so the rake in holy fable,
Who used in style to sit at table,
And on all sorts of dainties dine,
Till he turned wicked sinner,
And then was forced to mess with filthy swine,
Or go as he deserved without his dinner.

At last he met the envied hare,
And vaunting told the whole affair
Of his escape, no doubt expecting praise,
And begg'd to know how best to spend his days,
Requesting too his kind advice,
If he again should stand in need of food,
As 'twas most probable he should,
Where he might get a bit of something nice.

Puss shook his head: "The scheme you'll rue,"
Says he, "or I am much mistaken,
"Of having a good home forsaken,
"To try a life of which you nothing knew.
"How could you such a thing design?
"You foolish fellow! how imagine
"That you were suited to engage in
"A state so arduous as mine?

A thousand terrors, guns, hounds, snares,
"Against us hares,
"Are by the human race employ'd,
Which you ne'er learnt the cunning to avoid.

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" Besides you are not to be told,
" It soon will grow confounded cold,
" And you can ne'er your tender hide expose
" To frosts and snows.
" Upon my soul I fear you'll feel it much;
" For you must be unseason'd to the blast,
" You who have all your winters past
" Within a nice warm comfortable hutch.

" Then while you may, my counsel take,
" And to your keeper straight go back,
" His pardon humbly to implore,
" And tell him you'll do so no more."

He scarce had ended, when the sudden cry
Of a loud yelping pack
Approaching briskly at his back
Obliged him hastily to fly.

Puss doubtless tipt them all the double,
Or gave at least the curs some trouble,
But finding such an easy prey,
They snapt up Bunny in their way.

A two-fold moral here's convey'd,
That should with double praise be paid.
Imprimis, you are made to learn,
How folks of discontented turn,
Of ev'ry state they have not tried
Can only see the pleasant side.

You next are taught, by Bunny's fate,
Your powers not to over-rate,
He vainly thought himself a hare,
Think yourself only——what you are.

THE CASTLE OF MYSTERY.

EMBOSOM'D within the deep shade of a wood,
Stupendous and gloomy a castle there stood,
All awful and drear to the sight;
The ivy thick cluster'd around its huge wall,
Its dungeons were deep, and its turrets were tall,
And it chill'd all the soul with affright.

Its chambers above scarce admitted a ray,
Its caverns below were unbless'd by the day,
Its ramparts were lofty and strong:
In silence and awe on the forest it frown'd,
The solitude deep that prevail'd all around
Not a bird ever cheer'd with its song.

Yet oft the chance traveller pallid with fear,
Dread sounds from this castle hath tarried to hear,
When midnight hath shaded the wood;
Loud shrieks and mad howlings in dissonance deep,
Amid the long hours of darkness and sleep,
Have frozen the traveller's blood.

Unknown were its tenants, for none had been seen
For many long years who had ventured within,
This mansion of horror to see;
For alas! a sad story of death and dismay
Belongs to this castle, and reader, I pray,
When you hear what it is—tell it me.

SELECTIONS.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE AT PARIS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE ridicule of Le Sage against excessive *blood-letting*, in his account of the medical practice of Dr. Sangrado, may seem to those who witness the present practice in London, to rise to an extravagance that entirely loses sight of the reality. But he who reads the letters of Guy Patin will be of a different mind.

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Patin was zealous, to an inconceivable degree, for purging and letting blood, in almost every case of disease; and so were all his contemporaries of the college of physicians at Paris, who were accounted to be regular, not quackish innovating practitioners.

Speaking of Hoffmann, a German physician, whom, in many respects, he highly admired, Patin adds, in a tone of commiseration, "The honest man, however, knows not much of the use of bleeding".....*Le bonne homme ne connoit pas grande chose a la saignee.* He complains elsewhere, that the greatest abuses of medicine, in the innovating practice of some of his contemporaries, arose from the *neglect of blood-letting*, and the use of certain pharmaceutical nostrums, which were recommended in the works of Arabian physicians. In intermittent fevers, Patin, as himself relates, taught, that there was nothing so useful as very copious bleeding. The first president of the parliament of Paris, Lamoignon, then an old man, and a great patron of literature, had been ill. His physician, M. Guenaut, after treating him with many bleedings, put him, at length, on a course of purging: the good man became daily worse; they returned to bleeding; and Patin complains bitterly of Guenaut for not emptying the president's veins more entirely at the first. A. M. Courteis, one of Patin's friends, had been ill: Patin boasts of having cured him, *moyennant dix-huit saignees, & vingt purgations.* He was heartily sincere in favour of blood-letting; for, after passing a sleepless night under the pain of the tooth-ach, the first thing he did in the morning was to have himself bled for it in both arms. He tells elsewhere of a bookseller of the name of Rocolet: "I was thirty years his physician; I made him lose, in that time, a great deal of blood, and yet, to my surprize, he is now dead." Mrs. Patin, in her old age, was taken ill of a fever; twelve bleedings, however, prescribed by her husband, restored her to health; upon which honest Dr. Guy exclaims, with Joachim de Bellay, "*O bonne, O sainte, O divine saignee!*" He relates, that he had ordered bleeding, with good success, for children who were not more than three days old. The ministers were carefully bled for the good of the state. "M. Colbert was bled yesterday," writes Patin to his correspondent, on the 6th of March, 1663: "M. Le Tellier is ill of a fever, for which he has been already bled four times." The famous Vanderlinden died at Leyden, at the age of 53, of a defluxion on his lungs, for which he would not allow himself to be bled, but took some doses of antimony. "What a pity!" exclaims Patin, "to compose so many books, to have so much Greek and Latin at his fingers' ends, and, after all, to die of a fever and catarrh....*sans se faire saigner.* I am much better off with my ignorance, and now and then a bleeding. But for bleeding I should have died like him, three years since. I would rather cast my blood upon the dunghill, than commit my body to the grave. Such are the deaths of fools and chemists!"

After a due course of blood-letting, if the patient still survived, he was put, according to the rules of the college, upon a course of as violent purgation with senna; and, if the strength of his constitution was such as to triumph also over this mode of attack, he was then suffered to escape into the country, and to recruit upon ass's milk. There were few diseases in which, on one pretence or another, this method of practice was not more or less followed. Where it failed of success, its authors loudly boasted, that they acted upon the authority of Galen; and affirmed, that the failures were only because all human means were, in those unfortunate cases, vain to save.

On the other hand, there were not wanting innovators, who derided Patin and the other physicians of the old school, as merely *medicines de Grec et de Latin;* and who boldly promised to work wonders in the

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art of healing, by means of new certain specifics.

Bezoar was one of these specifics, which Patin boldly stigmatized as a vain *idolum fatuorum*.

Another of these new specifics was *tea*, which began, about the year 1748, to be much celebrated at Paris. Chancellor Seguier brought it first into reputation. Theses were written in its praise. And it was, in particular, said to produce effects pleasingly exhilarating and invigorating on the powers of the mind. But Patin, and all the physicians of the old school, indignantly scorned the pretence. A Dr. Morisset, of the college, was the author of a thesis in favour of this *impertinent novelty of the age*, as Patin calls it, against which almost the whole college rose in arms. Some doctors committed the copies which were sent them of it to the flames, others put it aside, as *charta ad spurcos usus reservanda*.

Antimony was a remedy much more prevalent, though not less odious to Patin and his friends of the school of Galen. Guenaut, one of the court physicians, often prescribed it; and whenever a patient who had taken of it happened to die, Patin, and the other adversaries of this remedy, if the incident came to their ears, failed not to cry out, that the antimony had killed them. It was often given in the form of *emetic wine*; and no opportunity was missed by the physicians who disliked it, of stigmatizing this wine as absolutely a poison.

Quinquina, or *jesuit's bark*, had begun to be administered as a remedy in tertian and quartan fevers. The famous Fouquet, in the beginning of his imprisonment, had occasion to take quinquina, but was, Patin says, little the better for it. It was denied by the followers of Galen to be capable of doing any good, except after a good course of bleeding and purging. Patin thought that it tended to bring on the dropsy.

Mercury was likewise a favourite prescription with some. It had been ordered by a physician of Patin's acquaintance, for a complaint in the lungs. *Tous les fous ne sont pas dans les petites-maisons*, was Patin's remark upon this occasion.

Powder of pearl was often prescribed, to the great indignation of Patin, by some of his brethren, whom he accuses as less the friends of their patients than of the apothecaries.

Opium was another of the new medicines greatly abhorred by the physicians of the good old school, and branded as a freqnent cause of deaths.

The queen mother, Anne of Austria, was afflicted, in her last illness, with a cancer in her left breast. Many quacks offered their assistance for her cure, but all was in vain. Patin, on that occasion, mentions hemlock, as a remedy in use for cancers.

There were constant wars between the physicians and the apothecaries. They often sued one another in the courts of law, on account of their professional quarrels. Patin, hearing that an apothecary of the name of Moze had spoken respectfully of his character, expressed great surprize to hear so much as that he had a friend in that craft; "For," said he, "I have done no thing to deserve their good will. I never prescribed bezoar nor cordial waters, mithridate nor theriaca, nor confection of hyacinth, nor alkermes, nor viper-powder, nor emetic-wine, nor pearls, nor precious stones, and such like Arabian fooleries. The medicines I prescribe are neither rare nor dear."

HAIR CHANGED THROUGH FRIGHT.

IT is related of a boy, in one of the rudest parts of the county of Clare, in Ireland, that, in order to destroy some eaglets lodged in a hole 100 feet from the summit of a rock which rose 400 feet perpendicular from the sea, he caused him-

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self to be suspended by a rope, with a scimitar in his hand for his defence, should he meet with an attack from the old ones; which precaution was found necessary, for no sooner had his companions lowered him to the nest, than one of the old eagles made at him with great fury, at which he struck, but, unfortunately missing his aim, nearly cut through the rope that supported him. Describing his horrible situation to his comrades, they cautiously, and safely, drew him up; when it was found that his hair, which a quarter of an hour before was a dark auburn, was changed to grey. Another instance is given in a selection of anecdotes, &c. by L. J. Rede, under the article *Affright;* and a similar account is reported of the late unfortunate queen of France, during her first night of arrest and imprisonment; but as circumstances of this nature have been heard of by almost every one, it would only be wasting time to notice more.

It is well known that grief, fear, surprize, rage, &c. when violent, affect the hair; but whence that partial change of colour, and in the two first instances only, for I never heard that surprize or rage ever caused it, is what I cannot at present account for. Until I am more convinced of the truth of this, I shall think it wrong to conclude, that premature grey hairs are an indication of their possessors being either more susceptible of those passions, or that they have unfortunately experienced more circumstances that give rise to them, than any other persons.

THE KNIGHTS OF THEBES AND TROY.

THE origin of those wild and fantastic fables, which we meet with in the romances of the middle ages, concerning the knights of Thebes and Troy, may be traced to the following circumstances. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the writings of Dictys of Crete, and of Dares the Phrygian, came to be known in Europe; but the knowledge which they imparted of the fables of ancient times was imperfect and confused, as their works were preserved only in that mutilated condition in which they had escaped the ravages of time. They wanted, besides, that romantic varnish, which was requisite to make them acceptable in the age of chivalry. To supply these defects, Guido di Colonna, a learned civilian and eminent poet of his time, undertook, about the year 1216, to interweave with the ancient legends, the romantic manners of the middle ages, tournaments, single combats, and adventures of knight-errantry. The favourable reception which the world bestowed on this amplification of the Trojan stories, induced the author to compose a romance in prose, concerning the Trojan war, in the Latin tongue. In this work, he also introduced the siege of Thebes, and the expedition of the Argonauts from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. With a view to embellish the feats of his hero by imaginary adventures, the author mingles together all manner of ornaments and fables, old and new, Grecian and Arabian, Asiatic and European. His heroes are well acquainted with alchemy and astrology, deeply versed in sorcery and exorcism, and frequently engaged with dragons and griffins. This book of truly wonderful adventures was translated into the new languages of the several countries; into Italian, German, French, and the Scandinavian languages of the north, and by this means it soon came into universal circulation. The great families of Europe were so captivated with the Grecian heroes, that they all wished to derive their origin from them: and the monks, to give proofs of their classical knowledge, vied with each other in tracing out some shoot of the Greek and Roman names, by which the noble families of modern times might assert their connection with the Trojan

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heroes. This mixture of ancient and modern fables and manners produced the most wild confusion in the brains of the knights-errant..... They talked of Alexander the great as a second Charlemagne, and surrounded him with twelve renowned peers. Theseus, Jason, and Hercules were made to sit down with Arthur at his round table. The Greek heroes broke a lance with the far-famed knights of the middle ages, entering the lists according to the most approved usages of chivalry; and Charlemagne was made to undertake the hazardous enterprize of again piloting the ship Argo to Colchis.

A PICTURE OF LONDON.

Continued from page 158.

FROM the theatres the mind naturally turns to those exhibitions in which the painter and the sculptor display their rival excellence. They, also, are the delineators of men and of manners. They give the features, the *costume*, the scenery, of different nations. They represent the actions of great men, the victories of the brave, the harmonies of domestic life, and the fascinations of personal beauty, with an effect at once pleasing and powerful. The portraits of sir Joshua Reynolds, who presented not only the form, the feature, but the mind, on his magically breathing canvas, will live with those of Vandyke and Ruebens; while the landscapes of Gainsborough, Loutherbourg, Turner, and sir George Beaumont, may, without peril by comparison, embellish the same gallery with those of Claude de Lorraine and Carlo Maratti.

A public exhibition is one of the most fostering spheres for the expansion of genius. But, in the world of painting as well as of letters, prejudice and partiality should be divested of its poisons, lest they, in time, contaminate and blast the very root of genius. We have seen pictures of peculiar excellence placed in so *unfavourable a light*, that they have not only lost their effect, but have even been precluded from observation; while the coarse daubings of more *powerful artists* have glared through the broad sign-posts of arrogance and folly. Yet among the ornaments of the art we have to boast a Northcote, a Westall, a Lawrence, a Fuseli, and a Porter. The last mentioned artist is now rising rapidly on the horizon of genius; and it is honourable to the taste and cultivation of the age we live in, that a young man under twenty-two years of age has produced a picture, which is an ornament to the art, and a splendid proof of a bold and capacious imagination*.

The travels of Mr. Flaxman have cultivated a taste, pure and expansive. His casts, after the antique, are executed with an effect and precision which will embellish our public buildings and our private galleries for centuries to come. It is greatly to be lamented that this majestic art has hitherto been little cultivated in Britain. Statues, busts, and vases, which almost universally embellish the public edifices, and the private habitations of the nobility, and even of the middling classes, in Italy, are seldom seen in the halls or galleries of English houses..... There are, indeed, collections of the very first order in the possession of individuals in this country. Wilton, the seat of the earl of Pembroke; Stourhead, the princely palace of sir Richard Hoare; and Mr. Townley, of Park-street, Westminster, have many exquisite and valuable *antique* samples of the sculptor's art: but, whether from the fastidious delicacy of false taste, or the force of habit, is yet to be decided, we seldom see this wonder-moving power of giving the human form with all its grace and symmetry encouraged, or even approved, by the mass of organized society. Why cannot the British

* The Storming of Seringapatam, now exhibiting at the Lyceum.

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sculptor exercise that divine spirit of emulation which immortalized the Grecian art? Why does not a Flaxman, by an original master-piece, dispute the wreath of fame with the most celebrated sculptors of antiquity? To the labours and the taste of Mr. Flaxman, however, the public will ever be indebted; his exertions promise to awaken that taste for the art in which he excels, which has not only been dormant, but scarcely ever been cherished into vigour, in this country.

The best public specimens of modern sculpture are those which embellish the gothic aisles of Westminster Abbey. Yet even there they are so crowded together, so mingled with awkward, uncouth, and heavy designs, ill executed and ill arranged, that more than half their beauty is lost in the chaos of inconsistency; and it is a disgrace to the sculptor's art, as well as to the finest monument of gothic architecture, that Westminster Abbey exhibits, even in these enlightened days, a *wax-work* puppet-show of kings and queens, which would disgrace the booth of an itinerant mountebank.

Sculpture might be exhibited to the greatest advantage in the sublime temple of St. Paul: a building which, though of more diminutive construction than the far-famed St. Peter's at Rome, is infinitely more beautiful in the *minutiæ* of its external decorations. This splendid building would display monumental trophies with considerable effect, provided they were tastefully and judiciously disposed. Our squares exhibit statues, but they are not of the first order. One, indeed, presents a gilded horse and its rider, which conveys the idea of a gingerbread composition; while another has a stagnant bason, which in winter is frozen over, and in summer sends forth its putrid effluvia to poison and contaminate the air of the metropolis. These deformities, however, are beautifully contrasted by the plantations of Grosvenor, Portman, Fitzroy, Leicester, Finsbury, and Soho squares; and it is to be hoped that every open space of ground in this great city, will, in the course of a few years, afford its inhabitants this species of summer *promenade*.

Though the inhabitants of the metropolis of England have not that ardent taste for public entertainments which has long characterized the French nation, still we see our *spectacles* well attended by nearly all ranks of persons; and even the lowest orders of society enjoy the humorous scenes of Sadler's Wells, the wonderful horsemanship of Astley, and the pantomimic pageants of similar theatres, though the dearness of provisions, and the augmentation of taxes, afford incessant sources for gloomy and painful rumination in the retirement of the chamber.

The public promenades, particularly on the sabbath, are thronged with pedestrians of all classes, and the different ranks of people are scarcely distinguishable either by their dress or their manners. The duchess, and her *femme de chambre*, are dressed exactly alike: the nobleman and his groom are equally ambitious of displaying the neat boot, the cropped head, and the external decorations, as well as the quaint language, of the stable-boy. The dapper milliner, and the sauntering female of slender reputation, imitate the woman of fashion, in the choice of their clothes, and the tenour of their conversation; while all ranks of females display a lightness of drapery, which would completely characterise the dimensions of a Grecian statue.

Among the crowds of feminine *nothings*, if I may be allowed to use the expression, we behold some of the sex who are an honour to genius, and to human nature. The women of England have, by their literary labours, reached an altitude of mental excellence, far above those of any other nation. The works, which every year have been published by females, do credit to the very high-

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est walks of literature: to enumerate names, will be unnecessary; their productions will be their passports to immortality! We have also sculptors, modellers, paintresses, and female artists of every description. Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Cosway, and Miss Linwood, have produced specimens of art that will be long admired and cherished as ornaments to the country.

It cannot be a matter of astonishment, that few examples of genius have been known to burst forth in the splendid sphere of courtly life. The hours which are now appropriated to pleasure and to repose, are so hostile to reflection, and so contradictory to nature, that nothing but vapid amusement, or apathy springing from satiety, can be expected from our women of exalted birth; yet the names of the duchess of Devonshire, ladies Spencer, Lucan, Besborough, and a few others, are striking examples of fine taste, and finished execution in the magical graces, both of the pen and of the pencil.

The *gusto* for foreign dramas, foreign music, and foreign cookery, has also been displayed, of late years, in the buildings of the metropolis. I will not pretend to decide, whether or not this climate is congenial to the change; but, unquestionably, the modern style of architecture has considerably beautified the cities and towns of Great Britain. With this taste in houses, the household establishments have also undergone a metamorphosis; and foreign servants now hold the highest stations in the domestic department of our most distinguished families. French servants are at this moment employed even by the loftiest of our nobility; and the fairest dames of courtly distinction cannot fancy themselves well drest, unless they employ a French milliner, and a French *femme de chambre*.

The *bouleversement* of every thing in the polite world is in nothing more *outre* than in the disposal of time. The early meals of our ancestors were conducive to that hardihood, which is rarely met with in the feminized race of modern nobility. Those who have been most brilliantly distinguished, since the middle of the last century, have been reared either in the school of arms, or on the wild bosom of the ocean. They have not been the sickly plants of a fashionable hot-bed, where indolence begets vice, and vice becomes the parent of lassitude, apathy, disease, and death. The breakfast at sun-rise, the noon-tide repast, and the twilight pillow of repose, which marked the days of queen Elizabeth, are now exchanged for the evening breakfast, and the midnight dinner; while the dawn is ushered in with a supper, and the morning hours wasted in enervating slumbers. Even the cheek of beauty fades, prematurely, by the taper light of the sun-excluding ball-room; and the public markets are monopolized, or, at least, gleaned, of the most rare and unseasonable provisions, while the sons and daughters of genius and of labour are starving in the obscure abodes of industry or sorrow.

Among the nuisances which not only disgrace, but contaminate the air of the metropolis, there are none so much in need of reformation as the practice of driving and killing cattle. Slaughtering-houses never should be permitted in a great and populous city. The barbarity which is daily practised in the streets of London, cannot fail to shock humanity; while the foot-passengers are exposed to the most imminent peril, by the conduct of the butchers' boys, drovers, &c. On those days when the beast-market is held in Smithfield, it is dangerous to walk the streets in any part of the metropolis; but particularly in the avenues which lead to the different markets. We read of the sacrifices of ancient times with a mixture of horror and pity; yet we behold in this country, which boasts its humanity and its police, more cruelty exercised towards the brute creation, than was ever exhibited, or tolerated, in the

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ages of acknowledged barbarism! This instance appears the more extraordinary, when we reflect that the English are not by nature a sanguinary people: assassinations are less common in this, than in every other country; duelling is frequently avoided by the hardy courage of the pugilist; and even at times of public commotion, it has been proved by experience that an English populace is always more inclined to plunder than to massacre.

London has to boast, among its numerous advantages, that of possessing the most transcendent professional talents. We have perhaps some of the first medical men in the universe; and, while the valetudinarian sighs for the loss of a Fothergil, and a Warren, he still looks with confidence to the learning, judgment, and humanity of a Vaughan, a Blane, a Fordyce, and a Reynolds; while the different branches of the profession are skilfully practised by Rush, Carlisle, Knight, Hawkins, and many others, whose reputation has been established by long practice, extensive knowledge, and labours, beneficial to their fellow-creatures.

The inhabitants of this country have acquired a taste for music, which I believe was uncultivated by our forefathers. The Italian opera, in its early establishment, was considered as a pernicious species of exotic, only transplanted on a British soil to effeminize the public taste. But the gradual power it has evinced, has proved that harmony can exterminate the most rooted prejudices; for a box at an Italian opera house, at this period, is rented at the rate of two hundred pounds per annum! and, such is the avidity with which they are secured, that the list is filled, before the manager has time to make his yearly enlargements for the accommodation of the nobility! It may appear somewhat enigmatical, that enormous sums are lavished on foreign singers, and foreign musicians, while this island has the proud boast of having produced a Billington, a Busby, a Shield, a Storace*, a Jackson, and many others, well known in the highest circles of the harmonic science.

London has innumerable hospitals for all species of maladies. They are handsome regular buildings, and conveniently arranged, aired, and cleaned, for the advantage of the patients. Yet it is a melancholy truth, that while the opera subscription annually overflows, while two hundred pounds, and upwards, are paid for small boxes to hear an Italian singer, or to see a French dancer, the voluntary contributions to public charities are almost diminished into nothing. This fact is well known, and is no less incontrovertible, than it is degrading to the humanity of the country.

The custom which prevails, in many hospitals, of anatomizing the dead bodies, cannot fail to prove extremely injurious to the repose of the living. A patient, who finds himself dangerously ill, cannot be supposed to derive much advantage either from medicine or attention, whilst his mind is impressed with an idea that his corpse will be exposed to experimental practices. There is one hospital, not far from Hyde Park corner, from which those bodies which are quietly consigned to the earth, are interred at the end of a nursery-ground; the coffins laid, thinly covered, one over the other, and so careslessly enclosed that the common rules of decency are scarcely observed.

The vice of GAMING seems to have reached its climax at the fashionable end of the metropolis: and though the magistrates have endeavoured to check its progress among the subordinate ranks of society, is still not only winked at, but tolerated, in the higher circles. The petty gambler, who opens his shop of iniquity with the puny traffic of silver, is without mercy punished, and held up as an example of depraved manners; while the nobles

* Stephen Storace, born in Devonshire.

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hold their public clubs, gamble for thousands, out-face the magistrates, and defy the laws, with boldness and impunity! It is at the gaming-tables of the exalted, that our legislators, our nobility, our generals, and our country gentlemen practise those very vices which the needy and the private individual is punished for attempting. It is at those ennobled midnight scenes of folly and rapacity, that the DEMON of SUICIDE anticipates his triumphs over the weakness, avarice, and false pride of mortals. The effects of those scenes have recently presented HORRORS and DEATH! yet the magistrates are passive, and the laws tardy in the occupation of administering justice; and it is with sorrow that the moralist and philanthropist have traced the progress of this pernicious propensity even to the private assemblies of the most elegant WOMEN; while the ruined husband and the thoughtless wife, have, by dissipating their children's patrimony, exposed the females to the miseries of seduction, and set an example to the males, which has undermined both the wealth and the honour of the family. Indeed to this fatal employment may be attributed the many domestic exposures which have taken place within the last twenty years. Men now devote their hours to clubs, to gaming-tables, to tennis-courts, and to cricket-grounds..... Wives are left to roam, or permitted to hold their midnight orgies, with the most dissipated of their own as well as of the other sex..... Play involves them in debts of honour, which the *sacrifice of honour* too frequently discharges: and, it is an absolute fact, that even the family jewels and the family plate have been disposed of to supply the FARO BANK of one of those infamous scenes of profligate debasement; while the husband has been the passive spectator, and the daughters employed at places of public entertainment, as decoys to ensnare the young, the wealthy, and the unwary!

To be continued.

MENTAL OCCUPATION NOT HURTFUL TO THE BODY.

IN the memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, an opinion is inculcated, which I conceive to be a very dangerous error; and as the opinion is not peculiar to her, but is almost universal in its influence, I believe that he who shall demonstrate it to be an error will perform a work of most extensive utility, by removing a powerful barrier to intellectual improvement and the increase of human happiness. It seems to have been Mrs. Robinson's opinion, *that mental exertion is not only certainly destructive to health, but even more destructive than any other species of exertion.* She says, "Alas! how little did I then know either the fatigue or the hazard of mental occupations! How little did I foresee that the day would come, when my health would be impaired, my thoughts perpetually employed in *so destructive a pursuit!* At the moment that I write this page, I feel, in every fibre of my brain, the fatal conviction that *it is a destroying labour!*" On contemplating the history of Mrs. Robinson's life, it will be found, that there were causes, independent of her literary pursuits, more than sufficient to produce those feelings, which led her to conceive that "mental occupation is a destroying labour;" and it may be proper to point out those causes before I proceed to prove, that intellectual exertion can only injure the body, by producing inattention to its wants, an evil which may always be prevented by the knowledge, that such a danger exists. At an early age she became the child of misfortune. Before she could herself discriminate, she was sacrificed to a man who was incapable of appreciating the treasure in his possession, who, soon tired of it, fled to novelty to pamper his depraved appetite, and repaid her affection with heart-wounding neglect and brutal profligacy. Thus she was cut off from the enjoyment of

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those delightful sympathies for which she seems to have been so exquisitely fitted; and all her hopes of domestic happiness were nipped in the bud; besides, her husband's follies caused a series of distresses that would have corroded the springs of a constitution originally stronger than her's. These, with succeeding misfortunes, the consequences of her first, produced a rooted melancholy, which appears to have grown with her years; and that melancholy is not friendly to health few will deny, although it is little known how far it is productive of that effect: it will probably be found, that the nameless anxieties and sorrows, more or less the necessary attendants on every member of society, are powerful assistants to physiological ignorance in terminating the ephemeral existence of man. It appears also, that she led an "*uniform and sedentary life*," and while at Brighthelmstone, "*she passed whole nights at her window*, in deep meditation, contrasting with her present situation the scenes of her former life." The quantity of laudanum which she appears to have been in the habit of taking, for the purpose of alleviating pain, must not be forgotten; and these combined causes were surely sufficient to induce that state of debility which she attributes to mental exertion alone. It is known to physiologists, that mental occupations cannot permanently impair the vigour of the body. By the exertion of any of the organs of sense, proportional fatigue of that organ is induced by the temporary waste of the *sensorial power* or *excitability*; but these effects are removed by rest; during which state the excitability is re-accumulated: and the frequent use of the intellectual powers, by increasing the number of ideas, and multiplying their combinations, renders every succeeding exertion less an effort, and consequently less fatiguing. But, independent of a theory which I believe cannot be disproved, I can produce a living proof of the truth of my position, which will probably be considered to be more conclusive than any reasoning from principles, of which the mass of mankind are yet totally ignorant, although an acquaintance with the laws that govern his existence, even as far as they are already known, must be of the highest importance to man. The proof, at which I have hinted, is the venerable poet and philosopher. Dr. Darwin, who, after having produced three extensive works, one of which alone, Zoonomia, was the fruit of *twenty* years' labour,* is still in a green old age, and enjoys, or did lately enjoy, a degree of health equal to that of most men in the prime of life, with a mind as fit as ever to penetrate the veil which nature is said to have thrown over the most sublime of her operations, or add to the pleasures of taste, by the beautiful flights of his enchanting muse! In addition to this, it is recorded of Waller, the poet, that, to the age of *eighty-two*, when he died, "his intellectual powers continued vigorous, and that the lines which he composed, when he *for age could neither read nor write*, are not inferior to the effusions of his youth."† It must be remembered, that Waller, like Dr. Darwin, *drank water*. Other examples might be adduced to corroborate these, but Dr. Darwin from his comparative old age, furnishes the most striking instance on record of *great mental exertion* not being injurious to health, but, on the contrary, productive of the most happy consequences to himself, his cotemporaries, and posterity. One example more, however, will give additional weight to the proofs already brought forward.

It does not appear, that the unceasing labour of doctor Beddoes, to develope the laws of living nature, and excite mankind to attend to these laws, have impaired his corporeal vigour; on the contrary,

* Written before his death.

† Johnson's "Lives of the most eminent English Poets."

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by increasing his knowledge of the agents that act to the destruction or preservation of health and life, have they not given him assurance of enjoying an unusual prolongation of existence?

It is needless to multiply examples. From the facts which have been adduced I think it may be fairly concluded, that *intellectual exertion can never be injurious to the body:* and it will be found, that *in all those cases where the health has been conceived to be impaired by intellectual pursuits, the cause has been inattention to the wants of the body, the principal of which are exercise, rest, and food, at proper times and in proper quantities.*

The observation, that persons eminent for their intellectual acquirements have been usually, more than others, subjected to the ravages of lingering and fatal diseases, is undoubtedly too well founded.

It is a truth, infinitely to be regretted, if regret would remedy the evil, that many of the greatest ornaments of mankind have been cut off from society by a premature death, and the benefits which posterity might have derived from their after-exertions for ever lost; but the cause is obvious: the laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity, whether by inattention to the necessaries of life, or the direct application of noxious agents; and as long as mankind neglect the cultivation of *the art of living*, so long will they continue to be the victims of their ignorance.

WHETHER VIRTUE AND TALENTS ARE HEREDITARY.

HOMER appears to have had this natural proclivity in his mind in the following passage of the Odyssey:....

From the great sire transmissive to the race,
The boon devolving gives distinguished grace.

The opinion of the Pythygoreans is expressed on the subject. In a fragment quoted by Stoebus we find the ensuing observations:....

"Those who breed any other kind of living creatures use their utmost endeavours to produce a generous race, but men beget their offspring negligently, and without care; this is the chief and most manifest cause that so many men are so evil and wicked."

The doctrines of the Stoics and Platonists were also highly favourable to this virtuous procreation..... "Well" begotten (ευγενια) with the former, denoted the possession of every virtue; and the reader has only to consult Porphyrius de Abstinentia, to be convinced how intimately, according to the opinion of the latter, virtue is connected with the peculiar habits of the body.

Were authority allowed to decide this question, in addition to the above, we might call to our aid that of Aristotle, Horace, Valerius, Maximus, and many others: but laying these aside, we will endeavour to establish the point by the more certain test of reason and experience. If virtue be hereditary, the children of virtuous parents must unavoidably partake of it accordingly. Do not we find this to be very generally the case? what placidity of temper and congeniality of disposition, do we discover in every member of a virtuous family! Vice and infamy are banished from its dwelling. Who ever heard of sons of the upright and industrious descending to commit even the peccadilloes that stain the characters of the more mixed race? Such a circumstance would excite as much surprize as the discovery of honesty in a Jew, or violence of passion in a quaker.

It has been the fashionable doctrine of the present day, that man comes into the world a mere *charte blanche;* that he is indebted for every thing to his impressions and education. How weak and ill founded is such an idea! Could we search the annals of Newgate, I have no doubt but we should find the halter to be as regularly transmitted from

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the father to the son as the crown can be in the best established monarchy in Europe. That the anterior stamp of nature is much more deep and important than any posterior one can be, is proved by the frequent ill success of education; and I have no doubt that if the son of the most virtuous character were educated in the company of the most abandoned, and *vice versa*, the original impression in either instance would be too strong to be at all obliterated.

In order to prove that qualities are not hereditary, the instances of the sons of Alcibiades, Pericles, Socrates, Brutus, Scipio, Cicero, Germanicus, Antoninus, Oliver Cromwell, and many others, will, perhaps, be quoted. We shall, perhaps, be informed, that hardly an assize is holden in which the son of some poor but honest parents does not undergo the sentence of the law; that it is hardly possible to find, in any family, two of the same dispositions and pursuits; and lastly, if qualities are hereditary, where is the progeny of those virtuous and independent characters that have shone so conspicuously for wisdom and patriotism in every period of the English history?

But to these trifling objections may it not be fairly urged:.....1. There is a great difficulty, especially in the present day, in ascertaining who are the genuine offspring of a family....2. It often happens that the virtues of a husband may be marred by vices of the wife, and contrariwise....3. That some characters are, by turns, both virtuous and vicious, which may account, in some degree, for the difference observable in their progeny; and....4. Though there are some who might merit the appellation of virtuous, yet their virtue has not acquired sufficient permanency to be in them certainly *congenite*.

If, after all, there should be a few points to which it is impossible to give an answer entirely satisfactory, ought this circumstance to overthrow a system so important in its nature and consequences? Who is there so cold-blooded as not to rejoice at the discovery, that health and virtue may with equal certainty be propagated to posterity! And how ought every new-married couple to cogitate on this most pregnant subject! This doctrine once established, how will the son execrate the memory of his vicious ancestry, who have deprived him, for ever, of the power of becoming virtuous! and how will the certain knowledge, that the iniquity of the father descends to the third and fourth generation, induce him to cease from the propagation of the race of such pestilent beings as himself!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

So may some gentle muse,
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

MRS. CHAPONE, who died at Hadley, in Middlesex, December the 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of hers, which were given to the world, were, the interesting story of *Fidelia*, in the *Adventurer;* and a poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epictetus;* but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady.* This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm, spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts,

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it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed, about the same time, to young women, (Dr. Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion, that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettinesses and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso: her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

Prudence slow, that ever comes too late.

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the first circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage, for it is an advantage, of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain: but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for music. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shown that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classics. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the most distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable senior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother, to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those, who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the public, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedside; so was it with Mrs. Chapone. But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT.

A SOLDIER at Pondicherry was accustomed to give a certain quantity of arrack to one of these animals, every time he got his pay; and having one day intoxicated him-

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self, and being pursued by the guard, who wanted to put him in prison, he took refuge under the elephant, and there fell fast asleep. The guard in vain attempted to drag him from this asylum, for the elephant defended him with its trunk. Next day the soldier, having recovered from his intoxication, was in dreadful apprehensions when he found himself under the belly of this enormous animal. The elephant, which unquestionably perceived his terror, relieved his fears by immediately caressing him with its trunk.

An incident to which M. le baron de Lawriston was a witness, during one of the late wars in the east, forms another trait of the sensibility of the elephant. This gentleman, from his zeal, and some other circumstance, was induced to go to Laknaor, the capital of the Soubah, or viceroyalty of that name, at a time when an epidemic distemper was making the greatest ravages amongst the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended on the ground at the very moment when the nabob absolutely must pass. It appeared impossible for his elephant to do otherwise than tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in his passage, unless the press would stop till the way would be cleared; but he was in haste, and such tenderness would be unbecoming in a personage of his importance. The elephant, however, without appearing to slacken his pace, and without having received any command for that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, set others on their feet, and stepped over the rest, with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was wounded. An Asiatic prince and his slaves were deaf to the cries of nature, while the heart of the beast relented; he, more worthy than his rider to elevate his front towards the heavens, heard and obeyed the gentle impulse.

The following instance of the sagacity of these animals, was mentioned to Dr. Darwin by some gentlemen of distinct observation, and undoubted veracity, who had been much conversant with our eastern settlements. The elephants that are used to carry the baggage of our armies, are put each under the care of one of the natives of Indostan, and while this person and his wife go into the woods to collect leaves and branches of trees for his food, they fix him to the ground by a length of chain, and frequently leave a child, yet unable to walk, under his protection: and the intelligent animal not only defends it, but, as it creeps about, when it arrives near the extremity of his chain, he wraps his trunk gently round its body, and brings it again into the centre of his circle.

During one of the wars in India, many Frenchmen had an opportunity of observing one of the elephants that had received a flesh-wound from a cannon-ball: after having been twice or thrice conducted to the hospital, where he extended himself to be dressed, he afterwards used to go alone. The surgeon did whatever he thought necessary, applying sometimes even fire to the wound; and though the pain made the animal often utter the most plaintive groans, he never expressed any other tokens than those of gratitude to this person, who by momentary torments endeavoured, and in the end effected, his cure.

In the last war, a young elephant received a violent wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable, that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have it dressed. Whenever any one approached it, it ran off with fury, and would suffer no person to come within several yards of it. The man who had the care of it at length hit upon a contrivance for securing it: by a few words and signs he gave the mother of the animal sufficient intelligence of what was wanted, the sensible creature immediately seized her young one with her trunk, and held it firmly down, though groaning with agony,

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while the surgeon completely dressed the wound: and she continued to perform this service every day till the animal was perfectly recovered.

In the Philosophical Transactions, a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him..... The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle, and place it betwixt his feet, and this he became at length so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food, except when it was present. When the child slept he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis, and when it cried he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus again rock it to sleep.

A centinel belonging to the present menagerie at Paris, was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants any thing to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bye-stander offered the female a bit of bread, the centinel perceived it, but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before him, discharged in his face a considerable stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the centinel, having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators, but no sooner was this uttered than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it into the form of a screw.

M. Navarette says that, at Macasar, an elephant-driver had a cocoanut given him, which he, out of wantonness, struck twice against his elephant's forehead to break. The day following the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with his trunk, beat it about the driver's head, till the man was completely dead. "This comes," says our author, "of jesting with elephants."

A LETTER FROM BARON HUMBOLDT TO A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE AT PARIS.

From Lima, November 25, 1802.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I JUST arrive from the interior of the country, where I have made experiments, on a wide plain, on the hourly variations of the magnetic needle, and learn, with regret, that the frigate Astigaragga, which was only to have departed in a fortnight, is now going to set sail for Cadiz this very night. For these five months it is the first opportunity we have had for Europe in the solitary regions on the Pacific Ocean; and want of time renders it impossible for me to write as I ought to the National Institute, from which I have just received the most affecting proofs of the kindness with which it honours me. A few days before my departure from Quito for Jaen and the Amazone, I received the letter which that society addressed to me by your hands. It is dated the 2d Pluvoise, 9th year, and has taken two years to reach me in the Cordillieras of the Andes. It came to hand the day after my second expedition to the crater of the volcano of Pichincha, whither I had gone with an electrometer of Volta, and to measure the diameter, which I find to be 4,500 English feet, while that of Vesuvius is only 1,872 feet. This reminds me that on the summit of Guaguapichincha, where I have been often, and which I regard as classical ground, La Condamine and Bouguer received their first letter

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from the *ci-devant* academy; and I imagine that Pichincha, *si magna licet componere parvis*, is a lucky spot for natural philosophers. How shall I express to you, citizen, the satisfaction with which I perused this letter of the National Institute, and the repeated assurance of your kind remembrance! How delightful is it to know that we live in the memory of those whose labours daily advance the progress of the human mind! In the deserts of the plains of Apure, in the thick forests of Casiguian and of the Orenoque, every where your names have been present to me; and running over in thought the different epochs of my wandering life, I have dwelt with transport on those of the 6th and 7th year, when I lived in the midst of you, and where Laplace, Fourcroy, Vauquelin, Guyton, Chaptal, Jussieu, Desfontaines, Hallé, Lalande, Prony, and especially you, my generous and affectionate friend, loaded me with kindness in the plains of Lieursaint. Accept all of you together the homage of my tender attachment and my constant gratitude.

Long before I received your letter in your capacity of secretary to the institution, I addressed successively to the physical and mathematical class three letters; two from Santa-Fé de Bogota, accompanied with a treatise on the genus chincona, that is to say, specimens of bark of seven species; coloured drawings representing these vegetables, with the anatomy of the flowers so different as to the length of the stamina, and skeletons dried with care. Doctor Mutis, who behaved most kindly to me, and for whose sake I went up the river La Madelaine forty days journey, has made me a present of more than one hundred magnificent draughts, large folio, giving figures of new genera, and new species of his manuscript Flora of Bogota. I thought that this collection, as interesting for botany as remarkable for the beauty of the colouring, could not be in better hands than in those of Jussieu, Lamarck, and Desfontaines; and I have offered it to the National Institute, as a feeble mark of my attachment. This collection and the chinconas were sent for Carthagena, in South America, about the month of June this year: M. Mutis himself took in hand to forward them to Paris. A third letter for the National Institute was sent from Quito, with a geological collection of the productions of Pichincha, Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo..... How afflicting is it to remain in a sad uncertainty concerning the arrival of these articles, and of the collections of rare grains, which, three years ago, we directed to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris!

My time is too short to-day to give you an account of my travels and occupations since my return from Rio-Negro. You know that it was at the Havannah we received a false report of the departure of captain Baudin for Buenos-Ayres. Faithful to my promise of joining him wherever I could, and persuaded I should be more useful to science by uniting my labour to that of the naturalists who followed captain Baudin, I did not hesitate a moment to sacrifice the little glory of finishing my own expedition; and I freighted immediately a small vessel at Batabano, in order to proceed to Carthagena. Storms retarded this short passage upwards of a month, as the gales had ceased in the Southern Ocean, where I expected to fall in with captain Baudin. I entered on the difficult route of Honda, of Ibague, of the passage of the mountain of Quindiu, of Popayan, from Pasta to Quito. My health continued to resist wonderfully well the change of temperature to which one is continually exposed in this route, descending every day from snows of 15,000 feet high, to scorching vallies, where Reaumur's thermometer is never below twenty-four or twenty-six degrees. My companion, whose knowledge, courage, and immense activity have been of the greatest use to me in researches on botany and comparative anatomy, citizen Bompland, has

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been ill of the tertian-ague for the space of two months. The rainy season overtook us in the most critical passage, on the flats of the Pastas, and, after a journey of eight months, we arrived at Quito, where we learned that citizen Baudin had taken his route from west to east by the Cape of Good Hope. Accustomed to disappointments, we comforted ourselves with the thoughts of having made so great sacrifices with a good design. On looking at our *herbarium*, our measurements, barometrical and geodesical, our drawings, our experiments on the air of the Cordillieras, we did not regret having visited countries, the greater part unknown to naturalists. We felt that man can depend on nothing but what is produced by his own energy.

The province of Quito, the most elevated flat in the world, rent by the great catastrophe of the 4th February, 1797, has opened to us a vast field for natural observations. Such enormous volcanoes, whose flames rise often to the height of one thousand metres, have never produced any lava. They emit water, hydrogen, sulphurated gas, mud, and carbonated argile. Since the year 1797, the whole of this part of the globe is agitated. We feel every moment dreadful shocks; and, in the plains of Riobomba, the subterraneous noise resembles that of a mountain falling to pieces beneath our feet. The atmospheric air and the humid lands (all these volcanoes are in a decomposed porphyry) appear the great agents of these combustions, of these subterraneous fermentations. Hitherto it was believed, at Quito, that 14,820 feet was the greatest height where men could resist the rarefaction of the air. In the month of March, 1802, we spent some days in the vast plains which surround the volcano of Antisana, at 12,642 feet, where the cattle, when pursued, often vomit blood. The 16th of March, we discerned a path on the snow, a gentle slope, on which we mounted to the height of 16,638 feet. The air contained 0,008 of carbonic acid, 0,218 of oxygen, and 0,774 of azote. The thermometer of Reaumur was at 15°; it was not in the least cold, yet we bled at lips and eyes. The scite did not permit us to make an experiment with the compass of Borda, but in a grotto at 14,802 feet. The intensity of magnetic power was greater at that height than at Quito, in the ratio of 230 to 218. But it is not to be forgot, that often the number of oscillations increases when the inclination diminishes, and that this intensity is increased by the mass of the mountain whose porphyries affect the magnetic needle.

In the expedition I made on the 23d of June, 1802, to the Chimborazo, we have experienced that with patience one may support a still greater rarefaction of air. We reached to a greater height than La Condamine, on the Corazon, by 3000 feet. We carried instruments on the Chimborazo to 18,180 feet, seeing the mercury descend in the barometer to 13 inches 11, 2 lines, the thermometer being 1° 3′ below zero. We bled still at our lips. Our Indians forsook us as usual. Citizen Bompland and M. Montuson, son of the marquis of Selvalegre at Quito, were the only people who persisted: we all felt an uneasiness, a debility, an inclination to vomit, which certainly proceeds from the defect of oxygen in these regions more than from the rarified air. I found only 0,20 of oxygen at this immense height. A horrid fissure prevented us from reaching the very summit of Chimborazo, from which we were only 1,236 feet. You know that the height of this colossal mass is still uncertain. La Condamine measured it from a great distance. He allows it nearly 19,320 feet. Don George Juan gives it 20,280. This difference does not proceed from the various altitudes which these astronomers adopt for the signal of Carabouron. I measured in the plain of Tassia a base of 1702 metres. Two geodesical operations give me Chimborazo 19,602 feet above the sea: but the

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calculation must be rectified by the distance of the sectant from the artificial horizon, and other circumstances.

The volcano Tongouragoa has diminished much since the time of La Condamine; instead of 15,820 feet, I found it only 15,186; and I hope this difference does not proceed from an error in my operations, since in the measures of Cayambo, Antisana, Cotopaxi, and Islinga, I do not differ more than 60 or 70 feet from the result of La Condamine and Bouguer. All the inhabitants of these miserable countries say that Tongouragoa is perceptibly lower, while Cotopaxi, which has had so violent explosions, is as high as in 1744, and even somewhat higher, unless that arise from an error on my side. But the rocky summit of Cotopaxi shows that it is a chimney which resists and preserves its figure. The operations we have made in the Andes of Quito, from January to July, brought the inhabitants the sad news that the crater of Pichincha, which La Condamine saw full of snow, burns anew; and that Chimborazo, which they thought so peaceable and harmless, has been a volcano, and perhaps one day will be so again. We have burnt rock and pumice-stone at the height of 18,186 feet. Woe to mankind if the volcanic fire, for we may say that the flat of Quito has been one volcano with several tops, breaks forth through the Chimborazo. It has often been said in print that this mountain is of granite; but there is not one atom of that. It is here and there porphyry in columns, encrustating vitrous field-spath, horn-stone, and olivin. The bed of porphyry is 11,400 feet thick. I might mention to you on this occasion a polar porphyry, which, analogous to the serpentine I have seen described in the *Journal de Physique*, has poles without attraction: I might quote to you other facts relating to the great law of the stratas, and their enormous thickness near the equator: but it would be too much in a letter which may be lost; and I will treat of that some other time. I only add, that besides the elephants' teeth which we have sent to citizen Cuvier from the flats of Santa Fé, of 8100 feet in height, we keep for him others still finer; some of a carnivorous elephant, others of a species little different from that of Africa, from the valley of Timana, the town of Ibarra, and from Chili. Thus, then, is the existence of that carnivorous monster certain, from Ohio, in the 50th degree north latitude, to the 75th degree south latitude.

I have spent very agreeable hours at Quito. The president of the audience, baron de Corondeles, has loaded us with kindness; and for three years I have had no reason to complain for once of the agents of the Spanish government. Every where I have been treated with distinction, and with a delicacy which obliges me to an everlasting gratitude. I have been very attentive to the pyramids and to their foundation, which I do not believe in the least deranged as to the *pierres molaires*. A generous individual, a friend of sciences and of learned men, such as La Condamine, Godin, and Bouguer, namely, the marquis of Selvalegre, at Quito, thinks of rebuilding them; but this leads me too far.

After having passed the Assouay and Cuença, where they gave a bull-baiting, we took the route of Loxa, to complete our operations on the Chincona. Afterwards we spent a month in the province of Taen, of Bracamoros, and in the Pongos of the Amazone, whose banks are adorned with the Andira and Bougainvillea of Jessieu. Methinks it is important to fix the longitude of Tomependa and of Chuchanga, where begins the chart of La Condamine, and to connect these points with the coast. La Condamine could only fix the longitude of the mouth of the river Napo: there were then no time-pieces; so that the longitude of these places stand in need of several corrections. My chronometer of Louis Berthoud does wonders, as I am convinced by observing from time to

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time the first satellite of Jupiter; and by comparing point for point the difference of my meridians from those found at the expedition of M. Fidalga, who, by the king's order, made trigonometrical observations from Cumana to Carthagena.

From the river Amazone we passed the Andes by the mines of Haalgayac, which produce a million of piasters yearly, and where the mine of grey argentiferous copper is found at 12,390 feet. We came down to Truxilla by Cascamarca, where, in the palace of Atatualpa, I have drawn the arches of the Peruvian vaults. Continuing by the deserts of the South Sea coast to Lima, where one half of the year is covered with thick vapours, I made haste to arrive at Lima, in order to observe the transit of Mercury on the 9th November, 1802.

Our collections of plants, and the drawings I have made of the anatomy of the *genera*, agreeably to the ideas citizen Jessieu had imparted to me in the Society for Natural History, have generally increased the riches we have found in the province of Quito, at Loxa, at the Amazone, and in the Cordilliéres of Peru. We have found many plants seen by Joseph Jussieu, such as the *Llogue affinis quillajac*, and others. We have a new species of julienne, which is charming; collatix, passiflora, and loranthus, a tree sixty feet high. We are very rich in palms and gramina, on which citizen Bompland has laboured very extensively. We now have 3784 very complete descriptions in Latin, and nearly one-third of the plants in the *herbarium*, which, for want of time, we have not been able to describe. There is not a vegetable of which we cannot point out the rock it inhabits, and to what height in feet it mounts; so that the geography of plants will find in our manuscripts very correct materials. In order to do still better, citizen Bompland and I have often described the same plant separately. But two-thirds of the descriptions, and more, belong to the sole assiduity of citizen Bompland, whose zeal for the progress of science cannot be sufficiently admired. Jussieu, Desfontaines, and Lamarck, have reared in him a disciple who will go great lengths.

We have compared our *herbarium* with these of M. Mutis; we have consulted many books in the immense library of that great man: we are persuaded that we have found several new genera and new species: but much time will be required to determine what is really new. We mention also a silicious substance, analogous to the tabaschin of the East-Indies, which M. Mutis has analysed. It is found in the knots of a gigantic gramen which is confounded with the bambou: but its flower differs from that of the *bambusa* of Schreber. I know not whether citizen Fourcroy has received the milk of the vegetable cow, as the Indians call the tree. It is a milk which, prepared with nitrous acid, produced a caoutchoue with a balsamic odour, but which, far from being caustic or hurtful, as all vegetable milks are, is nourishing and agreeable: we discovered it on the road of Orenoque, in a plantation where the Negroes drink often of it. I sent also to citizen Fourcroy by Guadaloupe, and to sir Joseph Banks, by the Trinidad, our *dapiche;* or the white oxygen caoutchoue, which exudes from the roots of a tree in the forests of Pimichin, in the most remote corner of the world, towards the sources of Rio Negro.

At length, after waiting three years, *La Mechanique Celeste* of Laplace, is arrived (November, 1802;) I have fallen upon it with unbounded eagerness. This book has encouraged me to continue my researches on the tides of the atmosphere, on which I made several observations at Cumana in the year 1799. I have mentioned them in a letter to citizen Lalande. Godin knew something about them, without pointing out a cause. Mosely, in a work on the maladies of the tropics, says, that the barometer is at the *maximum* when the sun is in

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the meridian ; but that is very false. The *maximum* takes place at 21 h. and at 11 h.; the *minimum* at 4 h. and at 15½ h. The moon does not seem to alter the epochs so much as the quantity of elevations. I am now observing principally the days of opposition and conjunction ; and as my barometer indicates the 20th part of a line, I doubt not but citizen Laplace, whose genius has conquered the tides of the sea, will also discover the laws of the tides of the air, when I shall have given him some thousands of observations.

See how striking the phenomenon is :

		f.	*l.*
24 November,	10 h. morn.	27	5 75
———	12 49 *m.*		5 45
———	2 0		5 25
———	3 30		5 10
———	4 45		5 0
———	5 30		5 10
———	7 0		5 40
———	8 0		5 60
———	9 0		5 65
———	10 30		5 65

I observe the hygrometer and barometer at the same time. My barometer is English.

I have gone too far. I wished to write my friend Pommard. I have no more time ; he loves me, he will excuse me.

I don't go to the Philippines. I pass by Acapulco, Mexico, Havannah, to Europe. I hope to embrace you in September or October, 1803, at Paris. I shall be at Mexico in February ; in June at Havannah. I think of nothing but of preserving and publishing my manuscripts..... How much do I long to be at Paris !

Health and respect,

HUMBOLDT.

MANNERS OF THE DOG.

"THERE is a dog," says Mr. Smellie, "at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues."

In the year 1760, the following incident occurred near Hammersmith : Whilst a man of the name of Richardson, a waterman of that place, was sleeping in his boat, the vessel broke from her moorings, and was carried by the tide under a west-country barge. Fortunately for the man his dog happened to be with him, and the sagacious animal awaked him by pawing his face, and pulling the collar of his coat, at the instant the boat was filling with water : he seized the opportunity, and thus saved himself from otherwise inevitable death.

A dog that had been the favourite of an elderly lady, some time after her death, discovered the strongest emotions on the sight of her picture, when taken down to be cleaned. Before this instant he had never been observed to notice the painting..... Here was evidently a case either of passive remembrance, or of the involuntary renewal of former impressions.

Another dog, the property of a gentleman that died, was given to a friend in Yorkshire. Several years afterwards, a brother from the West Indies, paid a short visit at the house where the dog then was. He was instantly recognized, though an entire stranger, in consequence, most probably, of a strong personal

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likeness. The dog fawned upon and followed him with great affection to every place where he went.

During M. Le Vaillant's travels in Africa, he one day missed a favourite little bitch that he had taken out with him. After much shouting and firing of guns, in order, if possible, to make her hear where the party was, he directed one of his Hottentots to mount a horse and return some distance in search of her. In about four hours the man returned with her on his saddle, bringing with him at the same time a chair and a basket, which had been unknowingly dropped from one of the waggons. The bitch was found at the distance of about two leagues, lying in the road, and watching the lost chair and basket: and had the man been unsuccessful in his pursuit, she must unavoidably either have perished with hunger, or fallen a prey to some of the wild beasts, with which these plains abound.

Mr. C. Hughes, a son of Thespis, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time after called on him. Mr. Hughes had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. Mr. Hughes stayed a little while with his friend, but, when he left him, the dog remained behind: for some time he stood, looking full in the man's face, then making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured by jumping to hang it up in its usual place.

During a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.

The following is another instance of their docility, and power of observation: A gentleman, walking by the side of the river Tyne, observed, on the opposite side, that a child had fallen into the water; he pointed out the object to his dog, which immediately jumped in, swam over, and, catching hold of the child with his mouth, landed it safely on the shore.

An anecdote related by Mr. Hope, and well authenticated by other persons, shows also that this animal is both capable of resentment when injured, and of great contrivance to accomplish it; and that it is even possessed of a certain power of combining ideas and communicating them to one of its own species, so as to produce a certain preconcerted consequence. "A gentleman of Whitmore, in Staffordshire, used to come twice a year to town, and being fond of exercise, generally performed the journey on horseback, accompanied most part of the way by a faithful little terrier dog, which, lest he might lose it in town, he always left to the care of Mrs. Langford, the landlady at St. Alban's: and on his return he was sure to find his little companion well taken care of. The gentleman calling one time, as usual, for his dog, Mrs. Langford appeared before him with a woeful countenance: 'Alas! sir, your terrier is lost! Our great house-dog and he had a quarrel, and the poor terrier was so worried and bit before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and no one saw him for almost a week: he then returned, and brought with

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him another dog, bigger by far than ours, and they both together fell on our great dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Alban's.' The gentleman heard the story with patience, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to the loss. On his arrival at Whitmore, he found his little terrier; and on enquiring into circumstances, was informed that he had been at Whitmore and had coaxed away the great dog, who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Alban's, and completely avenged his injury."

A GROTTO DESCRIBED.

The following is a curious specimen of the style of rural and picturesque decoration so prevalent, of late, in Great Britain. It is given by a late traveller, in describing the seat of sir R. Hill, at Hawkestone, in Lancashire.

RETRACING our steps down the declivity, we descended to a rude seat cut out of the rock, immediately under the precipice on which the ruin stands, where a close glen opens to the eye, exhibiting one of the most beautiful and solemn combinations of rock and wood that can be conceived. The grand face of the rock before-mentioned makes the chief feature of this picture, towards the summit of which a singular phenomenon is seen; a broad patch, highly tinged with green, and evidently appearing to be copper-mineral, whose lofty situation throws some light upon, and adds much strength to the hypothesis of the modern production of metals by *descending materials*. Quitting our seat, near which we contemplated with horror the profoundly deep well of the ancient castle, we were led into a hollow, a cut in the solid rock, from whence all prospect being excluded, the eye is confined to a gloomy cavern, at the termination of which is a door faced with an iron grating, a stately stern figure of a lion appearing through the bars. Ascending by a path from this abyss, we are led through an undulating meadow towards the grotto hill, that vast natural wall of rock we had been contemplating from below. The walk up this declivity is extremely well managed, shutting out, by its depth of shade, the scenery intended to burst upon the vision at once from its elevated summit. Arrived here, we passed on to the grotto, one of the most novel, grand, beautiful, and extensive works of the kind in Europe. The very happy approach to it is by a natural rent in the rock, discovered and cleared for the purpose last winter, which conducts to a sub-rupal passage, about one hundred yards long, six feet high, and two feet wide, cut out of the living rock about twelve years ago. From hence all light is excluded; so that, directing our progress by feeling the wall, we continued our way in outer darkness for some time, till a solemn golden radiance appeared before us, as if shed from a different sun than from that which warms our globe, discovering a vaulted cavern supported by rude stone pillars. The effect is magical, and the mind, turned out of sober reality, indulges in fancies as pleasing as they are imaginary, till reaching the excavated chamber, we find that this beautiful illumination is occasioned by the solar light passing through small windows of stained glass, so disposed as not to be seen at a distance. Another gallery of large dimensions and more numerous pillars is connected with this, where, by a similar contrivance, a variety of different coloured lights are introduced, producing a prodigiously beautiful effect. To this the *grotto*, properly so called, is united, supported by pillars, and furnished in the accustomed style of these excavations, but with great splendour and expence. A door

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opens upon a natural stone terrace, immediately under the beetling ledge, that crowns the summit of the august rock seen from below, where we stood looking down a frightful precipice of seven hundred feet beneath us, with the grand hill and its ruined castle before us, and a stretch of country to the right..... We now left the apartment, to return to the surface of the rock, but the wonders of this excavation were not yet exhausted. Passing through another dark subterraneous cavern, we suddenly found ourselves at the entrance of a small chapel, where the light of purple hue, or rather "darkness visible," will just allow the eye to distinguish an altar, and other appropriate appendages..... Whilst contemplating these, a venerable figure, clothed in the style of a Druid, slowly pacing from a dark recess in the apartment, crossed before us to the altar, made her obeisance, and departed, leaving us much surprised at, and almost ashamed of the very singular impression which our minds could be made to experience, even from childish toys, if presented to them under particular circumstances..... Quitting the grotto, we threaded the other mazes of this singular place, taking in the *hermitage*, where a venerable figure is seen in a sitting posture, who, by means of a servant previously placed behind him, rises up as the stranger approaches, asks questions, returns answers, and repeats poetry. Passing over the Pont de Suisse, a rude bridge, thrown across the gulph, which separates the rocky mountains on which we had been hitherto engaged, from its sublime neighbour, where the view is extremely awful, we mounted the obelisk, erected on the highest point of the terrace, from whence is a view one hundred miles in diameter, with this beautiful singularity, that the eye is in no one direction lost in space, but every where meets with a resting-point in the beautiful belt of distant mountains that bound the horizon. Leaving this modern decoration, we crossed the park to a remain of antiquity, a noble example of Roman castrametation, called *Bury-Walls*, one of the most perfect of the kind in Europe, containing about thirty acres within its mounds. Nature on three sides had sufficiently defended the spot, so that the Romans had only to cast up vallations on the remaining one; but this was done in their best style, by three high mounds, which rendered the place impregnable. Connected with military matters, though of a much later age, was the place we next visited, a cavern in the tower glen, where an ancestor of the Hill family, who was unsuccessful in the service of Charles I, concealed himself for a time from the pursuits of the parliamentarian forces.

An urn is placed near the cave, whose inscription recounts the circumstances of his concealment and of its ill success.

THOUGHTS ON THE PROBABLE DURATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE foundation of this republic affords a splendid spectacle to the eye of the universe. Its increasing strength may place it in the foremost rank of nations; and, if the Americans continue united, and know where to place a proper bound to their love of dominion, there is a great probability that it will be as durable as any empire the world has witnessed; but, if they disunite, or diminish their internal strength by too great an extension of their possessions, they will become petty states, perpetually struggling with each other, and a prey to factious designing men. All the advantages attending the monarchies or republics of the old world, centre in the new, as well as others which they never possessed. The Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, the dominions of Charlemagne, and the Saracens, arose from conquest, and the uniting of

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kingdoms different in arts, manners, languages, and religions. The American empire is formed by commerce, and the arts of peace; by people arising from the same stock, emigrating from the same country, possessing the same language, religion, laws, manners, and pursuits; for the small variation in some districts, owing to the intermixture of Germans, forms only a very slight exception, which will be entirely done away in the course of a very few generations. By this intimate connection of men and morals, the cause, which accelerated, and finally proved the overthrow of the eastern empires, is totally done away in the western.

No precise duration can be fixed to the eastern empires, owing to the inaccuracy of historical accounts; the following statement of the principal of them seems the best authenticated and nearest the truth. The Assyrian empire, over a great part of Asia, from Ninus to Sardanapalus, lasted, according to Justin, 1300 years; Eusebius 1240; Georgius Monachus 1340. The empire of Asia was transferred from the Assyrians to the Medes in the 817th year before Christ; their reign, according to Eusebius, was about 260 years, although Diodorus and Georgius Monachus differ from him, and also one another, in the names of the kings, and the dates of their reigns.

From the foundation of the Persian empire by Cyrus, to its destruction by Alexander, about 232 years elapsed.

The Macedonian empire from its foundation by Philip, to the 11th year of king Perseus, when it was reduced to a Roman province by Paulus Æmilius, lasted, according to Justin, 192 years.

The Roman empire, from the foundation of the city of Rome, 753 years before Christ, to the final destruction of the western empire, by Odoacer, in the 476th year of the christian æra, lasted 1229 years.

All these empires owed their origin and increase to conquest, and a union of dissonant parts; they therefore fell to pieces so soon as luxury and effeminacy had undermined them, and the bravery of the ancient founders had become extinct in their posterity. Enterprizing people were soon found ready to take advantage of their degeneracy. The Assyrian and Roman empires were the slowest in growth, and the longest in decay. The Chinese is the most remarkable empire, as well for its durability, as for the invariable continuation of the same laws and manners, for a long succession of ages. Its history, however, is very little known by Europeans, and what the Chinese themselves pretend to give of it is too sophisticated by fable to be believed. It is, nevertheless, certain, that after being conquered by the Tartars, they still preserved the same laws, religion, and language; and as the conquerors became lost in the immense numbers of the conquered, and by degrees assumed their manners, the dominions of the Tartars might be said to be added to the Chinese empire.

The British empire resembles the Assyrian and Roman in the slowness of its growth, and the Chinese in the fate of its invaders. The Saxons, Danes, Romans, and Normans, after their successive irruptions, remained mostly in England, and formed, in process of time, one nation, governed by one law, and acknowledging subjection to one prince. England, by its subjection and union with Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, laid the foundation of the British empire; and by its conquests and colonies in every part of the globe, and more particularly by its commerce and manufactures, raised it to that pitch of grandeur as to be second to none. Besides having given birth to the United States of North America, a nation nearly as populous as itself, it is now forming settlements in New South Wales with a fortitude and perseverance surmounting all obstacles, and with the same unremitting watchfulness, toil, and labour, as attended the foundation of the United States.....

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From the accounts of the salubrity, soil, and productions of New Holland, added to the advantage of its insular situation, very little doubt can be entertained of its becoming a more powerful empire than the United States, and in a more rapid progression. Considering the immense possessions of the British empire in Europe, Asia, Africa, and in America, notwithstanding the separation of the United States, it will be impossible not to exclaim that, should the parent stock be over-run by foreign enemies, torn to pieces by domestic factions, or even blotted out from the face of the globe by a convulsion of nature, yet its fame must be immortal. Enterprise and perseverance have procured for the English language that universality, which French ambition has failed in procuring for theirs; and the pleasing idea of living to a perpetuity of fame, by writing in a language, which, in all human probability, will never be dead, like the Greek and Latin tongues, should infuse into English authors, and animate them with an ardour, which can be experienced by those of no other nation. Increasing time will bring increasing readers, and their praises be resounded by nations.

But to return to the United States. When congress appointed Washington commander in chief, their jealousy of supreme power, in whosoever vested, induced them in their address to him when they conferred this high office, to tell him "they trusted, when those ends were obtained for which they took up arms, he would return to the station of a private citizen." After the independence of the United States was sealed, he, accordingly, retired to Mount Vernon, leaving them to their own passions and guidance. The confederation was the only compact which held together, as it were by a thread, these jarring democracies. Imposts were laid by some of them upon others; retaliation, and mutual recriminations, brought on those keen resentments which are seldom or never terminated among states, but by the sword. The crisis between the revolutionary struggle, and the adoption of the federal constitution, was truly awful, and called the attention of Europe towards them. America was debauched by the excesses of a civil war, and inebriated with the luxuriance of boundless liberty; the states were severed from their former head, overwhelmed with public and private debts, rent with jealousies, and governed by different and undefined laws....each sovereign, and without any common bond. Out of this political chaos a project began to be talked of for forming three distinct empires; the United States were tottering on the verge of anarchy and confusion, when all cast their eyes towards Washington, as the only man possessing a sufficiency of command over the popular passions to consolidate them. As he had distanced all rivality, he was unanimously chosen president of the United States. The present constitution was carved out of those venerable codes of British legislation, which have received the sanction, and stood the test of ages, altered and adapted to the particular nature of their government. A visible and happy change was the consequence, and from that time, the real union, and existence of the United States as a nation, may be dated.

The republic has since experienced an unusual rapidity of growth; but it is the natural effect of the wonderful combinations of a plenty of fertile land, and a form of government adapted by themselves, and suited to their own constitutions; and, for those reasons, predicts no signs of as speedy a decay. It possesses the singular felicity of being separated by the vast Atlantic ocean from all danger of surprise; and those foreign nations, who may be capable of doing them an essential injury, must encounter the greatest difficulties in attacking them.

The extent of the United States is commensurate with any probable increase of population for ages to

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come; and it possésses all the solid advantages of the Chinese empire, without the fatal neighbourhood of the Tartars. By the cession of Louisiana the Americans have gained a vast increase of territory; and the free navigation of the Mississippi, which is thereby secured to them, will increase the population of the western parts, and form a complete barrier on that side. The two Floridas can never be an object of terror to them, and in case of a rupture between Spain and the United States, will soon be taken possession of by the latter. The British possessions on the north and west, are alone to be dreaded, and, in the latter quarter, they are strongly guarded by the forts established by the British, and lately delivered up to the Americans, according to the treaty of Paris.

Thus situated, the United States appear formed by nature for a great, permanent, and independent government. Such an extensive tract of country, covered with a people sprung from an active and industrious nation, whose example they seem anxious to emulate, ought to form a commonwealth as indissoluble as humanity will allow. They have, besides, a knowledge of those destructive principles which have hastened the downfall of other nations, and it is their own fault if, guided by that unerring beacon, they do not avoid a similar shipwreck.

But it is not to be concealed that this rising republic contains the seeds of internal destruction. The first shock the federal constitution received arose from the French revolution. France had two views towards the United States: the one was to annoy her dreaded rival, Great-Britain; the other to render them satellites of her boundless ambition. Gratitude to France, for having insured the independence of the United States, was first insisted on, flattery was then put in force; and lastly, when those means failed of drawing them from neutrality, threats were pressed into the service. It was thought necessary, finding all these measures fail, to revolutionize them. The minds of the Americans were inflamed, and every moment watched to paralize government, and create a coolness between it and the people. The French began systematic operations, and soon divided the unsuspecting Americans into two parties, called *federalists*, (whom they also denominated aristocrats, and English tories, to render them odious to the republicans) and *anti-federalists;* yet both parties were rigid republicans..... Anarchy and civil war impended over this infantine republic, when the wisdom of Washington interposed, and, by a proclamation of neutrality, he, as one of his best eulogists emphatically phrases it, 'arrested the intrigues of France, and the passions of his countrymen, on the very edge of the precipice of war and revolution.' This was followed up by a treaty of commerce with Great-Britain, which was one of the last acts of Washington's administration of any consequence, and dashed the poisoned chalice of French fraternity from the lips of the Americans. The French faction raged, and, at the expiration of his presidency, Washington retired, disgusted with the struggles of a desperate party. When, however, the insolence of France constrained the Americans to repel aggression by aggression, this truly great and good man was again called into action: he accepted the lieutenancy-general of the army of the United States, and, in the decline of life, did not hesitate again to draw his sword in the maintenance of that independence he had been so instrumental in establishing. Death closed his glorious career! The veneration, which attended him vanished with him, and the United States have been ever since convulsed with the struggles of the two parties, although the cause, the French revolution, has been long since heartily despised by both. But when the ball of contention has been once set on foot, individuals will always be found to keep it up, in order to head the contending parties, until one of them gets

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the upper hand, and the weakest calls to its aid a foreign power, which most commonly subjugates both. Thus fell the republics of Greece, which, torn to pieces by internal divisions, and striving with one another for the mastery, were easily brought under a foreign yoke; and the German league presents a very recent example how easily an empire may be crippled by a foreign enemy, when the undermining policy of some of its rulers prefers the aggrandizement of their particular states to the integrity and prosperity of the whole. These two parties have created evident symptoms of a division between the northern and southern states, and threats have been thrown out on both sides, which may ultimately bring it about.

Another division also threatens to take place between the eastern and western territories. The latter have twice openly resisted government, and yielded only to a superiority of force. An excise duty created the very same disagreement between them as the stamp act did between them and Great-Britain. It is therefore by no means improbable their offspring may, in time, mete to them the very same measure they meted to the mother country; and show them, what they have taught Great-Britain, that, in the government of a nation, as in that of a private family, there is an age when children will think and act for themselves.

This division is one of the fatal causes of the downfall of an empire: effeminacy, which may be aptly styled a national epidemic, is another. In proportion as a nation increases in security and affluence, it becomes dissatisfied with having barely wherewithal to supply the wants of nature; it pines for those of convenience; those obtained, they pant for luxury, which brings its never failing concomitant.....effeminacy..... A nation, thus undermined, is easily overturned by the first hostile blast. Through luxury Cyrus quelled the Lydians; through luxury the Assyrian empire was overthrown by the Medes; their's by the Macedonians; the latter by the Romans; and the Romans by the barbarians; and, to give a more recent example, Davila tells that, in an interview and semblance of treaty with the king of Navarre, Catherine de Medicis broke that prince's power more with the insidious gaieties of her court, than many battles before had done. The excesses of the civil war, and the irruptions of the pernicious morals of the French fugitives from St. Domingo, through the republican morals of the United States, will evince to a superficial reader, what must have been self-evident to an eye-witness, that luxury has made a grievous breach in the deliberate gravity of republican Americans.

Too great an extension of an empire is likewise another fatal cause of its overthrow; whereby it is first weakened, and then becomes an easy sacrifice to the hatred and jealousy of contending nations. The American congress early showed a thirst for it, when, after having been successful in the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, they resolved to pursue their design of penetrating into the very heart of Canada; thus at once changing the ground upon which they had taken up arms when they declared they fought for *liberty*, not *conquest*. They have pursued this scheme of aggrandizement ever since, by purchasing for trifles the Indian lands, or driving the aborigines further westward, and by the acquisition of Louisiana. Progressing thus, the Floridas, Canada, Mexico, the whole American continent, and even the West-Indies, may be wanted to give them elbow-room. This needs no comment!

Lastly comes a foreign foe, which every enterprising nation is to a declining empire, unable to repel insult and aggression. Division, effeminacy, and extension, sap the outworks and weaken the defence, while foreign aggression prepares to storm the citadel. Happy will the United States be if they know that in a confederacy of states, some potent, others weak, the ambition of individuals is to be restrained; division

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avoided; due bounds set to their love of dominion; and proper regard had to religion, laws, and manners! As they avoid or neglect this beacon, the United States must fall under either one or the other alternative mentioned in the outset of this paper. Q.

FIDELITY OF A CAT.

THE following anecdote of a cat is extracted from a report lately made to the Atheneum of Lyons, by citizen Martin, a physician of that city.

On the 22d Messidor, at eight o'clock in the evening, I was called in by the justice of the peace to make a report respecting a murder, committed on the person of a woman named Pénit. Having obeyed his summons, I repaired with him to the habitation of the deceased, where I found on the floor the body of a young pregnant woman, extended lifeless and weltering in her blood. A spaniel lay at her feet, licking them from time to time, and uttering piteous moans. At sight of us he rose, did not bark, came up to us, and then returned to his mistress. A large white cat likewise attracted my attention; he was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard at the farther end of the apartment, where probably he had taken refuge at the moment of the assassination. There sitting motionless, he had his eyes fixed on the dead body, his attitude and his looks expressing horror and affright.

After slight examination, I retired, having promised to the justice of the peace that I would return at ten o'clock the next morning with one of my brethren of the faculty, to open the dead body in his presence, and before the eyes of the persons who were accused of the murder. Accordingly, the next day I returned to the spot in pursuance of my promise. The first object that caught the eye of doctor Martin, who accompanied me, was that same cat which I had observed on the preceding evening: he still continued in his former station, in the same attitude, and his looks had acquired so strong an expression of horror and rage, as to inspire my colleague with a fear that the animal was mad. The apartment was soon filled by the officers of justice and the armed force: but neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the noise occasioned by the loud and animated conversation of the company, could divert the attention of the cat, or produce any change in his menacing attitude.

I was preparing to take from the womb of the unfortunate victim another victim whom the same murderous act had deprived of life before it had enjoyed the light, when the accused persons were brought in. As soon as the cat, whose motions I attentively watched, had observed the murderers, his eyes glared with increased fury, his hair bristled up, he darted into the middle of the apartment, stopped for a moment, then went and lay down under the bed beside the spaniel, evidently sympathising with him in his indignation at the murder, and his faithful attachment to his mistress. Those mute but alarming witnesses did not escape the attention of the assassins, whose countenances were disconcerted at the sight, and who now, for the first time during the whole course of the business, felt themselves abandoned by their atrocious audacity.

This *trait* has removed the antipathy which I had entertained to cats. Henceforward I shall no longer fear their caresses, since the scene which I have witnessed authorises me to believe them susceptible of gratitude and attachment.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

IN the Greek Island of Santa Maura, when the bride and bridegroom join hands at the moment of receiving the nuptial benediction,

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they are immediately separated by a young man; in consequence of which ceremony, a firm belief is entertained that their first-born will be a son.

In some villages in the same island, on the wedding-day the bridegroom is conducted at the first appearance of day-light to an open place, and seated in a chair, when two men immediately begin, the one to comb his hair, the other to lather his face; which operations are continued till sun-set. At his feet is placed a bason to receive contributions; each person throwing into it a few pieces of money.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON VEGETABLES.

By Mr. Decandolle.

THE first object of this author was to ascertain the influence of light upon the sleep of leaves and flowers. As the regular vicissitudes of day and night appeared to be the chief cause of the great difficulty of such an inquiry, the author was of opinion that this might be obviated by exposing the vegetables to an artificial light, either constant or variously combined. For this purpose he placed six lamps in a dark cellar, and disposed them so that the plants which they illuminated should remain in a temperature not exceeding 66° or 68° *Fahr.* and protected from the smoke..... These six lamps were equal to 54 candles. The results of these experiments are curious. Mustard and cress seeds sown and raised by this artificial light became sensibly green, but their stalks were somewhat longer than in the open air. Leaves of different plants put under water in lamp-light gave no oxygen gas during twenty-four hours, and afterwards they decayed and gave a deleterious air. This result might be expected, since it is well known that plants give no oxygen in the shade, and the light of six lamps cannot equal that of sunshine. The night-blowing Marvel of Peru (*mirabilis jalapa*), exposed to the artificial light for three days, continued to open in the evening and shut in the morning as usual; the same happened even in total darkness; but on being exposed to the lamps during the day, they at first became somewhat irregular in the times of expanding and closing, and on the second day they opened in the morning and shut in the evening. The *convolvulus purpureus*, which in common opens at ten in the evening, on exposure to lamp-light, opened at ten as usual on the first day, but at five on the succeeding day. The *mesembryanthemum noctiflorum*, exposed to the lamp-light during the night, and to darkness in the day-time, came to open in the morning and close in the evening. Several sensitive plants, exposed for three days to continual lamp-light, opened and closed each day two hours sooner than on the preceding day; whence it appears, that a continuance of this light has hastened their movements instead of retarding them. Exposed to light during the night, and to darkness in the day-time, their progress became irregular for two days, and then they came regularly to open in the evening and shut in the morning. Total darkness did not derange their natural movements, but a heat of 80° to 100° *Fahr.* retarded them. A heat of 116° rendered them sickly, and for two days deprived them of their sensibility to the touch.

LETTERS IN BOTTLES.

GREAT use might be made of bottles, or other substances made water-tight, so as to float upon the sea, and thrown overboard in certain latitudes, in order to determine the course of the different currents in the ocean. The fate of three experiments thus tried, was as follows. The first was a bottle thrown overboard in the Bay of Biscay, August

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17, 1786, from an English ship going to the East Indies. It was taken up by some fishermen on the coast of Normandy, May 9, 1787, two leagues off shore from Aromanches. C. Philip Delville, then judge of the admiralty at this place, sent to London the letter which the bottle contained. A second bottle was thrown into the sea, June 15, 1797, north lat. 44′. 22″. long. Teneriffe, 2. 52″. by C. Brard, painter of the Museum of Natural History, going from Hamburg to Surinam, whom St. Pierre says he requested to send him some letters by this marine post. It was taken up on July 6, the same year, among the rocks of Cape Prieur, by a soldier of the garrison of Ferrol, and the letter came safe to hand. The third was thrown into the sea north of the Isle of France, and was picked up at the Cape of Good Hope, having been carried by the currents more than a thousand leagues.

HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE LION.

IN the reign of king James the first, Mr. Henry Archer, a watchmaker in Morocco, had two whelps given him, which had been stolen not long before from a lioness near Mount Atlas. They were a male and female, and till the death of the latter were kept together in the emperor's garden. He at that time had the male constantly in his bedroom, till he was as tall as a large mastiff-dog; he was perfectly tame and gentle in his manners. Being about to return to England, he reluctantly gave the animal to a Marseilles merchant, who presented him to the French king, from whom he came as a present to our king, and, for seven years afterwards, was kept in the tower. A person of the name of Bull, who had been a servant to Mr. Archer, went by chance with some friends, to see the animals there. The beast recognized him in a moment; and, by his whining voice and motions, expressive of anxiety for him to come near, fully exhibited the symptoms of his joy at meeting with a former friend. Bull, equally rejoiced, ordered the keeper to open the grate, and he went in. The lion fawned upon him like a dog, licking his feet, hands, and face, skipped and tumbled about to the astonishment of all the spectators. When the man left the place the animal bellowed aloud, and shook his cage in an extacy of sorrow and rage, and for four days afterwards refused to take any nourishment whatever.

An instance of recollection and attachment occurred not many years ago in a lion belonging to the duchess of Hamilton: it is thus related by Mr. Hope. "One day I had the honour of dining with the duchess of Hamilton: after dinner the company attended her grace to see a lion, that she had in the court, fed. While we were admiring his fierceness, and teazing him with sticks to make him abandon his prey and fly at us, the porter came and informed the duchess, that a serjeant, with some recruits at the gate, begged permission to see the lion. Her grace, with great condescension and good nature, asked permission of the company for the travellers to come in, as they would then have the satisfaction of seeing the animal fed. They were accordingly admitted at the moment the lion was growling over his prey. The serjeant, advancing to the cage, called out 'Nero, Nero, poor Nero, don't you know me?' The animal instantly turned his head to look at him; then rose up, left his prey, and came, wagging his tail, to the side of the cage. The man then put his hand upon him, and patted him; telling us, at the same time, that it was three years since they had seen each other, but that the care of the lion, on his passage from Gibraltar, had been committed to him, and he was happy to see the poor beast show so much gratitude for his attention. The lion, indeed, seemed perfectly pleased; he went

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to and fro, rubbing himself against the place where his benefactor stood, and licked the serjeant's hand as he held it out to him. The man wanted to go into the cage to him, but was withheld by the company, who were not altogether convinced of the safety of the act."

ANECDOTE OF THE HYENA.

DR. SPARRMAN relates an anecdote of the spotted hyena, for the truth of which, though he does not altogether vouch, is so diverting, that we shall make no apology for introducing it. "One night, at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors in order to cool and soberize him. The scent of him soon attracted a tiger-wolf, which threw him on his back, and dragged him along like a corpse, and consequently a fair prize, up towards Table Mountain. In the mean time, however, our drunken musician awaked, sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The wild beast, as may easily be imagined, was not less frightened in his turn." A late writer has observed, that any person but a trumpeter, in such a situation, would doubtless have furnished the animal with a supper.

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES, SAID TO HAVE FALLEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS, AND IN DIFFERENT PLACES, FROM THE CLOUDS.

IN several of the later numbers of Mr. Tilloch's excellent work, entitled the "Philosophical Magazine," we have, translated chiefly from French journals of respectability, some curious memoirs of stones which were not noticed in Mr. Howard's account, printed in the Philosophical Transactions.

The meteor which appeared on the 13th of November last, and which was seen at the same instant in many parts of the kingdom, widely distant from each other, has excited new interest to subjects of this kind, and, on that account, we presume it will be acceptable to our readers to have an abridged and methodical narrative of what has lately appeared in other respectable publications both in our own and foreign languages: and for the sake of order we shall range the facts according to the several dates at which these phenomena are said to have happened, giving in the margin the authorities upon which they depend.

The stone which fell at Ensisheim, in Alsace, and which is generally known by the name of the "stone of Ensisheim," made a considerable noise about the end of the fifteenth century. The following notice respecting it was formerly preserved with the stone in the parish church of the place.

"On Wednesday, November 7, the night before St. Martin's day, in the year of our Lord 1492, a singular miracle happened; for, between the hours of eleven and twelve, a loud clap of thunder took place, with a long-continued noise, which was heard at a great distance; and a stone fell from the heavens in the ban of Ensisheim, which weighed 260 pounds; and the noise was much louder in other places than here. A child then saw it strike on a field situated on the upper ban, towards the Rhine and the In, near the canton of Gisgane, which was sown with wheat. It did no hurt, except that it made a hole there. It was afterwards transported thence; and a great many fragments were detached from it, which the land-vogt forbade. It was then deposited in the church, with intention of suspending it as a miracle; and a great many people came hither to see this stone, respecting which there was singular discourses. But the learned said they did not know what it

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was, for it was something supernatural that so large a stone should fall from the atmosphere; but that it was a miracle of God: because, before that time, nothing of the kind had ever been heard of, seen, or described. When this stone was found, it had entered the earth to a depth equal to the height of a man. What every body asserted was, that it had been the will of God that it should be found. And the noise of it was heard at Lucerne, at Villing, and many other places, so loud, that it was thought the houses were all overturned. And when king Maximilian was here, the Monday after St. Catharine's day of the same year, his royal excellency caused the stone which had fallen to be carried to the castle; and, after conversing a long time with his lords, he said the people of Ensisheim should take it: and he gave orders that it should be suspended in the church, and that no person should be permitted to take any part of it. His excellency, however, took two fragments; one of which he kept, and the other he sent to duke Sigismund of Austria. The people talked a great deal of this stone, which was suspended in the choir, where it still is, and many came to see it*."

Besides this, we have other authorities in behalf of this extraordinary circumstance, and Brant, the author of "*Navis Stultifera Mortalium*," has made this stone the subject of some poems†.

One of the fragments of the stone was suspended and preserved in the church of Ensisheim, till within these few years, when it was conveyed to the library of Colmar, and there deposited. It weighs 150 pounds, notwithstanding the specimens which have been detached from it.

* Arithenicus in Chronico Hirsaugiensi, in Vitâ Biavii Abbatis xl ad Annum 1492. Edit. M. S. Galli, 1690, vol. ii. p. 551.

† De Fulgetro immani jam nuper, anno 1492, prop Basileam, &c. In variis Sebastiani Brant Carminibus. Basil, 1498.

The next fact of this kind to which we shall refer, is extracted from the Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangire, written by himself in the Persian language, and translated by colonel Kirkpatrick.

Early, says he, on the 30th of Furverdeen, of the present year (1620), and in the eastern quarter of the heavens, there arose in one of the villages of the purgunnah of Jalindher, about 100 miles south-east of Lahore, such a great and tremendous noise as had nearly by its dreadful nature deprived the inhabitants of the place of their senses. During this noise a luminous body was observed to fall from above on the earth, suggesting to the beholders the idea that the firmament was raining fire. In a short time, the noise having subsided, and the inhabitants having recovered from their alarm, a courier was dispatched by them to Mahommed Syeed, the aumil or fiscal superintendant of the purgunnah, to advertize him of the event. The aumil, instantly mounting his horse, proceeded to the spot where the luminous body had fallen. Here he perceived the earth, to the extent of ten or twelve yards in length and breadth, to be burnt to such a degree, that not the least trace of verdure, or even a blade of grass was to be seen, nor had the heat communicated to it entirely subsided.

Mahommed Syeed directed the ground to be dug, when, at length, a lump of iron was found, the heat of which was so intense that it might have been supposed to have been taken from a furnace. It became cold, when the aumil conveyed it to his own habitation, from whence he dispatched it to court. Here it was weighed, and found equal to about four pounds. It was committed to a skilful artist, with orders to make of it a sabre, a knife, and a dagger..... The workman reported, that the substance was not malleable, but shivered into pieces under the hammer. Upon this, it was ordered to be mixed with other iron, viz. three parts of the *iron of lightning* to one

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of common iron, and from this mixture were made two sabres, one knife, and one dagger, which were found equal to the best blades formed in the usual way. The following complimentary lines were made on the occasion, and presented to the emperor Jehangire:

"In his time fell *raw* iron from lightning,
That iron was, by his world-subduing authority,
Converted into a dagger, a knife, and two sabres."

The chronogram of this occurrence is contained in words which signify the "flame of the imperial lightning," and it gives the year of hegira 1030, which answers to A. D. 1620*.

To an account of some fragments of iron found at Plann, near Tabor, a town of Bohemia, July 3, 1753, is subjoined a note, which says, that credulous people assert that they fell from heaven during a thunderstorm†. These fragments are said to have weighed from one to twenty pounds each, and some of them were seen by the right hon. Charles Greville, in baron Born's collection‡.

At Luce, in Le Maine, a stone of seven pounds weight was found on the 13th of September 1768, while it was even hot, by persons who saw it fall. The abbé Bacheley presented it to the Royal Academy, under whose auspices it was analysed, by the celebrated and ever to be deplored Lavoisier, and from his account the academicians concluded that the stone did not owe its origin to thunder; that it did not fall from heaven; that it was not formed by mineral substances fused by lightning; and that it was nothing but a species of pyrites, without peculiarity, except as to the hepatic smell disengaged from it by marine acid. The memoir is, however, concluded, by observing it to be sufficiently singular, that M. Moraud le Fils had presented a fragment of stone from the environs of Coutances, also said to have fallen from heaven, which only differed from that of the abbé Bacheley in not exhaling the hepatic smell with the marine acid.

The fall of the stones, known under the name of the stones of Agen, has been confirmed by numerous testimonies. According to the best account, these stones fell on the 24th of July, 1790, between nine and ten in the evening, in the communes of Juliac, Creon, and other places adjacent, between Roquefort, in the department of Landes, Mezin, in the department of Lot and Garonne, and Gause, in the department of Gerz, after the appearance of a large fireball, which passed through the air, accompanied by a loud report. They fell, it is said, at different distances, some gently, and others with rapidity and a hissing noise. They buried themselves, more or less, in the earth. Their weight was from a quarter of a pound to twenty or twenty-five pounds. One of them, fifteen inches in diameter, is preserved in the museum of Bourdeaux, which in its fall broke through a cottage, and killed a herdsman and some cattle. There is no stone in the places where these fell that has any resemblance to them*.

The account next in succession is to be found in a letter from the earl of Bristol to sir William Hamilton, dated Sienna, July 12, 1794. "In the midst of a most violent thunderstorm," says his lordship, "about a dozen stones, of various weights and dimensions, fell at the feet of different persons, men, women, and children. The stones are of a quality not found in any part of the Siennese territory. They fell about eighteen hours after the enormous eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which circum-

* Philos. Trans. 1803, part 1. page 200, 204.

† Quæ (fragmenta) 3 Julii anni 1753, inter tonitrua, e cœlo pluisse, creduliores quidam asserunt.

‡ Philos. Trans. 1802, part 1. page 179, 180.

* Bibliotheque Brittannique. Journal des Sciences utiles de Montpellier, 1790. Philos. Trans. 1803, part 1, page 200-1.

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stance leaves a choice of difficulties in the solution of this extraordinary phenomenon. Either these stones have been 'generated in the igneous mass of clouds, which produced such unusual thunder, or, which is equally incredible, they were thrown from Mount Vesuvius, at a distance of at least 250 miles; judge then of the parabola. The philosophers here incline to the first solution. I wish much, sir, to know your sentiments. My first objection was to the fact itself; but of this there were so many eye-witnesses, it seems impossible to withstand their evidence*."

Sir William Hamilton, it seems, also received a piece of one of the largest stones, which weighed upwards of five pounds, and had seen another which weighed about one. He likewise observed that the outside of every stone which had been found, and had been ascertained to have fallen from the clouds near Sienna, was evidently freshly vitrified, and was black, having every appearance of having passed through an extreme heat. The inside was of a grey colour, mixed with black spots, and some shining particles, which the learned had decided to be pyrites*.

In 1796, a stone, weighing 56 pounds, was exhibited in London, with several attestations of persons, who, on the 13th of December, 1795, saw it fall, near Wold Cottage, in Yorkshire, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. It had penetrated through twelve inches of soil, and six inches of solid rock, and, in burying itself, had thrown up an immense quantity of earth to a great distance: as it fell, a great number of explosions were heard, about as loud as pistols. In the adjacent villages, the sounds heard were taken for guns at sea: but at two adjoining villages was heard something singular passing through the air, so distinctly, towards the habitation of Mr. Topham, that five or six people came up, to see if any thing extraordinary had happened to his house or grounds. When the stone was extracted, it was warm, smoked, and smelt very strong of sulphur..... Its course, as far as could be collected from different accounts, was from the south-west. The day was mild and hazy, a sort of weather very frequent in the Wold Hills, when there are no winds or storms; but there was not any thunder or lightning the whole day. No such stone is known in the country. There was no eruption in the earth, and, from its form, it could not come from any building; and as the day was not tempestuous, it did not seem probable that it could have been forced from any rocks, the nearest of which are those of Hamborough Head, at the distance of twelve miles. The nearest volcano is, probably, Hecla, in Iceland†.

Mr. Southey relates an account, juridically authenticated, of a stone weighing ten pounds, which was heard to fall in Portugal, February 19, 1796, and was taken, still warm, from the ground‡.

The account and description of a stone which fell from the clouds in the commune of Sales, near Ville Franche, in the department of the Rhone, we shall give from a memoir read by M. D. Bree to the National Institute, April 11, 1803.

"On the 12th of March, 1798, about six in the evening, the weather being calm and serene, a luminous globe of an extraordinary appearance attracted towards the east the eyes of the inhabitants of the commune of Sales and of the neighbouring villages, as they were returning from their labour; and its rapid approach and horrid humming noise, like that produced by an irregular and hollow body traversing the atmosphere with rapidity, threw all the inhabitants of that commune into the greatest terror, especially when they saw it pass over their heads at a very little elevation. Ac-

* Philos. Trans. 1795, page 103.
† Philos. Trans. 1802, page 174.

* Philos. Trans. 1802, page 1, 174-5.
† Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal, page 259.

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cording to their report, this ball left behind it a long train of light, and emitted, with an almost continual crackling noise, small blue sparks of fire, similar to small stars.

"Its fall was then observed by three workmen who were not more than fifty paces from it. One of them, named Montillard, a young man who was nearest to it, was struck with terror, and dropped his coat and a billet of wood which he was carrying, in order that he might escape as fast as he could. The other two, named Chardon and Lapous, were no less frightened, and fled to Sales, where a general alarm prevailed. These three witnesses agree in stating that this body moved with astonishing rapidity, and that after its fall they still heard a kind of hissing noise proceeding from the place where it buried itself.

"In regard to another person, Crepier, he was at home; where he was so much frightened with the hissing of the body in the air, and the noise of its fall, which took place within less than twenty paces of his habitation, that, at first, he shut himself up with his family in the cellar, and then in his bed-chamber; where, fear prevailing over curiosity, he spent the night, without daring to go out to examine what had happened.

"Next morning he was called out by Chardon and Lapous, who had carried with them M. Blondel, adjunct of the commune of Sales, and several other persons, and they all repaired together to the place where the luminous body had been seen to bury itself. There, at the bottom of a hollow, eighteen inches in depth, that is to say, of the whole thickness of the vegetable earth, they found a large black, irregular ovoid mass, according to their expression, like a calf's head. It was entirely covered with a blackish crust; it was no longer warm, and had the smell of gunpowder. They observed also that it was split in several places, so that Chardon, by thrusting his bill into one of the fissures, made it fall to pieces. I was not able to learn properly whether this fissure was lined by a crust similar to that on the surface; they only thought they remembered that it was partly black. This mass, having been transported to Crepier's house, their first care was to examine the nature of so unexpected an object, and what it contained. The stone, therefore, was weighed, and immediately broken; but, finding only a stone, from avarice, which did not fail to succeed their emotions of fear, they proceeded to a sentiment of indifference for it, while the phenomenon was imputed to the most whimsical and supernatural causes, according to the kind of impression which had been communicated to the spectators.

"The weight of the stone was about twenty pounds.

"The noise of the event was soon spread; and the commissioner of the executive power to the administration of Ville Franche being informed of it, he sent to request the stone, with information respecting its fall. A fragment of it, weighing about seven pounds, was brought to him, a part of which, with an account of the phenomenon, he transmitted to one of the members of the conventional assembly. I do not know what attention was paid to it, and what effect it produced, at a time when every mind was absorbed in politics.

"M. Place, a merchant of Ville Franche, who was at Sales at the time I was there, assured me that he was a witness, as well as many inhabitants of Ville Franche, to the passage of this luminous globe over the town; that he heard its humming noise; that its elevation could not exceed 3000 feet; and, that its direction was from east by south to west by north.

"I must add, that the simplicity of most of the reports made to me, their perfect agreement in all the important points, and the great number of persons who saw this phenomenon, which took place at that time of day most favourable for its being generally observed, leave no

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doubt with me in regard to the veracity of the account which I have here given, and of the certainty of the fact in question.

"Some time ago, when conversing on the subject of this phenomenon with professor Pictet, he recollected that at the same period, he and a number of the inhabitants of Geneva and the neighbouring towns, as far as Berne, had observed a luminous body, which suddenly appeared in the southern regions, proceeding rapidly from east to west. This phenomenon at that time was considered to be a meteor; but he is so fully persuaded that this body is the same which fell at Sales, that he has given me permission to quote his testimony in the following words:

'I have a perfect recollection of the appearance of this meteor. Its light was exceedingly bright, and its motion so rapid, that it was seen only for a few seconds, during which it diffused throughout the whole town an alarming light, though it passed at the distance of more than twenty leagues to the south. Its direction, according to estimation, was precisely towards the quarter in which it fell."

In the same year, we have an account of the explosion of a meteor, near Benares, in the East Indies; and of the falling of some stones at the same time, about fourteen miles from that city. It was on the 19th of December, 1798, about eight o'clock in the evening, that a very luminous meteor was observed in the heavens, by the inhabitants of Benares and the parts adjacent, in the form of a large ball of fire; that it was accompanied by a loud noise resembling thunder; and that a number of stones were said to have fallen from it near Krakhut, a village on the north side of the river Goomty, about fourteen miles from the city of Benares.

The meteor appeared in the western part of the hemisphere, and was but a short time visible: it was observed, by several Europeans, as well as natives in different parts of the country. In the neighbourhood of Juanpoor, about twelve miles from the spot where the stones are said to have fallen, it was distinctly observed by several European gentlemen and ladies, who described it as a large ball of fire, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise, not unlike an ill discharged platoon of musketry. It was also seen and the noise heard by various persons at Benares.

When an account of the fall of the stones reached Benares, Mr. Davis, the judge of the district, sent an intelligent person to make enquiry on the spot. As soon as he arrived at the village near which the stones were said to have fallen, the natives told him, that they had either broken to pieces, or given away to the tesseldar, or native collector, and others, all that they had picked up; but that he might easily find some in the adjacent fields, where they would be readily discovered, by observing where the earth appeared recently turned up.

Following these directions, he found four, most of which the force of the fall had buried six inches deep. He farther learnt from the inhabitants of the village, that about eight o'clock in the evening, when retired to their habitations, they observed a very bright light proceeding as from the sky, accompanied by a loud clap of thunder, which was immediately followed by the noise of heavy bodies falling in the vicinity. Uncertain whether some of their deities might not have been concerned in this occurrence, they did not venture out to enquire into it until the next morning, when the first circumstance that attracted their attention, was the appearance of the earth being turned up in different parts of the fields, where they found the stones. Mr. Maclane, a gentleman who resided very near the village of Krakhut, had one of the stones given to him by the watchman who was on duty at his house. This he said had fallen through the top of his hut, which was close by, and buried itself several inches in the floor, which was of consolidated

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earth. The stone must, by his account, before it was broken, have weighed upwards of two pounds.

At the time the meteor appeared, the sky was perfectly serene; not the smallest vestige of a cloud had been seen since the 11th of the same month, nor were any observed till many days after. And it is well known there are no volcanoes on the continent of India; and no stones have been met with in the earth, in that part of the world, which bear the smallest resemblance to those above described*.

We now come to a description of a shower of stones which fell at L'Aigle, in the department of L'Orne, on the 26th of April, 1803. Of this we have several accounts: M. Fourcroy says, "That from the most authentic documents it results,

1st. "That about one in the afternoon on the 26th of April, the air being rather cold, and the sky without clouds, there was seen, at the distance of twelve or fifteen leagues W. S. W. from L'Aigle, a luminous globe, moving towards the N. W. with great velocity.

2d. "That nearly at the same time there was heard at L'Aigle, and in the several surrounding villages, a violent explosion succeeded by two others no less extraordinary, which were followed by a rumbling noise; the more terrible, as no one knew to what it could be compared or ascribed, and which continued about ten minutes.

3d. "That after this noise, by which the animals were as much frightened as the inhabitants, there were seen to fall, with a hissing noise, stones, very much scattered, and of different sizes, from two or three *gros* to seventeen pounds weight; that these stones, at first, exhaled a strong smell of sulphur, and some of them were warm when picked up; and that to judge by the number collected, and by the extent of the ground on which they were found, an astonishing quantity must have fallen."

* Phil. Tran. 1802, part 1, p. 175—9.

The account given by C. Biot, member of the National Institute, who proceeded to L'Aigle to examine and compare facts, is still more particular. He says, "The weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont-Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Veneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendour, which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity..... Some moments after, there was heard at L'Aigle, and to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes.

"At first there were three or four reports like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge, which resembled a firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum.

"This noise proceeded from a small cloud, which had a rectangular form, and which appeared motionless all the time the phenomenon lasted. But the vapour of which it was composed was projected momentarily from the different sides, by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the N. N. E. of the town, and it was evidently at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distance from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud hovered, a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, was heard, and a multitude, more than two or three thousand, of mineral masses, exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of *meteoric stones*, were seen to fall at the same time."

In showing the high probability there is that these facts are founded in truth, C. Biot says: "I saw the awful traces of this phenomenon; I traversed all the places where it had been heard; I collected and compared the accounts of the inhabitants: at last I found some of the stones themselves on the spot, and they exhibited to me physical cha-

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racters, which admit of no doubt of the reality of their fall.

"If we first consider the *physical* testimonies, no meteoric stones had been found in the hands of the inhabitants before the explosion of the 26th of April. The mineralogical collections, formed on the spot with the greatest care for several years, contained nothing of the kind.

"The founderies, iron works, and mines, in the neighbourhood, which I visited, exhibited nothing in their productions or in their scoriæ which had the least affinity to these substances. No traces of a volcano are found in the country.

"All of a sudden, and only since the time of the meteor, these stones have been found on the ground and in the hands of the inhabitants, who are better acquainted with them than any other person.

"These stones are found only in a certain extent, in ground foreign to the substances they contain, and in places where, on account of their size and their number, it is impossible they could have escaped notice.

"The largest of these stones, when broken, still exhale a strong sulphurous odour from their interior parts. That of their surface has vanished, and the smallest exhale no sensible odour, so that the odour of the former seems also, from its nature, likely to be dissipated in the course of time.

"These are so many physical proofs, which attest that the meteoric stones of the neighbourhood of L'Aigle are foreign to the places where they have been found; that they were conveyed thither exactly at the time of the explosion, and by a cause which has modified the principles they contain.

"If we now consult the *moral* testimonies, what do we find? Twenty hamlets, dispersed in an extent of more than two leagues square, almost all the inhabitants of which declare themselves to have been eye-witnesses of the meteor, attest that a dreadful shower of stones was projected from it. Among the number, there are men, women, and children. They are simple and unlettered peasants, labourers possessed of strong natural sense and reason; respectable ecclesiastics, and young people, who, having been military men, are free from the illusions of fear. All these persons, of professions, manners, and opinions so different, who had very little or no intercourse with each other, agree in attesting the same fact, which they had no interest to invent: they all refer it to the same day, the same hour, and the same moment, making use of the same comparisons; and this fact, so strongly and so generally attested, is only a consequence of the physical proofs previously collected; which is, that stones of a peculiar nature fell in that country immediately after the explosion of April 26.

"Besides, traces which strongly attest the fall of these masses, never mentioned without terror, are still shown. The inhabitants say that they saw them descend along the roofs of the houses like hail, break the branches of the trees, and rebound after they fell on the pavement. They say they saw the earth smoke around the largest of them, and that they still burnt after they were in their hands. These accounts are given, and the traces shown, only in a certain extent. It is there only that meteoric stones are found on the ground. Not a fragment is found beyond that district, and there is not a single person who pretends to have seen any of them fall beyond it.

"All the physical and moral proofs which it has been possible to collect are, therefore, concentrated, and converge to one point: and, if we consider the manner in which I was led, by a comparison of the testimonies, to the place of the explosion; the number of particulars which I collected on the spot; their coincidence with those which I brought from the distance of ten leagues; the multitude of the witnesses; their moral character; the resemblance of their accounts, and perfect agreement from whatever part obtained, without its being possible to discover a single exception

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in that respect, it may be concluded, without the smallest doubt, that the fact to which these proofs refer actually took place, and that stones really fell in the neighbourhood of L'Aigle, on the 26th of April, 1803."

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Continued from vol. 1, *page* 470.

ANOTHER fault, or misfortune, of Klopstock, is his hyperorthodoxy. Those doctrines of the theologists, which wander farthest from common and natural sense, are precisely the ideas which he most delights to embody, and officiously to present in all the palpability of his poetic sculpture. The identity of different persons of the Godhead, the preexistence of the unborn, the migrations of Omnipresence, are scarcely marvellous enough for his transubstantiating fancy. His very luxury consists in

Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died;
How by his victor-victim Death was slain,
And earth profan'd, yet blest, with Deicide.

O that the hallowed waters of * Phiala had been handed by Ceva, or Socini, to the poet! By endeavouring to sublimate his Jesus into a Jehovah, he unhumanizes the most lovely of characters, and greatly lessens the sympathy, the personal attachment, the impassioned adherence, which a being more like ourselves might have inspired. The God-man, as Klopstock calls him, is by all his godship, in point of pity, a loser; the temptation, the agony, the crucifixion, are no burdens for the shoulders of Omnipotence: the resurrection.....no miracle, no triumph, no recompense. The attempt to elevate other characters into fit companions for the Omniscient produces on all the disciples a similar disinteresting effect:..... screwed up above the pitch of human nature, they insensibly become aliens to our regard. They act and speak rather as the puppets of cherubim and seraphim, than as living, feeling, irritable sons of clay. The author of the Odyssey would have attempted no such idealizations. He would have described in picturesque detail those familiar patriarchal employments of the Galilæans, which no native Sannazarius had painted, their unaffected manners, their easy hospitality, their generous industry, their sweet equality. Knowing that a hero is still great in the cottage of a swine-herd, he would not have feared to involve his personages in the humble every-day business of life, to repeat their table-talk, and to make us acquainted with their personal peculiarities and foibles..... Alfred toasting oat-cakes, or Jesus serving out wine at the feast of Cana, lose nothing of their real dignity; it is squeamish for a historian, or a poet, to hide in allusion incidents so notorious. More of those affectionate traits, which the original records have preserved, might have been interwoven with advantage in the character of Klopstock's prophet: they are well adapted to endear the memory of his love; and to impress lastingly on our recollection the most beneficial idea of human excellence, and the immortal model of the most usefully virtuous. Klopstock has been more successful in delineating the manners of Philo, Caiphas, Pilate, and the other enemies of Jesus, than in pourtraying those of the disciples. His fancy tends exclusively to the heroic: and heroic manners are better suited to the pharisee,

* Ought the reader to be informed that Phiala the source of the Jordan, is, in Klopstock, the Helicon of sacred song; and that Ceva (author of *Jesus Puer*) has treated the mythological, and Socini, the human personages, of the christian system, with less mysticism than any other writers within the pale of faith?

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the high-priest, and the governor, than to the honest Galilæan fishermen.

But if from such wholesale animadversion on the plan and manners, one turns to a retail examination of the perpetual beauties of style and composition, to whom may not Klopstock confidently be compared? There is usually a wide winged colossal sublimity in his imagery, which outsoars all precedent, which is worthy of Young, now that he is expanded into a seraph.... There is often a tenderness yet probingness in the pathos, which reminds of Euripides, and recalls Tacitus. There is at times a completeness of expression, a polish, and a force of diction, as if obtained by the joint use of Tasso's file and Milton's hammer. But short efforts suit Klopstock best. He darts too high to fly long. His lyric therefore surpass his epic undertakings. In the perfection of minute parts he especially excels. Produce his comparisons, and Aikin will tremble for the similies of Milton,....his descriptions, and Delille will question the inimitability of Virgil.....his lyric passages, and Lowth will weigh them against the reliques of Isaiah. The bishop, however, would find him wanting: for those odes of Klopstock, which really approach the best Hebrew remains, do not form parts of the Messiah. And, after all, what are fine passages and beauties of detail, numerous, intense as they may be? Miniatures at best. Miniatures by Van der Werff, which, to the grace and beauty of the Italian, unite the truth and finish of the Flemish school; but they must not be hung against the walls of the Sixtine chapel: I want to see the last judgment of Michael Angelo....away with such rabbits' hair pencilling.

But the pictures of Milton, Herder, are the frescoes of that wall.

Criticism deals too much in *ipse dixits*. The preference of Milton to Klopstock looks like one of them. But who, that uses reason, and loves justice, heeds the I-say-so's even of authority, much less of anonymous petulance, perhaps, or prejudice. It will be proper, then, to turn over the Messiah, book by book, and to muster the more prominent portions of narrative, or decoration, that if its meritorious passages have been unnoticed or undervalued, they may be advertized and precognized. When the quantity of comparable value is defined, the relative weight may be more easily presumed, or appreciated.

The introduction, or annunciation, of an epic poem is hardly worth analyzing: it usually consists of an exposition and an invocation; the simpler it is, the less attention it solicits, the humbler an expectation it raises, the better. Had Klopstock's annunciation contained *the first seven lines only*, it would have possessed these requisites. His exposition of the subject is tolerably neat, and sufficiently full: but if he chose to invoke only his "immortal soul," he should not have talked, in other addresses to his inspiring dæmon, of the muse of Sion. The subsequent long apology to the Holy Ghost for the undertaking, and the homiletic adjuration to his audience *to sing the eternal son by a godly life*, are among the redundancies which Klopstock has not the ardour to evaporate. These remarks will be sufficiently intelligible, if a translation of the exordium be transcribed.

Quam sub carne Deus lustrans terrena novavit
Crimine depressis, cane, mens æterna, salutem,
Infelicis Adæ generi dum fœderis icti
Sanguine reclusit fontem cœlestis amoris.
Hoc fatum æterni. Frustra se oppenere tentat
Divinæ proli Satanas: Judæaque frustra
Nititur. Est aggressus opus, totumque peregit.

* Milton's invocation is not fortunate: his *muse* assorts ill with the personages of christian mythology; and he passes from addressing her to addressing the Holy Ghost, as if they were beings of equal reality.

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Ast, quacunque pates, soli res cognita Jôvæ,
Quæ jam mersa latet tenebris arcesne poesin?
Hanc in setessu amoto rumore loquaci
Oranti, omnicreans Flamen, mihi redde sacratam
Hano, plenam igne pio, mansuris viribus auge,
Et mihi siste deam, tua quæ vestigia carpat!
Hanc latebris gaudens, qua tu petis ima Jehovæ,
Armet, scrutator Flamen, sapientia vivax!
Ut mihi pandantur nebulis arcana remotis,
Messiam ut dicar digno celebrare volatu.
Qui vos nobilitat, miseri, si nostis honorem,
Dum terras adiit salvatum conditor orbis,
Tendite vati animos. Huc tendite, parva caterva
Nobilium! Dulci queis no est carior alter
Fratre Deo, placido vultu quos læta sonantes
Opprimet usque animis revolutus terminus ævi,
Hymnum audite meum! Vobis sacra vita sit hymnus.

There is a stanza in one of Milton's refuse poems, which might have supplied the hint of a happier beginning.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Of Klopstock's first book the most prominent scene is the oath, which Jesus and the Almighty administer to one another on Mount Moria, to perform and accept the atonement. A calvanist may gaze with awe, but a monotheist would shudder, and an atheist smile, at such an interview. The effect of the oath is no doubt intended as an improvement of the nod of Jupiter, in the Alpha of the Iliad. It is thus described:

While spake the Eternal:
Thrill'd thro' nature an awful earthquake. Souls that had never
Known the dawning of thought now started, and felt for the first time.
Shudders and trembling of heart assail'd each seraph; his bright orb,
Hush'd as the earth when tempests are nigh, beside him was pausing.
But in the souls of future christians vibrated transports,
Sweet foretastes of immortal existence. Senseless against God
Aught to have plann'd or done, and alone alive to despondence,
Fell from their thrones in the fiery abysses, the spirits of evil;
Rocks broke loose from the smouldering caverns, and fell on the falling.
Howlings of woe, far-thundering crushes, resounded thro' hell's vaults.

This sally is an epitome of Klopstock's powers and failings. The idea of all worlds in the universe stopping on their axles, to the alarm of the directing seraphs, is the insuperable of sublimity. Had this grand thought been presented by itself in simple singleness, it would have compelled a pause of awe; it would have seemed to bear that relation to the universal God, which the Olympus bears to the Greek Jupiter. But all other imaginable effects also present themselves to Klopstock; and he cannot refrain from recording any one, even the childish mysticism of dating the new birth of souls unborn.

The descriptions of the inside of heaven, and of the inside of earth, which occupy the latter portion of this book, are worthier of a Swedenborg than of a Dante. The hymn of the angels will hardly be quoted as fine poetry; nor was creation the fittest topic: yet the concluding thought is striking.

To solitude saidst thou,
Be no more: and to beings, evolve yourselves. Hallelujah.

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The second canto opens with a dialogue between Adam and Eve: this is one of those purposeless conversations of the celestial loiterers, that abound in the Messiah. Next occurs a possession, in which Samma, the insane person, dashes in pieces against a rock his young son. Jesus comes by, exorcises and banishes to hell the evil spirit, who turns out to be Satan himself. This episode contains very pathetic passages; such is the tender lamentation of Joel, such is the horrid death of Benoni: but it is too tragical for the occasion. Jesus, by curing the possessed man without raising to life the unfortunate boy, leaves a very imperfect impression of benevolence, and appears, from the whole dialogue, to have more at heart the conflict with Satan than the service to man.

Satan's arrival in hell, his reception there, the assembly of the fallen angels, the resolution to effect the death of God in the person of Jesus, the protest of Abbadona, and the dispatch of Satan and Adramelech on the impious errand, constitute the first truly epic scene. It is worthy of the rival of Milton, and would no doubt have formed the incipient scene, had not Milton already begun with a council of devils. The vulcanic landscape of Klopstock's hell is wisely confined to natural appearances; he builds no hall of fireworks, nor dwindles the inherent colossality of his devils; but he aggrandises the nature around to their dimensions. The eruption of a volcano announces the return of Satan, whose arrival is copied from Milton's tenth book, and convenes the inmates of the abyss.

Like huge islands uptorn from their deep seats,
Came, loud-rushing, resistless, the princes of darkness to Satan;
Countless as billows advancing to break on the mountainous sea-shore,
Follow'd the rabble of spirits, thousands of thousands successive.
Stalking, they sang of their deeds to endless infamy sentenced,
Proudly striking their splitten, by thunder splitten, and hoarse harps,
Now dishallow'd, and vocal to death-tones only. So mingle
Yells from the slaughter-field, where perish and murder the wicked,
Scatter'd abroad by north-winds roaring, that ride in the midnight;
Echo hears, and aloud more loudly rebellows the bellow.

If Klopstock's theatre surpasses, his speeches fall short of Milton's: they abound less with arguments and maxims; more with flights of eloquence and writhings of emotion..... They describe well the excited state of mind of the speakers; but they want drift, tendency to attain an end, and rather resemble soliloquies than addresses. Satan's speech is too expanded; the ironical narrative of Christ's infancy, however, is well placed; Adramelech's speech has been enfeebled in the later editions; Abbadona's contains some fortunate heroic parody.

The third book introduces Jesus and the twelve disciples, strolling at the foot of a mountain, surrounded by their several guardian angels..... Selia, a seraph, drops abruptly from the sun, and asks from these angels a delineation of their wards. This brings on a formal muster, of which the idea probably originates in the description of the Grecian chiefs, given by Helen to Priam, on the tower of the Scæan gate. But how artificially is the imitation introduced, how tediously executed! These are moral portraits of a historian, who sums up the character he is interring; not physical creations of a poet, visible, audible, and active.

The fourth book convenes the Sanhedrim, in which Caiphas, the high-priest, and Philo, a pharisee, press for apprehending Nicodemus and Gamaliel for tolerating Jesus. Judas is finally introduced, and his testimony purchased by the prevailing party. This scene is probably the finest in the whole work: it has dignity, purpose, struggle, warmth, and nature. The orations have loftiness, variety, and force; the men

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are strongly impassioned and characteristically discriminated; and the whole transaction strictly belongs to the main business of the poem.

It is succeeded by the insipid episodical platonic love-story of Cidli and Semida; and by the passover, at which Jesus instituted an anniversary commemoration of his mission: this farewell meal abounds with tenderly pathetic circumstances.

The exclusive daring of Philo is nobly compared.

So when on mountains unclimb'd encamps tremendous a nigh storm,
One of the black huge clouds, most arm'd for destroying, advances
Bulging alone: while others but seize on the tips of the cedars,
This from the east to the west shall enkindle centennial forests,
Fire the haughtily towering league-long cities of monarchs,
Burying homes of men in ashes and ruin, with thund'rings
Thousand-fold.

Other admirable similies bespangle this book.

To be continued.

AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS OF THE PRODUCE AND TRADE OF THE SPANISH PART OF THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.....FROM THE FRENCH.

WE give the name of Spanish to this part of the island, not that it belongs any longer to Spain, being ceded to France by the treaty of Bale, but because it so much differs from the French part, that it may well retain its former name, when its trade and culture come under consideration.

The Spanish part of St. Domingo is situated between the 17° 50′ and 20° of north latitude.

Its longitude west of the meridian of Paris, extends from the 71st to the 75th degree. Allowing its utmost length to be about 80 leagues, and its breadth to vary between 40 and 60, it may be computed to contain nearly 3200 square leagues.

Previously to the confusions that happened in the Spanish part of St. Domingo, during the colonial war, it contained 125,000 inhabitants; 110,000 of whom were free, and 15,000 were slaves; which did not amount to 40 individuals for a square league.

The two principal towns are Santo Domingo and Sant Yago.

Santo Domingo is built upon a flat that rises above the harbour and the road; the climate is very temperate.

Sant Yago is also situated on a flat above the Yaqui. This town never had any inclosure. It has a large square; the streets are strait, and the houses mostly of stone or brick. It has several churches. The other settlements are Neybe, Azua, Bani, Seybo, Bayaguna, Monte Plate, Boya, Hyguey, Samana, Samana la Mar, Puerto Plata, Monte Christo, Le Cotuy, La Vega, Laxavon, St. Raphael, Hincha, Banique, and St. Juan. Each of these settlements has a church or chapel of ease.

Notwithstanding that the Spaniards were the first who cultivated the sugar-cane, indigo, rocoo, and ginger, and that they once had rich plantations, still it may be truly said, that in this part of the island cultivation is yet in its infancy.

There are in the whole colony but 24 sugar plantations; most of which are only tourniquets for the making of molasses, either for present use, or to be converted into taffia.

The first sugar-canes were brought hither by one Aquilon; and their propagation, and the first sugar-mill, were due to a surgeon named Vellosa.

Coffee, which succeeds every where, is but little cultivated.

Cacao appears to be an indigenous plant here. After it had been discovered, a great quantity was produced and exported to Europe.

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Its cultivation has diminished, like that of every other species of produce, and hardly enough is procured for the consumption of the colony: the high winds that rage in the southern districts have possibly occasioned the discontinuance of its culture; but it might be reared in the plain of Savega, where the chain of mountains of Cibao and Monte Christo would protect it from their blasts.

Long since, only a few traces remained of the cultivation of rocoo and indigo; the same may be said of that of ginger. Though tobacco might succeed throughout the whole colony, scarcely is it cultivated any where but in the districts of Sant Yago, Delavaga, and Cotuy. It is generally of a good quality, equal sometimes to the tobacco of the Havannah. The French have always preferred that which they call Andouilles, to that which comes from North America.

The Spaniards also cultivate rice, which is superior to that of the Carolinas, maize, millet, and corn. This latter grows perfectly well in the country about Sant Yago, and in the valley of Constantia.

There are pasture lands which are in common, and others, through particular grants, held as private property. These pasture lands consist of vast fields in their natural state, almost always surrounded with woods, and well-watered. When a long drought has deprived the cattle of the means of subsistence, they repair to the woods, where they remain till after the rainy season. Such is the power of vegetation here, that in consequence of a few days rain, a savanna dried up recovers its former verdure.

No use is made of the plough, though it might be employed to great advantage in the grounds intended for tobacco, Indian corn, rice, potatoes, and other productions of that sort.

In the forests, trees are found fit for all uses. Among the most valuable is the kutchew tree, plain and spotted; the former is more abundant in the west of the island than in any other part; the best of the spotted kind are those of Azua; there is plenty of brazil-wood in the districts of Azua, and Bani.

The oak, the walnut-tree, the gayac, the maple, the iron-wood, the savin, the green balsam-tree, the pine, the cedar, the ebony, the marble wood, the acomat, adorn every where the banks of the rivers, and the summits of the mountains. Formerly, and at this day, vessels sail out of the harbours of this colony, that have been constructed with wood of its own growth.

Since the cession of the Spanish part of the island to France, several Frenchmen have begun to clear the woods in the proximity of Puerto Plata.

The exhausted state of our forests, the wants of our harbours, and the advantages arising from the employment of our funds on a soil which it is our interest to fertilize, every motive, in short, lays before us the necessity of drawing from this island suplies for our marine. Twenty navigable rivers will convey its naval stores to the sea.

The rich pine forests of Samana, and Neybe, may be rendered of peculiar utility: the pine-tree being reputed too juicy for immediate use, it might be drained of its juice, and the rosin extracted, and thus would become serviceable for various purposes.

There is no climate where poultry thrives better than at St. Domingo. The Spaniards however rear but a small quantity; the same species are usually found there as in France.

The houses in the country offer no sort of luxury; they want even several necessary appurtenances; they are usually constructed of the bark of palm-trees, applied slate-wise to posts fixed in the grounds; the covering of the house consists of the leaves of the palm-tree, or of the latanier. No other candles are used in the country than such as are made of rosin, or of pieces of pine, or the candle-wood; they also make

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use of matches mixed with tallow, and placed in a wooden vessel.

The food of the Spaniards consists for the most part of beef and pork, prepared in various ways, and seasoned with thyme, pimento, and love-apple. They have also poultry and fish in plenty. Their usual drink is water; few of them are in the habit of drinking taffia; they have generally coffee at breakfast, and chocolate for supper. Instead of bread, they eat rice, potatoes, bananas, yams, and cassava.

The value of land, in this part of the island, is far below that to which it will rise in time. Excellent lands have been sold at 10 livres the acre. This low price, however, was occasioned by the prohibition to foreigners to settle in the Spanish precincts, and also by the readiness of owners, uncertain of their destiny, to dispose of their property, in order to quit the country.

The daily pay of a labourer employed in the cultivation of land, in the felling of wood, and in other country occupations, is commonly four reals of plata, amounting to about 53 sous, French money. Sometimes indeed labour is cheaper.

Domestic and foreign trade of the Spanish part of St. Domingo.

What has been said clearly shows to what a state of poverty this part of the island was reduced, and that its connections must have been feeble with Spain, which often left it in want of the most necessary commodities; the small number of cargoes it received, were paid for in coarse sugar, in leather, wood, and hard money.

Its chief trade with the French part, consisted in horned cattle; the number of which, disposed of in the year, might amount to 11,000, valued from 25 to 30 gourdes a-head, including the expence of drovers, and of fodder on the road. Beside these, the Spaniards traded also in horses, mules, smoked meats, sacks and cords made of stringy plants, leather, and some tobacco. The total produced by those articles, did not exceed three millions; a great part of which went back in payment of necessaries and for objects of luxury.

The war having caused the destruction of cattle, the number formerly sold is now reduced to a third. Cultivation also being much diminished through the departure of so many of the proprietors of land, it is evident that this colony must quickly fall to ruin, unless speedily regenerated by a more auspicious management.

The Americans at present supply it with provisions, and receive in exchange some sugar, leather, wood of gayac and cutchew, wood for dying, and hard dollars.

Its domestic trade consists of the sale of tobacco, large and small cattle, and in some articles of haberdashery.

It is certain that the first Spanish settlers opened communications between the different parts of the colony. Ovando, a governor at the commencement of the sixteenth century, caused a magnificent road to be made, leading from Puerto Plata, through the chain of mountains at Monte Christo, and through the plain of Lavega, to the mountains of Cibao, and through the plain of Constantia to St. Juan.

The principal roads at this day, are that which leads to the Cape through Le Cotuy, and another from this place to Port-au-Prince. Besides these two roads, there are many others for the purpose of necessary communications between the different settlements; but they are generally in bad order, and almost impassable.

Inland navigation of this part of the island.

The river Yuna is navigable up as far as Cotuy, and might with some pains be made such as far as Lavega. Possibly before long, a plan will be formed for opening a canal, which, joining the Camu to the Yaqui, will facilitate the communication by water, from the bay

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of Samana to that of Monte Christo. The river Ozana is also navigable ten leagues inland from that port. In order to render such the Neybe, part of its waters should be united into one channel. Time alone can bring about the improvements of which some other rivers are susceptible.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE CRANIOGNOMIC SYSTEM OF DR. GALL OF VIENNA.

AT all periods, a desire to find in the exterior of man, certain marks indicative of his interior faculties, his passions, his morals, &c. has induced the learned to establish systems of physiognomy more or less satisfactory. The most striking of these systems are those of Baptista Porta and Lavater, the theory of the facial angle, and the system of Dr. Gall.

In regard to the first, who employed himself in comparing the contours of the human figure, with those of beasts, observers have determined its value, and consider his principles as the fruit of a disordered imagination, as too bold, too little founded on rational observation, and absolutely uncertain in its application.

The system of Lavater has had more success; but while we revere the genius of that celebrated man, who was truly a great observer, we cannot help acknowledging the instability of the basis on which all the opinions he advances rest; and the mind is not satisfied with truths which can be appreciated only by an imagination equally exalted, and a touch so delicate as that of the author.

The theory of the facial angle, which embraces a wider field than the system of Lavater, leaves us in uncertainty respecting the detail of the faculties, and gives us only general points of view; but it presents us with this truth, of the greatest importance, that the facial angle increases in size in proportion to the faculties of animals: and in this it coincides in an evident manner with the general results of the system of Dr. Gall.

Without entering into an exact detail of the laborious route which this learned philosopher pursued, to be enabled to establish a certain basis in a science hitherto hypothetical, we shall examine briefly his fundamental principles.

1. *The brain is the material organ of the internal faculties.*

Far from attempting to decide the metaphysical questions on the nature of the soul, or what may be supposed as the occult cause of the internal faculties, we are, however, forced to admit a material organ for their action.

But, as it is observed that these faculties are found only where the brain exists; that they are lost with it; that disease and læsion of the brain have a sensible influence on their degree and their action; that the volume of the brain increases in direct proportion to the faculties of animals; it is not venturing too far to consider the brain as the material and intermediate organ.

[It might be here objected, that in several cases individuals have lost a considerable portion of the substance of the brain, without the faculties being sensibly diminished; but it is to be observed that the greater part of the cerebral organs exist double, and that the observations mentioned are not exact.]

2. *The brain contains different organs independent on each other for the different faculties*.*

The internal faculties do not always exist in the same proportion

* This idea of independence ought not to destroy that principle of animal organism, that all the parts are in a reciprocal ratio: it ought to mark only, that the action of one organ does not absolutely imply the same degree in another.

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to each other. There are some men who have a great deal of genius without having a memory, who have courage without circumspection, and who possess a metaphysical spirit without being good observers.

Besides, the phœnomena of dreaming, of somnambulism, of delirium, &c. prove to us that the internal faculties do not always act together; that there is often a very great activity of one, while the rest are not sensible.

Thus in old age, and sometimes in disease, such, for example, as madness, several faculties are lost, while others subsist: besides, a continual employment of the same faculty sensibly diminishes its energy: if we employ another, we find it has all the force of which it is susceptible; and if we return to the former faculty, it is observed that it has resumed its usual vigour. It is thus that, when fatigued with reading an abstract philosophical work, we proceed with pleasure to a poetical one, and then resume with the same attention our former occupation.

All these phænomena prove that the faculties are distinct and independent of each other, and we are inclined to believe that the case is the same with their material organs.

[We do not entirely agree with this idea of Dr. Gall, and we believe, on the contrary, that the separation of the material organs ought to be considered as the cause of the distinction of the internal faculties. It appears, to us at least, that by supposing the faculties themselves as originally separated we cannot save ourselves from falling into materialism, which exists when the mind is no longer considered as unity.]

3. *The expansion of the organs contained in the cranium is in the direct ratio of the force of their corresponding faculties.*

This principle, dictated by analogy, rests on this axiom, that throughout all nature the faculties are always found to be proportioned to their relative organs; and the truth of it is proved in a special manner by the particular observations of Dr. Gall.

It is however to be remarked, that exercise has a great influence on the force of the faculties, and that an organ moderately expanded, but often exercised, can give a faculty superior to that which accompanies a very extensive organ never put in action; as we see that a man of a weak conformation acquires, by continued exercise, strength superior to another of a more athletic structure.

[We must here mention an opinion which seems to result immediately from this principle, and which, however, is false: it is, that the volume of the brain, in general, is in the direct ratio of the energy of its faculties. Observation has proved to Dr. Gall, that we cannot judge of the strength of the faculties but by the development of the separate organs which form distinct eminences in the cranium; and that a cranium perfectly round, of whatever size it may be, is never a proof of many or of great faculties.]

I do not recollect to have heard the reason assigned by Dr. Gall, but, in my opinion, these brains may be considered as in a state analogous to obesity; and as we do not judge of the muscular force of a man or an animal by the volume of their members, but by the development of the muscles in particular, I think we ought, in like manner, to judge of the strength of the faculties by the development of the relative organs.

In the last place, the 4th principle, the most important for practice in regard to the system of Dr. Gall, is:

We may judge of these different organs and of their faculties by the exterior form of the cranium.

The truth of this principle is founded upon another, viz. that the conformation of the cranium de-

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pends on that of the brain; a truth generally acknowledged, and proved by the anterior part of the brain, by the impressions in the anterior part of the cranium, and by other facts.

[There are skulls, it is true, in which an external protuberance of the bone corresponds to an interior one; and this irregularity, which is found sometimes as a disease, and most commonly at an advanced age, when the cerebral organs do not oppose the same resistance to the cranium, renders the practice of Dr. Gall's system, in some measure uncertain.]

Guided by these principles, Dr. Gall examines the nature of the skull, compares the crania of animals and those of men analogous and different in faculties. His researches have proved to him, in a manner almost incontestible, not only the above truths, but that the faculties of animals are analogous to those of man; that what we call instinct in animals is found also in the latter, such as attachment, cunning, circumspection, courage, &c. that the quantity of the organs fixes the difference of the genus of animals, their reciprocal proportion that of individuals; that the dispcsition originally given to each faculty by nature may be called forth by exercise and favourable circumstances, and sometimes by disease, but that it never can be created in the case where it has not been given by nature*; that the accumulation of the organs take place in a constant manner from the hind part forwards, from the bottom to the top, in such a manner, that animals. in proportion as they approach man in the quantity of their faculties, have the superior and anterior part of the brain more expanded; and, in the last place, that in the most perfect animal, man, there are organs in the anterior and superior parts of the frontal bone, and of the parietals, destined for faculties which belong to them exclusively. "It is under the latter point of view that the discoveries of Dr. Gall agree perfectly with the theory of the facial angle, which seems still further to establish the truth of them."

* The germ of every organ must exist in embryo, if the expansion of that organ is to be afterwards called forth.

ANECDOTES OF THE HARE.

WHILST Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicsome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand..... But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lie under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a grey-hound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together without any person's accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently it would rest itself upon them.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 10. JULY, 1804. VOL. II.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

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No. 10. JULY, 1804. VOL. II.

To the present number of this work is prefixed a head of Washington. It is the Editor's intention to select, for the embellishment of this publication, the portraits of all eminent and illustrious men among his countrymen. Justice obviously demands that in doing this he should pay no regard to party animosities and divisions. Washington, however, will hardly fail of being acceptable to all, and his portrait will be followed by those of his successors in the presidency, in their due order.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON, NOW PUBLISHING.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I HAVE been waiting, with great impatience, for the first volume of the Life of Washington, which has been so long expected, and my wishes have just been gratified. I have eagerly perused this great work, and cannot forbear sending you a few thoughts concerning it. It is an affair in which every enlightened American must deem his own honour, and that of his country, particularly concerned. There probably never was a work yet published, in which we should feel a deeper interest, not merely from our reverence for the memory of him whose actions it records, but from the influence on our literary reputation which such a work cannot fail to have, among the learned of all nations.

It will be reasonably expected, that the historian of Washington was selected under the liveliest persuasions of this kind; that in him were thought to be united the greatest number of intellectual accomplishments. As the subject of the work had just expired, his biographer would, of course, be selected from those who had partaken as an agent of the same events, been a witness of the same transactions,

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and enjoyed, in the highest degree, and for the longest period, the public confidence and private intimacy of the general. These were qualifications attainable in the choice of a historian of such recent events, and therefore they were indispensible. As every excellence cannot be combined in one person; as one perfectly qualified, in some respects, may be deficient in others; as they who are willing may not be able, either from the pressure of personal infirmities or duties, or from the want of suitable knowledge or industry; and as they who are able may not be willing, *he* will, of course, be chosen that is best qualified among those who are both able and willing.

It is easy to perceive what a heavy and arduous office the selected writer has assumed. Where the demands and the expectations of the world are so very high, and where the notions of merit are so numerous and various, what mortal can hope to give universal satisfaction? Who, indeed, can hope to escape severe censure? The work will be, to some, too concise, to others too prolix. Some will think the writer has been too sparing of Washington's own memorandums and letters; while others will perhaps believe it better for the compiler to have extracted *less*, and to have digested and related in his own person *more*. Some will discover too much veneration for the deceased hero, too prodigal and indiscriminate a panegyric; while others will probably resent the cold and envious moderation with which the author has tempered praise with blame.

There is a very numerous class of readers, who were extremely displeased with the scheme, when first suggested, of any biographical compilation whatever. All the world knows Washington possessed, among innumerable virtues, that of order and method. He had a just regard for posthumous fame; and knowing, likewise, that no collection of documents, relative to a single person, would reflect so much light upon the history of his native country, and of human nature, as that which had grown up under his own pen, and that of his numerous correspondents, he had taken care to arrange his papers in exact order, and thus to facilitate the task of their publication. Men seldom leave papers behind them which they do not desire to rescue from oblivion; and from the length of the period of Washington's retirement, and his known prudence and foresight, it cannot be thought that he left any papers in his collection unworthy to be preserved. His admirable modesty prevented him, perhaps, from enjoining his survivors to publish all that they found, but surely his judgment would have prompted him to destroy what he fully believed to be improper or unsuitable for publication. At any rate, whatever he himself may have thought, the world at large cannot fail to entertain the liveliest curiosity concerning these inestimable manuscripts.

A numerous class of readers, being acquainted with this circumstance, demanded from Washington's heirs the publication of nothing less than the whole collection left by him. They firmly believe that the deceased left nothing behind him, to the publication of which he would object, because this is the necessary consequence of his known generosity and prudence; and they no less fondly believe that every thing which Washington wrote bears the peculiar stamp of his genius and his wisdom.

Should it be objected that this collection contains many things of little value or moment; that many of his correspondents were inconsiderable people, induced to write to him by their wants or their impertinence, and the answers, therefore, mere matters of course and common-place, it will be replied, that, though a selection ought to be made among the letters of his correspondents, his own letters ought to be printed without exception or condition. As Washington himself is the great object of enlightened curiosity, the reader would find little difficulty in

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dispensing altogether with that part of his collection consisting of letters from others; and yet, since his correspondence must have comprehended a large number of the most illustrious and enlightened personages of the age, would not a liberal curiosity eagerly accept these letters, by which so much light would be thrown upon the characters and history of the writers, on the affairs of the world at large, and on many important topics of science?

No one will allow any force to the objection that the publication would be too voluminous; for what possible inconvenience can arise from a large number of volumes? If pecuniary considerations are to have weight, there was surely no reason to apprehend that the work, however voluminous, would want buyers. The name of Washington could hardly fail to recommend it to boundless and perpetual popularity, in both the new world and the old; and it is much to be dreaded, that the plan actually adopted will be much less advantageous, in a pecuniary view. Whatever may be the fame or merit of other names, the works of Washington himself would surely lay claim to higher curiosity than the production of any other; and his own life would be read in his own documents, memorandums, and letters, with infinitely more interest than in the compilation of any other pen.

This plan, however, having been unalterably rejected, the admirers of the deceased hero and sage had only to console themselves with the hope of having, in the projected biography, a very great deal of Washington's own penning. This hope was somewhat damped, by the news that the work was to be limited to *three* octavo volumes. Had it extended to six or eight, it would still surely have borne a very small proportion to the bulk of the materials, and would by no means have greatly exceeded what has been published in relation to men, Clarendon and Walpole for example, very much inferior to Washington in the magnitude, variety, splendour, or duration of the parts they have acted on the theatre of human life.

What was the disappointment of such readers, on finding, in the volume just published, *one third* of the projected work entirely devoted to a general history of North America, anterior to the revolution! No one can deny the utility and merit of such a theme; and though the execution be not equal to the performances of Hume and Robertson, very great praise may yet be justly the writer's due. They who expected in the life of Washington nothing more than a general history of North America, from the original settlement to his death, and all, whose notions of pleasure or instruction to be reaped from it were connected with the reputation for skill, diligence, and impartiality of Mr. Marshall, will no doubt be highly gratified by this preliminary narrative, and that which is to follow. But those, whose chief curiosity related to the individual Washington, and who were anxious to see him as pourtrayed by his own pen; who think that the general history of the nation has been sufficiently discussed by other hands, or ought to be deferred to a future time, and a different occasion, will experience great impatience and vexation at their disappointment. They will be extremely loth to allow to any other judgment the task of culling and selecting from a heap, every particle of which is, in their eyes, of inestimable value; but since they must submit to this, their remaining hope will be, that the culling will be very large, and that if three volumes must constitute the narrow limits of this selection, Washington himself, or his most illustrious correspondents and compeers, will speak in every page.

From the specimen now afforded, it is evident that these views will be frustrated. The utmost that can be hoped is, that the *two* remaining volumes will be devoted to the favourite hero of America. This hope, however, is a groundless one, since it is evident, from what has

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already appeared, that the remainder is merely to constitute a general history of the United States, and that the Washington papers are merely designed to furnish the materials of this history.

It is devoutly to be hoped, that, after they have performed this office to a single writer, they will not be consigned to the flames, or, what is nearly as bad, shut up in private garrets and closets from public curiosity. Such documents are by no means rendered useless by the intended publication, since other historians and compilers may entertain different notions of their comparative value, make different selections, and form different conclusions, from those formed by the present writer. Such papers are, in the strictest sense, the property of the curious and enlightened among all nations, or at least among the countrymen of Washington. It is the duty, therefore, of those who now possess them, to deposit them in a place most convenient and accessible to liberal enquirers, and to subject their examination to no difficulties and restraints, but such as are indispensible to their safety.

There can be no doubt that this was the design of the illustrious deceased. In his eyes, it was the duty of a good and great man not only to make his life serviceable to mankind, but to extract a public advantage from his death; and how can any man more eminently contribute to the public good than to leave a benevolent example to posterity?

The most obvious mode of diffusing and perpetuating the knowledge of these precious remains was evidently to multiply the copies of them, in the most cheap, manageable, and commodious form of publication..... Thus would all the world have been enabled to judge of Washington and his transactions, *at first hand*, to cull and select for themselves, and deduce their own theories and inferences. A history or biography, extracted from these papers, would always be useful and acceptable, but this ought to come merely in the shape of supplement, appendix, or addition, and not as a *substitute*.

Beautiful examples of this mode of communicating great men to the public may be found in the two works of the ingenious and impartial Mr. Coxe: one the life of sir Robert Walpole, and the other of lord Walpole. In both these cases, the history, or compilation, is merely subsidiary or supplemental. The great body of the work is a very large collection of original papers. Those, truly desirous of knowing these eminent men, could easily dispense with the lucubrations of Coxe, but the original papers were indispensible. It was the possession of these that enabled Coxe to think and to write upon this subject, and every judicious reader will imperiously demand the same means and opportunities of judging for himself. The world will as much more earnestly deplore the adoption of a different plan in "The Life of Washington," as Washington's character, and the veneration it has gained from mankind, exceed the fame and merits of any minister or ambassador of Great Britain.

CURIOSO.

For the Literary Magazine.

A MISER.

MONEY, in the opinion of the world, is the *one thing needful*, and men, distinguishable in many ways from each other, may all be distinguished by their passion for accumulation. To the great number of examples which daily present themselves to every body's view, the following has occurred, the last year, in England, and deserves to be repeated:

Thomas Pett, a noted miser, was a native of Warwickshire, and, at the age of ten years, came to London, with a solitary shilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old

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woman that sold pies for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a living.

In the course of a few days, he was engaged as an errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. His mistress, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait, so she dismissed him one cold winter evening, with this observation..... "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." The good husband, however, did not desert Tom. He found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher in the borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him when he was out of his time to a brother of the cleaver in Clare market, as a journeyman.

Tom's maxim was, that honesty was not the shortest road to wealth, but that it was the surest. For the first five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and drink. The accumulation of money and the abridgment of expence were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expences were reduced to these three heads: lodging, clothing, and washing. As to the first he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window that occasionally admitted a straggling sun-beam. As to dress, every article was second hand; nor was he choice in the colour or quality, jocosely observing, when he was ridiculed on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun: and that as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy; and that that was the best which stuck longest to its integrity. Then, as to washing, he used to say that a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he found in lord North, was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expence, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and always robbed him of a night's sleep, and that was shaving. He often lamented that he had not learned to shave himself; he used to console himself, however, by hoping that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond-street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds, he would treat himself with a pint of beer every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter. He then sunk to half a pint, as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and of course die in a work-house. If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste-paper. When he was first told that the bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook *loudly* (as Klopstock the poet says), took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right. On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him, on slips of paper. The following will serve as a specimen of his talents in the rhythmical line:

On hearing that small-beer was raised.

They've raised the price of table-drink,
What is the reason do you think?
The tax on malt, the cause, I hear!
But what has malt to do with table-beer?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to kindle a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light. He was a great friend to good cheer at the expence of another. Every man, said he, ought to eat when he can get it. An empty sack can't stand. If he ventured into a public-house, he always sat in the darkest corner of the room, and never opened his lips, unless Bonaparte happened to be mentioned, or a parish dinner; then indeed he would launch out in praise of roast beef and plum-pudding, as

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the staple dishes of every Briton's board. Sometimes he would say a few words against the vile sin of gluttony, but it was always with a full belly. He was very civil to the fair sex, especially his customers; but it is supposed by those that had the best opportunity of knowing him, that he never thought of matrimony. For the last ten years of his life he lived with Mrs. Addison and son, at a salary of forty pounds a year, meat and drink included. In his manners he was extremely inoffensive, and honest in all his dealings.

So much for the life of Thomas Pett, who lived forty-two years as a journeyman butcher in Clare market, thirty of which he resided in one room, which was never brightened up with coal or candle-light, till about six days before his death. In all that period, he was never known to treat an acquaintance with a glass of liquor, to run one penny in debt, to lend or borrow a shilling, or to speak ill of any person. For the space of twenty years, he used to say that his pulse rose and fell with the funds; and that gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age. In his illness he was advised to make his will, which at length he reluctantly assented to; and when he had signed his name, he observed with a sigh, that it was a pity a man should sign away his property with his own hand, which he had been scraping together all his life. He left 2475l. in the 3 per cents to a number of distant relations; and lamented with his last breath that he did not live to make it the round sum of three thousand pounds.

For the Literary Magazine.

LA CHEMISE DE LA VIERGE MARIE.

IT is well known that the votaries of the Roman religion deem themselves in possession of every thing belonging to the person, family, and household of the Saviour. Every article of his clothing and lodging, the house in which he was born, the cup out of which his infancy was fed, and even drops, or rather quarts, of his blood, are preserved in European churches. As curious a relic as any, however, was *la chemise de la vierge*, which was preserved, in the city of Chartres, in the ninth century.

When that city was besieged by Raoul, or Rollo, duke of Normandy, the good bishop of Chartres carried it as a banner, at the head of the burghers, in a sally; and it was believed, the siege was raised through that means.

But, it should seem that she had a *couple;* for in 1579, the queen of Henry III of France not being fruitful, the king borrowed them both, and made the queen wear one, whilst he put on the other; but it appears the relic was more propitious in the field of Mars than favourable to Juno Lucina.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

CONTINUED.

LUDLOE'S remarks on the seductive and bewitching powers of women, on the difficulty of keeping a secret which they wish to know, and to gain which they employ the soft artillery of tears and prayers, and blandishments and menaces, are familiar to all men, but they had little weight with me, because they were unsupported by my own experience. I had never had any intellectual or sentimental connection with the sex. My meditations and pursuits had all led a different way, and a bias had gradually been given to my feelings, very unfavourable to the refinements of love. I acknowledge, with shame and regret, that I was accustomed to regard the physical and sensual con-

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sequences of the sexual relation as realities, and every thing intellectual, disinterested, and heroic, which enthusiasts connect with it as idle dreams. Besides, said I, I am yet a stranger to the secret, on the preservation of which so much stress is laid, and it will be optional with me to receive it or not. If, in the progress of my acquaintance with Mrs. Benington, I should perceive any extraordinary danger in the gift, cannot I refuse, or at least delay to comply with any new conditions from Ludloe? Will not his candour and his affection for me rather commend than disapprove my diffidence? In fine, I resolved to see this lady.

She was, it seems, the widow of Benington, whom I knew in Spain. This man was an English merchant settled at Barcelona, to whom I had been commended by Ludloe's letters, and through whom my pecuniary supplies were furnished..... Much intercourse and some degree of intimacy had taken place between us, and I had gained a pretty accurate knowledge of his character. I had been informed, through different channels, that his wife was much his superior in rank, that she possessed great wealth in her own right, and that some disagreement of temper or views occasioned their separation. She had married him for love, and still doated on him: the occasions for separation having arisen, it seems, not on her side but on his. As his habits of reflection were nowise friendly to religion, and as hers, according to Ludloe, were of the opposite kind, it is possible that some jarring had arisen between them from this source. Indeed, from some casual and broken hints of Benington, especially in the latter part of his life, I had long since gathered this conjecture..... Something, thought I, may be derived from my acquaintance with her husband favourable to my views.

I anxiously waited for an opportunity of acquainting Ludloe with my resolution. On the day of our last conversation, he had made a short excursion from town, intending to return the same evening, but had continued absent for several days. As soon as he came back, I hastened to acquaint him with my wishes.

Have you well considered this matter, said he. Be assured it is of no trivial import. The moment at which you enter the presence of this woman will decide your future destiny. Even putting out of view the subject of our late conversations, the light in which you shall appear to her will greatly influence your happiness, since, though you cannot fail to love her, it is quite uncertain what return she may think proper to make. Much, doubtless, will depend on your own perseverance and address, but you will have many, perhaps insuperable obstacles to encounter on several accounts, and especially in her attachment to the memory of her late husband. As to her devout temper, this is nearly allied to a warm imagination in some other respects, and will operate much more in favour of an ardent and artful lover, than against him.

I still expressed my willingness to try my fortune with her.

Well, said he, I anticipated your consent to my proposal, and the visit I have just made was to her. I thought it best to pave the way, by informing her that I had met with one for whom she had desired me to look out. You must know that her father was one of these singular men who set a value upon things exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining or comprehending them. His passion was for antiques, and his favourite pursuit during a long life was monuments in brass, marble, and parchment, of the remotest antiquity. He was wholly indifferent to the character or conduct of our present sovereign and his ministers, but was extremely solicitous about the name and exploits of a king of Ireland that lived two or three centuries before the flood. He felt no curiosity to know

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who was the father of his wife's child, but would travel a thousand miles, and consume months, in investigating which son of Noah it was that first landed on the coast of Munster. He would give a hundred guineas from the mint for a piece of old decayed copper no bigger than his nail, provided it had aukward characters upon it, too much defaced to be read. The whole stock of a great bookseller was, in his eyes, a cheap exchange for a shred of parchment, containing half a homily written by St. Patrick. He would have gratefully given all his patrimonial domains to one who should inform him what pendragon or druid it was who set up the first stone on Salisbury plain.

This spirit, as you may readily suppose, being seconded by great wealth and long life, contributed to form a very large collection of venerable lumber, which, though beyond all price to the collector himself, is of no value to his heiress but so far as it is marketable. She designs to bring the whole to auction, but for this purpose a catalogue and description are necessary. Her father trusted to a faithful memory, and to vague and scarcely legible memorandums, and has left a very arduous task to any one who shall be named to the office. It occurred to me, that the best means of promoting your views was to recommend you to this office.

You are not entirely without the antiquarian frenzy yourself. The employment, therefore, will be somewhat agreeable to you for its own sake. It will entitle you to become an inmate of the same house, and thus establish an incessant intercourse between you, and the nature of the business is such, that you may perform it in what time, and with what degree of diligence and accuracy you please.

I ventured to insinuate that, to a woman of rank and family, the character of a hireling was by no means a favourable recommendation.

He answered, that he proposed, by the account he should give of me, to obviate every scruple of that nature. Though my father was no better than a farmer, it is not absolutely certain but that my remoter ancestors had princely blood in their veins: but as long as proofs of my low extraction did not impertinently intrude themselves, my silence, or, at most, equivocal surmises, seasonably made use of, might secure me from all inconveniences on the score of birth. He should represent me, and I was such, as his friend, favourite, and equal, and my passion for antiquities should be my principal inducement to undertake this office, though my poverty would make no objection to a reasonable pecuniary recompense.

Having expressed my acquiescence in his measures, he thus proceeded: My visit was made to my kinswoman, for the purpose, as I just now told you, of paving your way into her family; but, on my arrival at her house, I found nothing but disorder and alarm. Mrs. Benington, it seems, on returning from a longer ride than customary, last Thursday evening, was attacked by robbers. Her attendants related an imperfect tale of somebody advancing at the critical moment to her rescue. It seems, however, they did more harm than good; for the horses took to flight and overturned the carriage, in consequence of which Mrs. Benington was severely bruised. She has kept her bed ever since, and a fever was likely to ensue, which has only left her out of danger to-day.

As the adventure before related, in which I had so much concern, occurred at the time mentioned by Ludloe, and as all other circumstances were alike, I could not doubt that the person whom the exertion of my mysterious powers had relieved was Mrs. Benington: but what an ill-omened interference was mine! The robbers would probably have been satisfied with the few guineas in her purse, and, on receiv-

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ing these, would have left her to prosecute her journey in peace and security, but, by absurdly offering a succour, which could only operate upon the fears of her assailants, I endangered her life, first by the desperate discharge of a pistol, and next by the fright of the horses..... My anxiety, which would have been less if I had not been, in some degree, myself the author of the evil, was nearly removed by Ludloe's proceeding to assure me that all danger was at an end, and that he left the lady in the road to perfect health. He had seized the earliest opportunity of acquainting her with the purpose of his visit, and had brought back with him her cheerful acceptance of my services. The next week was appointed for my introduction.

With such an object in view, I had little leisure to attend to any indifferent object. My thoughts were continually bent upon the expected introduction, and my impatience and curiosity drew strength, not merely from the character of Mrs. Benington, but from the nature of my new employment. Ludloe had truly observed, that I was infected with somewhat of this antiquarian mania myself, and I now remembered that Benington had frequently alluded to this collection in possession of his wife. My curiosity had then been more than once excited by his representations, and I had formed a vague resolution of making myself acquainted with this lady and her learned treasure, should I ever return to Ireland..... Other incidents had driven this matter from my mind.

Meanwhile, affairs between Ludloe and myself remained stationary. Our conferences, which were regular and daily, related to general topics, and though his instructions were adapted to promote my improvement in the most useful branches of knowledge, they never afforded a glimpse towards that quarter where my curiosity was most active.

The next week now arrived, but Ludloe informed me that the state of Mrs. Benington's health required a short excursion into the country, and that he himself proposed to bear her company. The journey was to last about a fortnight, after which I might prepare myself for an introduction to her.

This was a very unexpected and disagreeable trial to my patience. The interval of solitude that now succeeded would have passed rapidly and pleasantly enough, if an event of so much moment were not in suspense. Books, of which I was passionately fond, would have afforded me delightful and incessant occupation, and Ludloe, by way of reconciling me to unavoidable delays, had given me access to a little closet, in which his rarer and more valuable books were kept.

All my amusements, both by inclination and necessity, were centered in myself and at home. Ludloe appeared to have no visitants, and though frequently abroad, or at least secluded from me, had never proposed my introduction to any of his friends, except Mrs. Benington. My obligations to him were already too great to allow me to lay claim to new favours and indulgences, nor, indeed, was my disposition such as to make society needful to my happiness. My character had been, in some degree, modelled by the faculty which I possessed. This deriving all its supposed value from impenetrable secrecy, and Ludloe's admonitions tending powerfully to impress me with the necessity of wariness and circumspection in my general intercourse with mankind, I had gradually fallen into sedate, reserved, mysterious, and unsociable habits. My heart wanted not a friend.

In this temper of mind, I set myself to examine the novelties which Ludloe's private book-cases contained. 'Twill be strange, thought I, if his favourite volumes do not show some marks of my friend's character. To know a man's favourite or most constant studies

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cannot fail of letting in some little light upon his secret thoughts, and though he would not have given me the reading of these books, if he had thought them capable of unveiling more of his concerns than he wished, yet possibly my ingenuity may go one step farther than he dreams of. You shall judge whether I was right in my conjectures.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

AS it is extremely useful to a man to know the opinion of others concerning himself, so there is somewhat of the same advantage in knowing how we are regarded as a whole community, by other nations. There is, no doubt, the same prejudice or bias in our own favour, in the comparisons we form between our own nation and others, as those that take place between ourselves and other individuals; and it by no means follows, that we are not entitled to censure, merely because we indignantly reject it: but, whether we admit or deny the justice of the censure, it is always useful to hear it. If it fails to enlighten ourselves, on the important subject of our own character, it at least affords us some information as to the character of the observer.

The blunders committed by European travellers in America, are, of course, particularly gross and enormous to our apprehensions, merely because our opportunities of observation, or our prejudices, are directly called forth and exercised on this subject. The natives and residents of every country have probably the same reason with ourselves to despise and laugh at the report of foreign travellers concerning them; and our own experience, in this respect, should teach us caution and circumspection in judging of other nations, whether they be exhibited to our immediate observation, or only surveyed through the optics of others.

Under these impressions, I send you a view of the American character, taken from a popular and celebrated foreign publication. This sketch will enable us to know what ideas are formed of us by strangers; for though the actual observer be a single person, the mass of mankind are only his readers; they look with his eyes, and take the fashion of opinions which he dictates.

I have marked some passages in Italics, as containing errors more than commonly gross, or such as my opportunities have enabled me to detect. There are, no doubt, many others, which other readers will, by different mode of life or place of residence, be enabled to confute; and I hope they will not be unnoticed by the readers of your work.

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The inhabitants of the several states differ as much from each other, in their customs, manners, and genius, as they are distinguishable from their ancestors. It is impossible to assign any general character to them, not only on account of the difference of climate, but because the continual influx of a vast number of foreigners, who import their early and habitual inclinations, and never entirely lose them but with their lives, will require the smoothing hand of three or four generations before the peculiarities of each are worn off, and rounded to any thing like an approximation of manners. These peculiarities are, of course, in proportion to the greater or lesser influx in each state, as a river receives more or less of a saline mixture, according to the strength or weakness with which its current meets the invading tide..... Amongst these different habitudes, the frugality and plainness of the High and Low Dutch, the industry and parsimony of the Scots, the ge-

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nius, conviviality, and want of economy of the English, the hardiness of the Irish, who are of the lower order, and the frivolity of the French, are easily recognized, although they all, sooner or later, give way to the general mass of American customs, which long usage and republican genius have established.

The characteristics of a native American consist of a deliberate, and almost repulsive, gravity, a cool, phlegmatic manner, and a dry, desultory, monotonous tone of speech. This substance is evidently affected by the leaven of so many heterogeneous, fluctuating particles, and is, altogether, a strange and almost indescribable compound.

The states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, retain more of their primitive manners than any of the rest, except New York, as being less sophisticated. The inhabitants are brave, enterprizing, and industrious. They dress as much in the English fashion as is consistent with the different degrees of heat and cold, which is greater in both extremes than in England. They receive few emigrants, and those chiefly English and Scots. They are reckoned, even among their own countrymen, to be very acute in their dealings; and at Providence, in Rhode Island, it is a common boast, that no son of Israel could ever stand his ground among them for six months.

The Americans are all extremely inquisitive, owing, no doubt, to the practice of their earliest forefathers of inquiring news of their relations and friends in the mother country, from every new comer; but, although the cause is done away, the effect still remains, and no where so much as in the state of Connecticut, of which Dr. Franklin was in the habit of relating, that, being very much incommoded, in his passage through it, by the questions which every individual put to him, he used to desire the whole family to be assembled; and, having told them his name, from whence he came, and whither he was going, he observed that he made this communication to them in a body, that he might not have to answer their inquiries one after another. In their agricultural pursuits, they follow nearly the English system.

The state of New York, besides a great number of English, Irish, and Scots, receives a multitude of Germans, as all the High and Low Dutch are indiscriminately called, and some few French. Their manners and dress are very nearly English, but their agriculture is a mixture of the German, English, and local modes. The city of New York is a sociable place, and, in that respect, divides the opinion of travellers with Boston, in Massachusetts.

The state of New Jersey, having no sea-port, is little liable to a mixture. It is a great inland thoroughfare, as lying between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, but the distance is so short, about ninety miles, that these travellers leave scarcely any other tracks than the wheels of their carriage. *The inhabitants are principally of that sect denominated friends.* The soil being extremely sandy, is very little adapted to agriculture; *the inhabitants raise poultry and garden-stuff for New York and Philadelphia markets;* and supply these and other places with wood for fuel; which, particularly pine wood, is so plentiful, that they have a number of iron-furnaces and one glass-house at work. *They are a very peaceable, quiet people, although numbers of them are of that class called fighting quakers, because they do not object to take up arms.*

The state of Pennsylvania, like that of New York, is the receptacle of British, Germans, and some French; their agriculture is nearly the same, but inclining rather more to the fashion of the Germans, who are the most industrious and useful settlers in the United States. They have very extensive inland settlements, and some towns, as Lancaster, Reading, *Wommeldorf*, &c. are *wholly inhabited by themselves.* The mode of dress is a medley of the

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English, German, and quaker styles. Delaware, the smallest of the states, is scarcely, in any respect, distinguishable from Pennsylvania.

Here a line seems to be drawn betwixt the northern and southern states, as the difference is immediately perceptible. Whether from the effects of climate, or the toleration of slavery, (perhaps a mixture of each) industry declines, and the white man becomes a vegetable. This is the case in the state of Maryland. I do not speak of the maritime towns, where business must be looked to, or bankruptcy is inevitable; but of the inland parts, and general force of the state.

Cultivation is left wholly to the Negroes; and what in other parts is termed an agriculturist, assumes there the pompous style of a planter. His life is a uniform scene of luxurious indolence; inappetent, restless, and uneasy, for want of every kind of exercise, his time is spent in gaming, carousing, or sleeping..... Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and billiards, are the chief games, which are followed up so closely, that when the money is gone, it is very common to hear a Negro staked against a few barrels of rice on a game of billiards.

Virginia excels Maryland in luxury and indolence. A planter scorns even that degree of exercise, which monarchs have not thought themselves disgraced by: I mean that of amusing themselves in a flower-garden. An Englishman calling upon a gentleman, whose house was situated a little distance from James river, was very hospitably received, although a stranger, and presently conducted to the stable to look at his race-horses, which were by no means remarkable. The Englishman, however, not to disappoint his entertainer, spoke more highly of them than he thought himself justified in doing. On their return to the house, the Englishman was struck with the beauty of the garden in front of the house, from whence it diverged to the river, in a gentle slope, about 250 yards in length, in a direct line from the house. The Virginian informed him, it had been laid out by a Scots gentleman, to whom the house originally belonged. The Englishman, thinking to pay him a high compliment, told him he must bestow great pains to keep it in such fine order. "I, sir!" replied the Virginian, seemingly much nettled; "my Negroes do!!"

Passing over North Carolina, which has emerged very little from its original state of barbarity, the same description, as has been given of Virginia, will serve for South Carolina and Georgia, only that the latter is the least rich and populous.

The Negroes of the southern states are very numerous, and have been lately very mutinous. Although the importation of new slaves is now prohibited throughout the United States, yet the Americans have no objection to make a traffic of them, by fitting out vessels for the trade, and disposing of their human cargoes in the Spanish settlements. I remember to have seen one of those vessels at Charleston, S. C. the whole crew of which (except the master and mate) were blacks and mulattoes!

Vermont, Kentucky, and Tenessee, are new states, daily receiving *the refuse of all the rest. The inhabitants are almost as unpolished as the Indian natives they have dispossessed.*

From this analytical sketch it must be apparent the Americans can possess no other national character than what our common ancestors might be supposed to have had immediately after the succeeding irruptions of the Saxons, Danes, Romans, and Normans; and, in all probability, never will, as there is no less a difference between the northern and southern states, than betwixt the Hebrides and the West Indies. There appears at present a decided superiority of the northern over the southern states, which, perhaps, the abolition of slavery in the latter may greatly diminish.

The jurisprudence of the United

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States may be divided into the congressional law, and the common or customary law; the former is analogous to the English statute law, and may be divided into the law of the supreme legislature, and that of the state legislature: the former runs over all the United States; the latter is binding on each particular state, by the former. The common, or customary law differs only from the English in those points where the fundamentals of a monarchial form of government are repugnant to those of a republican one; as, for instance, in the descent of lands, the right of primogeniture is taken away, and all the next of kin share equally; but, in those doctrinal points, wherein the two forms may agree, they generally refer to the English report-books. The process is, however, very much simplified; as debt, assault, battery, defamation, and other common, personal occurrences, are tried in a summary way by justices of the peace, who also perform the marriage-ceremony. Those who wish to be more minutely informed of the progress of American jurisprudence, must be referred to the reports of Bushrod Washington, Dallas, and Wallace, which are the only written treatises upon that subject. The two English professions of barrister and attorney are here blended into one.

The science of the American medical professors has been so frequently the subject of controversy with their brethren on this side the water, that the best opinions of it may be extracted from the treatises published on both sides: *as in law, the professions of physician, apothecary, and surgeon, are all blended into one.*

All religious sects are tolerated in the United States, and a preference given to none. The externals of religion are exhibited in all its different sounds, aspects, and touches, of prayers, sighs, groans, kisses of love, of peace, of friendship, dancing, jumping, and tumbling. The professors of every sect are alike eligible to state offices, as no religious test is required, the only oath to be taken is that of allegiance to the United States, of abjuration of all foreign allegiance, and, in the true spirit of republicanism, of renunciation of all titles of nobility. Deism is very prevalent, and, in many places, as New York, &c. openly professed. The spirit of fanatacism, so notorious, some time back, in the northern states, is totally obliterated, except some remains of outward show in Connecticut. *There, if a person is seen travelling on a Sunday, he is seized, led to a place of worship, and seated between his guards during divine service, with the eyes of the congregation upon him, much to his and their edification, no doubt. The delinquent has not then undergone the whole of his punishment; he must pay 40s. to his spiritual guardians for their trouble before he is suffered to go away on the Monday. The pulpit is almost universally made the vehicle of political declamation;* yet it is but justice, however, to say, there are, in the clerical function, many pious, intelligent, liberal-minded men.

Arts and sciences are low in the United States, although they seem to be emerging from the gulph of politics, which have hitherto swallowed up every other pursuit. No person, who has visited them, can doubt of their genius being adequate to works of art and literature, if rouzed from its torpidity. In their theatrical amusements, they make a just discrimination between the excellencies and absurdities of the European drama, notwithstanding their own productions of that kind, such as Bunker's Hill, Major Andre, &c. are below mediocrity. That they have a genius for painting, the works of a West and a Copley will prove; but, it must be confessed, they have flourished as exotics, who would have perished in their indigenous soil. That they have a taste for useful inventions, is evident from the efforts of Franklin, Rittenhouse, Gould, &c. and they even assert, that the invention of the quadrant, attributed to Hadley, an Eng-

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lishman, belonged to Godfrey, an American.

In music, I have never known any American, who could be justly styled an adept; nor does a true relish for it seem to prevail in the United States. A few popular tunes, such as *Yankee Doodle*, *Adams and Liberty*, *Washington's March*, &c. are more acceptable to them than the most scientific compositions.

Of their architectural taste, little can be said, as almost the whole of their public edifices have been designed by foreign, particularly French, artists. The aqueduct for conveying the water from the river Schuylkill through the city of Philadelphia, was designed and executed by an Englishman, of the name of Latrobe. Those private houses which they build are commodious and well-finished; and the brick work in Philadelphia is not to be excelled any where. The United States have many works of utility, but exhibit very few specimens of architectural taste. Penn's mode of building in parallel lines prevails in almost every city and town, except New York and Boston; it strikes the eye for a day or two, but after that, it is remarked by all travellers, that the uniformity gradually declines into insipidity, and even disgust. The same view, go where you will, and what distance you will, within the extent of the city, must become tiresome.

In naval architecture, the Americans have made the greatest progress. Their vessels, for beauty, symmetry of proportion, and swiftness of sailing, are outdone by those of no other nation, insomuch that a vast number of them are built for sale to other nations; but they certainly are not equal to British ships for durability. A person, who had worked upon timber for upwards of forty years, assured me, that there was to be found, in all American timber, a quantity of sand, which never failed, in a very few strokes of the best plane, to turn its edge totally. This sand, he was convinced from experience, although he did not know enough of the physiology of a tree to account for its being there, or of its effects, must be the occasion of the timber's rotting so soon as it did, notwithstanding he had frequently covered it with every kind of varnish in common use..... This defect, therefore, in American vessels should be imputed to the materials, and not the workmen.

It seems rather a paradox in nature, that the United States, comprizing an extent, from north to south, nearly equal to that of all Europe, should produce timber inferior to that of Norway, Livonia, Russia, and the northern parts of Europe; but the timber which comes from the Baltic is universally esteemed, and purchased at a much higher price, than what comes from the United States. This must afford a convincing proof of the inferiority of the latter, as interest has a stronger tie upon men's affections than unfounded prejudices, and cheapness is the first law of commerce: therefore, as the timber of the United States is cheaper, if it had not been greatly inferior in quality, it would have forced its way into the European markets before this time. Another very strong confirmation of the inferiority of the timber of the United States is, that, even when they were British colonies, the British government imported their masts from the Baltic in preference, although the balance of trade was very much against them. Whatever may be the natural defects in their vessels, yet it is universally acknowledged, that no nation has made a greater progress in the science of constructing them.

The American is naturally grave, deliberate, and temperate; enterprising, ingenious, and if not scientific, it is owing more to a want of education, than a want of genius. The love of liberty, and impatience of controul, break out at a very early period in their youth. Children are too gay, and too delighted with the prospect before them, to be naturally inclined to study; they are for enjoying life, when they should be learn-

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ing how to enjoy it. Some degree of restraint upon them is therefore necessary for their welfare; but if the reins of parental authority sit loosely upon a boy, no wonder if he quits the thorny path of science, before he has gathered any of its sweets, for that of pleasure. The consequence is obvious: he loses the only period of his life in which science is attainable. The Americans have, notwithstanding, made a laudable progress in useful and experimental, if not in ornamental and speculative, science; and considering they do not possess European affluence, it cannot be expected they should dedicate those funds to works of taste, which they are called upon to apply to those of utility: but as they do all that prudence can justify, it is fair to presume the luxury of science will find its way among them in the train of wealth.

For the Literary Magazine.

JOHN CHURCHMAN.

THIS singular man is a native of America, and few of his countrymen deserve a biographical memorial more than he. He is one of those examples of self-instructed genius, with which America abounds more than any other part of the world. His family were farmers, and the intimations and suggestions of his own mind, as he guided the plough or loaded the stack, led him to the study of arithmetic and astronomy.

He has been distinguished, all his life, by an enterprising and indefatigable zeal. Without any external grace or liberal accomplishment, without the least acquaintance with any branch of knowledge but mathematics, with a most obscure and imperfect elocution, ungainly person, and rustic manners, he has made vigorous efforts, both in Europe and America, to set himself at the head of maritime expeditions of great national expence and importance. He has made himself known to all the philosophers of Europe. Like Columbus, disappointment has never abated his zeal, and the labours of fifteen years may now be approaching to a successful close.... The last intelligence concerning him is, that he was on the eve of embarking, on a voyage round the world, at Petersburg, in vessels fitted out by the emperor Alexander. The departure of these ships was fixed for July last year.

Some particulars concerning him, furnished by his friends and relations in America, would be extremely acceptable.

For the Literary Magazine.

STONES FROM THE MOON.

ONE of the most remarkable effects of the progress of science, is the first bringing into disrepute opinions originating in credulity and ignorance; and afterwards restoring them again to their original credibility. The man in the moon, which vulgar optics used so clearly to distinguish, was afterwards condemned and exploded, as an absurd impossibility. Unlearned eyes saw nothing in the moon but a globe, or rather a circular mass, rolling, at a moderate distance above us, and between which and the earth there was the same congeniality as between the top of a terrestrial mountain and the bottom, and so situated, that any thing detached from it must necessarily fall among the dwellings of men. That matters should sometimes fall from the moon was therefore a probable event, and certain masses were pointed out, which were believed to have actually thus fallen. The progress of astronomy, which removed the moon to a much greater distance from the earth than the vulgar had imagined it to be, and which made it the centre of a certain sphere of attraction, tore up these popular opinions by the roots. But now, behold the won-

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ders which have been wrought by the discoveries of the eighteenth century! Lalande and the best astronomers are now firmly of opinion, that optical glasses are in the inevitable road to such a degree of improvement as will enable us to see rivers and trees, men and cattle, in the moon, provided there be any such there, and the probability that stones have frequently fallen from the moon has been shown to be capable of mathematical proof.

Many philosophers, both in England and France, assert, that the stones found in many parts of the world, supposed to have dropped from the clouds, are, in fact, the effect of eruptions from lunar volcanoes. To prove that these eruptions may reach the earth, it has been calculated, that if the lunar volcanoes in any part of the hemisphere of that planet which is visible to us, should project bodies with a force sufficient to carry them with a velocity of 7000 feet in a second, they must necessarily throw them within the sphere of the earth's attraction. And even supposing that a body projected from a lunar volcano, meets with a resistance equivalent to that of two miles of an atmosphere of equal density with ours, and supposing the velocity of projection to be 12,000 feet per second, and the body to be a sphere, whose diameter is 12 inches, and specific gravity 10,000 times greater than that of the atmosphere, it would lose in its passage less than one-third of its first velocity, and would still retain more than sufficient force to carry it within the sphere of the earth's attraction.

In answer to the objection that arises from the bodies being in a state of ignition when they fall to the earth, it is replied, that the space between the earth and the moon must be either nearly or altogether a vacuum; it must be almost, if not quite, a non-conductor of heat; so that it will easily be conceived, that a body passing through it may retain, during its passage of about four or five days, nearly the same degree of heat with which it set out, especially as no change of texture takes place, by which its heat can become latent.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF THOMAS DAY.

THERE is seldom to be met with a more curious and instructive narrative* than that which is given by Miss Seward of Thomas Day, the author of the celebrated work "Sandford and Merton." A great part of mankind, or at least the best part, are governed by an unaccountable and blameable degree of either indolence or diffidence, which hinders them from being their own biographers. How extremely small is the number of those, whose merits or singularities have made them worthy of general curiosity, who have left behind them any memorial of themselves. Judging without experience, one would imagine that vanity, or a lust of applause, would lead a vast multitude to burthen the public with the history of their own lives; but the fact is, that the class of self-biographers consists almost entirely of those who have very little merit in any eyes but their own; whereas that illustrious train, whose works will live forever in the memory of mankind, and whose minutest reliques are regarded with some degree of idolatry, have suffered themselves wantonly to perish; for to leave the office of recording their lives to others, or to content themselves with compiling loose and concise summaries, as Hume and Gibbon have done, is the same thing nearly as to leave themselves wholly without memorial.

No complaint is more common, than that the historians of great men are totally unfitted for the province, by the want of candour,

* Inserted *entire* in this number.

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sagacity, or information, and the curious must have many a sigh that Johnson's own hand did not supersede the labours of Boswell, or Darwin's those of Miss Seward. But I never more regretted the want of a faithful and minute picture, drawn by the hand itself of the pourtrayed, than with respect to Thomas Day. Miss Seward's narrative is drawn up with great felicity, and all it wants is that minuteness and fidelity which the hand of Mr. Day could alone give. We have libraries full of the self-written tales of soldiers, sailors, and actors, of pilgrims, and enthusiasts, which nobody at all reads, or nobody with benefit or patience, while men like Thomas Day, whose lives have been distinguished by the most lofty projects, sublime virtues, and extraordinary vicissitudes, are suffered to sink into oblivion. The fortunate hand of a casual acquaintance, like Miss Seward, has brought millions to a knowledge of this man, who would otherwise have lived a few years in the vague recollection of half a dozen, and then perished forever.

In reading this sketch, we immediately perceive the original from which Miss Edgeworth derived the hint for the grand incident in her novel of Belinda. Such blind mortals are critics, that this portion of Miss E.'s work appeared the only part liable to particular exception as unnatural and improbable, though, as it now appears, it was drawn from her own experience, and the example of Mr. Day.

This man's life was distinguished, beyond most others, by examples of the fallacy of all human projects..... Not one of his elaborate schemes were crowned with success, and the end he sought was at last accomplished, but by a mere random stroke of fortune, and in opposition to all the measures which he had taken to insure it. His disappointments form an admirable lesson on the imperfection of all formal plans of education, at least of such as begin at so late a period as ten or twelve years of age. What reasonable man, not blinded and dazzled by a favourite theory, would ever have dreamed that the character of man or woman, their capacities and tempers, were not completely formed before twelve years of age! And since the earliest impressions are the most durable, who would make a choice among those whose parents were too indigent or profligate even to maintain their children? The chances that the two orphans, Sabrina and Lavinia, would grow up free from vicious propensities and grovelling tastes, were extremely few, and yet they actually grew up into modest and respectable characters. This circumstance, however, was still owing to early and infantile impressions, which chanced to be good, for the education they received from their protector seems to have been calculated only to stupify or deprave them. That the good tendency of early habits was not blasted and stifled was no doubt owing to his speedily consigning them to the ordinary instructors of female youth, and thus the rectitude of their sentiments was put to hazard by the very means he used to foster it, and secured by the very means which he deemed fatal to it.

The orphan whom he sought to qualify for his future wife, proved totally unfit for him, while she finally was chosen by the man, who probably regarded the tenants of an orphan-house as necessarily doomed to folly or depravity. While he laughed at the visionary projects of his friend, and predicted nothing but an evil destiny to the objects of his selection, he was actually assisting to select from the herd of destitute urchins his own future wife.

Had Mr. Day succeeded in his application to either of the Miss Sneyds, he would only have ensured the perpetual misery of himself and of the object of his love. His own habits could not have been relinquished willingly, gracefully, or completely; and they could not have

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been retained without destruction to the ease and comfort of his companion.

The kind of being, whom he endeavoured to mould with his own hands, at last made her appearance in the giddy and gaudy sphere of rank and fashion, ready modelled. In thus answering his hopes, Heaven probably designed a lesson on the absurdity and folly of his plans of conduct, but through kindness to posterity, denied him the principal good for which he probably consented to marry at all, that of having children to instruct and rear according to his favourite system. This consequence, so commonly and naturally flowing from marriage, his destiny (*evil* as he probably thought it) refused him.

His character appears to have been little influenced, in a favourable manner, by age and experience. He seems, indeed, to have resigned all hope of tutoring human beings to his mind, but he committed a new though characteristic error, in turning all his efforts of tuition from human to brutal nature, from men to horses, and the lamentable, yet ridiculous catastrophe of his eventful drama, was to die of the kick of a horse, whom he had reared and educated himself: thus, in his very death, completing the catalogue of his absurdities, and exemplifying the folly of all systematic plans of education.

For the Literary Magazine.

ITALIAN POPLAR.

THE Italian poplar, so fashionable in America, has been chiefly valued for its hardy constitution, its quick growth, and a regular spiry form, which ornaments without encumbering, and affords a shade, friendly to man, but harmless to vegetables. Nothing forms so advantageous a fence or enclosure, and such beautiful and convenient avenues in cities. The timber, however, has generally been thought worthless. It has, however, been of late very warmly recommended by a corresponding member of a French agricultural society at Poitiers, as flooring, as a preventative against the destruction of corn in granaries, &c. by weevils, insects, &c. A series of experiments made by him on this subject, at first accidentally discovered, have been attended with complete success.

For the Literary Magazine.

PERSONAL SIMILITUDES.

A MOST remarkable instance of personal similitude has just ocurred at New York, in a trial for a double marriage. A man, by name Hoag, is charged with marrying one woman, whom he afterwards deserts, and marries another. He is met, under the name of Parker, by the friends and relations of his first wife, and by the first wife herself, who all combine in swearing positively, that this is the very man. Another equally numerous set of witnesses unanimously swear, that the man before them worked for them and with them, eat with them, and conversed with them, in the city of New York, at the very time when the first set of witnesses maintained that he was in their company, at a distance in the country. The witnesses against him not only affirmed the exact resemblance of the man before them to Thomas Hoag, in stature, shape, gesture, complexion, looks, voice, and articulation, but even the accidental mark of a scar upon the forehead. The scales of testimony appear to have been equally balanced, till the prisoner exhibited the sole of his foot, in which there was no traces of a scar, such as the witnesses from the country had maintained was distinctly and indelibly imprinted upon Thomas Hoag.

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All impartial observers must conclude, from this display of evidence, that both parties are equally sincere, and consequently that there are two men, exactly alike in their persons and external sensible constitution, one called Hoag, and the other Parker. A casual resemblance of this nature, between two persons of different families, is surely not impossible; this resemblance between persons sprung from the same parents is still more probable; but what is most probable, is this similitude between *twins*.

The reporters of this curious trial ought to have proceeded further, and to have given some particulars of the life of Parker, by which some clue might have been afforded to a solution of this marvellous enigma. Ignorant as we are of the real events of his history, we are obliged to acquiesce in the conjecture that Hoag and Parker are brothers, or twin brothers, though neither may be apprized of the existence of the other.

This event has suggested to me some remarks on the subject of personal similitude, which may not be wholly unworthy of attention. In the whole circle of physiology, there is surely no subject more curious and surprising.

The mind of man is particularly struck, in every object that it meets with, with those lines and features which are similar to those of objects previously seen. Such similarities occur at the first glance; the differences are only perceptible after repeated scrutiny and observation; the closer scrutiny and longer the observation, the more differences appear, the more individualized becomes the object, and the more is the imagination filled with its peculiarities. The consequence of familiar and repeated observation is finally to extinguish the sense of parity and likeness, and leave no image in the mind but such as are peculiar to the individual object.

Strictly speaking, no two existences are wholly or exactly alike. Since matter is infinitely divisible, and nature works within ample limits, the configuration of no two particles or masses are exactly similar.

The difference between two masses must doubtless be, in some cases, far beyond the power of the human senses to distinguish; but though we know the senses have a sphere, beyond the bounds of which they cannot pass, yet it is impossible to discover or ascertain the actual limits of this sphere. The longer the senses apply themselves to scrutinize one set of objects, the more disparities appear in it, and the number of these would go on in increasing indefinitely.

Thus a man sees no resemblance in general between his own figure, countenance, or voice, and those of his brothers, parents, or near relations, or between these persons to each other. On the contrary, he usually imagines a striking difference between them; a much greater difference than is to be found between them and the members of a different family.

Strangers, on the contrary, when they are imperfectly acquainted, express their astonishment at the resemblance between the brotherhood: they frequently mistake one brother for another, and confound their names together. In proportion as this stranger becomes familiar or intimate, their common resemblance insensibly fades, and he is surprised that he should ever have discovered a resemblance, where now he sees nothing but diversity.

So likewise a man, in surveying a collection of his countrymen or neighbours, is always disposed to remark the diversity among them. He exclaims, what caprice and variety is there in nature! how totally unlike are the forms and faces of these men!

A stranger, from a foreign country, sees nothing, at first, of this variety. Wherever he turns his eye, he discovers the national face; in every breath he hears the national accent; the gait and manner have an air of eternal similarity; but all

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this similarity vanishes on a closer inspection and longer acquaintance.

A native of Denmark, on his first arrival in this city, took a survey of it by walking in a busy day up and down one of its principal streets, and afterwards mentioned to his friends, that the American faces were all alike, and while they strongly resemb'ed each other, were as widely different from those of Englishmen, as Englishmen were unlike Spaniards, or Germans dissimilar from French.

Travellers tell us, that a native African, before he is familiarized to white faces, conceives them all to be exactly alike, and confounds the Frenchman, the Turk, and the Chinese together.

As we are less familiar with the lower animals, and their discriminating peculiarities, than with those of our own species, striking examples of this property occur in our observation of beasts. A Spanish shepherd can instantly perceive if one among forty thousand sheep be missing. No two of his neighbours are more clearly distinguished by their shapes and looks, than every two of his sheep, and, to a casual observer, every sheep's face is the same.

A blind man will discover a score of different degrees of smoothness, in pieces of marble, which shall appear all perfectly alike to the man with sight, because the blind are accustomed to attend exclusively to objects of touch.

The well-known Dr. Moise, while in this city (Philadelphia), went to a goldsmith, and directed a certain number of holes to be made in a thin plate of brass, which holes were all to be equidistant from each other, to be perfectly round, and to be of the same diameter. The work was done with all possible nicety; the operations of the drill being aided by a microscope. When carried to the doctor, he passed his finger over it, and instantly complained of a great number of defects in the work; some holes being at unequal distances from others, some being larger than others, and some irregular in their shapes. He concluded to take another plate, and do the work himself.

With all these considerations, it is certain that all men differ from a common standard. It is no less certain, however, that they vary from this standard in different degrees, and that some approach so nearly to the same model, that they cannot without difficulty be distinguished from each other, unless it be by name, dress, some adventitious mark (as a halt or a scar, in consequence of wounds or casualties), or some acquired habit. This similarity is never so complete as between twins of the same sex. I know of more instances than one of twins above seven or eight years old, whom the mother, no dull or inaccurate observer, is enabled to distinguish only by difference in their dress. There are several instances in which a wife has continually confounded her husband with a twin brother.

A similitude of this kind has given rise to many events on record, sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes tragical. An old Greek dramatic poet was the first, within our knowledge, who built a ludicrous drama upon this foundation. The comic Plautus took the hint, and adopted the fable of the Greek in his Mænechmi..... From some translation of the plays of Plautus, Shakespeare borrowed, with certain variations and enlargements, the plot of his Comedy of Errors. In all these pieces, the incidents turn on a similitude between twin brothers, whose existence is unknown to each other, and this certainly is the circumstance calculated to produce the most surprising and mysterious events, though many extraordinary and signal consequences might flow from this similitude, when generally known. I am indeed somewhat surprised that so copious a source of the wonderful has not been drained dry by the dealers in fiction.

The reality of this likeness cannot be denied. It is built upon unquestionable evidence. The late

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trial is certainly a very remarkable example of it, between two persons whose existence was totally unknown to each other, and a multitude of trials originating from the same unsuspected similitude are to be found upon the records of European judicature, some of which exceed, in the mystery and marvellousness of the events, any thing which the richest invention has produced. One cannot, therefore, but be suprised, that the Greek, Roman, and English dramatists are the only inventors who have made use of this convenient engine for awakening the wonder and tormenting the curiosity of their readers.

Physiologists, I believe, have never determined to what degree of exactness this resemblance may extend. There are many notions, current in the world, about the congeniality and sympathy supposed to reign between resembling twins. It has been imagined that the same internal constitution exists in both; that their lives are limited by the same period; and that they are liable to the same maladies of body and mind. These, no doubt, are idle dreams, but have had such powerful influence, on some occasions, on the imagination of twins, as to occasion one to die, in a few hours after intelligence received of the death of the other.

Twins, by the name of Perreau, grew up to thirty-five or forty years of age, in the full enjoyment of health and vigour, but with the firm persuasion that they should die, as they were born, beside each other, and at the same time. This belief they gathered, it seems, from the predictions of an old beldame in Wales, near whose cottage they were born. The incredulity of their friends did not shake this opinion, and their conduct, in many instances, was governed by it. Many that knew this circumstance could not suppress some emotions of reverence for this Welsh sybil, when they beheld the two brothers convicted, at the *Old Bailey*, on a charge of forgery, and hanged together, hand in hand, on the same gallows. This event took place, about thirty years ago, in London, and is one of these coincidences that perhaps had not occurred before for many centuries.

The best solution given of the enigma of the *man with the iron mask*, who was imprisoned for many years, under circumstances of mysterious and impenetrable secrecy, in the bastile, is, that the prisoner was a twin brother of Louis the fourteenth, bearing a perfect resemblance to the monarch.

I could augment the list of personal similitudes to the extent of a volume, but have already, I fear, taken up too much of your time. If agreeable to you, you shall hear from me hereafter on this subject.

FELIX.

For the Literary Magazine.

POLITICAL INSTRUCTION.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with the "Statistical View of the United States," which appeared in the last number of your magazine, and highly approve of the use to which the author wishes it applied in our seminaries. Following his example, I am induced to offer a few thoughts, on a similar subject, to the consideration of your readers. There are few, I believe, who have not observed the great ignorance of most men, on subjects of a general political nature, and even with those which immediately concern every man. How few do we find, among the middle and lower classes of society, who are able to tell the difference between an aristocratical, democratical, and oligarchical government, between a federalist and a democrat! Fewer still have any notion of the general principles of government. In a republic, every man is an acting member of the political

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body, and his vote may decide the fate of millions; it is, therefore, highly necessary that he should be enabled to form, at least, independent and unbiassed opinions on those subjects, and not, like the blind, be led to act in such important situations, without any personal knowledge of his duty. To effect these, in my opinion, desirable objects, would not the adoption of the following plan be serviceable?

Let some person of talents compile a small work, which should contain a general outline of the science of the government, an account of the effects of different institutions of this nature on the happiness of mankind, a concise and impartial outline of the history of our own country, since the beginning of the revolution, its constitution, and the principles on which it is founded. Let a work of this nature be introduced into every school, and a small portion of time devoted to the attainment of political knowledge. By this means young men would be enabled to form correct opinions on these important subjects, and not ignorantly embrace those, whether right or wrong, which regulated the conduct of their fathers, guardians, or instructors. Let it not be said that youths would pay little attention to things of this kind; naturally, they pay little attention to learning of any kind: they should be obliged to learn this, as they are to learn other things; the impression would be left on their minds: a knowledge of these sciences, though imperfect, would be far more useful than some other things which are taught.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 7, 1803.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

MUCH has been said, and more been written, on the advantages of poverty. It has been asserted that poverty gives us contentment, preserves our virtue, and strengthens our piety, but mankind seem still insensible to its blessings, and probably will ever remain so. No wealthy man has ever yet been sufficiently enraptured with the charms of the pale and haggard nymph, to induce him to leave the enjoyments of wealth, and fly to her embrace; those who have written in her praise were either the wealthy, who were ignorant of the proper means of enjoying riches, and thereby made it a source of misery to themselves or to their fellow men; or the indigent, who wished to persuade the world they were poor from choice, and not from necessity. This has been attempted by many, but believed by few; men have preferred poverty to wealth, only when the latter could not be obtained, except by the sacrifice of some darling, and perhaps valuable consideration: ease or independence, integrity or virtue.

Yet let no one suppose I mean to assert, that there is no man who has not preferred his own gratification to the happiness of others, that there is no one who would not prefer amassing wealth to serving mankind, promoting the interests of his country, or increasing its glory; by no means; we have too many shining examples of a contrary conduct, to allow us to entertain an opinion so erroneous.....examples well worthy of imitation, eternal remembrance, and grateful veneration.

But I will venture to assert, that no man ever preferred poverty, because he believed it to be in itself more valuable than riches, or thought the enjoyments of indigence greater than those of affluence. Wealth has been sacrificed, and poverty embraced, only by enthusiasts, at suggestions of duty, or in obedience to the terrors excited by superstition.

The indigent are exposed to many evils, of which the wealthy have no idea, to privations which they have heard of, but never experienced..... To be compelled to labour one day, to preserve existence the next, is one of the evils of poverty with which the wealthy are best acquaint-

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ed, and which is least oppressive to the indigent. Labour, though severe to those unaccustomed to it, sits lighter on the shoulders of the habitually laborious, custom lessens the severity of their toil, strengthens their bodies, gives cheerfulness to their minds, and additional enjoyment to the hours of relaxation and rest.

But when the arm of sickness arrests the laborious father of a numerous and indigent family, when his nerveless limbs are extended on the miserable pallet, when, in addition to the pains of disease, he must contend with all the privations of extreme poverty, when that beloved family, whose comfort and even subsistence depend wholly upon the unceasing exertion of his physical powers, are perishing around him, then does poverty array herself in her most forbidding and most terrifying garb, adding misery to misery, and pang to pang!

Let any one imagine himself in the situation I have so imperfectly described, he will then be enabled to form a faint idea of some of the real distresses which the children of indigence are sometimes doomed to endure, and from which the affluent are in a great measure exempted; he will find new sources of enquiry displayed, new reflections awakened, and his benevolence powerfully excited.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, July 7, 1804.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

ADDRESSED TO MR. C.....S O.....R.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since he cannot conquer, learns to fly.

GOLDSMITH.

FROM Schuylkill's rural banks o'erlooking wide
The glitt'ring pomp of Philadelphia's pride,
From laurel groves that bloom for ever here,
I hail my dearest friend with heart sincere,
And fondly ask, nay ardently implore,
One kind excursion to my cot once more.
The fairest scenes that ever blest the year
Now o'er our vales and yellow plains appear;
The richest harvests choke each loaded field,
The ruddiest fruit our glowing orchards yield.
In green, and gold, and purple plumes array'd,
The gayest songsters chant in ev'ry shade.
O could the muse but faithfully pourtray
The various pipes that hymn our rising day,
Whose thrilling melody can banish care,
Cheer the lone heart, and almost soothe despair,
My grateful verse should with their praises glow,
And distant shores our charming warblers know;
And you, dear sir, their harmony to hear,
Would bless the strain that led your footsteps here.

When morning dawns, and the bright sun again
Leaves the flat forests of the Jersey main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glitt'ring dews,
The flow'r-fed humming-bird his round pursues,

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Sips with inserted tube the honey'd blooms,
And chirps his gratitude, as round he roams;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heav'nly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a diff'rent dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling show;
Now sink to shade, now furnace-bright they glow.

High on the waving top of some tall tree,
Sweet sings the thrush to morning and to me;
While round its skirts, 'midst pendent boughs of green,
The orange Baltimore is busy seen.
Prone from the points his netted nest is hung,
With hempen cordage curiously strung;
Here his young nestlings safe from danger lie,
Their craving wants the teeming boughs supply.
Gay chants their guardian, as for food he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.
The white-wing'd woodpecker with crimson crest,
Who digs from solid trunks his curious nest,
Sees the long black snake stealing to his brood,
And, screaming, stains the branches with its blood.

Here o'er the woods the tyrant king-bird sails,
Spreads his long wings, and every foe assails,
Snaps the returning bee with all her sweets,
Pursues the crow, the diving hawk defeats,
Darts on the eagle downwards from afar,
And 'midst the clouds prolongs the whirling war.
Deep in the thickest shade, with cadence sweet,
As the tones that heaven-bound pilgrims greet,
Sings the wood-robin close retir'd from sight,
And swells his *solo* 'mid the shades of night.
Here sports the mocking-bird with matchless strain,
Returning back each warbler's notes again:
Now chants a robin, now o'er all the throng,
Pours out in strains sublime the thrush's song,
Barks like the squirrel, like the cat-bird squalls,
Now "Whip-poor-will," and now "Bob White" he calls.
The lonely red-bird too adorns the scene,
In brightest scarlet through the foliage green.
With many a warbler more, a vocal throng,
That shelter'd here their joyous notes prolong,
From the first dawn of dewy morning grey,
In sweet confusion till the close of day.
Ev'n when still night descends serene and cool,
Ten thousand pipes awake from yonder pool;
Owls, crickets, tree-frogs, *kitty-dids* resound,
And flashing *fire-flies* sparkle all around.
Such boundless plenty, such abundant stores
The rosy hand of nature round us pours,
That every living tribe their powers employ,
From morn to eve, to testify their joy,
And pour from meadow, field, and boughs above,
One general song of gratitude and love.
Even now, emerging from their prisons deep,
Wak'd from their seventeen years of tedious sleep,
In countless millions to our wondering eyes
The long-remember'd locusts glad arise,
Burst their enclosing shells, at Nature's call,
And join in praise to the great God of all.

Come then, dear sir, the noisy town forsake,
With me awhile these rural joys partake;

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Come, leave your books, your pens, your studious cares,
Come, see the bliss that God for man prepares.
My shelt'ring bow'rs, with honeysuckles white,
My fishy pools, my cataracts invite;
My vines for you their clusters thick suspend,
My juicy peaches swell but for my friend;
For him who joins, with elegance and art,
The brightest talents to the warmest heart.
Here as with me at morn you range the wood,
Or headlong plunge amid the crystal flood,
More vig'rous life your firmer nerves shall brace,
A ruddier glow shall wanton o'er your face,
A livelier glance re-animate your eye,
Each anxious thought, each fretting care shall fly,
For here, through every field and rustling grove,
Sweet Peace and rosy Health for ever rove.

Come, then, O come! your burning streets forego,
Your lanes and wharves, where winds infectious blow,
Where sweeps and oystermen eternal growl,
Carts, crowds, and coaches harrow up the soul,
For deep, majestic woods, and op'ning glades,
And shining pools, and awe-inspiring shades;
Where fragrant shrubs perfume the air around,
And bending orchards kiss the flow'ry ground,
And luscious berries spread a feast for Jove,
And golden cherries studd the boughs above;
Amid these various sweets thy rustic friend
Shall to each woodland haunt thy steps attend,
His solitary walks, his noontide bowers,
The old associates of his lonely hours;
While Friendship's converse, gen'rous and sincere,
Exchanging every joy and every tear,
Shall warm each heart with such an ardent glow,
As wealth's whole pageantry could ne'er bestow.

Perhaps (for who can Nature's ties forget?)
As underneath the flowery shade we sit,
In this rich western world remotely plac'd,
Our thoughts may roam beyond the wat'ry waste,
And see, with sadden'd hearts, in memory's eye,
Those native shores, where dear-lov'd kindred sigh:
Where War and ghastly Want in horror reign,
And dying babes to fainting sires complain.
While we, alas! these mournful scenes retrace,
In climes of plenty, liberty, and peace,
Our tears shall flow, our ardent pray'rs arise,
That Heaven would wipe all sorrow from their eyes.

Thus, in celestial climes, the heavenly train,
Escap'd from earth's dark ills, and all its pain,
Sigh o'er the scenes of suffering man below,
And drop a tear in tribute to our woe.

A. W.....R.

Gray's Ferry, July, 1800.

SELECTED.

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the great had a house; the greyhound, named Gelert, was given to him by his father-in-law king John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day is called Beth Gelert, or the grave of the greyhound.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And chearly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,

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" Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
" Llewelyn's horn to hear!

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
" The flow'r of all his race,
" So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
" A lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board,
The faithful Gelert fed,
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of warlike John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the recks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries.

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprize,
Unus'd such looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
With blood stain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on ev'ry side,
But no where found his child.

Hell hound! my child by thee's devour'd!
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe.
" Best of thy kind, adieu!
" The frantic blow which laid thee low
" His heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt,
And marble, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the sportsman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd;

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of " Gelert's grave."

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TO A LADY, COMPLAINING OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

BY MR. MOORE.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say, Her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say, Her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, O sylph! perhaps 'tis love!

ODE

TO THE RIVER DERWENT,

WRITTEN IN A ROMANTIC VALLEY, NEAR ITS SOURCE.

BY DR. DARWIN.

DERWENT, what scenes thy wandering waves behold,
As bursting from thine hundred springs they stray,
And down these vales, in sounding torrents roll'd,
Seek to the shining east their mazy way!

Here dusky alders, leaning from the cliff,
Dip their long arms, and wave their branches wide;
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White moonbeams tremble on the foaming tide.

Pass on, ye waves, where, dress'd in lavish pride,
'Mid roseate bowers, the gorgeous Chatsworth beams,
Spreads her smooth lawns along your willowy side,
And eyes her gilded turrets in your streams.

Pass on, ye waves, where nature's rudest child,
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,
Rock rear'd on rock, mountain on mountain pil'd,
Old Matlock sits, and shakes his crest of woods.

But when fair Derby's stately towers you view,
Where his bright meads your sparkling currents drink,
O! should Eliza press the morning dew,
And bend her graceful footsteps to your brink,

Uncurl your eddies, all your gales confine,
And, as your scaly nations gaze around,
Bid your gay nymphs pourtray, with pencil fine,
Her radiant form upon your silver ground.

With playful malice, from her kindling cheek
Steal the warm blush, and tinge your passing stream;
Mock the sweet transient dimples, as she speaks,
And, as she turns her eye, reflect the beam!

And tell her, Derwent, as you murmur by,
How in these wilds with hopeless love I burn;
Teach your lone vales and echoing caves to sigh,
And mix my briny sorrows with your urn.

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SELECTIONS.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS DAY, AUTHOR OF SANDFORD AND MERTON.

ABOUT the year 1765, came to Lichfield, from the neighbourhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher Mr. Edgeworth, a man of fortune, and recently married to Miss Ellars, of Oxfordshire. The fame of Dr. Darwin's various talents allured Mr. Edgeworth to the city they graced. Then scarcely two and twenty, and with an exterior yet more juvenile, he had mathematical science, mechanical ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. His address was gracefully spirited, and his conversation eloquent. He danced, he fenced, and winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill; yet did not the consciousness of these lighter endowments abate his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

After having established a friendship and correspondence with Dr. Darwin, Mr. Edgeworth did not return to Lichfield till the summer of the year 1770. With him came Mr. Day, of Bear-hill, in Berkshire. These young men had been fellow-students in the university of Oxford. Mr. Day was also attracted by the same celebrated abilities, which, five years before, had drawn his friend into their sphere. He was then twenty-four, in possession of a clear estate, about twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentlemen. Mr. Day wore neither. He was tall, and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazle eyes; yet when he declaimed,

> ——— "Of good and evil,
> "Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,"

very expressive were the energies gleaming from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. Edgeworth, but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, that marked his peculiar character. In succeeding years, Mr. Day published two noble poems, The Dying Negro, and The Devoted Legions; also Sandford and Merton, which, by wise parents, is put into every youthful hand.

Mr. Day dedicated the third edition of The Dying Negro to Rousseau. That dedication has every force and every grace of eloquence. The sentiments are strongly characteristic of their writer, except in the philippic against American resistance; just commenced when the address to Rousseau was composed. Generous indignation of the slave-trade, practised without remorse in the southern colonies of North America, induced Mr. Day to refuse them all credit for the patriotic virtue of that resistance to new and unconstitutional claims, which threatened their liberties.

In the course of the year 1770, Mr. Day stood for a full-length picture to Mr. Wright of Derby. A strong likeness and a dignified portrait were the result. Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hambden. Mr. Day

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looks upward, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate, against the grant of ship-money, demanded by king Charles I. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume. The poetic fancy, and what were *then* the politics of the original, appear in the choice of subject and attitude. Dr. Darwin sat to Mr. Wright about the same period. *That* was a simply contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance.

Mr. Day and Mr. Edgeworth took the house now inhabited by Mr. Moresby, in the little green valley of Stow, that slopes from the east end of the cathedral, and forms, with its old grey tower on the banks of its lake, so *lovely* a landscape. That house was Mr. Day's bachelor's hall through the year 1770; that of Mr. Edgeworth and his wife and family, in the ensuing year. All of this city and its vicinity, who comprehended and tasted those powers of mind which take the *higher* range of intellect, were delighted to mingle in such society.

Mr. Day's father died during his infancy. Soon after his mother married a gentleman of the name of Philips. The author of this narrative has often heard Mr. Day describe him as one of those common characters who seek to supply their inherent want of consequence, by a busy teizing interference in circumstances, with which they have no real concern.

Mrs. Philips, jointured with three hundred pounds a year out of her son's estate, was left his sole guardian, or united with another person in the trust, whom she influenced. Herself, influenced by such a husband, often rendered uncomfortable the domestic situation of a high-spirited youth. We may well suppose he impatiently brooked the preceptive impertinence and troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it as a duty to pay some outward respect to the husband of his mother.

She frequently repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still oftener expressed solicitude lest Mr. Philips, who had no fortune of his own, should lose, in the decline of life, by losing *her*, all comfortable subsistence. It was Mr. Day's first act, on coming of age, and into possession of his estate, to augment his mother's jointure to four hundred, and to settle it upon Mr. Philips during his life. This bounty, to a man who had needlessly mortified and embittered so many years of his own infancy and youth, evinced a very elevated mind. That mind had also been wounded by the caprice of a young lady, who "claimed the triumph of a lettered heart," without knowing how to value and retain her prize.

She probably accepted Mr. Day's addresses in resentment, and afterwards found she had not a heart to give him. This is no uncommon case; and it is surely better to recede, even at the church-porch, than to plight the vow of *unexisting* love, which no effort of the *will* can implant in the bosom. It has been observed, that marriage is often the grave of love, but scarcely ever its cradle; and what hope of happiness, what hope of a blessing, on nuptials which commence with perjury!

Even at that period, "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a *confirmed* deist. Most unlike Dr. Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled

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him also in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him.

He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind.

Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. *So* might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved, also, that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister, in considerable practice, and of untainted reputation, and several years older than himself, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendship. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, these two friends journied to Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital in that town for foundling girls.... From the little train, Mr. Day, in the presence of Mr. Bicknel, selected two of twelve years each, both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, her he called Lucretia; the other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina.

These girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was security. They were, that Mr. Day should, within the twelvemonth after taking them, resign one into the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married, or began business for herself. Upon either of these events, he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he should retain, with a view to making her his future wife; solemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her decently, in some creditable family, till she married, when he promised five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went instantly to France with these girls; not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas, except those which himself might choose to impart.

They teized and perplexed him; they quarrelled and fought incessantly; they sickened of the smallpox; they chained him to their bed-side by crying and screaming, if they were ever left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in *English*. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights; to perform for them the lowest offices of assistance.

They lost no beauty by their disease. Soon after they had recovered, crossing the Rhone with his wards, in a tempestuous day, the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer, he saved them both, though with difficulty and danger to himself.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber millener. She behaved well, and became the wife of a respectable linen-draper, in London. On his

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return to his native country, he entrusted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom she resided some months in a country village, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, from which he promised not to remove his mother.

It has been said before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, she did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams.

When he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself, in which greater danger would result from its being discovered that he was *aware* of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the servants, and to her play-fellows.

She betrayed a dislike to the study of books, and of the rudiments of science, which gave little promise of ability, that should one day be responsible for the education of of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day persisted in these experiments, and sustained their continual disappointment during a year's residence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty seemed to lie in giving her *motive* to exertion, self-denial, and heroism. It was against his plan to draw it from the usual sources, pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and its concommitant desire of ornamented dress. The only inducement, therefore, which this lovely artless girl could have to combat and subdue the natural preference, in youth so blooming, of ease to pain, of vacant sport to the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, though she knew not how or why he became such. In that desire, *fear* had greatly the ascendant of *affection*, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a series of fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Sutton-Coldfield, Warwickshire. His trust in the power of education faltered; his aversion to modern elegance subsided. For the time he first lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily conversed with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd of Lichfield*. Without having received a Spartan education, she united a disinterested desire to please, fortitude of spirit, native strength of intellect, literary and scientific taste, to unswerving truth, and to *all* the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre's inextinguishable passion is on *poetic*, as his military fame and hapless destiny are on *patriot*, record. Parental authority having dissolved the juvenile engagements of this distinguished youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philosophic hand. She admired his talents; she revered his virtues; she tried to school her heart into softer sentiments in his favour. She did not succeed in that attempt, and ingenuously told him so. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than herself, was very pretty, very sprightly, very

* It is easy to suspect that Mr. Day's despair as to Sabrina's improvement, and the discontinuance of his efforts, was the consequence, and not the cause, of his intimacy with Honora.—Ed.

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artless, and very engaging, though countless degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora. To *her* the yet love-luckless sage transferred the heart, which Honora had with sighs resigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day she *could* have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, instead of those austere singularities of air, habit, and address.

He began to impute to *them* the fickleness of his first love; the involuntary iciness of the charming Honora, as well as that for which her sister accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing masters. He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames, to throw back his shoulders, and point his feet; he practised the military step, the fashionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late; habits so long fixed, could no more than *partially* be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by *visible* effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural stoop, and unfashionable air. The studied bow on entrance, the suddenly recollected *assumption* of attitude, prompted the risible instead of the admiring sensation; neither was the showy dress, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant ingratitude, upon which all this labour, these sacrifices had been wasted. She confessed, that Thomas Day, *blackguard*, as he used jestingly to style himself, *less* displeased her eye than Thomas Day, *fine gentleman*.

Thus again disappointed, he resumed his accustomed plainness of garb, and neglect of his person, and went again upon the continent for another year, with pursuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1773, he saw, that spring, Miss Honora Sneyd united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and, in the year 1780, he learned that his second love of that name, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, was also, after the death of Honora, married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was singular that Mr. Day should thus, in the course of seven years, find himself doubly rivalled by his most intimate friend; but his own previously renounced pursuit of those beautiful young women, left him without either cause or sensations of resentment on their account.

From the year 1773 this hitherto love-renounced philosopher resided chiefly in London, and amid the small and select circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongst modish luxuries, suited to her large fortune, had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpolished stoic had every charm in *her* eyes,

> "She saw Othello's visage in his mind."

But, from indignant recollection of hopes so repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with distrust on female attention, however flattering; nor was it till after years of her modest, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures; all its luxuries, all its ostentation. If, with him, she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society.

Mr. Day's constitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, seemed that of looking with severe and disgusted eyes upon those venial errors in his species, which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This stain of misan-

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trophy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, restrained as that commerce had ever been. Satiric, jealous, and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him; yet, in a few instances, he *was* deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own.

To proposals so formidable, so sure to be rejected by a heart less than infinitely attached, Miss Mills gladly assented: but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon herself, totally out of his present or future controul; that if she grew tired of a system of life so likely to weary a woman of the world, she might return to that world any hour she chose, fully empowered to resume its habits and its pleasures.

They married, and retired into the country, about the year 1780, according to the best recollection of the author of these memoirs. No carriage; no appointed servant about Mrs. Day's own person; no luxury of any sort. Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music-books.... Frequent experiments upon her temper and her attachment were made by him, whom she lived but to obey and love. Over these she often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the strictest fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming separate maintenance, ever made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independence had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a *duty*.

Thus Mr. Day found, at last, amid the very class he dreaded, that of fashionable women, a heart, whose passion for him supplied all the requisites of his lofty expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to *one* of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity, and sensibility of horses; and that whenever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horsebreaker, he would use it to the bit and the burthen himself. He was not a good horseman. The animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed. He plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head an *instantly* fatal blow. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted for his loss.

The reader will not be sorry to learn the future destiny of Sabrina. She remained at school three years; gained the esteem of her instructress; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many instances, that those modes of education, which have been sanctioned by long experience, are seldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious system-mongers.

When Sabrina left school, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropshire. Wherever she resided, wherever she paid visits, she secured to herself friends. Beautiful and admired, she passed the dangerous interval between sixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one stain upon her discretion. Often the guest of Dr. Darwin, and other of her friends in Lichfield, esteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day corresponded with her parentally, but seldom saw her, and never without witnesses. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-sixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, proposed himself; that *very*

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Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and by whose suretyship for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beauteous girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel, high in practice as a barrister, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential than impassioned impulse did she accept his addresses, yet became one of the most affectionate as well as the best of wives. When Mr. Day's consent was asked by his *protegee*, he gave it in these ungracious words: "I do not refuse my *consent* to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my *advice*." He gave her the promised dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his professional income, did not save money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldest was about five years old, their father was seized with a paralytic stroke, which in a few weeks became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independent support for herself and infants. Mr. Day said he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to assist the efforts which he expected she would make for the maintenance of herself and children. To have been more bounteous *must* surely have been in his *heart*, but it was *not* in his *system*. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, solicitor general to the queen, the sum of eight hundred pounds was raised among the gentlemen of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her sons; the interest to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her decease, to be divided between her children.

That excellent woman has lived many years, and yet lives with the good Dr. Burney of Greenwich, as his housekeeper, and assistant in in the cares of his academy. She is treated by him, and his friends, with every mark of esteem and respect due to a gentlewoman, and one whose virtues entitle her to universal approbation. Her name was not in Mr. Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance he had made her, and *bequeathed* its continuance from her own fortune during Mrs. Bicknel's life. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no child.

Mr. Edgeworth having also lost his third wife, Elizabeth, is now the husband of a fourth, a daughter of the reverend Dr. Beaufort, of Ireland. He had four children by his first; a son, who of late years died in America; Miss Edgeworth, the celebrated writer of Stories for Children, and Moral Tales for Young People, &c. Miss Anna, married to the ingenious Dr. Beddoes of Bristol; and Miss Emmeline, married to Mr. King, surgeon of the same place. Honora left him an infant girl and boy, when she died in the year 1780. The former inherited her mother's name, her beauty, and her malady, and died of consumption at sixteen. The amiable son yet lives, with fine talents but infirm health. By his third wife, Elizabeth, he has several children; and by the present two or three. From Mr. Edgeworth's large family, elaborate systems of infantile education have proceeded: of them the author of these memoirs cannot speak, as she has not seen them. Other compositions, which are said to be humorous and brilliant, are from the same source

ON A YELLOW INK, THAT APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

By Laumont.

SOME time ago, having thrown into the fire a solution of a mixture of sulphate of copper and muriate of ammonia, where it produced very agreeable colours, some of it fell upon a piece of paper placed in the chimney, which became of a bright yellow colour. Having taken the paper from the chimney, I was

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much astonished, some moments after, to find that it was no longer coloured: on again exposing it to heat the colour re-appeared, and disappeared in like manner on cooling.

I tried lately to repeat this experiment; and I obtained from these two salts, mixed nearly in equal parts, a solution of a bright yellow colour when warm, and of a beautiful emerald green when cold, which at first gave crystals in oblique prisms with rhomboidal bases, and then blue crystals in flat octaedra.

This liquor and the solution of the crystals gave a yellow ink, which appeared yellow with heat, and disappeared with cold, but still better with moisture.

I observed that these solutions are indebted for this property only to the muriate of copper, which when employed alone does not produce the same effect.

On comparing this ink with that given by the muriate of cobalt, known under the name of the sympathetic ink of Hellot, it is seen that all these kinds of ink are indebted for the property which they have of disappearing, only to metallic muriates, which powerfully attract the moisture of surrounding bodies.

The yellow ink produced by the muriate of copper and the solutions which contain it (very different from those which, being at first invisible, remain fixed after they have appeared) gives by its colour a variety very distinct from that of Hellot, which is of a sea green: with the latter it forms varied tints of an emerald green.

They may be made to appear at pleasure by the aid of heat, and to disappear very speedily by putting the writing between the folds of paper somewhat moist: but I must here observe, that it requires much care to make the experiment succeed completely, and that a certain degree of heat must not be exceeded; otherwise, the paper being scorched, the writing can no longer disappear.

PUGILISM.

From a London Paper.

YESTERDAY the admirers of this species of warfare, which is now brought to a scientific degree of perfection, were highly gratified by the public exhibition of three combats. The first was between the well-known bruiser, Burke, and the Game Chicken, who, in the short time that he has been in London, has reached the utmost degree of celebrity. The business was previously known among the *amateurs of the art*, and, notwithstanding the distance at which the battle was to take place, and the deepness of the roads, owing to the late rain, an immense concourse of spectators was assembled. Lord Camelford, Mr. Mellish, and a great number of *gentlemen*, admirers of the art, were present, besides the numerous set of people who went, either through a desire of seeing how their acquaintances behaved, or with a view of making money in betting. The battle was for a hundred guineas a side. The Chicken was the favourite from the beginning, and though a great many were found to support Burke, even before the combatants *set to*, some trifling odds were laid in favour of the Chicken. At twelve o'clock Burke, attended by Tom Owen, his second, stripped. The Chicken was seconded by Jack Gibbons. The different *rounds* were nearly as follows:

1. A great deal of *sparring*, each appearing particularly cautious of the other. At length Burke gave the Chicken a *strait forwarder* in the mouth, which, however, took little effect. The Chicken instantly returned it with interest. They closed, and Burke threw the Chicken.

2. The Chicken hit several *sharp* blows, but missing one, closed, and *cross buttocked* Burke.

3. Burke, in sparring, smiled, beckoned to the Chicken to come on. The Chicken, however, watched for a proper opportunity, when

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he hit Burke a *strait armed body* blow. They then closed, and the Chicken threw Burke again.

4. The Chicken hit Burke with such violence in the mouth, that he fell back from the resistance which his own blow met with, and Burke tumbled.

5. Both parties gave and received a few slight blows. They sparred for some time. The Chicken then hit Burke straight forward with his left hand on the right ear. Burke gave a tremendous blow *over hand*, which brought the Chicken to the ground. The odds against Burke were then considerably lessened.

6. Burke knocked the Chicken down, but he rose directly, and wished to meet him again. Burke, however, was turning towards his second, and, *according to rule*, the other must not hit him. They of course waited the usual time to gain breath.

7. A great deal of sparring. They closed, and made each the utmost exertions to throw the other. The agility of the Chicken prevailed, and Burke fell.

8. Two smart blows on each side. They closed, and Burke *tripped* the Chicken.

9. Burke gave two strong but awkward *round* blows. The Chicken closed and threw him.

10. The Chicken hit Burke with such force in the breast that he knocked him down, and tumbled backward himself.

11. They sparred a long time..... The Chicken hit Burke in the side. They closed, and Burke fell again.

12. The Chicken hit Burke a desperate blow on the nose. Burke, however, *proved game*, hit several smaller blows, closed, and threw his antagonist.

13. They sparred a long time..... The Chicken got a straight forward blow at Burke upon the ear, with his left hand. Upon closing, it was observed, that Burke was not equal in agility to the Chicken, as the latter got hold of him with such advantage, that he lifted him up in his arms, and threw him against the ground.

14. A great deal of manœuvering on both sides. Burke gave several round blows with great force in a random way, and the Chicken fell.

15. The Chicken hit Burke strait forward with his left hand in the face, then *run in* and threw him.

16. The Chicken repeated his left hand strait forwarder. Burke made some *feints*, but gave no blow. The Chicken closed and threw him.

17. Burke, receiving another blow of the same description, and nearly in the same place, closed, but was thrown by his antagonist with ease. The bets were by this time six to one against Burke.

18. A very short round, in the course of which the same sort of left hand blows was repeated by the Chicken, but Burke closed and threw him.

19. No blow struck. Burke aimed a desperate blow, but his antagonist evading it, the force precipitated the giver over the back of his opponent, and he got a very severe fall.

20. Some very hard blows on both sides; Burke, however, missing one, fell again by his own force.

21. Some hard fighting, in the course of which Burke hit the Chicken with his right hand near the eye, which blackened it. He, however, received some very severe *body* blows, upon which he fell and bled a great deal.

22. Burke strove hard to hit the Chicken about the head, but failed. The Chicken repeated his favourite left hand blow, and Burke fell again.

23. The Chicken now stuck closer to his antagonist. He fit several hard blows right and left, which again brought Burke to the ground.

24. They sparred a great while. The Chicken again hit Burke in the nose with such force, that he was risen off the ground, and then fell, bleeding prodigiously.

25. Burke still stood up amazingly, but seemed to have lost all activity. He received three or four blows on

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the mouth, nose, and ear, and then fell.

26. The left hand blow on the ear being repeated, Burke fell again.

27. The fighting was now all on one side. Burke received several hard blows, until he was once more knocked down.

28. The Chicken gave Burke a severe blow on his right side, which being *sharply followed up, right and left*, Burke fell in a deplorable situation, and gave in.

It was remarkable that these two pugilists fought on very different plans. Burke stood with his left side forward, his left arm extended to the utmost, and the right manœuvering to give the blow. The Chicken *squared* his arms *round*, keeping a straight front to his man, and playing both hands constantly. The battle lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and considerable bets were laid in the course of it, notwithstanding the manifest superiority of the Chicken, as many supposed that the hardiness of Burke might exhaust him. Belcher, Ward, Tring, Wood, the coachman, and several others of *equal celebrity*, were in the ring!

PICTURE OF LONDON.

Concluded from page 201.

THERE never was a period in the annals of time, in which singularity of character was so universally aimed at, as at the present epocha. Notoriety is now the leading spring of action; and those who are most zealous in acquiring it frequently mistake its characteristics for those of celebrity. For this important purpose, we behold authors writing in contradiction to their avowed principles; actors caricaturing nature, till they deprive her of every grace; painters presenting to the eye imaginary forms, disproportioned, distorted, and unlike any thing human; men effeminized like women; and women assuming the masculine deportment of the other sex; all eagerly pursuing the popular phantom, NOTORIETY!

There is, in the higher orders of society, a species of character, at once extraordinary and ridiculous. This kind of being may be distinguished by the appellation of ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT! He presents, in his own person, all the pride of ancestry, all the pomp of wealth and titles, at the same time that he affects a love of equality, and a contempt for the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune. At his table persons of inferior rank are frequently invited. The noble host talks loudly of the rights of mankind; extols the blessing of universal liberty; commends equality as the unbounded source of every earthly blessing; and ridicules the distinctions which our ancestors bestowed on lineage and personal importance. At the same moment, his board is surrounded with liveried lacqueys; his plate, furniture, and linen emblazoned with coronets; his dependents pay him the most obsequious homage, and even his nearest relatives perpetually address him by the title of your grace! my lord! or your lordship!

Does such a personage mingle with the inferior classes of society? Does he consider the opulent man of commerce, or the untitled man of letters, as his equal? Does he in public require no marked respect, in private exact no homage? Does he live like his fellow-citizens; associate with humble worth; promote independence of mind, by dispensing with the ceremonies and forms of adulation? No! he is still the NOBLE! the SUPERIOR! the man of RANK! while those who feed at his board, or are honoured with his confidence, are taught to consider him as the patron, not the friend; as the protector, not the associate.

If a man of the less exalted classes of society meets the ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT in the public streets, he is coldly saluted, or, perhaps, wilfully unseen, because his *grace*, or my *lord*, is then engaged in conver-

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sation with men of his own rank and personal importance. When he invites his mistaken disciples to partake of the festivities of his table, he makes a prudent selection, and does not mix the convenient satellite with the contemporary meteor in the political hemisphere. In public he is inaccessible; for he sits in the higher circles, and, with a sullen superiority, looks down upon those men whose active powers of thought are the mere tools necessarily employed in raising the trembling fabric of his popularity. When he retires to meditate on the humiliations of a disappointed ambition, to his villa, or to the princely palace of his ancestors, does he there receive, consult, or associate with men of less exalted rank? Does he, with the patience of Socrates, or the continence of Scipio, pass a life of philosophical urbanity? No! he there confines his society to high-born and high-thoughted associates; he does not know the middling order of the people; he shuts himself up from those machines which he has unsuccessfully set in motion, and becomes an apostate from the very idols which he himself created.

An ARISTOCRATIC DEMOCRAT does not suffer his wife or daughters, or any of the female branches of his family, to associate with women of inferior rank. He professes an enthusiastic adoration for talents, but he has scarcely a man of letters in the long catalogue of his intimate connexions. It is true he permits the indigent author to dedicate his works to him, and fancies himself the Mæcenas of the age; but he expects to see his own portrait drawn with the most flattering panegyric, and repays the sacrifice which necessity, or the deceiver, hope, exacts from suffering genius, by a letter of ceremonious thanks, or a pecuniary acknowledgment, conveyed with all the unfeeling frigidity of practised ostentation!

The nobility of England, of late years, both male and female, evince their consciousness of the inferiority which is attached to birth, when placed in comparison with talents, by their frequent attempts in the paths of literature. The late lord Orford was one of the first to set this honourable example, which has been followed by many persons, whom *he* would denominate NOBLE AUTHORS. The earl of Carlisle has written and printed a tragedy; the duchess of Devonshire has published some very pleasing poetical compositions; and the witty collection of Probationary Odes, which made their appearance some years since, contained the playful and excellent productions of persons, whose names deserve honourable mention in a more distinguished page than that of a Court Calendar. Lady Manners has also published a volume of pretty verses; and to the lively pen of lady Wallace * the town has frequently been indebted for amusement. Though impartial criticism cannot place these productions in the very highest ranks of literature, they still demand the meed of praise, because they are the offspring of an honourable emulation.

It is singular, that in an age when literature and the arts are so generally cultivated, when books are known to enlighten all classes of the people, authors of acknowledged celebrity should so rarely mingle with the *soi-disant* patrons of the muses. The cabinets of our statesmen are closed against the aristocracy of genius; the habitations of our nobles are also unfrequented by artists of every description, excepting when they are daily employed in the labours of their profession. Even in public they are seldom acknowledged; and if by chance they are recognized, it is by a nod of condescension, which mortifies and degrades the person whom it ostentatiously aims to distinguish.

Books present the abstracts of the mind. The author breathes in his works, lives in their spirit, and is immortalized by their reputation. The exalted orders of the community read, approve, admire; the

* Sister to the duchess of Gordon.

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production of the brain is extolled and cherished; but the heart of the writer often is a prey to poverty and sorrow. It is acknowledged that men of letters are the ornaments of society; yet how rarely are they to be seen in the circles of patronage, in the habitations of splendour .... Men as well as women of talents are shut out from the abodes of the high-born, and rather avoided than courted by the powerfully wealthy. In all the gaudy scenes of festivity which annually are exhibited in the metropolis, how few, how very few, persons of acknowledged literary fame are to be met with! England may enumerate, at the present æra, a phalanx of enlightened women, such as no other nation ever boasted. Their writings adorn the literature of the country; they are its ornaments, as they ought to be its pride! But they are neglected, unsought, alienated from society, and secluded in the abodes of study, or condemned to mingle with the vulgar. For even among themselves there appears no sympathetic association of soul, no genuine impulse of affection, originating in congeniality of mind. Each is ardent in the pursuit of fame, and every new honour which is bestowed on a sister votary, is deemed a partial privation of what she considers as her exclusive birth-right. How much is genius deceived, when it seeks this single, this unconnected species of gratification! How powerful might such a phalanx become, were it to act in union of sentiment, and sympathy of feeling; and, by a participation of public fame, secure, to the end of time, the admiration of posterity!

It is not only the custom of the present day to exclude men and women of letters from the society of the high-born; that tyrannical species of oppression is also extended to painters, actors, actresses, and the most distinguished ornaments of science. The pictures of our most celebrated masters are purchased at an inordinate price, and considered as the embellishments of our most magnificent mansions. But the painter is unknown, excepting in his works! The actor*, or the actress, is applauded in public, but, in private, they are seldom honoured by the most trivial mark of approbation. Our nobles make music their study; some of them are tolerable performers; they dedicate whole years to the acquirement of a moderate degree of skill; while their masters, who have attained the utmost altitude of perfection, are considered as unworthy of their friendship and society.

These miserable discriminations are the offspring of the present age; the monsters of this island. In France, even in the days of despotism, genius was deemed the ornament of courts, and men as well as women of letters were honoured with the most brilliant distinctions. Versailles had its female constellations; and, though the brilliant sallies of wit predominated in the scale of popularity, the genuine splendour of literature was looked up to, and worshipped with unbounded adoration.

Among the many nuisances which disgrace the metropolis, there is not perhaps one which excites more horror than the frequency of public executions. The numbers of unhappy culprits that annually forfeit their existence, by a violation of the laws, afford sufficient proofs that an ignominious death is no longer our safeguard. Six, eight, and ten criminals, executed in the public street, even in the heart of the metropolis, in the broad light of day, before the eyes of the multitude, now, the scene become familiar by repetition, scarcely excites emotion. The populace rather consider the new drop as a *raree-show*, than as the fatal instrument of termination to all earthly offences. Still more odious to the reflecting mind is the gibbet, which disgraces our most public roads. In a polished nation, in the very sight of the humane and phi-

* With the exceptions of sir Joshua Reynolds and Garrick.

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lanthropic traveller, a filthy offensive example of public justice is displayed, at the expence of public decency! The robberies frequently committed within sight of these hideous scarecrows, sufficiently prove that they harden, more than they deter, the thief; while, by exciting the attention of the traveller, they render him less guarded against the peril that awaits him.

A certain species of refinement seems now to pervade the various classes of the community. From the stall of the *poissarde* to the *boudoir* of the duchess, the tea-table is the magic circle of busy conversation. The nourishing diet which tended to promote the hardihood of our ancestors, is nearly exploded in the haunts of honest industry, while the enervating plant composes the beverage of men, women, and children. Time is also taught to display a change of his ancient occupation; and domestics are now sleeping, at the west end of the metropolis, at an hour when the courtiers of the eighth Harry were preparing for the noon-day dinner. Novels are also universally read; the female apprentice longs for the hour of shutting shop, that she may indulge her fond imagination in the melting pages of a love-fraught tale, or teach her sensitive heart to palpitate with terror at the mysterious horrors of romantic improbability.

REFINENENT is also visible in the exterior ornaments of all ranks of people. Veils and parasols are universally adopted, even where the wearers, in other respects, are inelegantly dressed: for the same reason, opera glasses, and even spectacles, are used by the clearest-sighted. Carriages are hung on springs, which prevent the advantages of wholesome exercise; sedan chairs convey the buxom woman of fashion through the fatiguing *routine* of morning visits; and, in some great families, annual sums are allowed to the male domestics, for the exclusive provision of powder, perfumes, hair bags, *bouquets*, and silk stockings!

The same species of eccentricity governs the household decorations. Sofas of down, pillows of perfume, artificial festoons of flowers, iced wines, and fruits out of season, mark the encroachments of elegant luxury. Yet it is to be admired, that the bed-furniture of our most splendid mansions is chiefly composed of cotton: which, in a metropolis like that of England, cannot but be conducive both to cleanliness and to comfort. The velvet canopies of our ancestors were the repositories of dust, as well as the nurseries of obnoxious vermin; and the use of worsted hangings, among the lower classes, unquestionably, by harbouring such nuisances, promotes the contagion of diseases, while it forms an apology both for filth and idleness.

The French and even the Italian languages are now spoken, almost universally, by our men and women of polished education. The great number of emigrants, who have become our inmates since the French revolution, have contributed to this wide circulation of knowledge..... Some of the best translations from the German have been the productions of female pens. The Misses Plumptre, Mrs. Inchbald, and several others, have imported new exotics from the prolific *parterre* of German extraction; while the laurels of Gallic literature have been fairly and honourably divided round the brows of Madame de Genlis and Miss Gunning.

Translations of acknowledged superiority have also embellished our libraries, from the pens of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Holcroft, and Mr. Marshall*; to the last mentioned gentleman may also be assigned a liberal portion of that eulogy, which truth should never fail to bestow on enlightened and genuine philanthropy.

While we applaud the liberal patronage which England has bestowed on foreign compositions, we can

* The translator of Herman of Unna, and many other celebrated German works.

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scarcely forgive the neglect which has been evinced towards the memory of deceased English authors. Gibbon, Mason, and Cooper have passed from a life of celebrity to a neglected grave! No *public* marks of veneration, no *national* tribute of esteem has graced their memory! The monumental tablet, placed by the hand, and bedewed by the tears, of friendship, points out the tomb of Mrs. Wollstonecraft Godwin; yet illiberal malice and unmanly abuse has disgraced the pages of literature, while it failed to sully the treasures of mental splendour, which this illustrious woman has bequeathed to posterity.

The various occupations assigned to the different sexes, in the metropolis, are now so preposterously absurd, that a reformation is become absolutely necessary. It is no uncommon thing to see men employed in the most effeminate branches of art and commerce: the artificial florist and the man-millener are the most conspicuous in this class of innovators. Who that has feeling can endure the sight of young and artless females, employed at all seasons, and in all weathers, to carry the band-box from morning till night, exposed to the insolence of street libertines, and the perils of vicious example displayed by their abandoned associates, while, with unwet feet, the perfumed coxcomb measures the riband at home, or folds the gauze, as he lisps fine phrases to females of distinction! Even in our domestic establishments, the powdered lacquey wastes his day in idleness, swings with listless pampered ease behind the gaudy vehicle, or waits in the halls of ceremony to usher in the morning visitor, while the laborious female is employed in washing, scrubbing, and other domestic toil! How is man degenerated! How much superior are the women of Britain, at this period, to the effeminized race of modern *petit-maitres!*

The architecture of this country has been gradually improving during the last sixty years. The heavy fabrics of brick work, the uniform square mass of building, which were admired in the days of William and Mary, and which had succeeded the uncouth structures that braved both time and proportion since the reign of Elizabeth, now yield to the more light and finished elegance of Italian models. The introduction of Portland stone has tended very considerably to improve the beauty of English architecture; while the balcony window, the Venetian gallery, by admitting a larger body of air into the apartments, greatly contribute to the health of those who inhabit the metropolis.

Dress has also been considerably improved, by our intercourse with foreign nations. The women of this country now adopt a species of decoration at once easy and graceful. Nature seems to resume her empire, while art is hourly declining. The deformities of stiffened stays, high heels, powder, whalebone petticoats, and unmeaning flounces of many coloured frippery, now yield to the simple elegance of cambric and muslin drapery: thus health is preserved by an unconstrained motion of the body; and beauty is ascertained by the unequivocal testimonies of symmetry and nature.

The females of England are considerably indebted to our most celebrated actresses for the revolution in dress. Accustomed of late years to behold the *costume* of various nations gracefully displayed at our theatres, women of rank, who lead the capricious idol FASHION, thro' all the mazes of polite society, speedily adopted what they considered as advantageous to beauty..... The Turkish robe, the Grecian drapery, the simplicity of the French peasant, and the natural graces of English symmetry, speedily united in presenting the most attractive models of dignity and taste. To the elegant attitudes of lady Hamilton the female world is also considerably indebted. The form of this lady is not peculiarly gifted with loveliness, though she is unquestionably a charming woman; but she

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has made the motion of the human frame her study; and from her example the women of the present day in Italy and France, as well as in England, have been observed to acquire an easy elegance of manner, which was so finely imagined, in the portraits of sir Peter Lely, and our modern Apelles, sir Joshua Reynolds.

Of our public *spectacles* I have already taken a retrospect. But the oratorio has not yet been the subject of animadversion. This harmonic meeting, at a season when it is calculated to inspire a kind of religious enthusiasm, should not be intermingled with compositions of a less serious nature. The performance of Dryden's ode has ever been a violation of propriety. The triumphs of love and wine, the praise of Bacchus, the feats of Thais, are rendered ludicrous when introduced among the most sacred subjects..... However exquisite this ode may be in the opinion of literary judges, it has unquestionably no claim to religious veneration. Why then is it permitted to form a part of sacred harmony? An oratorio is calculated to soothe the imagination; to inspire, to awaken a holy zeal, a fervour of devotion. How then must reason turn disgusted from those passages in the Ode to St. Cecilia, which are scarcely decent; and unquestionably tending to the absurd superstition of the heathen mythology.

There never were so many monthly and diurnal publications as at the present period; and to the perpetual novelty which issues from the press may, in a great measure, be attributed the expansion of mind, which daily evinces itself among all classes of the people. The monthly miscellanies are read by the middling orders of society, by the *literati*, and sometimes by the loftiest of our nobility. The daily prints fall into the hands of all classes; they display the temper of the times, the intricacies of political manœuvre, the opinions of the learned, the enlightened, and the patriotic.... But for the medium of a diurnal paper, the letters of Junius had been unknown, or perhaps never written. Political controversy and literary discussions are only rendered of utility to mankind by the spirit of emulative contention. The press is the mirror where folly may see its own likeness, and vice contemplate the magnitude of its deformity. It also presents a tablet of manners; a transcript of the temper of mankind; a check on the gigantic strides of innovation; and a bulwark which REASON has raised, and, it is to be hoped, TIME will consecrate, round the altar of immortal LIBERTY!

There is nothing of more importance to the rising generation, than the method of inculcating the early rudiments of education. Public schools have been found of considerable advantage in forming early and honourable connections, and they are unquestionably far preferable to private tutors. The most distinguished seminaries are those of Eton and Westminster; and some of our most enlightened statesmen, orators, and literary as well as professional characters, have been the students of these celebrated colleges. Yet, by the absurd custom of taking school-boys from their half-finished scholastic labours, to place them in the ranks of military prowess, we often behold the stripling towering over the head of the veteran soldier; and the scented powder which floats round the soft features of a noble youth, scarcely arrived at the age of manhood, mocking the scars of the untitled hero, whom he was destined to command, though not to imitate!

The frequency of divorces unquestionably tends to the contamination of morals; but these public examples are still less pernicious than the open and avowed indifference, the undisguised infidelities, which are daily witnessed in the fashionable world. Example is the sunshine or the poison of domestic life: and when we see the most polished women, the most enlightened

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men, assiduously pursuing a systematic plan of mutual seduction; when we behold females of known intrigue, and professors of notorious libertinism, received and sanctioned in the *very highest* circles; is it a matter of astonishment that the middling classes of society are only one degree less vicious? It is true that we have many literary characters, who employ their pens in the cause of moral virtue; but they only excite a smile of ridicule, when they are daily seen in the society of those law-breakers, who are the subjects of their execration! The nobility, at least two-thirds of them, abhor French principles, yet they employ not only French domestics, but French governesses and preceptors, for the education of their sons and daughters! Actuated by the same spirit of contradiction, we daily contemplate men who assume the title of philanthropists, though their own relations are in want of bread. We see voluntary contributions, printed in conspicuous characters, from wealthy hypocrites, while they withhold the smallest aid from the uncomplaining children of adversity; and we meet the venerable dowager quitting the altar of the Divinity on a sabbath morning, while she calculates the chances of the evening in the mysteries of a gaming table!

Among the liberal, the enlightened, and the unaffectedly pious, truth must record the name of the dowager countess Spencer. Of the patronesses of literature and the arts, her all-accomplished daughters, the duchess of Devonshire, and the countess of Besborough, unite their names with those of the marchioness of Hertford and many others of our female nobility. To the improvement of taste and the increase of emulation, the world must bear testimony in the sculpture of Mrs. Damer. In those inventive powers which produce new wonders in the labours of ingenuity, honourable mention must be made of Miss Linwood's genius. Of singular mechanism, many public exhibitions present specimens that astonish the beholder; while the extensive warehouses of the metropolis display the perfection, as well as the boundless variety, of British manufactures.

The streets of London are better paved and better lighted than those of any metropolis in Europe: we have fewer street robberies, and scarcely ever a midnight assassination. This last circumstance is owing to the benevolent spirit of the people; for whatever crimes the lowest orders of society are tempted to commit, those of a sanguinary nature are less frequent here than they are in any other country. Yet it is singular, where the police is so ably regulated, that the watchmen, our guardians of the night, are generally old decrepit men, who have scarcely strength to use the alarum which is their signal of distress, in cases of emergency. It does credit, however, to the morals of the people, and to the national spirit, which evinces that the brave are always benevolent, when we reflect that at a period when all kingdoms have exhibited the horrors of massacre, and the outrages of anarchy, when blood has contaminated the standard of liberty, and defaced the long established laws of nations, while it sapped and overwhelmed the altars of religions, this island has presented the throne of reason, placed on the fostering soil of GENIUS, VALOUR, and PHILANTHROPY!

A CASE OF PERSONAL SIMILITUDE IN A TRIAL FOR BIGAMY, AT NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1804.

THE prisoner was indicted for that he Thomas Hoag, late of Haverstraw, in the county of Rockland, labourer, otherwise Joseph Parker, now of New York, cartman, on the 8th of May, 1789, at New York, was lawfully married to Susan Faesch, afterwards, on the 25th day of December, 1800, at the county of Rockland, his said wife being then in full life, feloniously did marry one Catharine Secor, &c.

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To this the prisoner pleaded *not guilty.*

The testimony in the cause was as follows:....The first marriage was admitted by the counsel for the prisoner, to be as stated in the indictment, and that the wife was still alive.

For the prosecution.

Benjamin Coe testified....That he was one of the judges of the court of common pleas, in the county of Rockland....that he well knew the prisoner at the bar; that he came to Rockland in the beginning of September, in the year 1800, and there passed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that there was a person with him who passed for his brother, but between those two persons there was no sort of resemblance; that the prisoner worked for the witness about a month, during which time he eat daily at witness's table, and he of course saw him daily....that on the 25th of December, 1800, witness married the prisoner to one Catharine Secor; that witness is confident of the time, because he recollected that on that very day one of his own children was christened....that during all the time prisoner remained in Rockland county, witness saw him continually; he was therefore as much satisfied that prisoner was Thomas Hoag, as that he himself was Benjamin Coe.

John Knapp testified, that he knew the prisoner in 1800 and 1801, he was then in Rockland county, and passed by the name of Thomas Hoag, and that he saw him constantly for five months during the time the prisoner was at Rockland; that he was at prisoner's wedding; *that Hoag had a scar under his foot;* the way that witness knew it was, witness and Hoag were leaping together, and witness outleaping Hoag ....upon which Hoag remarked, that he could not leap as well now as he formerly could, before he received a wound on his foot by treading on a drawing knife....that Hoag then pulled off his shoe and showed witness the scar under his foot, occasioned by that wound; the scar was very perceptible....witness was confident prisoner at the bar was Thomas Hoag.

Catharine Conklin (*formerly Catharine Secor, but since married to one Conklin*) testified, that she became acquainted with prisoner in the beginning of Sept. 1800, when he came to Rockland; he then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag.... that witness saw him constantly.... that prisoner, shortly after their acquaintance, paid his addresses to her, and finally, on the 25th December, married her; that he lived with her till the latter end of March, 1801, when he left her; that she did not see him again until two years after ....that on the morning of his leaving her, he appeared desirous of communicating something of importance to her, but was dissuaded from it by a person who was with him, and who passed for his brother....that Hoag, until his departure, was a kind, attentive, and affectionate husband....that she was as well convinced as she could possibly be of any thing in this world, that the prisoner at the bar was the person who married her by the name of Thomas Hoag....that she then thought him, and still thinks him, the handsomest man she ever saw. (Here prosecutor rested the cause.)

DEFENCE.

Witness for Prisoner.

Joseph Chadwick testified, that he had been acquainted with the prisoner, Joseph Parker, a number of years; that witness resides in this city, is a rigger by trade....that prisoner worked in the employ of the witness a considerable time, as a rigger....that prisoner began to work for witness in September, 1799, and continued to work for him until the the spring of 1801....that during that period he saw him constantly....that it appeared from witness's books, that Parker received money from witness for work which he had performed, on the following days, viz. on the 6th of October, and 6th

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and 13th of December, 1800; on the 9th, 16th, and 28th of February, and 11th March, 1801...that Parker lived from May, 1800, till some time in April, 1801, in a house in this city, belonging to capt. Pelor....that during that period, and since, witness had been well acquainted with prisoner.

Isaac Ryckman testified, that he was an inhabitant of this city; that he was well acquainted with Joseph Parker, the prisoner at the bar, and had known him a number of years; that witness and Parker were jointly engaged, in the latter end of the year 1800, in loading a vessel for a capt. Tredwell, of this place; that they began to work on the 20th day of December, 1800, and were employed the greater part of the month of January, 1801, in the loading of the vessel; that during that time the witness and Parker worked together daily; that witness well recollected that they worked together on the 25th day of December, 1800; he remembered it because he never worked on a Christmas day before nor since; he knew it was in the year 1800, because he knew that Parker lived that year in a house belonging to capt. Pelor, and he remembered their borrowing a screw, for the purpose of packing cotton into the hold of the vessel they were at work at, from a Mrs. Mitchell, who lived next door to Parker; that witness was one of the city watch, and that Parker was also at that time upon the watch; and witness had served with him from that time to the present day upon the watch, and never recollected missing him any time during that period from the city.

Aspinwall Cornwall testified, that he lived in Rutger-street, and had lived there a number of years; that he kept a grocery store: that he knew Parker, the prisoner at the bar, in 1800 and 1801; that Parker then lived in capt. Pelor's house; that he only lived one year in Pelor's house; that Parker while he lived there traded with witness; that witness recollected once missing Parker for a week, and inquiring, found he had been at Staten Island, at work on board one of the United States' frigates; that, excepting that time, he never knew him to be absent from his family, but saw him constantly.

Elizabeth Mitchell testified, that she knew Parker, the prisoner at the bar, well; that in the year 1800 and 1801, Parker lived in a house adjoining to one in which the witness lived; that the house Parker lived in belonged to capt. Pelor; that witness was in habits of intimacy with Parker's family, and visited them constantly; that Parker being one of the city watch, she used to hear him rap with his stick at the door to waken his family, upon his return from the watch in the morning; that she also remembered perfectly well Parker's borrowing a screw from her on Christmas day, in 1800; she offered him some spirits to drink, but he preferred a glass of wine, which she got for him: the circumstance of her lending the screw to him she was the more positive of, from recollecting also, that it was broken by Parker in using it; that Parker never lived more than one year in capt. Pelor's house, and from that time to the present day, witness had been on the same terms of intimacy with Parker's family. She therefore considered it as almost impossible that Parker could have been absent from town any time without her knowing it, and she never knew him to be absent more than one week while he lived at Pelor's house.

James Redding testified, that he had lived in the city a number of years; that he had known Parker, the prisoner at the bar, from his infancy; that Parker was born at Roe, in Westchester county; that Parker in the year 1800 lived in capt. Pelor's house; that witness saw him then continually, and never knew him during that time to be absent from town any length of time; that witness particularly remembered, that while Parker lived in capt. Pelor's house, witness, some

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time in the beginning of the month of January, 1801, assisted Parker in killing a hog.

Lewis Osborn testified, that he had been acquainted with Parker, the prisoner at the bar, for the last four years; that witness had been one of the city watch; that from June, 1800, to May, 1801, Parker served upon the watch with witness; that at first Parker served as a substitute, that is, one who, in case of the absence of a regular watchman, supplies his place; that witness remembered that Parker, a few days after Christmas, in 1800, was placed upon the roll of the regular watch, in the place of one Ransom, who was taken sick; witness was certain it was in the period above-mentioned, because that is the only time witness ever served upon the watch: that during the above period witness and Parker were stationed together while on the watch at the same post: witness was certain that Parker, the prisoner at the bar, was the person with whom he had served upon the watch, and was confident, that during that time, Parker was never absent from the watch more than a week at a time. (The prisoner's counsel here rested his defence.)

Testimony on behalf of the prosecution continued.

Moses Anderson testified, that he had lived at Haverstraw, Rockland county; that he had lived there since the year 1791; that he knew the prisoner at the bar well; that he came to the house of witness in the beginning of September, 1800; that he then passed by the name of Thomas Hoag; that he worked for the witness 8 or 10 days; that from that time till the 25th of December prisoner passed almost every Sunday at witness's house; that during prisoner's stay at Rockland county, witness saw him constantly; that if the prisoner was the person alluded to, he had a scar on his forehead, which he told witness was occasioned by the kick of a horse; he had " mark on his neck (those marks the prisoner had), he had also a *scar under his foot, between his heel and the ball of the foot*, occasioned, as he told witness, by treading upon a drawing knife; that *that scar was easy to be seen*; that his speech was remarkable, his voice being effeminate; that he spoke quick and lisped a little (those peculiarities were observable in prisoner's speech); that prisoner supped at witness's house the night of his marriage, in December, 1800; that witness had not seen prisoner until this day, since prisoner left Rockland, which was between three and four years ago; that witness was perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

Lavinia Anderson testified, that she knew the prisoner at the bar; his name was Thomas Hoag; that in September, 1800, he came to witness's house, in Rockland county, and worked for her husband eight or ten days, then worked for judge Suffrein; every Saturday night, until the prisoner was married, he and a person who passed for his brother came to witness's house, and staid till Monday morning; that witness washed for him; there was no mark upon his linen; that prisoner, if he is Thomas Hoag, has a scar upon his forehead; he has also one under his foot; was certain of the mark under his foot, because she recollected that the person who passed as his brother, having cut himself severely with a scythe, and complaining very much of the pain, Thomas Hoag told him he had been much worse wounded, and then showed the scar under his foot.

Witness also testified, that about a year ago, after a suit had been brought in the justices' court of this city, wherein the identity of the prisoner's person came in question, witness was in town, and having heard a great deal said on the subject, she was determined to see him and judge for herself; that accordingly she went to the prisoner's house, but he was not at home; she then went to the place where she was in-

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formed he stood with his cart; that she there saw him lying on his cart, with his head on his hand; that in that situation she instantly knew him; that she spoke to him; when he answered her, she immediately recognized his voice; that it was very singular, shrill, thick, hurried, and something of a lisp; that Hoag had also a habit of shrugging up his shoulders when he spoke, this she also observed in prisoner; that prisoner said he had been told she was coming to see him, and it was surprising people could be so deceived, and asked witness if she thought he was the man; witness said she thought he was, but would be more certain if she looked at his forehead; she accordingly lifted up his hat, and saw the scar upon his forehead, which she had often before seen; that prisoner then told her it was occasioned by the kick of a horse; witness added it was impossible that she could be mistaken; prisoner was Thomas Hoag.

Margaret Secor testified, that about four years ago she lived at Rockland, with her father, Moses Anderson; that the prisoner at the bar, Thomas Hoag, came to their house in September, 1800; that he remained in Rockland five or six months; that he had a scar on his forehead; that he used to come every Saturday night to her father's to pass Sunday with them; that she used to comb and tie his hair every Sunday, and thus saw the scar; that witness married about two years ago, and came immediately to live in this city; that after she had been in town a fortnight, she was one day standing at her door, and she heard a cartman speaking to his horse; that she immediatly recognized the voice to be that of Thomas Hoag, and upon looking at him saw the prisoner at the bar, and instantly knew him; that as he passed her he smiled and said, how d'ye do, cousin; that the next day he came to her house and asked her how she knew he was the man; witness replied she could tell better if he would let her look at his head; that accordingly she looked, and saw a scar upon his forehead, which she had often remarked upon the head of Hoag; witness admitted she had mentioned her suspicions to her husband, and her husband had told prisoner of it, and had brought him to the house; witness added, she was confident prisoner was the person who passed at Rockland as Thomas Hoag.

James Secor testified, that he had been married about two years and a half, that he brought his wife to town about a week after his marriage; that he knew Hoag in Rockland, and had repeatedly seen him there; when he saw prisoner at his house in town, thought him to be the same person; witness' wife had mentioned to him that Hoag had a remarkable scar on his forehead, and when prisoner was at witness' house, he saw on his head the scar his wife had described.

Nicholas W. Conkle testified, that he lived in Rockland county; that he knew the prisoner at the bar; that his name was Thomas Hoag; that he could not be mistaken in the person; that Hoag had worked a considerable time for him; that during that time he had eaten at witness' table; that Hoag being a stranger, and witness understanding he was paying his addresses to Catharine Secor, witness took a good deal of notice of him; thought him a clever fellow; saw a great deal of him; lived in a house belonging to witness; when witness saw prisoner at this place he knew him instantly, his gait, his smile (which is a very peculiar one), his very look was that of Thomas Hoag; witness endeavoured, but in vain, to find some difference in appearance between prisoner and Hoag; he was satisfied in his mind that he is the same person; Hoag he thought was about twenty-three or thirty years of age; he thought Hoag had a small scar on his neck.

Michael Burke testified, that he lived in Catharine-street, that he formerly lived in Haverstraw; that he saw prisoner several times at Haverstraw before and after his

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marriage in December, 1800; that he was as well satisfied as he could be of any that prisoner was the same person he knew in Haverstraw; that about two years ago he met prisoner in the Bowery, it was at the time of the Harlaem races; prisoner spoke to witness, said, am I not a relation of yours? witness replied, I don't know; prisoner said, I am, I married Caty Secor. Upon cross examination witness admitted that he and prisoner had had a quarrel respecting witness calling prisoner Tom Hoag; that the above conversation was after the trial in the justices' court, and witness when asked if he was at the trial, said he was not; though when interrogated particularly, whether he was not in the court room at the time, admitted that he was.

Samuel Smith was called merely as to the character of one of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution, a Mr. Knapp, and testified that he bore an unexceptionable character.

Abraham Wendell testified, that he knew one Thomas Hoag, in the latter end of the year 1800; he was at Haverstraw, that he had been very intimate with him, and knew him as well as he knew any man; that he had worked with him, that he had breakfasted, dined, and supped with him, and many a time had been at frolics with him; and that prisoner at the bar was the same man; that he had no doubt whatever about it; that about a year ago witness being in this city, was told by some persons, that Hoag had beat the Haverstraw folks in an action, wherein his identity had come in question; that witness told them he could know him with certainty; that they said, they would send him down to him that day; that witness was aboard his sloop, saw prisoner at the distance of 100 yards, coming down the street, and instantly knew him; prisoner came up to him; and said immediately, Mr. Wendell, I am told you say you will know me; witness replied, so I do; you are Thomas Hoag; that witness was as confident prisoner is the person, as he was of his own existence.

Sarah Conklin testified, that she lives in Haverstraw, that in December, 1800, a person calling himself Thomas Hoag was at witness' house, was very intimate there, used to call her aunt; is sure prisoner is the person; never can believe two persons could look so much alike; Hoag and prisoner talk, laugh, and look alike; would know Hoag from among a hundred people by his voice; prisoner must be Thomas Hoag; had not seen prisoner since he left Haverstraw till to-day.

Gabriel Conklin testified, that he lived in Haverstraw, that he knew Thomas Hoag; that he was at witness' house in September, 1800, and often there can be two persons so much alike as not to be distinguished from each other; prisoner must be Thomas Hoag; Thomas Hoag had a scar on his forehead, and a small scar just above his lip. *Prisoner had these marks.*

Further testimony in behalf of the prisoner.

James Juquar testified, that he had known Joseph Parker, the prisoner at the bar, for seven years past; that he had been intimate with him all that time; that they both worked together as riggers until Parker became a cartman; knew Parker when he lived in captain Pelor's house; never knew him absent from the city during that time for a day, excepting when he was working on board of one of the United States' frigates about a week at Staten Island. In the year 1799, prisoner hurt himself on board the Adams frigate, and he then went to his father's in Westchester county, and was absent near a month; he was very ill when he left town; witness went with him and brought him back again; he was not quite recovered; recollects perfectly Parker and some other company passing Christmas eve at witness' house, the year that Parker lived in captain Pelor's house, which was in 1800.

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Susannah Wannel testified, that she had known prisoner for six years past, that he married witness' daughter, knew him when he lived in captain Pelor's house, Parker's wife was then ill, and witness had occasion frequently to visit her; saw prisoner there and almost daily; prisoner, excepting the time when he was first sick and went to his father's in Westchester, has never been absent from the city more than a week since his marriage with witness' daughter.

It was agreed between the attorney general and the counsel for prisoner, that the prisoner should exhibit his foot to the jury, in order that they might see whether there was *that scar* which had been spoken of in such positive terms by several of the witnesses on the part of the people.

Upon exhibiting his feet, not the least mark or scar could be seen upon either of them.

In further confirmation of prisoner's innocence, there was then produced on his behalf,

Magnus Beckman, who testified, that he was captain of the city watch of the second district, that he was well acquainted with the prisoner, Joseph Parker, that he, Parker, had been for many years a watchman, and had done duty constantly upon the watch, that witness upon recurring to his books, where he keeps a register of the watchmen and of their times of service, found that prisoner, Joseph Parker, was regularly upon duty as a watchman, during the months of October, November, and December, 1800, and of January and February, 1801, and particularly that he was upon duty the 26*th of December*, 1800.

The jury, without retiring from the bar, found a verdict of *not guilty*.

ON ALLITERATION IN VERSE.

By Miss Seward.

ALLITERATION is an edge tool in the poet's hand, improving or injuring his verse, as it is judiciously or injudiciously used. Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Spenser, Milton, and all the best poets, have employed it to admirable effect; and to admirable effect has Dr. Darwin frequently employed it. It often increases, and sometimes entirely constitutes, that power which, by a metaphoric expression that literal terms would neither so concisely nor so well explain, is called *picturesque sound*. To increase the harmony of verse, alliteration must be with the vowels, the liquid letter *l*, or by the sonorous letters *m* and *n*, and even with them its too frequent use in a poem, or too lavish repetition in a single line or couplet, will injure what it is designed to improve. Dryden, in his noble Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, has alliterated with the hissing *s*, in two lines, which he meant should be peculiarly musical: thus,

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

A foreign ear would not endure the lines, which, however lively, are certainly not tender, not harmonious; yet the *s*, and all the harsher consonants, are capable of producing, by skilful application, that "echo of sound to sense," which is so eminently desirable in poetry. When Milton observes in the Paradise Lost,

So talk'd the spirited sly snake,

the line attains, solely by alliteration, the perfect hiss of the serpent; and Pope, in his Homer, by a masterly intermixture of the vowels and the sonorous consonants with his alliteration of the letter *s*, has nobly conveyed to our ear the peculiar noise of the ocean-wave when they are loud on the beach: thus,

Silent he wander'd by the sounding main.

The murmur of a calm sea has been well expressed by the alliteration of the following line:

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Slow on the damp and shelly shore she stray'd.

There is somewhere a line, in which a poetaster, mentioning the violet, says,

Where blue it blooms with balmy breath.

He thought he had hammered out an immensely fine verse, though in fact it is to the ear no whit more agreeable than,

Three blue beans in one blue bladder.

The letters *b* and *f* make miserable alliteration. Milton has used the harsh letter *r*, to very fine effect in the following lines:

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore.

Dr. Beattie, in his charming Minstrel, has so used alliteration as to produce two of the most harmonious verses in our language.

Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.

I have thus made some remarks on the use or abuse of that habit of style, which strengthens or enfeebles, adorns or misbecomes the verse, as the good or bad taste of the writer shall direct its application. Churchill has ridiculed alliteration in a line of singular felicity, for an unworthy purpoee, a satirical passage on the beautiful poetry of Mason: thus,

.....I, who never pray'd
For apt alliteration's artful aid.

But the ridicule ifftended for the sweet swan of the Humber, falls equally on the elder classics of Greece, Rome, and England.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

TO the picture of the lychnis, in the Botanic Garden, succeeds that of gloriosa superba, with her successive train of lovers, the second number rising to maturity when the first perish. This libertine lady of the groves introduces the story of the celebrated female voluptuary, in the reign of Louis XIV, Ninon de L'Enclos, whose beauty and graces are recorded to have been triumphant over the power of Time. The story of that passion, so terrible in its consequences, with which she unintentionally inspired her natural son by lord Jersey, of England, is finely told in this part; that son, totally unconscious of his birth and fatal nearness of blood to the charming Madam de L'Enclos! In the first edition of the Loves of the Plants, this extraordinary woman received both personal and mental injustice from the prelude to that story. She is there represented by the poet as wrinkled, grey, and paralytic; circumstances imcompatible with the possibility of the attachment, and contrary to the representation of her biographers. Upon their testimony we learn that Ninon retained a large portion of her personal beauty and graces to an almost incredible period; that it was considerable enough to procure her young lovers at the age of eighty, whose passion for her, however inconceivable, could not be interested, as she was not rich, and much too delicate in her sentiments to purchase the attention of the other sex.

When her son by lord Jersey was a young officer about court, known to her but unknown to himself, Madam de L'Enclos was scarcely forty years old, a period at which a very captivating degree of beauty and grace is sometimes found in the female sex. Of their existence at a considerably later period, the English fashionable circles, at this hour, exhibit some remarkable instances.

In the first edition of this poem what is here *fatal* smiles was *harlot* smiles, an epithet most injurious to

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Madam de L'Enclos. Her attentions to her son, however affectionate, must have been purely maternal, though so deplorable in their consequences. The declaration by which she repulses his impious suit, entirely acquits her of the least design to inspire him with passion. Dr. Darwin was influenced by the author of this memoir, to rescue the form of Ninon from the unreal decrepitude he had imputed to it, and her principles from such unnatural excess of depravity.

If we may credit her historians, Ninon was an exception to a maxim of the duke de Rochefoucault, which has perhaps very few exceptions, viz. "Generally speaking, the least fault of an unchaste woman, is her unchastity." Considering this remark as an axiom, the reason probably is, that chastity being the point of honour, as well as of virtue in women, its violation has a strong tendency to ingraft deceit and malignity upon the secret consciousness of self-abasement; a consciousness more fatal to the existence of other good qualities than voluptuousness itself; a consciousness too likely to produce hatred and envy towards people of spotless reputation, together with a desire to reduce others to their own unfortunate level. The great moralist of the Old Testament says, "There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman;" not because the weaker sex are naturally more depraved, but from the improbability that a fallen female should ever, even upon the sincerest repentance, regain the esteem and confidence of society, while it pardons a male libertine the instant he seems disposed to forsake his vice, and too often during its full career.

But the fault of Madam de L'Enclos was single, and surrounded by solid virtues. Truth, sincerity, disinterested friendship, economy, generosity, and strict pecuniary justice, marked her commerce with the world, and secured to her the friendship and countenance of the most eminent people of that epoch, both as to talents and character.

The rigid and pious Madam de Maintenon never ceased to be her avowed and intimate friend, as appears from a most interesting dialogue which passed between them after Maintenon became the wife of Louis XIV. It will be found in the memoirs of Madam de L'Enclos, which are elegantly translated from the French into our language, and were published by Dodsley, in 1761. It is a very brilliant and entertaining work.

ACCOUNT OF LIVING ITALIAN AUTHORS.

By Damiani.

XAVIER BETTINELLI takes the lead among the Italian poets of the present day. He is a venerable old man of the age of eighty. He is a native of Mantua, and was formerly a jesuit, and intimately connected with count Algarotti. The Italians consider him as the purest writer of his age. His works in prose are deservedly esteemed by the learned. His poetical works are also reckoned among the best Italian productions of this century. He has published three tragedies, together with some dramatic and fugitive pieces: the most esteemed, however, of his poesies are the blank verses[4] *Versi Sciolti*, which were printed in conjunction with those of Frugoni and Algarotti.

Next to Bettinelli, the most esteemed writer is abbot Joseph Parini, a Milanese. This poet possesses the singular merit of having composed a whole poem in an ironical way: this is the famous *Il Mattino il Mezzogiorno e la Sera*, the object of which is to turn into ridicule the Milanese nobility. It was first printed at Milan, in 1767. The abbot Parini wrote afterwards some other pieces, which appeared in the periodical work called the *Poetical Year*, published at Venice, in 1793.

Mr. Calsabigi, imperial counsellor, lately dead, in his 80th year,

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obtained a high reputation for his dramatic poem of *Alceste*, for a Dissertation on Dramatic Poetry, and for a number of fugitive pieces. His style, however, is extremely incorrect.

The abbot Casti, native of Montesiascone, in the ecclesiastical state, and successor to the famous Metastasio, in the court of Vienna, is now an old man, above 70. His Lyric Poems are *mediocre* productions; his Novels in Verse are much superior, yet abounding with obscenities.

Mr. Colpani, a nobleman, and a knight, is moreover an elegant poet. I am not able to say whether he is yet living. He has employed his muse very successfully on philosophical and political subjects, and excels chiefly in blank verse.

Mr. Bondi (Clement), perhaps still living, is celebrated for some burlesque, yet instructive poems, composed with taste. The poems *La Moda* and *L'Asinata* are the most esteemed.

Count Vittorio Alfieri, a Piedmontese, now in Florence, has acquired great reputation by his tragedies. He writes good Italian.

Abbot Zacchiroli obtained much celebrity, in 1774, by his juvenile poem *The Conclave*. It was a bold piece of satire, yet unequal and ill-written. Some years after, he published, at Naples, a didactic poem on *Inoculation*, in which are some fine strokes, in the genuine spirit of poetry. Latterly, his muse has been occupied in lyric fugitive pieces.

The abbot Burola (Aurelio di Giorgi), formerly a benedictine monk, is a native of Rimini. He wrote, at a very early age, some Anacreontics, which were considered as fine specimens of poetry, although deficient in style. He had also translated some poetical pieces from the German. His style afterwards became more correct, and his last lyric pieces are excellent.

The abbot Monti (Vincent), a Roman, holds a distinguished rank among the dramatic and lyric poets. His best tragedy is *Aristodemo*, and his best lyric composition *L'Entusiasmo Malinconico*.

Mr. Serio (D. Luigi), a famous advocate at Naples, is also the poet-laureate at that court. His first dramatic piece was the *Iphigenia in Aulide*. His greatest merit, however, consists in *improvvisate*, and he is, perhaps, the first in this kind in Italy.

Count Fantoni, a native of Sarzana, in Tuscany, about 36 years of age, is a great imitator of Horace, and has published many excellent odes. The celebrated Bodoni is about to publish a superb edition of his works, in 4 volumes.

The abbot Goddard (Louis), the present *Custode of Arcadia*, has published but few poetical works, yet has recited a great number in the public meetings of that society. He has also written a highly approved translation of Horace, which he is also about to publish.

Mr. Lamberti (Lewis), of Reggio, is well conversant in the ancient and modern languages, and has published an elegant translation of some idyls of *Theocritus*.

Count Lorenzi, a native of Verona, is a good poet, and a very great *improvvisatore*. Bettinelli, in his enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, speaks of him in terms highly to his honour.

Mr. Mazza, a Parmesan, is admired as a poet for his nervous style, his happy choice of words, and the sublimity and novelty of his conceptions. His best work is *L'Armonia*.

Mr. Pindemonte, a Veronese, has composed some excellent lyric poems, and some other pieces, in *ottava rima*, taking Ariosto for his model.

Mr. Vannetti, of Roveredo, has written a small number of poems, among which are some translations of Horace. He has gained the applause of Bettinelli.

Mr. Baruffaldi excels in dithirambic poetry.

Mr. Gianni is a great *improvvisatore*. His poems are written with

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energy, although his style be incorrect.

Count Calini, a Parmesan nobleman, has published a tragedy, entitled *Zelinda*, thought to be the most perfect dramatic poem which has appeared in Italy in this century.

Count Pepoli, a Bolognese senator, has also written a number of tragedies, which are in little repute from their bad versification.

An attentive observer of the vicissitudes of literature in Italy, will not fail to have remarked, that some of the petty states in that extensive country have risen of late to a high degree of celebrity, while others, which flourished exceedingly in centuries past, have experienced a considerable decay. Ever since the revival of the arts and sciences in Europe, Tuscany had been the Attica of Italy; and it has been computed, that the number of writers who have arisen in that little duchy is equal to that of all the other Italian writers put together. Next to Tuscany, the Venetian dominions were the seat of literature and the arts; Rome appeared with little *eclat;* the kingdom of Naples was only famous for forensic eloquence; and Lombardy was sunk into the deepest ignorance, or *incuria*..... About half a century ago, some political changes in the respective governments produced considerable alteration in the minds of the inhabitants. Tuscany, after the extinction of the illustrious house of Medicis, has not experienced, in the succeeding dynasty, the liberal patronage and ardent love of letters. The political constitution of Venice is an invincible obstacle to the progress of that branch of philosophy which constitutes the principal glory of this age: on the other hand, the city of Naples, become once again the seat of a powerful monarchy, has made such bold advances in literary and philosophical improvement, as it could never have possibly made under the servile government of the Spaniards. Lombardy has experienced a similar change, and to so great a degree, that Milan may be now said to enjoy as great literary honours as Paris and London. Accordingly, we meet with but a scanty number of writers all over the little states of Italy, a considerable number in Naples, and a luxuriant abundance in Milan: each of these states, however, has, in its mode of cultivating the arts and sciences, a character peculiar to itself.

Mr. Affo, a Parmesan, has lately published several tracts relative to the history and antiquities of his country; such as *The Mint and Coins of Parma, Memoirs of the Parmesan Writers, An Essay on the Parmesan Typography*, and *The Lives of Cardinal Pallavicino and Taddeo Ugoleto;* all these works illustrate, more or less, the general history of Italy, and all of them have been printed by the famous Bodoni.

Mr. Andres, an ex-jesuit, has published a valuable treatise on *The Origin, Progress, and present State of every branch of Literature*, printed by Bodoni. The scheme is bold, but not completely executed. Mr. Andres possesses, however, the unexceptional merit of writing Italian in perfection.

Mr. Arteaga is the author of an admired piece, *The Revolutions of the Musical Theatre in Italy.* It is elegantly written, and was printed first at Bologna, in 1783, in 4 volumes, 8vo.

The states of the pope, I am concerned to say, are the most ignorant of any in Italy; and, what will be thought a very singular phenomenon, the country towns are more enlightened than Rome. An *Historical Bibliography* of the pope's states was printed in Rome, in 1792. Mr. Milizia, a great amateur in the fine arts, published, in 1781, *Memoirs of Ancient and Modern Architects:* a similar work appeared in 1785, in 4 vols. 4to. intitled, *Memoirs for the Fine Arts.* Cardinal Borgia, however, is considered as one of the most learned men in Europe. His principal work, relative to *the Supreme Dominion of the Holy See over the kingdom of Naples*, was

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published in 1788. It was justly observed, at that time, that he was *the best advocate in the worst cause.*

The *Annali Bolognese* of Savioli is only a compilation.

The Piedmontese nation may boast of two great men, both of them expatriated: the famous La Grange, now in Paris, supposed to be the greatest mathematician in Europe, and Denina, who lives in Berlin. This last published, before he left Italy, *The Literary and Political History of Greece*, *The Revolutions of Italy*, and many other valuable productions. He afterwards wrote *The Vicissitudes of Literature*, and the *Prusse Literaire.*

Nothing better proves the decay of literature in Tuscany, than the *Collection of writings for Royal Jurisdiction*, published in Florence, in 1770, in 38 vols. In an enlightened age, it was ridiculous to investigate the absurd pretensions of the court of Rome. Mr. Lanzi has published two tracts; *Essays on the Ancient Languages of Italy*, in 3 vols. 8vo. and *The History of Paintings in the Southern Parts of Italy*: these have not been held in great estimation. The Tuscans, however, have not wholly degenerated. Mr. Sestini is a well-informed naturalist and antiquarian, and well known from his travels in the Levant. He published, in the period from 1779 to 1794, the following works, *A Description of the Museum of the Prince of Bascari*, *Numismatic Dissertations*, and *Travels through Turkey.* The abbot Mariti is entitled to the esteem of the learned. *His Travels through Cyprus*, *Syria*, *and Palestine*, in 9 vols. 8vo. present novel ideas to politicians, learned men, and artists. Mr. Battini is a learned naturalist: he has published *Enquiries concerning the Mineral waters of Sienna.* Dr. Mascagni is an able physician: he is now about to publish the second edition of his celebrated *System of the Lymphatic Vessels.* *The History of Tuscany*, *under the house of Medicis*, by Salluzzo, is an incomplete work, and it is matter of regret, as a French journalist observes, that no good historiography has as yet appeared of that celebrated house.

In the Venetian states, the abbot Melchoir Cesarotti is entitled to the first notice as a learned man. Exclusive of his numberless translations of different classical productions, from every language, the best of which is, in my opinion, the *Poems of Ossian*, he has published *A Rational Course of Greek Literature*, and *An Essay on the Italian Tongue.* In the dominions of the republic of Venice, the study of agrarian matters is vigorously pursued: witness, among others, the works of Mr. Bertrand, printed at Vicenza, in 1780.

The Neapolitan writers, generally speaking, are chargeable with two material faults: the being rather inclined to collect the sentiments of others, than to exhibit a system of new ideas of their own, and being deficient in a just method of writing, and in a philosophical or analytical language. This may be ascribed to the prevailing style of the bar, which being much studied in Naples, extends its influence over every part of literature.

The great number of civilians in that extensive metropolis, and the incessant contests between the king and the pope, relative to the jurisdiction of the state, turn the minds of most of the learned toward civil and canon law, the rights of nations, and ecclesiastical history. So that, though printing be as actively in exercise at Naples as in London, few literary productions appear there which claim an universal interest; at least, they bear no proportion to the greatness of the kingdom. The Neapolitans can boast but few proficients in the mathematics and natural history, although some of them excel in medicine. The works of Cotugno, Cirillo, Andria, Fasano, and others, are generally known. On subjects of philosophy and politics, next to the celebrated Filangieri, is the work of D. Francesco D'Astore, entitled, *The Elocution of Philosophy*, in 2 vols. 8vo. This

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work is far from being well written, although the author is entitled to the highest praise for having been the first to elicit the true principles of oratorical institutions in Naples. The *Essays on the Civilization of Nations*, by D. Mario Pagano, in 2 vols. 8vo. are better executed, and by far more original, than the *Science of Legislation* of Filangieri: from some unaccountable reason, however, they have not succeeded well in other countries. D. Melchiorre Delfico has published many political writings, the best of which is *The Absurdities of the Roman Laws*. D. Giuseppe Galanti has published the *Political and Natural Description of the Kingdom of Naples*, in several volumes: he is censured for want of method and taste. The abbot Longano has published many works on metaphysical and political subjects, which are generally esteemed, above all, his *Natural Man*. The work which reflects the highest honour on the Neapolitans, is the *Art of War*, by the marquis Parmieri. This learned nobleman merited, by his production, the esteem of the late king of Prussia, and the emperor Joseph II. Two other learned men should not be passed by in Naples: D. Pietro Signorelli, who wrote the *History of the Theatre*, in 3 vols. 8vo. and D. Saverio Mattei, author of the *Poetical Works of the Bible*, and formerly a great friend of Metastasio.

The true seat of philosophy in Italy is, as we have already mentioned, the Austrian Lombardy..... The college of Brera, in Milan, is the emporium of all the literati of the country, and contains whatever is interesting in philology, sciences, and arts. Here is a library of 80,000 volumes, an observatory, an academy of the fine arts, and a patriotic society. The observatory is under the direction of three famous astronomers: Oriani, De Cesaris, and Preggio. Father Soave, an able metaphysician, and an elegant writer, is a professor in this college. He has published a philosophical grammar, like that of our Harris. From the school of Beccaria two great philosophers have risen, Count Carli, who, besides a number of works on economics, has obtained a great reputation by his writings on coins; and count Verri, well known by his philosophical works, as well as by his *History of Milan*. Spallanzani lives in Pavia: it is to be regretted, that this excellent naturalist, like the rest of his countrymen, (Soave excepted) is extremely defective in style.

There are several periodical publications in Italy: *Memoirs of the Mathematics and Physics*, in Verona; *Transactions of the Patriotic Society*, and the *Opuscoli Scetti*, in Milan; the *Journal of Modena* planned by the late Tiraboschi; the *Bibliotheca Oltramontana*, in Turin; the *Journal of Pisa*, the *Ephemerides of Rome*, and the *Analysis Raisonnee of New Books*, in Naples.

DURATION OF LIFE IN SOME ANIMALS.

A TABLE of the duration of life, in certain animals:

	Years.
Cricket	10
Spider (sometimes more than)	1
Scorpion, generally (and sometimes more than)	1
River crayfish	20
Carp	100 to 150
Pike (sometimes more than)	40
Crocodile	100
Tortoise	100
Hen	10
Peacock	24
Nightingale and lark	16 to 18
Canary, if it does not couple	24
——— if it breeds annually	10
Sparrow-hawk	40
Goose	50
Swan	100
Eagle	100
Parrot	110
Rabbit, from	8 to 9
Goat	10
Sheep	10
Hog	20
Cat	18
Squirrel	7

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Hare, from	7 to 8
Dog, from	23 to 28
Wolf	20
Bear	20
Fox	15
Lion	60
Cow (sometimes more than)	20
Bull	30
Ox, employed in agriculture	19
Deer	20
Horse, from	25 to 30
Ass, from	25 to 50
Camel, from	50 to 60
Elephant, from	150 to 200

MAN....POLITICO-ARITHMETICALLY CONSIDERED.

SUPPOSING the earth peopled with 100,000,000 inhabitants, and allowing 33 years for a generation, it has been computed, that the deaths of each year amount to 30,000,000

Of each day, to - 82,135

Of each hour, to - 3,442$\frac{7}{24}$

But as the number of deaths is to the number of births, as 10 to 12, there are born, every year 36,000,000

Every day - 98,569

Every hour - 4,107$\frac{1}{24}$

If mankind had not been doomed to die, there would have been, at present, about 173,000 billions of mortals on the earth; and in this case, there would still have been 9110 square feet of earth remaining for each man.

Reckoning only three generations during a century, and supposing, at the same time, that the world has only existed 5700 years, there have been only 171 generations from the creation to our own time, 124 since the deluge, and 53 since the christian æra: now, as no family in Europe can trace its origin to the time of Charlemagne, it follows, that the most ancient houses cannot reckon more than 30 generations, and very few, if any, can go so far back; but supposing it to be the case, what is this, but 1000 years illustrations, against 4,800 years of obscurity?

On an equal space where there exists,

In Iceland	1	man
There is in Norway	3	
Sweden	14	
Turkey	36	
Poland	52	
Spain	63	
Ireland	99	
Switzerland	114	
Great Britain	119	
Germany	127	
England	152	
France	153	
Italy	172	
Naples	192	
Venice	196	
Holland	224	
And in Malta	1,103	

Out of every thousand men, 28 die off annually.

The number of inhabitants of a city or country is renewed nearly every thirty years.

Of 200 children, no more than one dies in the birth.

Of 100, one does not die during the mother's lying-in.

Of 1000 infants, fed by means of the mother's milk, not above 300 die; but of the same number reared by wet nurses, 500 die. The mortality of children has augmented greatly during the present luxurious age; convulsions and teething kill the greater numer of them.

The natural small-pox usually carries off 8 in every 100 attacked by it; but of 300 inoculated, no more than one dies.

Among 3125 who die, it appears, by the registers, that there is only one person of 100 years of age.

More old men are to be found on elevated situations than on plains and vallies.

The proportion between the deaths of women, and that of men, is as 100 to 108. The probable duration of female lives is 60; but at that period, the calculation is more favourable to them, than to the males.

Married women live longer than maidens.

In the country, the spring is the most fatal period; but in great cities, it is the winter.

One half of those who are born, die before they attain the age of se-

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venteen: thus, they who survive that period, enjoy a degree of happiness, which a moiety of the human race is unable to attain.

The number of old men, who die in cold weather, is to the number of those who die in warm weather, as 7 to 4.

According to the observation of Boerhaave, the most healthy children are born in the months of January, February, and March.

The married women are to the unmarried, in the ratio of 1 to 3; and the married to the unmarried men, as 3 to 5. The number of twins born is to that of single children, as 1 to 65 or 70.

The number of marriages is to that of the inhabitants of a country, as 175 to 1000.

In the country, there are about four children produced by every marriage; in cities, there are but 35 to 10 marriages.

The men able to bear arms, form the fourth part of the inhabitants of a country.

INFERNAL MACHINE.

IT is now well known that Monsieur Fouche at the head of the police, was acquainted with this conspiracy from its first conception, and, by his vigilant agents, was informed of the daily progress made in the construction of this destructive instrument, of the plan of which he had even a copy. The conspirators proceeded with perfect confidence, and, as they thought, with perfect security. Three days before it was quite completed, and ready for its fell purpose, from some surprise, or dread of detection, they changed their place of meeting, and in one night removed the machine from the spot where it had been usually deposited. The penetrating eye of the police lost sight of them. Fouche and his followers exercised their unrivalled talents for pursuits and discovery, to no purpose. The baffled minister then waited upon Bonaparte, to whom he regularly imparted the result of every day's information respecting it, and told him, that he could no longer trace the traitorous instrument of his assassination, and requested him, as he knew it must be completed by this time, not to go to any public place, until he had regained a knowledge of it. Bonaparte replied, that fear only made cowards and conspirators brave; and that he had unalterably determined to go with his accustomed equipage to the national concert that very evening. At the usual hour, the first consul set off, undismayed, from the Thuilleries; a description of the machine, which was made to resemble a water cask, being first given to the coachman, servants, and guards. As they proceeded, the advanced passed it unobserved, but the coachman discovered it just as the consular carriage was on a parallel with it; instantly the dexterous and faithful charioteer lashed his horses into full speed, and turned the corner of the rue Marcem. In one moment after, the terrible machine exploded, and covered the street with ruins. The thunder of its discharge shook the houses of Paris, and was heard at a considerable distance in the country.

EXCURSION TO THE NORTH OF GERMANY.

DESCRIPTION OF HAMBURG.

HAMBURG, once a distinguished member of the hanseatic confederacy, so celebrated in the annals of Europe from the 13th to the close of the 15th century, is still one of the first cities in Germany in wealth and population, and inferior to none in commercial importance throughout the widely extended regions of the empire. It is situated on the confines of Holstein, in north latitude 53° 34″, and in longitude east of the meridian of Greenwich 9° 55″, about 70 miles from Cuxhaven,

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and 80 from the mouth of the Elbe. A very advantageous position on the banks of a navigable river, which equally facilitates its communication with the interior of Germany and the North Sea, attracted the attention of mercantile adventurers in the dawn of civilization in the north of Europe. Its earliest fortifications are attributed to the age of Charlemagne; important privileges fostered the infancy of commerce, in a somewhat later period; and commerce soon rewarded the industry of the inhabitants, and contributed to the splendour of the city. Hamburg rose still higher in power and opulence during the existence of the Hanseatic alliance, and remained uninjured by the dissolution of that powerful league..... Its prosperity encreased with the extension of commercial intercourse amongst the modern nations, and its trade was generally augmented by the convulsions of the political world. The privileges of a free imperial city, encouraged the emulation of rival merchants; in times of the fiercest warfare the flag of Hamburg was constantly respected, and the belligerents themselves were benefited by the resources which a neutral port supplied..... Hamburg thus became the great emporium of Europe during every naval contest, as it has been the storehouse of the north of Germany for a long series of years. From the upper regions of the Elbe, vessels are continually arriving, freighted with the produce of the interior; and return, laden with the necessary supply of imports, for the countries depending on the navigation of this far-flowing stream. In its foreign commercial relations, Hamburg is intimately connected with Great Britain, France, and almost every maritime power in Europe, with the United States of North America, and with some of the West Indian islands. With the Mediterranean and the south of Europe, a direct communication being prevented by the depredations of the piratical states of Barbary, the produce of these countries is imported in foreign vessels, to which indeed Hamburg is tributary for a considerable proportion of its trade. Lubeck affords to the Hamburgers a readier means of commercial intercourse with Russia and the other states of the Baltic, than the more circuitous passage of the Cattegat and the Sound; since goods can be transported from thence, either by land or water, at no great expence, and with a considerable advantage in security and dispatch. Hamburg is consequently frequented by the vessels of various countries, and becomes the resort of the enterprizing merchant from the greatest portion of the civilized world

The lofty towers of Hamburg, and its massy ramparts, form a prominent feature in the external prospect, rising above the surrounding scenery, and crowning the beauties of the whole. Verdant groves, and walks shaded with lindens, diversify the appearance of a sandy plain, which the industry of man has cultivated and embellished with no common care. Altona, the now aspiring rival of Hamburg, in opulence and commerce, bounds the territories of the Hans-Town at a short distance on the west side of the city; whilst to the eastward a chain of outer fortifications comprehends within its limits the beautiful and extensive suburb of St. George, the dependent bailiwick of Ham, and the buildings on the City Dyke. ....The majestic Elbe, interspersed with numerous islands, flows to the southward of the city, partly washing the fortifications, and partly separated from the ramparts by an extensive marsh, subject in winter to frequent inundations, but in summer affording excellent pasturage for cattle. On the north, or rather the north-east, the Alster, expanded to a spacious lake from the confluence of some smaller streams a few miles distant from the city, enters within the ramparts by the Lombards bridge, and forms there a beautiful basin before it penetrates, by canals, through the interior, to

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mingle its waters with the Elbe..... Numerous pleasure-gardens, villas, and other edifices of a public and private nature, line the margins of the Alster, and decorate the appearance of the adjacent plain..... Thus, on every side of Hamburg a highly cultivated country, adorned with wood and water, forms an interesting and variegated prospect; the whole of which is comprehended within the bounds of the horizon from some elevated stations in the city.

The beauties of Hamburg vanish with the external prospect; and the eye of taste will scarcely receive one solitary gratification within the walls of this important city. It approaches in form towards an unequal circle, or rather an oblong, the length of which may be estimated at two miles and a half, the breadth at two miles, whilst the circumference scarcely exceeds five. A population of near one hundred thousand inhabitants crowded within this space, in a city abounding with ware-houses and manufactories, intersected by canals, and containing within its boundaries two spacious havens and an extensive basin, where also numerous areas and markets, churches and other public buildings occupy a considerable portion of ground, admits not the possibility of those arrangements which health and convenience equally require. The south-east division of Hamburg is built in the very worst style of ancient cities; the streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved, winding in various and complicated directions, to the great annoyance of the inexperienced traveller, who, disdaining the assistance of a *valet de place*, attempts unguided to explore his way. The houses of the principal inhabitants are lofty, commodious rather than elegant within, and present, after the fashion of many continental cities, their gables towards the street. Though their height almost totally excludes the rays of the sun, rows of trees are planted in front of each, which, however pleasing their appearance in spring and summer, must, with their falling leaves in autumn, inevitably become a nuisance, equally intolerable to the passenger, and injurious to the health of the city. The habitations of the poor are wretched hovels, crowded together in narrow lanes, and seldom containing more than one or two rooms. The greatest contrast to these abodes of wretchedness, is presented by some houses facing the southern ramparts, which, with their adjoining gardens, display an attention to neatness and elegance very superior to the general appearance. In the north-west division of Hamburg, or, as it is frequently called, the *New Town*, more spacious streets and elegant houses, a superior attention to arrangement and cleanliness, and a more modern style of architecture prevails. Some public buildings here display an elegant exterior. Areas allow a more free circulation of a purer air; an air unsaturated with the effluvia of a market, and untainted with the vapours of a foul canal. The upper haven, destined to receive the produce of the interior of Germany, is situated to the eastward of the Marsh; the lower haven, for vessels from the lower regions of the Elbe and from the North Sea, at the opposite extremity of the same; both are contained within the limits of the fortifications, and communicate through canals with the greatest part of the city. These canals, whilst they certainly facilitate the conveyance of goods into every quarter, must too frequently produce a noxious vapour injurious to health; for though the constant action of the tide ought to cleanse them of every contingent impurity, foul bottoms are occasionally displayed. The communication across these between the streets and lanes is maintained by drawbridges, amounting to upwards of 80 in number, which consequently afford a ready access from one peninsular division to another.

The principal harbour, in which all vessels of burthen are moored, lies without the ramparts, extend-

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ing from the lower haven to the south-west extremity of the city.... Here the flags of various nations are frequently displayed, as the constant arrival or departure of vessels enlivens the prospect, and agitates the mind of the Hamburger with continual hopes and fears.

The fortifications of Hamburg, to which I have frequently alluded, consist principally of massy ramparts, and a spacious ditch. Wooden palisades supply the place of the former on the side of the havens, and the latter occasionally gives place to the waters of the Alster and the Elbe. The ramparts are flanked by 22 bastians mounted with several large pieces of ordnance, and are guarded in the day-time by a hired soldiery, but during the night are committed to the protection of a civic troop. A spacious walk, adorned and shaded with trees of various kinds, affords to the inhabitants an agreeable promenade along the ramparts, and displays the variegated beauties of the environs, as they successively occur.

By resorting to a boat for a short distance on the side of the lower haven, or by there taking a circuitous course through the adjacent streets, they may be regularly perambulated, and are a favourite resort of the Hamburgers from every quarter of the city. These ramparts may indeed be termed more truly the ornament than the defence of Hamburg; for in a military point of view their importance is indisputably small. They were lately abandoned on the first summons to the Danes, and in the present state of military science can never long withstand the attacks of a formidable army, or avert the dangers of a regular siege. Four principal gates communicate with the country on the land side, two smaller portals lead into the marshes, and two flood-gates open from the havens into the Elbe. To restrain the nocturnal excursions of the inhabitants, and prevent the escape of delinquents under the veil of night, these various outlets are, during every season, with an exception in favor of the Stein-Thor leading to the suburb St. George, closed with the setting sun. Though the Stein-Thor is passable for a small gratuity till midnight, the gates of the outer fortifications are always closed with those of the city; but on the side of the Alster, which bounds the suburb on the north-west, an escape into the country is practicable at every period of the night.

Though all the principal streets of Hamburg are continually crowded with passengers, the greatest bustle naturally prevails on the side of the harbours and in the vicinity of the exchange.

The crowds in Hamburg are composed of the industrious and the active, employed in the exercise of their respective callings; the idle rarely mix here with the busy throng, the inquisitive still more seldom, and mendicants are prohibited by law. From one o'clock till three the exchange is resorted to by merchants, manufacturers, and others interested in the transactions of the day. Within the area and in the streets adjoining an immense concourse is regularly assembled, importance in every face, haste in every step, every mind agitated by the rise or fall of the markets, calculating on the respective value of banco, courant, and specie, or speculating on the fluctuations of exchange. Yet during the whole of my residence in Hamburg it was a general complaint, that no business could be done; the aspect of affairs during a late important negociation varied with every mail, and speculations of all kinds were at a stand. If at such a period the exchange was continually crowded, what must it have been, when Hamburg was the emporium of Europe, and enjoyed the almost exclusive commerce of the western world!

To the mutual jealousies of the neighbouring princes, and the interest more distant nations find in the security of free commercial cities,

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the feeble remains of a once formidable confederacy* owe the continuation of that political independence of which their less fortunate associates have been deprived. Amidst the awful convulsions of the present moment, so dangerous to the liberties of Europe, from the destructive conquests and insatiable ambition of hereditary sovereigns or of upstart statesmen, of which Poland, Switzerland, and Holland afford the amplest proofs, should these industrious cities submerge under the dominion of a crowned despot, or a military usurper, their commanding situations might indeed retain a trade beneficial to the interests of the usurper, but beneficial to him and his dominions alone. The active energies of commerce would decay in the grasp of despotism, wealth would fly before the arbitrary exactions of the rapacious invader, and industry would sink under the weight of prohibition injurious to the prosperity of trade.

The government of Hamburg is administered by an elective magistracy, consisting of four burgermasters, twenty-four senators, and some other officers of state, who possess the right of filling up vacancies in their own body, and the exercise of the whole legislative, executive, and judicial power.

The religion of the state is Lutheran, the allied cities having early adopted the doctrines of the reformation, more congenial to the principles of freedom, than the dogmas of the court of Rome.

Engrossed almost solely with commercial speculations, the citizens of Hamburg have totally neglected the patronage or cultivation of the arts. ...Among cities of equal celebrity scarcely one is so entirely destitute of sculpture or paintings worthy of the traveller's attention, whilst literature and science have been regarded by the great mass of society with almost equal neglect. A monument has indeed been erected to the memory of Busche, a celebrated mathematician and political economist, and a pompous cenotaph is announced for the tomb of Klopstock, the far-famed author of the Messiah. But whilst national vanity is gratified by this display of public honours, decreed to the ashes of departed genius, emulation rouses not the youth of Hamburg to exertion in the paths of science. Literature is still the business of the few, not the chosen amusement of the many....the only certain harbinger of general improvement, in the acquisitions of science, or in the culture of national taste. The recreations of the Hamburgers consist in far more sensual gratifications, in a splendid equipage, and a handsome villa, in the enjoyment of sumptuous banquets, and the dangerous but too fascinating allurements of play. The theatre is by far the most rational source of entertainment to which they repeatedly resort: but the drama affords variety so suited to many different tastes, is so universal a favourite with the public in every civilized community, that a recurrence to its amusements in any particular society can never be considered as a trait of its national character in a discriminating point of view.

Hospitality, elsewhere a general trait in the mercantile character, forms no prominent feature here..... The Hamburger is alone accessible in his counting house and upon 'Change. The door of his town-residence or his villa is rarely opened to the stranger, who approaches him with the most respectable introductions, if he is not still more strongly recommended by expected advantages in trade. Cold and formal in his evasions on subjects of general enquiry, which he cannot or he will not satisfy, he is active and warm in his reiterated offers of service in every question connected with commercial advantages, or as promising a future extension of his trade. He is indefatigable in all his mercantile concerns; these alone employ the whole force of his genius, and display the energies of

* Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen.

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each superior mind. The Hamburgers in general are expert at calculation, and acquire with facility the principal languages of Europe, the two most important branches of education, to which the youth destined for commercial occupations can apply. To the merchant alone Hamburg will be a city of frequent or of chosen resort: the general traveller will almost constantly consider it as a mere gate to the continent, leading towards prospects of superior beauty, and opening into far more interesting scenes.

ACCOUNT OF MRS. DELANY.

THE venerable and celebrated Mrs. Delany, some time deceased, and her miraculous hortus siccus, are introduced by Dr. Darwin as a simile to papyra; but describing a totally different art from hers, even that of a mere artificial flower-maker, this simile, which bears so little resemblance to writing and printing, forms one of the most censurable passages in the whole poem. Mrs. Delany, in her representation of plants and flowers, native and exotic, and which fill ten immense folio volumes, used neither the wax, moss, or wire attributed to her in this entirely false description of her art. She employed no material but paper, which she herself, from her knowledge of chemistry, was enabled to dye of all hues, and in every shade of each; no implement but her scissors, not once her pencil; yet never did painting present a more exact representation of flowers of every colour, size, and cultivation, from the simple hedge and field-flower, to the most complicated foliage that horticulture has multiplied. This lady, once Mrs. Pendarvis, the friend and correspondent of Swift, and in her later years honoured by the friendship and frequent visits at Windsor of the king, queen, and princesses, began this her astonishing self-invented work at the age of seventy-four. The poet here misrepresents her as being assisted by her virgin train. She had no assistant; no hands, but her own, formed one leaf or flower of the ten volumes. Her family were mortified by a description which they justly thought degraded her peculiar art; and remonstrated with Dr. Darwin on the occasion, expressing a wish that future editions might contain its more just picture on his poetic page. He said, the description in the note was accurate; but that truth in this, as in many other instances, being less favourable to poetry than fiction, he did not chuse to alter the text.

VACCIOLOUS INOCULATION A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST PLAGUE.

DR. DE CARRO, of Vienna, has addressed a letter to Dr. Jenner, containing the following extraordinary circumstances, tending to prove that the *vacciolous inoculation* is a preventative of the plague:

"Your discovery has produced some consequences which you surely were very far from foreseeing, when you made it known to the world. I believe that I once mentioned to you, that a French physician, Mons. Lafont, thought he had observed, that vaccinated people were not attacked by the plague. He described to me the facts which raised the suspicion; they were few, and not very conclusive; but he spoke of his new observations with modesty and prudence, and thought only that the subject deserved his further attention. Another physician at Constantinople, Mons. Auban, who never had any communication with M. Lafont, who is of Salonica, wrote to me about a year ago, that he also had some suspicion of the cow-pox being a preservative against the plague....did not mention facts, but said that several people had observed the same, and many vaccinated themselves as a security against the plague. Guess what was my astonishment when, a

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few days ago, I received, through the French ambassador at Vienna, a packet of Dr. Auban, who begins his letter with these words: 'What I had the honour of mentioning to you long ago, concerning the cow-pox being a security against the plague, as a probability, I can now, after many experiments, speak of almost as a certainty.' He describes the facts summarily in his letter, and adds two *proces verbaux*, signed by him and several witnesses, desiring Citizen Champagny and myself to give them every possible publicity. The proofs are:

1st. "Of 6000 vaccinated at Constantinople, not one has taken the plague.

2d. "That infants previously vaccinated have sucked without injury the milk of nurses infected with the plague.

3d. "That an Italian physician, Dr. Valli, who went to Constantinople to study the plague, was so persuaded of the truth of the new discovery, that, upon the sole security of having been vaccinated, he shut himself up in a lazaretto, and had with people attacked with carbuncles and buboes various modes of contact, without any effect.

4th. "That the same Dr. Valli inserted into his own hand, a mixture of variolous and pestilential virus, and having felt no effect from that trial, he meant the following week to insert pestilential virus alone.

5th. "That Dr. Auban having been informed that in some villages near Constantinople the cows were subject to some eruptions on their udders, he, with several other gentlemen of the French embassy, went to those villages, and found the cow-pox then existing. The report of the inhabitants was, that they had never seen the plague or the small-pox among them, though both these diseases made dreadful ravages in the vicinity.

"Such, my dear sir," continues Dr. De Carro, "are the extraordinary facts which have been communicated to me. I have now and then corresponded with M M. Lafont and Auban; their correspondence announces much medical information. The second, acquainting the world with such an important discovery, runs certainly a great risk if he deceives it by false and hasty observations."

SHOW AND USE, AN APOLOGUE.

ONE morning, lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare, miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also, that a she-ass kept for his lady's use as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him. "As for the foal," said he to the groom, "that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour, Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please." The groom thanked his lordship, and, said he would then give him to Isaac the woodman.

In due sime, miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken to squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him Young Peer. He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the squire's own children....kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed, and regularly exercised. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine, and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Every body admired him as the completest colt that could be seen.

So fine a creature could not be destined to any useful employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not

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well afford the expence, saved part of it by turning off a domestic tutor whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length, having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the squire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldest days in winter he had no other shelter than the lee side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence. As soon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless he grew up, as the children themselves did, strong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so, taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him with his son Tom to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrenness of the soil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the soil of his whole garden, so that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Isaac, being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little shed of boughs and mud in order to shelter him from the bad weather. He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and after his daily journies he was allowed to ramble at pleasure. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and, upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man; but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present; while the squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished that his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.

HINDOO IDEAS OF RURAL BEAUTY.

SOME readers may be amused with the ideas of rural or forest beauty, as conceived by a Hindoo poet, as they appear in the following passages of a tale, from that language:

"There was not, in all that forest, a tree without fruit, or flowers; nor was there one that bore thorns, or whose branches were not covered with bees. The birds filled the air of this delightful place with their songs; it was highly decorated with flowers, and clothed with trees, whose boughs, covered with the blossoms of every season, afforded a refreshing shelter. There were trees with flowery branches, which being gently agitated by the wind, were constantly shedding down showers of variegated blossoms.

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There were others arrayed in robes of painted flowers, whose sky-touching heads were filled with choirs of sweetly-singing birds, and on whose tender stalks, bending down with loads of blossoms, were swarms of six-footed honey sippers sweetly humming; and there were many places spread with an abundance of flowers, the sight of which afforded the king great pleasure.

"That forest too abounded in trees with lofty trunks, resembling the standard of the mighty Eendra, and whose flowery branches mutually embraced. It was haunted by troops of good and evil spirits, by tribes of Gandharvas and Apsaras, and by numbers of wanton Vanaras and Keennaras. The air, which was cool, pleasant, fragrant, and laden with sweet-scented dust of the flowers, in moving about the forest, passed among the trees, as if it would sport with them. Such was the forest which the king beheld; it was pleasantly situated, highly raised on the bank of a river, appearing, as it were, like a lofty standard."

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Continued from page 235.

WITH the fifth book is introduced the visit of Omnipresence to Christ in the garden, the agony and bloody sweat. The journey of the Almighty is announced by ten-thousanders....so Klopstock calls the thunders which are heard at his setting off....and is measured by sun-miles, the distance from sun to sun. The inhabitants of the star Adamida see the Godhead passing by. This star and our earth are twin planets, made at one time, and stocked at one time with similar Adams and Eves. In Adamida the forbidden fruit has not been gathered: it is peopled, brim full, with immortal men, women, and children, whose paradisial plenty, poetic piety, and patriarchal pleasures, are elegantly depicted. Criticism willingly winks at the inconsistencies, in favour of the attractions of this description of Eden retained.

Abbadona, a penitent fallen angel, who comes to behold the agony, although an episodical is an interesting personage: he is always the most welcome of the supernatural beings.

In the sixth book the arrestation of Jesus takes place. The apparition of a death-angel to Philo, when he threatens the capital punishment of Jesus, with the words: "I appoint thee in the valley of Benhinnon, there shalt thou see my face again," is a well projected parody of the genius's appearing to Brutus, but it is not fortunately executed; it wants, like every transplantation of Klopstock's, conciseness, simple grandeur, and fewness of impressive ornaments: too much is said by the angel, too many things about him are described. The second appearance in the thirteenth canto is not better managed.

The seventh book narrates the penitence and self-slaughter of Judas tragically and sublimely. The interference of Portia, the wife of Pilate, at the solicitation of Mary, the mother of Jesus, to obtain the release of the son, is conducted with nobleness, tenderness, and propriety. "The mother of the Uncreated" displays a loftiness admired even by angels. The scourging, the crowning with thorns, and the sortition of the garments, are hurried over with prudent rapidity. Very few passages recall Vida's Christiad: one of these is Portia's dream, which, however improved in Klopstock, probably results from the lines

Romanum interea monet ipsa exterrita visis
Per somnum conjux, juvenis ne sanguine sese
Polluat, abstineat capto, portenta minari
Magna Deum in somnis, &c.
CHRISTIADOS, LIB. V.

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Tasso and Milton have not consulted Vida so fruitlessly.

In the eight book the crucifixion is effected. An eclipse produced by the miraculous interposition of the star Adamida, which Uriel is ordered to guide between the sun and the earth, give rise to a fine description.

Earth grew still at the sinking twilight: the twilight
Gloomier, stiller the earth. Broad ghastly shadows, with pale gleams
Streak'd more dimly and more, flow'd troublous over the mountains.
Dumb withdrew the fowls of heav'n to the depths of the forest;
Beasts of the field stole fearful to hide in the loneliest caverns;
Even the worm slunk down. In the air reign'd death-like silence.
Man, slow-breathing, look'd at the heavens. The gathering darkness
Now was night. The star stood still (so Uriel guided)
Quenching the sun light wholly. In horribly visible midnight
Veil'd were the world's wide fields. Sound was not. But Jesus
Hung on the cross, dumb: mixt with his blood slow trickled the death-sweat.
Struck, as with judgments of God, earth lay. More struck to the inmost
Stands not a friend by the corse of his far hence early departed
Friend: nor the man that feels in its wholeness the loss of the noble.
Over the patriot's urn, who leaves unended a great deed;
Long unmoving, he hangs on the holy ruin, and weeps not—
Shudders of anguish seize him at once. So broke on a sudden
Earth from its stillness, and quak'd. And with it Golgotha too quak'd
Up to the cross's summit. Now flow'd from the wounds of the victim
Faster the life everlasting, the streaming blood of atonement.
When the night-wrapt cross, with Golgotha, quak'd—overshadow'd
Frightful, a deeper blackness the hill of death—overshadow'd
Deeper blackness the temple, and thee, O Jerusalem. Angels
Even beheld now first their pure light fade into evening.

A French writer,* who flourished in this country, has compared the Messsiah of the Germans with the Mahabharat of the Hindoos, and extracts from this canto the description of Christ suffering, in corroboration of the analogy: he thinks that European religion will one day be appreciated at Benares by Klopstock's poem.

The ninth and tenth books consist of disjoined anecdotes of men and spirits, who come to view the crucifiction. Abbadona's approach in the disguise of an angel of light, is borrowed from Satan's visit to Uriel, in Milton, and was worth borrowing. The two devils in the Dead Sea rant and roar somewhat hyper-tragically; yet their howling suggests a strongly written simile.

So, when the earth deep quakes, its long-doom'd cities to swallow,
And, with the far-cleft region, one of the sinfullest sinks—wild
Death-shrieks climb with the thunders of subterranean vengeance.
Once more trembles the earth; once more sound, mingling in dire crash,
Falling temples of guilt, vast marble palaces shatter'd,
Wild death-shrieks of the guests—pale flies the wanderer, bawling.

On the whole, these two books, and especially the latter, have few prominent beauties of style and of conception: they terminate when Jesus "bowed his head and died."

Eleventh book. The mystical Christ separates from the dead body of Jesus, and hovers into the holy of holies. The veil of the temple rends, an earthquake is felt, and many bodies of the saints, which slept, arise. Not only crowds of individuals, who partake this select resurrection, are separately enumerated; the whole process of revivification is repeatedly described with fatiguing uniformity: it is detailed with most elegance in the following instance:

* Essai Historique sur les Revolutions Anciennes et Modernes.

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While yet Rachel spake, arose at her
feet from the still grave,
Softly aspiring, a cloud, such as roses
in chalice, an odour,
As of a vernal bower, that scatters the
snow of its blossoms.
Rachel's glory illumin'd the swimming
vapour with lustre
Golden and bright, as on morning-
clouds are the fringes of sunshine,
Curious follows her glance the heaving
mist; she beholds it
Hovering, shapeless as yet: it ascends,
sinks, glitters—approaches
Nearer and nearer. She thinks on the
ever changeful creation,
Aye to remain unfathom'd in small as
in great—nor imagines
Yet how nearly akin is the floating ra-
diant cloudlet,
Nor into what thy voice, Atoner, is
soon to transform it—
Sudden the word of his all might sounds.
Her angel is present.
Rachel swoons—she seems into tears of
extasy melting,
Flowing adown some shadowy valley,
or airily floating
O[illegible] a bank of flowers to pause, and
[illegible]wake on the fragrance,
Newly created. At length she awa-
kens really—conscious
Now that her soul has receiv'd its im-
mortal and glorified body,
Heavenward gazes enraptur'd, and
thanks the giver of life, God.

The twelfth book contains the burial of Jesus. Its tediousness is seldom relieved by eminent passages, yet a graceful view is given of the angel Chebar. The grief of the mother is neither well shown, nor well veiled. Klopstock's attempt at a concentration of pathos into a single exclamation, about *the bloody crown*, is quite unsuccessful; it has nothing of the *Ventrem feri* of Agrippina, or the *So I am* of Cordelia, or the *Ist Hermann todt?* of his own Thusnelda. The filial tenderness of Jesus in recommending, while on the cross, to his beloved disciple the care of his parent, in the all-expressive and affectionate words, *Behold thy mother*, had been narrated in the ninth book by Klopstock, with the moving simplicity of the gospel (John xix. 27). Mary has now come to the sepulchre....." She wrung her hands and tottered, and fell to the earth. They held her as they could, and sunk with her." They raise her up. She turns on John the red dim eye. *Behold thy mother!* were the words she should have utter'd: to recall that parting with her dying son, and to mark the impotence of consolation in woe like her woe. Grief never dwells on the last words of its object.

To be continued.

MEETING BETWEEN ELEPHANTS.

THE French government having caused a male elephant to be purchased, to replace the one that died in the *Jardin des Plantes* some months ago, the same had already arrived in Paris for some time, and was kept in the enclosure of the capuchins. At length it was thought proper to present him to the female, whose state of widowhood he is destined to console. When first placed in the presence of each other it was judged, that, according to the perfection of instinct in these animals, especially of that organ which in itself comprehends two distinct senses, they would have perceived and called, as it were, to each other, at a distance. But one who was an eye-witness of the fact, observes, that they either did not perceive each other at all, or, if they did, it was only to retire from each other. The distance they were at was but small, one being in an open stable, and the other close by, in the place where the public sees them. But for more than half an hour, it seemed impossible, by caresses, by gifts, or by blows, to engage them to approach each other. This resistance continuing so long, recourse was, at length, had to a rope, by which the new elephant that was in the stable was made to go out, to draw him near the female. At the moment when these two animals perceived each other, their first movement

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was to fly from each other. Some useless attempts were made to bring them together; and when the female advanced a few paces to meet her new comrade, the latter replied by blowing with his trunk, with a movement so much bordering upon the ill-humoured, that it was matter of some surprise, to see the female, that heavy, shapeless mass, fly at the other extremity. The relater of this fact says, that his imagination was as much struck with it, as if he had seen a mountain run. He informs us, that he then abandoned the place; but, according to a history of the interview of the two elephants, related in the *Gazette de France* the next day, in the issue, the new comer testified a sensible joy in observing the companion that was destined for him.

MUSIC.

THE earlier writers on music, and even Kircher a modern, have, in their division of it, distinguished it into mundane, humane, and political; and Cicero de Repub. lib. ii. says that what in music is termed harmony, is in the government of a city called concord; of the latter of these distinctions it may be observed, that Shakespeare has shown himself not a little fond of it; as in Henry V. act. i. sc. 2.

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

And again, in Troilus and Cressida, act i. sc. 3.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows.

The same fanciful notion seems also alluded to by Milton.

..... orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Par. Lost, b. v. l. 792.

It may be thought not unworthy of remark, that in the passage first cited, as well as in Mr. Pope's ode for St. Cecilia's day, the word *consent* is mistaken for *concent*, from the Latin *concentus*, a concert of music.

MATTHEW PRIOR'S EPITAPH.

PRIOR'S epitaph, by himself, prefixed to his poems beneath his print,

"Nobles and commons, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve.
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?"

is said to have been taken from a Scotch epitaph in the church-yard of Dundee.

Here lies a man
Com'd of Adam and of Eve,
If any will climb higher,
I give him leave.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE journalist of the reign of Henry the third of France, under the month of September, 1787, records the execution of a Norman, who invented an infernal machine, which he caused to be conveyed to the Seigneur de Millan d'Allegre.... It was a box, containing thirty-six pistol barrels, each of them loaded with a couple of bullets. This box was so contrived that on opening it each of these barrels was to discharge its contents, at the same moment, firing off seventy-two balls.... It was sent with a forged letter, as from his sister, signifying, that she desired his acceptance of a curiosity, which the bearer would instruct him how to open. This bearer was the inventor's servant, who had been taught the manner of opening the box, but was a stranger as to what it contained. Accordingly, it was opened by De Millan's direction and

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in his presence, when the pistols were all discharged, but the gentleman and the servant happened to be only slightly wounded. The inventor was thereupon apprehended and deservedly broken upon the wheel for his invention.

COLD AFFUSION USED MEDICINALLY BY MAHOMET.

GAGNIER, in his life of Mahomet taken from the Arabic writers, gives a detailed account of the prophet's last illness, which has all the appearance of truth, being attended by none but natural circumstances. He was attacked on the 27th of the month Safar, with a head-ache and slight fever, at the house of one of his wives. On the 29th, growing worse, he was taken to the house of his wife Ayesha. On that day, says Al Jannabi, his fever became so great, that no one could feel his pulse, or lay a hand on his breast, without undergoing an insupportable heat. In order to moderate the extreme burning which tormented him, he said to his wives, "Pour water upon me, as much as seven large leathern bottles full, that if possible I may be refreshed sufficiently to be able to speak to the people, and declare the last words of my testament." This was done, and he found himself greatly relieved. On the day following, the first of Rabi, Mahomet rose, and leaning on the shoulders of two persons, went to the mosque. He there made a long discourse, and gave several directions. On the following days he continued to pray in public, till the third day before his death, which happened on the 12th of Rabi, the 15th from his first seizure. We are not told whether the affusion was repeated, or any other means were employed; but the effect of this operation seems for the time to have been very salutary, and it was probably a well-known remedy in that country. Mahomet, among his other qualities, is said to have possessed great skill in physic.

NUTRIMENT FROM BONES.

IT is a truth generally admitted, that the bones of animals contain a substance essentially nutritive; but unto the present time this truth has added nothing to our modes of procuring aliment in common use, bones have not the less been an article of loss in our public and private economy. Papin, who wished to extract this nutritive substance, conceived the idea of the digester, which bears his name. Some ingenious men have endeavoured to bring that machine to perfection; but it still remains only an apparatus of physics; it is by much too complicated to be adopted for domestic purposes. Since, Papin, Messrs. Proust, Darcet, Pelletier, and other scientific characters in France, have attempted to obtain the jelly of bones by more simple methods; but their labours lie buried in large scientific collections, and alimentary economy has not hitherto made use of those fortunate discoveries that science had made. Citizen Cadet de Vaux, superintendant of the military hospital of Paris, &c. having long turned his thoughts to the enormous waste that is made of bones, and on the means of ameliorating the subsistence of the indigent classes, the sick poor, &c. gives it as his opinion, that the only method to extract, with ease, the nutritive substance from bones, is to pulverize them..... The author has made his experiments and observations the subject of a memoir which he has lately published. In this he acknowledges himself indebted to the dog for the idea of pulverization. He further observes, that one pound of bones will furnish as much broth as six pounds of meat, and that the broth of bones, considered as an article of diet, is preferable to the broth of meat. He likewise pronounces this

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branch of economy pregnant with valuable resources to small families in towns, to villagers in the country, and to civil and military hospitals, to soldiers in camp or in a besieged city, and to the mariner in long voyages. The author then treats at large of the virtues of bone-broth, &c. &c. It appears from the notes, that Citizen Regnault, proprietor of a considerable foundery at Paris, desirous to extend the discovery of Citizen Cadet de Vaux, has caused a pestle and mortar to be founded for this particular purpose, and with a view to realise the object of his useful labours.

A CAVERN NEWLY DISCOVERED.

THERE has lately been discovered in the territory of Falcion, a village distant about two leagues from Nice, a cavern, the entrance to which is formed by a very narrow aperture. The interior of this cavern, of which neither the depth nor extent are, as yet, known, exhibits a number of vast compartments that resemble temples, decorated with columns formed by the crystallization of waters. One single hall or saloon will contain about 400 persons. The reflection is so strong that it requires but very little light to illumine the interior in a very splendid style. Only a small number of curious adventurers have as yet entered it, among whom are a poet and a Roman designer, both of whom speak of it with rapture and astonishment. A certain general, whose name is not mentioned, purposes speedily to make a descent into it, and to draw up a circumstantial report of whatever interesting particulars he may discover.

SIMILIES OF HOMER, VIRGIL, AND MILTON, DRAWN FROM FIRE AND FLAME.

THE element of fire, by the violence and rapidity of its action, and the splendour it gives to objects, when excited to combustion, is capable of affording a variety of striking images for poetical comparison. These have not escaped the notice of that original observer of nature, Homer, whose imagination seems to have been durably impressed with whatever the various scenery in which he was conversant could offer to captivate the attention, or interest the feelings.

The appearance, not unfrequent in a hot and dry climate, of a wood on fire, has suggested to him three similes, in one of which, the *splendour*, and in the others the *violence* of the flames, are the circumstances of resemblance. In that *cluster* of striking similies, by which the first advance of the Grecian army to battle is distinguished, we meet with the following:

As when on mountain tops devouring fire
Consumes a spacious forest; from afar
The splendour gleams: so from the polish'd brass,
As on they march'd, the dazzling lustre round
Flash'd up to heaven. IL. ii. p. 455.

The pursuit of the Trojans by Agamemnon gives occasion to the same image, except that a thicket is represented as the scene of conflagration, rather than a tall wood, to favour the resemblance, consisting in quick and frequent overthrow:

As when devouring flames a thicket seize,
This way and that, by whirling winds dispers'd;
Beneath the fiery force the shrubs around
Fall by the roots: thus by Atrides' arm
The heads of flying Trojans low were laid.
IL. xi. 155.

The poet rises in diction and imagery, where Achilles, in like manner, is painted as dealing destruction all around in the midst of the Trojan host:

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As on some arid hill a raging fire
Runs madly through the dells, till all the wood
Is wrapt in flame, while by the wind convolv'd,
This way and that the fiery flakes are hurl'd:
So raged on every side the deathful spear. IL. xx. 490.

The scene is here very distinctly painted: the fire runs along the woody hollows interposed between the several summits of the mountain, and, aided by the eddying winds, spreads through all the extent of grove.

Mr. Pope has, however, confused the picture, by speaking of the flame flying up the mountain *o'er the stubble*, and entirely drops the striking and appropriate action of the wind. The resemblance in this simile is not confined to the *destructive force* of the fire; but the *glittering* of the Vulcanian spear was undoubtedly meant to be compared to the *light* of the conflagration.

Virgil has imitated this and the preceding passages, and has enriched and extended the simile, by the figure of the author of the conflagration, triumphing in the success of his purpose:

Ac velut optato, ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa immittit sylvis incendia pastor;
Correptis subito mediis, extenditur una
Horrida per latos acies Vulcania campos:
Ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantes.
Non aliter socium virtus coit omnis in unum;
Teque juvat, Palla. ÆN. x. 404.

As when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the mid-most plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste:
The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
DRYDEN.

Neither this version, nor Pitt's, has done justice to the figure of the shepherd, who, rejoicing in his conquest, *looks down* upon the *triumphing* flames. The application to Pallas, however, does not seem very happy, since the prince was himself actively engaged as the leader and example of the war; and did not sit, like the shepherd, a tranquil spectator of the mischief he had only set in motion.

It may be proper to observe, respecting Virgil, that he has given a still finer and more elaborate description of a grove on fire, though not for the purpose of simile, in the second Georgic.

Three other different similes derived from burning, are supplied by the exhaustless invention of Homer. The first is taken from a city on fire; and its application is to the Ajaxes, pressed by the assailing Trojans, as they retreated with the body of Patroclus:

The furious war pursued: like rapid fire,
That in its sudden rage a city burns,
While in the mighty blaze the domes around
In ruin sink, and roaring winds conspire
To fan the flame; thus, as they slow retir'd,
The horrid din of mingled steeds and men
Tumultuous follow'd. IL. xvii. 736.

The numerous islands of the Archipelago, in Homer's time, the seat of continual war and rapine, of mutual predatory invasions, and reciprocal leagues of defence, furnished a frequent spectacle of what the poet has represented in the following lively pictures:

As from a town invested by the foe,
On some lone isle, the distant smoke ascends,

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When all day long they strive in bloody fight;
Now, as the sun declines, the turrets round
Blaze thick, and high the sparkling flames arise,
That haply, neighb'ring friends, the signal seen,
May launch their warlike ships, and succour bring.
So from the hero's head the dazzling ray
Flash'd up to heav'n. IL. xviii. 207.

I doubt not here, that the poet associated in his mind the *occasion* of these two luminous appearances, that from the besieged town, and from the head of Achilles, as both connected with succour and relief; though, in fact, Achilles was about to *bestow* aid, while the purpose of the town was to *demand* it. These slight and imperfect associations are conformable to the operations of a mind hurried along by a variety of quick and strong conceptions.

The remaining simile likewise is derived from the stock of ideas which the Grecian bard gained from his maritime situation.

As shines the light to sailors on the main
Of fire enkindled on the lofty top
Of some lone hill; while tempests far to sea
Bear them unwilling from their friends away:
So from the burnish'd shield a dazzling light
Flash'd to the sky. IL. xix. 375.

The whole resemblance here consists in the objects themselves: one light compared to another.

FROM ROCKS AND MOUNTAINS.

These noble and striking objects have afforded fewer images of similitude to the epic poets than might have been expected. The *want of motion* was probably the cause of their being found so little applicable to the purposes of heroic action; and this idea seems confirmed by the circumstance that, among the few similes from this source to be met with, the greater share have motion artificially, as it were, introduced into them. One of these only, but that a capital one, is from Homer:

As when a torrent, swoln by mighty rains,
A rock's round fragment from its stony bonds
Rends on the mountain's brow; it bursts away
And flies high-bounding, while beneath its shocks
The wood re-echoes; still it sweeps along,
Till at the plain arriv'd, no more it rolls,
Though launch'd with force: so Hector, threat'ning loud
Swift to the tents and ships to hew his way,
Close on the phalanx stopt.
IL. xiii. 137.

This is imitated by Virgil in the following passage:

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas:
Vertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exsultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum: disjecta per agmina Turnus
Sic urbis ruit ad moros. ÆN. xii. 684.

As when, by age, or rains, or tempests, torn,
A rock from some high precipice is borne;
Trees, herds, and swains, involving in the sweep,
The mass flies furious from the aerial steep;
Leaps down the mountain's side with many a bound
In fiery whirls, and smokes along the ground:
So to the city, thro' the cleaving train, &c.
PITT.

In comparing these two similes, Mr. Pope gives the most decided preference to that of Homer; and, in his translation, he has laboured with his utmost art to represent it

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with every advantage. His principal reason for preferring that of the Grecian poet is, that it contains more points of likeness; as, first, the *descent* of Hector from the Grecian wall, as well as his rapid motion; and then, his sudden *stop* in front of the closely-wedged phalanx of the Ajaxes: so far his observations seem just; but I confess I cannot enter into what he supposes the *happiest branch* of resemblance, the *immobility* of both when so stopped, "the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward:" conformably to which idea, he says in his translation:

——So Hector—their whole force he proved,
Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

But I find nothing like this in the original; for Homer, after making him first stand firm, represents the Greeks as advancing and *pushing him from them*, when he *draws back* enraged.

Another difference between the two poets is apparent; which is, that Homer, painting, as usual, after nature, gives no circumstance which exceeds the bounds of strict probability; whereas Virgil falls into manifest exaggeration, his rocky mass being converted, in its descent, into a mountain, bearing with it not only men and herds, but whole woods.

The English poet appears with his accustomed dignity and originality after these great masters, taking, at most, a hint from them, expanded into much superior grandeur. When Satan recoils from the stroke of Abdiel, it is

——As if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines.
PAR. L. vi. 195.

He is more of a copyist in his imitation of one of the most sublime and highly wrought similies in Virgil, where Æneas moves triumphant to the combat with Turnus:

Lætitia exultans, horrendumque intonat armis,
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse coruscis
Cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque nivali
Vertice se attolleus pater Apenninus ad auras. ÆN. xiii. 700.

He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides. DRYDEN.

The repetition of the word *quantus* in point of *language*, and the circumstance of the rustling ilex-wood, compared to the rattling of weapons, in point of idea, are beauties scarcely to be surpassed.

Milton did not require the same variety of imagery for his purpose, which was only to give a striking idea of strength and stability.

——On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd.
His statue reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd. PAR. L. iv 985.

The sublimity of description is here expended upon the figure of Satan himself, and the mountains are only allusively, as it were, introduced like well-known and familiar objects. Indeed, considering the superior magnitude of the real figure, the resembling one could only be employed for illustration.

VANITY OF RICHARDSON.

THERE are certain sensations, which we are compelled to des-

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cribe by popular language, but which, as they can never be experienced by persons of vulgar feeling, are considerably injured by the terms we employ. Such is that consciousness of their own merits which some men of genius have not only felt, but which they have even expressed; we have usually termed this *vanity*, but vanity, in the accurate definitions of our great lexicographer, is a "petty pride; pride exerted upon slight grounds." It may even be said to consist merely in *fancied excellence;* but when the excellence is real, the consciousness is injuriously termed *vanity;* here we can evidently feel an essential difference, but language affords no appropriate term. We may esteem and applaud ourselves, without vanity. I make this preliminary observation, that it may not be considered that I mean to degrade the character of Richardson, than whom I place few higher in the scale of human excellence.

An excessive fondness for his own works distinguished this Shakespeare of novel-writing. Johnson has anticipated me in some anecdotes, which I received from the same authentic source as himself. I refer to his life by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 275. The "literary lady," who is Mrs. Charlotte Lenox, so justly valued by Johnson, was a regular visitor at Richardson's house, and she can scarcely recollect one visit which was not taxed by this author's reading one of his voluminous letters, or two, or three, if his auditor was quiet and friendly.

The extreme delight which he felt, on a review of his own works, appears by the works themselves. Each is an evidence of what some will deem a violent literary vanity. To *Pamela* is prefixed a letter from the editor (who we well know to be the author) consisting of one of the most minutely-laboured panegyrics of the work itself, that ever the blindest idolater of some ancient classic paid to the object of his phrenetic imagination. He has, in several places, contrived to repeat the striking parts of the narrative, which shows his fertility of imagination, to great advantage. To the author's own edition of his *Clarissa* is appended an alphabetical arrangement of the sentiments dispersed throughout the work; and such was the fondness that dictated this voluminous arrangement, that the most trivial and familiar aphorisms, such as "habits are not easily changed"...." men are known by their companions," &c. seem alike to be the object of their author's admiration. This collection of sentiments, said indeed to have been sent to him anonymously, is curious and precious; and shows the value of the work, by the extensive grasp of that mind which could think so forcibly on such numerous topics. And in his third and final labour, to each volume of *Sir Charles Grandison*, is not only prefixed a complete index, with as much exactness as if it were a history of England, but there is also appended a *list* of the *similes* and allusions in the volume; some of which do not exceed *three* or *four*, in nearly as many hundred pages.

Literary history does not record a more singular example of that self-delight, which an author has felt on a revision of his works; a delight, which we should be far from terming vanity; which probably was an intense pleasure; which produced his voluminous labours; and which may certainly be envied, because not experienced, by some few writers, of not inferior genius to Richardson himself.

A DESCRIPTION OF BUXTON, BY MR. ERSKINE, IN IMITATION OF JOHNSON'S STYLE.

FORTUNE often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence, is often derived from accident. "The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubbling up of

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a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superior heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to possess a spirit, which, though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, have, in this fanciful æra, when macaroni philosophers hold flirtation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements, and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing, indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health, which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball, or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual....where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered as one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here, the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise, and the collisive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest, they devour, with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge*, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the perestaltic exertions of an elephant, and of which the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations; and if by its gravity it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies flatulent paroxysms: by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytic; and while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mortuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here, than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest..... When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company, remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and if sleep forsakes the pillow, fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper. There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen they hope to cure at it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which, though within their reach, they never go to; and who, hoping, by the power of imagination, to convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax, and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the tension of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

* Muffins.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES SAID TO HAVE FALLEN FROM THE CLOUDS, AND OF THE SEVERAL THEORIES ADOPTED BY PHILOSOPHERS TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PHENOMENA.

Continued from page 231.

THE concordance of a variety of facts, which we brought together in our last number, seems to render it almost indisputable, that certain stones and other substances have, at different periods, fallen on the earth. Many chemists and natural philosophers have so far given credit to the documents upon which the several histories are founded, as to seek after and obtain some of these substances, in order that they might examine and analyze their component parts. It remains, therefore, for us to present the reader with a brief account of what has been done in this respect, and then to lay before him the several theories adopted to account for their origin.

According to Count de Bournon, under whose notice several of the stones, said to have fallen on the earth, have been brought, the stones from Benares are entirely covered with a thin black crust, without the smallest gloss; and their surface is sprinkled over with small asperities, which cause it to feel like fish-skin.

Their internal appearance is of a greyish ash colour, and of a granulated texture, similar to that of a coarse gritstone; they appear to be composed of four different substances, which may be easily distinguished by making use of a lens.

One of these substances appears in the form of small globular bodies of various sizes, from that of a small pin's head to that of a pea, or even larger. They are of a brown or grey colour, and completely opaque..... When broken, they show a fine, smooth, compact grain, having a small degree of lustre, resembling, in some measure, that of enamel..... Their hardness is such, as to act in some degree upon glass, and they will give faint sparks when struck with steel.

Another of them is a martial pyrites, of an indeterminate form; its colour is a reddish yellow, slightly inclining to that of nickel, or to that of artificial pyrites. The texture of this substance is granulated, and not very strongly connected: when pounded, it is black. This pyrites is not attractable by the magnet.

The third of these substances consists of small particles of iron, in a perfectly metallic state, so that they may be easily flattened or extended by means of a hammer. These particles give to the whole mass of the stone the property of being attractable by the magnet.

The three substances just described, are united together by means of a fourth, which is nearly of an earthy consistence. The black crust with which the surface of the stones is coated, although it is so thin, emits bright sparks when struck with steel. It may be broken by a stroke with a hammer, and seems to possess the same properties as the black oxide of iron. When breathed on, they do not emit an argillaceous smell: the same remark may be applied to all the others. The specific gravity of the Benares stones is 3,352.

To be continued.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN JULY.

THE Editor of the Literary Magazine believing that a monthly list of new publications will be acceptable to his subscribers, as a general reference in the selection of books to purchase, and as exhibiting a tolerably correct view of the prevailing taste for reading, and progress of literature in the United States, has determined to appropriate two or three pages in each number to that purpose, and invites authors and publishers to communicate notices of

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works printed, in the press, or about to be put to press, and they will always be faithfully inserted, free of expence.....The present catalogue must necessarily be imperfect, but from the friendly assistance of the publishers in the different towns, he hopes, with the next number, to present a complete list of all the books that have been printed in the United States within the month.

Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and across the desart into Egypt, in company with the Turkish army, and the British military mission, by William Witman, M. D..... Humphreys.

The Pleasures of Hope, and Pleasures of Memory, in one volume, elegantly printed on fine wove paper.....Maxwell. 1 dollar.

The Works of the late Dr. William Smith, 2 vols. 8vo.....Maxwell. 5 dollars.

The Holy Bible, in 4 vols. 8vo..... Johnsons. 10 dollars.

Armstrong and Green's Poems, with a prefatory essay by Dr. Aiken, 1 vol. 12mo.....Johnsons. 1 dollar.

The first volume of Scott's Commentary on the old and new Testament.....Woodward; by subscription.

Clavigero's History of Mexico, 3 vols. 8vo. illustrated with plates and other engravings.....Dobson. 9 dollars.

The Christian's Looking Glass, or the Timorous Soul's Guide; being a description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, by the Rev. T. Priestley, in two parts.....D. Hogan. Price 75 cents.

Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin, chiefly during his residence at Lichfield, with anecdotes of his friends, and criticisms on his writings, by Anna Seward, 1 vol. 8vo..... H. Maxwell, M. Carey, S. F. Bradford, T. & W. Bradford, and D. Hogan. 2 dollars.

Christian Philosophy, or an attempt to display, by internal testimony, the evidence and excellence of Revealed Religion, by Vicessimus Knox, D. D. first American edition, with a translation of all the Greek and Latin quotations annexed.....D. Hogan. 1 dollar.

Eccentric Biography, or memoirs of remarkable Female Characters, ancient and modern, including actresses, adventurers, authoresses, fortune-tellers, gipsies, dwarfs, swindlers and vagrants, &c.....Humphreys. 1 dollar.

East's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the court of king's bench in Michaelmas, Hilary, and Easter terms, in 43d year of George 3d, 1802—1803; third volume..... Byrne & Hudson.

The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London to his friends in the East, by Oliver Goldsmith, 2 vols. 12mo. 2 dollars....Conrad & co.

The Elements of Euclid, the errors corrected by Robert Simson, M. D. To this edition are also added, the Elements of plane and spherical Trigonometry. 8vo. 2 dollars 50 cents.....Conrad & co.

A Map of Louisiana, compiled from a manuscript French map, Mr. Murray's map of the United States, and Hutchinson's map of the Mississippi, &c. and compared with the documents laid before Congress, 1803; drawn by Samuel Lewis; mounted on rollers. 1 doll. 25 cents. .....Conrad & co.

The Constitutions of the United States, according to the last amendments, to which are prefixed the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, the ordinance for the Government of the N. W. Territory, an act concerning the District of Columbia, an act to incorporate the City of Washington, the proposed Amendments to the Federal Constitution, and an act providing for the Government of Louisiana. 1 dollar.....Conrad & co.

The American Distiller, or the theory and practice of distilling, according to the latest discoveries and improvements, including the most approved method of constructing Stills, and of rectification, by Michael Kraft of Bristol, Pennsylvania, Distiller, illustrated with copperplates. 2 dollars.....Dobson.

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IN THE PRESS.

Moore's Translation of Anacreon .....Maxwell.

Volney's Travels in the United States, 1 vol. 8vo.....Conrad & co.

The Soldier's Daughter, a comedy, by Richard Cumberland, esq. .....Longworth, New-York.

Little's (alias Moore's) Poems..... Maxwell.

The second volume of Marshall's Life of Washington.....Wayne.

John Conrad & co. have made arrangements with Dr. Barton to publish a semi-annual work, on the plan of the New-York Medical Repository, the London Medical Journal, &c. It is contemplated to publish the first volume early in the winter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has just received a very flattering letter, accompanied with two small pamphlets, from the borders of the Mississippi. The writer is assured that no applause can be more acceptable than that which is obtained from such men as himself....*'Tis fame indeed when the praise-worthy praise.* It is with great reluctance that he reminds his correspondent of that political neutrality to which he has condemned himself, and which obliges him to decline the introduction of the favours sent him. No one can be more sensible than he is of the merit of the performances alluded to, as specimens of eloquence; and he would willingly adorn his pages with the whole or part of them, if he were not under a moral necessity of silence. Should his correspondent find time or inclination to send any thing of a popular and general nature, the production of his own or any of his friends, it will be received with gratitude and pleasure.

Valverdi has received a place in the present number. Will this correspondent forgive the Editor for thinking that he holds a much more judicious and masterly pen in prose than in verse? In the former province, the most austere and scrupulous critic must acknowledge his merit, while, in the poetical track, his step is more indicative of *future* than of *present* excellence. For Valverdi's favours, *in prose*, we shall always be particularly grateful, while we lament the necessity of omitting other favours, probably written with a hasty and careless hand.

C***** is sincerely thanked for his reproofs, to which a due attention shall be paid. We regret that any thing, in this publication, has given uneasiness to any religious mind. Nothing could be more remote from the intention of the writer of the pieces alluded to, than to call in question, or even to speak disrespectfully of, the tenets or practices of any sect. As he has always avoided the *reality*, so he will hereafter study to shun even the *appearance*, of such contempt. That class which our correspondent represents, is behind none in the moral and intellectual merit of the individuals of which it is composed.

The author of the poetical epistle, published in the present number, is thanked for his communication..... Any coin from the same mint will always be deemed genuine and current with us.

To M..... we cannot give any satisfactory answer. We know not what is already done, nor what is intended to be done, in the affair he mentions. His wishes correspond with that of a writer, whose thoughts he will have an opportunity of examining in the present number..... The Editor presumes not to form a judgment in this matter, till the whole subject is before him.

The Editor regrets that a very valuable communication, containing an authentic abstract of the travels of Baron Humboldt, drawn up from his own notes, came too late to receive such a place in the present number as its importance deserves. It is inserted by way of supplement.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.....SUPPPLEMENTARY.

BARON HUMBOLDT.

THE following abstract of the American Travels of the celebrated baron Humboldt and his companion Bonpland, has been drawn up from notes which the former has kindly furnished, and will supersede the many very incorrect accounts hitherto published relative to this interesting object.

—

Baron Humboldt, having travelled from the year 1790, as a naturalist, through Germany, Poland, France, Switzerland, and through parts of England, Italy, Hungary, and Spain, came to Paris in 1798, when he received an invitation, from the directors of the national museum, to accompany captain Baudin in his voyage round the world. Citizen Alexander Aime Gourjon Bonpland, a native of Rochelle, and brought up in the Paris museum, was also to have accompanied them; when on the point of departing, the whole plan was suspended until a more favourable opportunity, owing to the re-commencement of the war with Austria, and to the consequent want of funds.

Mr. Humboldt, who, from 1792, had conceived the plan of travelling through India at his own expence, with a view of adding to the knowledge of the sciences connected with natural history, then resolved to follow the learned men, who had gone on the expedition to Egypt..... His plan was to go to Algiers in the Swedish frigate which carried the consul Skoldebrandt, to follow the caravan which goes from Algiers to Mecca, going through Egypt to Arabia, and thence by the Persian gulph to the English East-India establishments. The war which unexpectedly broke out in October, 1798, between France and the Barbary powers, and the troubles in the East, prevented Mr. Humboldt from embarking at Marseilles, where he had been fruitlessly two months waiting to proceed. Impatient at this delay, and continuing firm in his determination to go to Egypt, he went to Spain, hoping to pass more readily under the Spanish flag from Carthagena to Algiers and Tunis. He took with him the large collection of philosophical, chemical, and astronomical instruments, which he had purchased in England and France.

From a happy concurrence of circumstances, he obtained, in February, 1789, from the court of Madrid, a permission to visit the Spanish colonies of the two Americas, a permission which was granted with a liberality and frankness, which was honourable to the government and to a philosophic age. After a residence of some months at the Spanish court, during which time the king showed a strong personal interest in the plan, Mr. Humboldt, in June, 1799, left Europe, accompanied by Mr. Bonpland, who, to a profound knowledge in botany and zoology, added an indefatigable zeal. It is with this friend that Mr. Humboldt has accomplished, at his own expence, his travels in the two hemispheres, by land and sea, probably the most extensive which any *individual* has ever undertaken.

These two travellers left Corunna in the Spanish ship Pizarro, for the Canary islands, where they ascended to the crater of the Peak of Teyde, and made experiments on the analysis of the air. In July they arrived at the port of Camana, in South America. In 1799, 1800, they visited the coast of Paria, the missions of the Chaymas Indians, the province of New Andalusia (a country which had been rent by the most dreadful earthquakes, the hottest, and yet the most healthy, in the world) of New Barcelona, of Vene-

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zuela, and of Spanish Guayana.....In January, 1800, they left Caraccas to visit the beautiful vallies of Aragua, where the great lake of Valencia recals to the mind the views of the lake of Geneva, embellished by the majesty of the vegetation of the tropics. From Porto Cabello they crossed, to the south, the immense plains of Caloboza, of Apure, and of the Oronoco, also los Llanos, a desert similar to those of Africa, where in the shade (by the reverberation of heat) the thermometer of Reaumur rose to 35 and 37 (111 to 115 F.) degrees. The level of the country for 2000 square leagues does not differ 5 inches. The sand every where represents the horizon of the sea, without vegetation; and its dry bosom hides the crocodiles, and the torpid boa (a species of serpent). The travelling here, as in all Spanish America, except Mexico, is performed on horseback..... They passed whole days without seeing a palm-tree or the vestige of a human dwelling. At St. Fernando de Apure, in the provinces of Varinas, Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland began that fatiguing navigation of nearly 1000 marine leagues, executed in canoes, making a chart of the country by the assistance of chronometers, the satellites of Jupiter, and the lunar distances. They descended the river Apure, which empties itself into the Oronoco, in 7 degrees of latitude. They ascended the last river (passing the celebrated cataracts of Mapure and Atures) to the mouth of the Guaviare. From thence they ascended the small rivers of Tabapa, Juamini, and Tenie. From the mission of Sarita they crossed by land to the sources of the famous Rio Negro, which Condamine saw, where it joins the Amazon, and which he calls a sea of fresh water. About 30 Indians carried the canoes through woods of Mami Lecythis and Laurus Cinamomoides to the cano (or creek) of Pemichin. It was by this small stream that the travellers entered the Rio Negro, or Black River, which they descended to St. Carlos, which has been erroneously supposed to be placed under the equator, or just at the frontiers of Great Para, in the government of Bresil. A canal from Tenie to Pemichin, which from the level nature of the ground is very practicable, would present a fine internal communication between the Para and the province of Carracas, a communication infinitely shorter than that of Cassiquiare..... From the fortress of St. Carlos on the Rio Negro, Mr. H. went north up that river and the Cassiquiare to the Oronoco, and on this river to the volcano Daida or the mission of the Esmeralda, near the sources of the Oronoco: the Indians Guaicas (a race of men almost pigmies, very white and very warlike) render fruitless any attempts to reach the sources themselves.

From the Esmeralda Messrs. H. & B. went down the Oronoco, when the waters rose, towards its mouths at St. Thomas de la Guayana, or the Angostura. It was during this long navigation that they were in a continued state of suffering, from want of nourishment, and shelter from the night rains, from living in the woods, from the mosquetoes, and an infinite variety of stinging insects, and from the impossibility of bathing, owing to the fierceness of the crocodile and the little carib fish, and finally the miasmata of a burning climate. They returned to Cumana by the plains of Cari and the mission of the Carib Indians, a race of men very different from any other, and probably, after the Patagonians, the tallest and most robust in the world.

After remaining some months at New Barcelona and Cumana, the travellers arrived at the Havanna, after a tedious and dangerous navigation, the vessel being in the night on the point of striking upon the Vibora rocks. Mr. H. remained three months in the island of Cuba, where he occupied himself in ascertaining the longitude of the Havanna, and in constructing stoves on the sugar plantations, which have since been pretty generally adopted. They were on the point of setting off for Vera

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Cruz, meaning, by the way of Mexico and Acapulco, to go to the Philipine Islands, and from thence, if it was possible, by Bombay and Aleppo, to Constantinople, when some false reports relative to Baudin's voyage alarmed them, and made them change their plan. The gazettes held out the idea that this navigator would proceed from France to Buenos Ayres, and from thence, by Cape Horn, for Chili and the coast of Peru. Mr. Humboldt had promised to Mr. Baudin and to the Museum of Paris, that wherever he might be, he would endeavour to join the expedition, as soon as he should know of its having been commenced. He flattered himself that his researches, and those of his friend Bonpland, might be more useful to science, if united to the labours of the learned men who would accompany captain Baudin.

These considerations induced Mr. Humboldt to send his manuscripts, for 1799 and 1800, direct to Europe, and to freight a small schooner at Batabano, intending to go to Carthagena, and from thence, as quickly as possible, by the Isthmus of Panama, to the South Sea. He hoped to find captain Baudin at Guayaquil, or at Lima, and with him to visit New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, equally interesting in a moral point of view, as by the luxuriance of their vegetation.

It appeared imprudent to expose the manuscripts and collections already made to the risks of this proposed navigation. These manuscripts, of the fate of which Mr. H. remained ignorant during three years, and until his arrival in Philadelphia, arrived safe, but one third part of the collection was lost by shipwreck. Fortunately (except the insects of the Oronoco and of the Rio Negro) they were only duplicates; but unhappily friar John Gonzales, monk of the order of St. Francis, the friend to whom they were entrusted, perished with them. He was a young man full of ardour, who had penetrated into this unknown world of Spanish Guayana further than any other European.

Mr. Humboldt left Batabano in March, 1801, and passed to the south of the island of Cuba, on which he determined many geographical positions. The passage was rendered very long by calms, and the currents carried the little schooner too much to the west, to the mouths of the Attracto. The vessel put into the river Sinu, where no botanist had ever before visited, and they had a very difficult passage up to Carthagena. The season being too far advanced for the South Sea navigation, the project of crossing the isthmus was abandoned; and animated by the desire of being acquainted with the celebrated Mutis, and admiring his immensely rich collections of objects of natural history, Mr. H. determined to pass some weeks in the woods of Turbaco, and to ascend (which took forty days) the beautiful river of Madalaine, of the course of which he sketched a chart.

From Honda, our travellers ascended through forests of oaks, of *melastomo*, and of *cinchona* (the tree which affords the Peruvian bark), to St. Fe de Bogota, capital of the kingdom of New Grenada, situated in a fine plain, elevated 1360 toises (of six French feet) above the level of the sea. The superb collections of Mutis, the majestic cataract of the Tequendama (falls of 98 toises height) the mines of Mariquita, St. Ana, and of Tipaquira, the natural bridge of Scononza (three stones thrown together in the manner of an arch, by an earthquake), these curious objects stopped the progress of Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland until the month of September, 1801.

At this time, notwithstanding the rainy season had commenced, they undertook the journey to Quito, and passed the Andes of Quindiu, which are snowy mountains covered with wax palm-trees (palmiers a cire), with passe flores (passion flower) of the growth of trees, storax, and

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bambusa (bamboo). They were, during 13 days, obliged to pass on foot through places dreadfully swampy, and without any traces of population.

From the village of Carthago, in the valley of Cauca, they followed the course of the choco, the country of Palatina, which was there found in round pieces of basalte and green rock (grein stein of Werner), and fossil wood. They pass by Buga to Popayan, a bishop's see, and situated near the volcanoes of *Sotara and Purace*, a most picturesque situation, and enjoying the most delicious climate in the world, the thermometer of Reamur keeping constantly at 16 to 18 (68 to 72 Fahr.) They ascended to the crater of the volcano of Purace, whose mouth, in the middle of snow, throws out vapours of sulphureous hydrogene, with continued and frightful rumbling.

From Papayan they passed by the dangerous defiles of Almager, avoiding the infected and contagious valley of Patia, to Posto, and from this town, even now situated at the foot of a burning volcano, by Tuqueras and the province of Pastos, a flat portion of country, fertile in European grain, but elevated more than 1500 to 1600 toises above the towns of Ibarra and Quito.

They arrived, in January, 1802, at this beautiful capital, celebrated by the labours of the illustrious Condamine, of Bouger, Godin, Dr. George Juan, and Ulloa, and still more celebrated by the great amiability of its inhabitants, and their happy turn for the arts.

They remained nearly a year in in the kingdom of Quito: the height of its snow-capped mountains, its terrible earthquakes (that of February 7, 1797, swallowed up 42,000 inhabitants, in a few seconds), its fertility, and the manners of its inhabitants, combined to render it the most interesting spot in the universe. After three vain attempts, they twice succeeded in ascending to the crater of the volcano of Pichincha, taking with them electrometers, barometers, and hygrometers. Condamine could only stop here a few minutes, *and that without instruments*. In his time, this immense crater was cold and filled with snow. Our travellers found it inflamed; distressing information for the town of Quito, which is distant from it only 5000 to 6000 toises.

They made separate visits to the snowy and porphyritic mountains of Antisana, Cotopaxi, Tungarague, and Chimborazo, the last the highest point of our globe. They studied the geological part of the Cordillera of the Andes, on which subject nothing has been published in Europe, mineralogy (if the expression may be used) having been created, as it were, since the time of Condamine. The geodesical measurements proved that some mountains, particularly the volcano of Tungarague, has considerably lowered since 1750, which result agrees with the observations made to them by the inhabitants.

During the whole of this part of the journey, they were accompanied by Mr. Charles Montutar, son of the marquis of Selva-alegre, of Quito, a person zealous for the progress of science, and who is, at his own expence, rebuilding the pyramids of Saraqui, the extremity of the celebrated bases of the *triangles* of the Spanish and French academicians. This interesting young man having followed Mr. Humboldt in the remainder of his journey through Peru and the kingdom of New Spain, is now on his passage with him to Europe.

Circumstances were so favourable to the efforts of the three travellers, that at Antisana they ascended 2200 French feet, and at Chimborazo, on June 22, 1802, nearly 3200 feet higher than Condamine was able to carry his instruments. They ascended to 3036 toises elevation above the level of the sea, the blood starting from their eyes, lips, and gums. An opening, of 80 toises deep, and very wide, prevented them from reaching the top, from which they were only distant 134 toises.

It was at Quito that Mr. Humboldt received a letter from the Na-

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tional Institute of France, informing him, that captain Baudin had proceeded by the Cape of Good Hope, and that there was no longer any hope of joining him.

After having examined the country overturned by the earthquake of Riobamba, in 1797, they passed by the Andes of Assuay to Cuenza. The desire of comparing the barks (cinchona) discovered by Mr. Mutis, at Santa Fe de Bagota, and with those of Popayan, and the cuspa and cuspare of New Andalusia, and of the river Caroni (named falsely Cortex Augustura), with the cinchona (barks) of Loxa and Peru, they preferred deviating from the beaten track from Cuenza to Lima; but they passed with immense difficulties in the carriage of their instruments and collections, by the forest (paramo) of Saragura to Loxa, and from thence to the province of Saen de Bracamoros. They had to cross thirty-five times, in two days, the river Guancabamba, so dangerous for its sudden freshes. They saw the ruins of the superb Ynga road, comparable to the finest roads in France, and which went upon the ridge of the Andes from Cusco to the Assuay, accommodated with fountains and taverns.

They descended the river Chamaya, which led them into that of the Amazones, and they navigated this last river down to the cataracts of Tomeperda, one of the most fertile, but one of the hottest, climates of the habitable globe. From the Amazone river they returned to the south-east by the Cordilleras of the Andes to Montar, where they found they had passed the magnetic equator, the inclination being 0, although at seven degrees of south latitude. They visited the mines of Hualguayoc, where native silver is found at the height of 2000 toises. Some of the veins of these mines contain petrified shells, and which, with those of Pasco and Huantajayo, are actually the richest of Peru. From Caxamarca they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are found the ruins of the immense Peruvian city, Mansiche.

It was on this western descent of the Andes that the three voyagers, for the first time, had the pleasure of seeing the Pacific Ocean. They followed its barren sides, formerly watered by the canals of the Yngas at Santa, Guerma, and Lima. They remained some months in this interesting capital of Peru, of which the inhabitants are distinguished by the vivacity of their genius, and the liberality of their ideas.

Mr. Humboldt had the good fortune to observe the end of the passage of Mercury over the sun's disk, in the port of Callao. He was astonished to find, at such a distance from Europe, the most recent productions in chemistry, mathematics, and medicine; and he found great activity of mind in the inhabitants, who, in a climate where it never either rains or thunders, have been falsely accused of indolence.

From Lima our travellers passed by sea to Guayaquil, situated on the brink of a river, where the growth of the palm tree is beautiful beyond description. They every moment heard the rumbling of the volcano of Cotopaxi, which made an alarming explosion on the 6th January, 1803. They immediately set off to visit it a second time, when the unexpected intelligence of the speedy departure of the frigate Atalanta determined them to return, after being seven days exposed to the dreadful attacks of the mosquitoes of Babaoya and Ujibar.

They had a fortunate passage, by the Pacific Ocean, to Acapulco, the western port of the kingdom of New Spain, famous for the beauty of its harbour, which appears to have been formed by earthquakes, for the misery of its inhabitants, and for its climate, which is equally hot and unhealthy.

Mr. Humboldt had originally the intention to remain only a few months in Mexico, and to hasten his return to Europe; his voyage had already been too much protracted,

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his instruments, particularly the chronometers, began to be out of order, and every effort that he made to have new ones sent to him proved of no avail; add to this consideration, that the progress of science is so rapid in Europe, that, in a journey that lasts four or five years, great risk is run of contemplating the different phenomena under aspects, which are no longer interesting at the moment of publishing the result of your labours. Mr. Humboldt hoped to be in France in August or September, 1803, but the attractions of a country, so beautiful and so varied, as is that of the kingdom of New Spain, the great hospitality of its inhabitants, and the fear of the yellow fever, so fatal, from June to November, for those who come from the mountainous parts of the country, led him to stay a year in this kingdom.

Our travellers ascended from Acapulco to Tasco, celebrated for its mines, as interesting as they are ancient. They rise, by small degrees, from the ardent valley of Mescala and Papagayo, where the thermometer of Reaumur stands, in the shade, constantly from 28 to 31 (95 to 101 Fah.), in a region 6 or or 700 toises above the level of the sea, where you find the oaks, the pines, and the fougere (fern) as large as trees, and where the European grains are cultivated. They passed by Tasco, by Cuerna Vacca, to the capital of Mexico. This city, of 150,000 inhabitants, is placed upon the ancient site of Texochtitlan, between the lakes of Tezcuco and Xochimilco, lakes which have lessened somewhat since the Spaniards have opened the canal of Hacheutoca, in sight of two snow-topped mountains, of which one, Hopocatepec, is even now an active volcano, surrounded by a great number of walks, shaded with trees, and by Indian villages.

This capital of Mexico, situated 1160 toises *above the sea*, in a mild and temperate climate, may doubtless be compared to some of the finest towns in Europe. Great scientific establishments, such the Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving, the College of Mines, (owing to the liberality of the Company of Miners of Mexico), and the Botanic Garden, are institutions which do honour to the government which has created them.

After remaining some months in the valley of Mexico, and after fixing the longitude of the capital, which had been laid down with an error of nearly two degrees, our travellers visited the mines of Moran and Real del Monte, and the Cerro of Oyamel, where the ancient Mexicans had the manufactory of knives made of the obsidian stone. They soon after passed by Queretaro and Salamanca to Guanaxoato, a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, and celebrated for its mines, more rich than those of Potosi have ever been. The mine of the count of Valenciana, which is 1840 French feet perpendicular depth, is the deepest and richest mine of the universe. This mine alone gives to its proprietor nearly six hundred thousand dollars annual and constant profit.

From Guanaxoato they returned by the valley of St. Jago to Valladolid, in the ancient kingdom of Michuacan, one of the most fertile and charming provinces of the kingdom. They descended from Pascuaro towards the coast of the Pacific Ocean to the plains of Serullo, where, in 1759, in one night, a volcano arose from the level, surrounded by two thousand small mouths, from whence smoke still continues to issue. They arrived almost to the bottom of the crater of the great volcano of Serullo, of which they analized the air, and found it strongly impregnated with carbonic acid. They returned to Mexico by the valley of Teluca, and visited the volcano, to the highest point of which they ascended, 14,400 French feet above the level of the sea.

In the months of January and February, 1804, they pursued their researches on the eastern descent

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of the Cordilleras, they measured the mountains Merados, de la Puebla, Popocatyce, Izazihuatli, the great peak of Orizaba, and the Cofre de Perote; upon the top of this last Mr. Humboldt observed the meridian height of the sun. In fine, after some residence at Xalappa, they embarked at Vera Cruz, for the Havannah. They resumed the collections they had left there in 1801, and by the way of Philadelphia, embarked for France, in July, 1804, after six years of absence and labours. A collection of 6000 different species of plants (of which a great part are new) and numerous mineralogical, astronomical, chemical, and moral observations, have been the result of this expedition. Mr. Humboldt gives the highest praises to the liberal protection granted to his researches by the Spanish government.

Baron Humboldt was born in Prussia, on the 14th of September, 1769.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 11. AUGUST, 1804. VOL. II.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADAMS.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN ADAMS.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

JOHN ADAMS is a descendant of one of the first families who founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1630. He was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, October 19th, 1735.

He was by profession a lawyer; and such were his abilities and integrity, that he obtained the confidence of his fellow citizens. He early signalized himself in the defence of the rights of his country, and of mankind at large, by writing a Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Laws, a work well adapted to convince the advocates either for civil or ecclesiastical tyranny.

The zeal and firmness with which Mr. Adams defended the liberties of his country, did not prevent his acting in the service of her enemies, where he thought they were treated with too much severity. Called upon by his profession, he stood forth as the advocate of Capt. Preston, who had been imprisoned as the murderer of some of the citizens of Boston, on the memorable 5th of March, 1770. His client's cause was most unpopular. The whole town had been in a state of irritation, on account of the conduct of governor Hutchinson, and the troops which were stationed in it. Their resentment now burst into a flame. But he felt the cause to be just; and the danger of incurring the displeasure of his countrymen could not deter him from undertaking it. He conducted the cause with great address, by keeping off the trial till the passions of the people had time to subside. The trial at length commenced, and lasted several days, during which he displayed the most extensive knowledge of the laws of his country, and of humanity; and at the conclusion he had the satisfaction of proving to Great Britain herself, that the citizens of Massachusetts would be just and humane to their enemies, amidst the grossest insults and provocations. Capt. Preston was acquitted.

He was a member of the first congress in 1774; and was one of the principal promoters of the famous resolution of the 4th of July, 1776, which declared the American colonies free, sovereign, and independent states.

Having been for a considerable length of time one of the commissioners of the war department, and a principal suggestor of the terms to be offered to France, for forming a treaty of alliance and commerce, he was sent to the court of Versailles, as one of the ministers plenipotentiary of the United States, to consummate that important business.

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On his return from France he was called upon by Massachusetts to assist in forming a plan of government; and to him this state is chiefly indebted for her present constitution.

After this important business was accomplished, he returned to Europe, vested with full powers from congress to assist at any conference which might be opened for the establishment of peace; and he soon after received other powers to negociate a loan of money for the use of the United States, and to represent them as their minister plenipotentiary to the States General of the United Provinces.

While in Europe, Mr. Adams published his work upon the constitutions of America, in which he advocates, as the fundamental principles of a free government....equal representation, of which numbers, or property, or both, should be the rule....a total separation of the executive from the legislative power, and of the judicial from both....and a balance in the legislature, by three independent, equal branches. His grand principle is, "That the people's rights and liberties, and the democratical mixture in a constitution, can never be preserved without a strong executive; or, in other words, without separating the executive power from the legislative."

He was called, in 1789, by the choice of his country, to the vice-presidency of the United States, and in November, 1796, was chosen president, in the room of general Washington. At the expiration of the usual term, he retired to the walks of private life, in which he will probably close a career as active, important, and diversified, as has fallen to the lot of almost any individual of the present age.

We purposely avoid entering into an exhibition of the public character of Mr. Adams, because political zeal has long since enlisted all men in the number of his friends or enemies, and we are desirous of avoiding, on this occasion, to offend any.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOLNEY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

To the Editor, &c.

I SEND you a translation of the most material passages in Volney's preface to his Travels in America, which have just appeared at Paris. A work of this nature is of great importance to our national reputation abroad; it must therefore be universally interesting to know in what colours we have been drawn by one, whose portrait, whatever be its absurdities and blemishes, will undoubtedly be more multiplied, farther diffused, and generally credited than the work of any other painter. I shall make no comment on any of its lines or shades, but leave your impartial readers to view the scene, uninterrupted and unbiassed. Yours,

A. B.

THE following work, says Mr. V. is the fruit of a residence of three years in the United States, which took place in circumstances widely different from those of my residence, twenty years ago, in Turkey. In the year 1783, I embarked at Marseilles, with all the gaiety of heart, all the cheerful and aspiring hopes natural to youth. I exchanged, without regret, a land of plenty and peace for a region of anarchy and desolation, actuated merely by a thirst of useful knowledge, and a desire to employ the restless and inquisitive period of youth, in making provision for the consolation and embellishment of age. In the year 1795, I embarked at Havre for America, with all the dreary feelings that flow from the observation and experience of persecution and injustice. Saddened by the past, anxious for the future, I set out for a land of freedom, to discover whether liberty, which was banished from Europe, had really found a place of refuge in any other part of the world.

In this frame of mind, I visited almost every part of the United States, studying the climate, the laws, the people, and their manners, chiefly in the relations of so-

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cial and domestic life; and such was the contrast which the scene before me bore to that which I had left, that I resolved to make it my future residence. France, and indeed Europe in general, presented to my view nothing but a gloomy and tempestuous prospect: a series of endless and obstinate wars, between expiring prejudices and newborn knowledge, between antiquated privileges and popular claims..... Here I beheld nothing but a splendid prospect of future peace and happiness, flowing from the wide extent of improveable territory; from the facility of procuring property in land; from the necessity and the profits of labour; from the liberty of action and industry; and from the equity of the government, a virtue which it owes to its very weakness. Here, therefore, I resolved to remain, when, in the spring of 1798, there broke out so violent an animosity against France, and a war seemed so inevitable, that I was obliged to withdraw from the scene.

I might here complain of the violent and public attacks made upon my character, with the connivance, or at the instigation of a certain eminent personage, during the last days of my residence in America; but the election of 1801 has reversed the scene that took place in 1797, and is to me an ample atonement for all that I have suffered. I cannot, however, forbear dwelling on the folly of the suspicions with which I was loaded. I was stigmatised as the emissary of a government, whose axe was continually falling on the necks of those whose conduct and opinions resembled mine. They fancied that I was engaged in a conspiracy (*me*, a single solitary Frenchman) to throw Louisiana into the hands of the directory, which, at that time, had scarcely an existence, in defiance of the testimony of a thousand witnesses, the most respectable in Kentucky, as well as in Pennsylvania and Virginia, who knew my sentiments to be entirely hostile to such a transfer of territory. They knew that I regarded the scheme as visionary and delusive, and dreaded it as tending to embroil us with the United States, and to strengthen their bias toward England. It was well known to be my opinion, that its settlement would be expensive and precarious, its defence difficult, on account of our languishing marine, and the instability of our government; and that it could not fail, sooner or later, of blending itself with the nation contiguous to it, and which alone possesses the adequate means of governing, peopling, and defending it. These notions, so contrary to those of most of our ministers and statesmen, exposed me to their hatred, and almost to their persecution. Nevertheless, I continued to maintain them when there was no small danger in doing so; for which I may now take some credit to myself, since these principles have since been sanctioned and adopted by the highest authority.

On my return to France, I conceived the design of a work as advantageous to my countrymen, as it would be useful to myself; which was that of comparing my own observations and reflections with those already scattered through various publications, in order to detect and remove some errors, adopted in moments of enthusiasm. After laying a suitable foundation in an examination of the climate and soil, I proposed, agreably to the most natural and instructive method, to consider the numbers of the people, their diffusion over the surface of their territory, their distribution into classes and professions, their manners as influenced by their actual situation, and by the habits and prejudices derived from their ancestors. By simply tracing their history, laws, and language, I proposed to detect the error of those, who represent, as a sort of new-born race, as an *infant nation*, a mere medley of adventurers from all parts of Europe, but more especially from the three British kingdoms. The composition of these worn out and motley ele-

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ments, into one political body, would have led me to explain briefly the formation of each colony, to pourtray their founders, to analize those early principles, which have run through all their institutions, and which exemplify the common observation, that early habits and impressions modify the whole existence of collective bodies, as well as of individuals. We should thus have discovered the sources of that diversity, which grows daily more conspicuous in the character and conduct of the different parts of the *union*.

In a brief review of the circumstances attending the claim of independence, many new remarks would have been suggested as to its real nature and consequences. Many striking resemblances would have presented themselves between the American and French revolutions, which have hitherto escaped superficial observers. In the motives and conduct of parties, and the means they used, we discover a manifest resemblance. There will appear the same fluctuation of views and interests, the same ultimate decline of public spirit. Even in the character of the three successive national assemblies, both nations present the same picture; the first of these having outstripped, and the last having fallen short of the knowledge and improvements of a whole generation. We shall one day learn that the great national commotions called *revolutions*, are not so much the creatures of prudence and design, as mechanical effects produced by the impulse and collision of the passions.

In discussing the events, so little known, of the period that elapsed from the revolution to the establishment of the federal government, I should have shown in what manner the national character was influenced by that season of disorder; the changes in public opinion, wrought by an inundation of returning royalists, and of mercantile adventurers from Europe; the depravity of manners and corruption of principles, flowing from the creation of paper-money; the weakness of the laws; and from the transient wealth and permanent luxury which the wars in Europe poured into a neutral country. I should have explained the influence of European wars on the prosperity of these states; the benefits they have visibly acquired, in spite of their feeble and disjointed government, from the last war; the obvious advancement of their power and ambition towards the West Indian isles and the neighbouring continent; and their probable aggrandizement in future, notwithstanding their internal factions and divisions. I should have explained that disjunction of interests and views, and contrariety of habits, which already separate the eastern from the southern, the Atlantic from the Mississippi states; the preponderance of the mercantile interest in the one, and the agricultural in the other; the weakness of the *south*, from the prevalence of slavery; and the strength of the *east*, the fruit of private freedom and industry. I should have dwelt upon the grand source of their divisions, in their jarring political systems, which have split the nation into federalists and republicans; the former maintaining the superiority of monarchical, or rather of despotic principles of government, over all others; the necessity, in all governments, of an absolute and irresistible power, created by the headstrong passions and incurable ignorance of the multitude, and sanctioned by the example or experience of all nations; a power raised upon a politico-religious foundation, like that claimed by the Stuarts of England: the latter asserting that absolute power is the primary source of national vice and misery; that those who exercise it are exempt from none of the errors and passions of their fellow-mortals, but, on the contrary, that it manifestly tends to produce, diffuse, and perpetuate these errors and these passions, both in the master and the slave. Unlimited authority always runs into tyranny and frenzy, and is the

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parent of that popular corruption for which it is the boasted antidote. If men are by nature degenerate and vicious, these evils can only be corrected by reason and justice, and create a stronger necessity for a wise and equitable government, and this is attainable only by ardent and general discussion and enquiry, by the utmost freedom of consultation and opinion among all who partake the same common nature. In short, the doctrines of this party are contained in the declaration of rights, on which the constitution of the United States is built.

I should have enquired into the consequences to be dreaded from these dissentions: whether the dismemberment of this vast body into a few powerful parts would be as dangerous to the general peace and safety as is commonly imagined; whether liberty and energy be not impaired by a combination so very compact and entire; whether a youthful nation may not be corrupted by such profound security, such unvarying prosperity; whether that *youth*, which they are so prone to attribute to their nation, be not more strongly indicated by their lively and ambitious hopes, than by their actual weakness; and whether it does not chiefly appear in that insolence and inexperience with which they greedily devour the goods of fortune, and hearken to the blandishments of flattery.

I should then have considered the conduct of this people and their government, from 1783 to 1798, in a moral view, and should have proved, by the plainest facts, that this conduct has not been suitable to the magnitude of their numbers and territory, to the importance of their situation and their duties; that they have shown less frugality and order in their expences, less integrity in their transactions with strangers, less public decency, less moderation and forbearance in their factions, less discipline in their seminaries of education, than most of the old nations of Europe. That what they are able to show of meritorious and useful, what portion they have of public or private security and liberty, they principally owe to popular and individual habits, to a casual equality of conditions, to the necessity of diligence, and the high price given for labour. That the character and principles of their leaders have deplorably degenerated; that, in 1798, very little more was wanting to one of the parties, but a suitable occasion and favourable means, in order to subvert the whole structure built up by their revolution. That they are indebted, for their public and private prosperity, more to their remote and disconnected situation, to their distance from powerful neighbours and the theatre of war, to a lucky and fortuitous concurrence of events, than to the wholesome vigour of their laws, or the wisdom and discretion of their governors.

These will doubtless be thought very daring assertions, after all the eulogies lavished on this people by their own writers, and by those of Europe, and after the motion made in congress, to decree that *their nation is the wisest and most enlightened upon earth**; but as censure does not always flow from envy or malice, as undeserved blame is less hurtful than unmerited praise, and since I cannot now be suspected of resentful or sinister motives, I might have ventured to utter truths, which, though harsh, would not have been denied by impartial readers: particularly as, in thus performing the office of a monitor, I should have given my warmest applause to that by which the United States is most gloriously distinguished, *the liberty of opinions and of the press.*

In viewing this country, as a refuge for Frenchmen, I should have delivered the dictates of my own experience and that of many of my countrymen, as to the resources and amusements which our merchants and our wealthy idlers would meet

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with in the cities, and what enjoyments the country would afford them. It might appear absurd, but I should not hesitate, to dissuade my countrymen from following my own example. The truth is, that, in this country, as many facilities and benefits attend the settlement of the English, Scots, Germans, and even Hollanders, from the resemblance that prevails between their manners and habits and those of America, as there are disadvantages and obstacles, flowing from a contrariety in these respects, attending natives of France. I have observed, with much regret, none of that friendly and brotherly good-will, in this people, towards us, with which some writers have flattered us. On the contrary, they appear to me to be strongly tinctured with the old English prejudice and animosity against us; a spirit exasperated by the ancient wars of Canada; imperfectly suspended by their alliance with us, during their *rebellion;* and revived, of late years, with uncommon force, by the declamations of their orators, by the addresses of their towns and corporations to president Adams, on occasion of the pillage suffered by their commerce from our privateers, and even by public exercises and oratorical invectives in their colleges. There is nothing in the social forms and habits of the two nations that can make them coalesce. They tax us with levity, loquacity, and folly; while we reproach them with coldness, reserve, and haughty taciturnity; with despising those engaging and sedulous civilities, which we so highly value, and the want of which are construed by us into proofs of impoliteness in the individual, or of barbarism in the whole society. Yet the latter charges must have some foundation, since they are often made by German and English travellers, as well as by ourselves. I, who had been already, by my residence among the Turks, in a great measure delivered from slavery to forms, was more disposed to scrutinize the cause, than to repine at the effect, and to me this national incivility appears to flow, less from a proud or unsocial temper, than from the mutual independence of each other, and the general equality as to fortune and condition, in which individuals in America are, for the most part, placed.

Such was my plan: some branches of which I have been able to accomplish, but my recent engagements, both of a public and private nature, will not permit me to complete the whole. I have therefore resolved to publish at present only that part of my work which may be detached, without injury or mutilation, from the entire performance.

In sending this work abroad, I am far from indulging those sanguine hopes, which many readers may ascribe to me. The splendid success of my *Travels in Egypt*, so far from inspiring me with confidence, in the issue of similar undertakings, contributes rather to a contrary effect; my present theme being much less diversified and entertaining; more grave, abstruse, and scientific; and there always being an abundance of readers who feel and act like the Athenian, whose voice was for punishment, merely because he was tired of hearing Aristides called *the just*.

I have sometimes even thought it most prudent to write no more; but I likewise reflected, that to have once done well, affords no excuse for doing nothing the rest of our lives; that I owe all the consolations I possessed in adversity to books and study, and all the benefits of my present situation to literature and the good opinion of the liberal and ingenious. I offer them, therefore, this last tribute of my gratitude, this final testimony of my zeal for the advancement of knowledge.

I have prepared myself, in what I have written and published, to meet a great deal of obloquy from the Americans themselves, whom their own cause will inspire with zeal, and who make it their favourite business to combat European writers. They act as if they were the advocates and avengers of their

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predecessors, the Indians. Their zeal likewise is inflamed, by all those anti-gallican prejudices, which are industrious in decrying every thing that comes from a nation of atheists and jacobins; but time, which changes every thing, will do justice to detraction as well as flattery: and since I never pretended to be infallible, I shall content myself with having directed some attention, and cast some new light, upon many subjects that have been hitherto wholly overlooked.

For the Literary Magazine.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

THE present month is distinguished by one of the most memorable and disastrous events that ever occurred; the death of a great and illustrious person, not by some inevitable casualty, or some ordinary disease, but by the pistol of a rival, in open day, and after a full pause of mutual preparation.

The abhorred and sanguinary prejudice, vulgarly called *honour*, offers to the understanding, in the influence it is found to have over strong and enlightened minds, a paradox the most bewildering and humiliating that ever existed.....While reason and common sense exclaim against the *folly* of duelling: while religion with its loudest voice, condemns its *iniquity:* while the civil laws of the state load it with the heaviest penalties, and rank it with the foulest and deadliest crimes of which human nature is capable: while so strong is the current of popular opinion against it, that no one is hardy enough to be its public defender or apologist, we daily see men that fill the first rank in a great state making this appeal to violence, fearless of legal prevention and legal penalties. We see the newspapers detailing the incidents of the combat, and self erected judges of merit passing censure on the timidity, or applause upon the courage with which the laws of the country, and the dictates of morality and common sense, are trampled on by the combatants.

The death of *Hamilton* must ever be regretted as a deplorable event. Every admirer of personal and public excellence must have lamented the death, had it taken place, even in infirmity and old age. What then must be the grief excited by his fall in the very flower of his days, the meridian hour of his usefulness, and from the zenith-place of his glory! And what new astonishment and sorrow must we feel, when the manner of his death is considered!

The wise and good, while they lament *this* death for its own sake, will regard it with peculiar regret, when they reflect that the example of a Hamilton has thus been given to the inhuman and pernicious practice of duelling.

We see that even a Hamilton could acknowledge, in the most deliberate manner, and in the solemn moments of impending death, by his tongue and his pen, that his acceptance of the challenge was a *necessary* and *unavoidable* act. Though his conscience and his reason might condemn the giving of a challenge in any case, and *perhaps* the acceptance of it in many, here is irresistible proof that duelling is, in some cases, *necessary* and *unavoidable*..... Fully conscious of his danger; predetermined not to prevent it by the death of his antagonist; firmly persuaded of the rectitude of that conduct which awakened the bloody and illegal vengeance of an individual, he conceived himself bound to obey the call, and to open his breast to the weapon of his adversary. This obligation was too strong for the duty which he owed his family, his friends, his country, mankind at large, and himself. And since it was thus strong in *Hamilton;* since, in his case, it was an overpoise for the claims far stronger and more numerous than can occur in any other case; what irresistible plea does his example furnish to men similarly situated!

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In ordinary cases there is a reputation for courage to be established, there are the horrors of infamy to shun. In Hamilton's case there could be no such motive. His reputation for courage could not be shaken..... Instead of infamy, the truest glory would have crowned his refusal of a challenge. Nobody, whose esteem he valued, would have refused their acclamations. And the influence of his example would have operated with as irresistible a force to *discourage* the practice as it now does to *promote* it.

Alas! that men are not uniformly good: that the greatest minds are sometimes enslaved by the most deplorable errors; the grossest illusions. To thee, illustrious shade! our homage is due. With all thy faults, and with this greatest of defects, thou deservest a place among the first of human beings; but wert thou still living, and were thy life a public and immortal testimony of the enormous folly and inexpiable guilt of *accepting a challenge*, thou wouldst truly have been the boast of thy country, the delight of human nature, and the benefactor of posterity.

For the Literary Magazine.

To the Editor, &c.

I send you a letter written by an old friend, which, for the style and sentiments it breathes, does not fall behind the true epistolary spirit of any letter I have met with. Compositions of this kind, free, spirited, and familiar, will please judicious readers more than the most formal and elaborate compositions.

Morris Town, N. Jersey, Oct. 20, 1801.

HAVING at length reached the summit of my wishes, that is to say, having reached the top of the mountain, up whose stony sides I have been laboriously clambering, I take out my pencil and a scrap of paper, to have a little communication with a distant friend.

I am now sitting on the ruins of a small fortification, erected by Washington in the year 1777, after his brilliant exploit at Trenton and Princeton, when he retired to winter quarters with his little army to this place. I can just remember seeing the hardy soldier climbing this wood-crowned hill, with the axe on his shoulder instead of the musket, to fell the leafless tree, and prepare the frame of the parapet.

This eminence displays an extensive prospect, and I have a full view of those groves and fields that were once the scenes of my youthful gambols.

Wherever I turn my eyes, some little incident of my childish days is suggested to my recollection. On the brow of yonder declivity that terminates the plain which spreads from the foot of this mountain, stands the school-house where I first learned to frame the letters I am now linking together. How often have I frolicked in that church-yard hard by, and tried my agility in bounding with a straddling leap over those mossy grave-stones! Adown that hill how often have I glided on the boy-built sleigh! Along that path, how I used to gallop at my release from school; and just on that level spot, now strewn with autumnal leaves, many a time have I doffed my clothes to paddle in the shallow brook that runs into yonder mill-pond.

These recollections, after an interval of twenty years, excite in my bosom some very powerful sensations. I suppose they are usual in all minds of common sensibility. If I had always remained in the same place, no such feelings would have been experienced; but having been so long absent from those objects to which I owe my earliest impressions that are associated with rural beauty or innocent diversion, their re-appearance is not only accompanied with many of their original attractions derived from novelty, but they seem invested with some magic charms borrowed from recollection, that neither novelty nor intrinsic

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beauty can ever bestow. It is in such moments that I fall into some speculations on personal identity..... When I call to mind certain incidents, Is it possible (say I) that A. B. the little boy that I remember used to play about that school-house twenty years ago, is the same creature who is now sitting on this log? It cannot be, for he never would have borne the insolence of pedagogues, the rude clown's wrongs, the big boy's contumely, and all the thousand nameless indignities that passive childhood from the oppressor takes. From considerations of this sort, I conclude, you may be sure, that I am totally and essentially different from what I was then, and that therefore to make one accountable for the follies of those days, would be as unjust as to punish one man for the faults of another.

I wish most ardently that it was in my power to accompany you in your intended tour to the southward, but several insurmountable obstacles will debar me from this pleasure. I shall not forget however to put our friend —— in mind of our long talked of jaunt to ————, but whether we shall be there before your return home is not to be foretold. If, however, we should meet with you in ————, you know we can easily go on together; and your having been at ———— once, can be no solid reason for not travelling there again.

I hope to be able to return home in about a week hence, as the cold weather will certainly blow health into our feverish city. I am here among the hills of Morris Town, without one interesting companion, and though agreeably situated in the family of an agreeable relation, yet I am obliged to range the hills and dales alone. I and Solitude however are upon a pretty good footing with each other, and almost every field and every walk presents me with some old acquaintance. When I grow tired of rambling, I sit down on an old stump, and read aloud some of Thomson's Autumn. And this you see is all I have to do.

It is time, however, to descend, and transcribe this scrawl for tomorrow's post. Adieu.

A. B.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. FRANKLIN ON AMERICAN POPULATION.

To the Editor, &c.

BY publishing the following remarks on American population, by an ingenious foreigner, you will oblige, &c. A.

THE population of America, according to the census or enumeration taken by act of congress, for the year 1801, amounts to 5,305,638 souls; the amount, in 1791, was 3,929,326 souls. This statement proves, in the most undeniable manner, that Dr. Franklin has overrated the probable increase of American population in his calculation "that the number of the inhabitants of America (exclusive of emigrants from the old world) will double itself every twenty years." As the doctor's observations on this head, and on its importance to Great Britain, printed at Philadelphia in 1755, are very scarce, and comprised in a small compass, it may not be unacceptable to your readers to have them in his own words.

"Tables of the proportion of marriages to births, of deaths to births, of marriages to the number of inhabitants, &c. formed on observations made on the bills of mortality, christenings, &c. of populous cities, will not suit countries; nor will tables formed on observations made on full settled old countries, as Europe, suit new countries, as America.

"For people increase in proportion to the number of marriages, and that is greater in proportion to the ease and convenience of supporting a family. When families

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can be easily supported, more persons marry, and earlier in life.

"In cities, where all trades, occupations, and offices are full, many delay until they can see how to bear the charges of a family; which charges are greater in cities, as luxury is more common; many live single during life, and continue servants to families, journeymen to trades, &c. hence cities do not, by natural generation, supply themselves with inhabitants; the deaths are more than the births.

"In countries full settled, the case must be nearly the same; all lands being occupied and improved to the height, those who cannot get land must labour for those who have it; when labourers are plenty, their wages will be low; by low wages, a family is supported with difficulty; this difficulty deters many from marriage, who therefore long continue servants, and single. Only as cities take supplies of people from the country, and thereby make a little more room in the country, marriage is a little more encouraged there, and the births exceed the deaths.

"Great part of Europe is full settled with husbandmen, manufacturers, &c. and therefore cannot now much increase in people. Land being plenty in America, and so cheap, as that a labouring man, who understands husbandry, can in a short time save money enough to purchase a piece of new land sufficient for a plantation, whereon he may subsist a family, such are not afraid to marry; for even if they look far enough forward to consider how their children, when grown, are to be provided for, they see that more land is to be had at rates equally easy, all circumstances considered.

"Hence marriages in America are more general, and more generally early than in Europe. And if it is reckoned there, that there is but one marriage *per annum* among 100 persons, perhaps we may here reckon two; and if in Europe they have but four births to a marriage (many of their marriages being late) we may here reckon eight; of which, if one half grow up, and our marriages are made, reckoning one with another, at twenty years of age, *our people must be doubled at least every twenty years.*

"But notwithstanding this increase, so vast is the territory of North America, that it will require many ages to settle it fully; and, until it is fully settled, labour will never be cheap here, where no man continues long a labourer for others, but gets a plantation of his own; no man continues long a journeyman to a trade, but goes among those new settlers, and sets up for himself, &c. Hence labour is no cheaper now (1755) in Pennsylvania, than it was thirty years ago, though so many thousand labouring people have been imported from Germany and Ireland.

"In proportion to the increase of the colonies, a vast demand is growing for British manufactures, a glorious market wholly in the power of Britain, in which foreigners cannot interfere, which will increase in a short time even beyond her power of supplying, though her whole trade should be to her colonies."

These are the doctor's speculative ideas on American population, and they may be now brought to the most unequivocal test, that of an enumeration taken by act of congress during ten years of uninterrupted tranquillity, and all the other advantages, which the doctor has represented America as enjoying for an increase of population; yet it will appear that he has considerably over-rated it, for, according to his calculation, the population of America, amounting in 1791 to 3,929,326 souls, should have increased in 1801 to 5,895,989, exclusive of emigrants; whereas it was only 5,305,638, or 588,351 short of the doctor's calculation, including emigrants of every description, and their progeny. Nor can it be presumed that the next ten years can make up the deficiency; because compound increase cannot

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be computed within twenty years, at which age the doctor calculated that American marriages were made; and he has therefore very justly limited his calculation upon the increase of any given number of souls to the period at which, upon a fair average, the increase become marriageable, and begin to form the parent stock of a new generation.... But, taking the increase for the last ten years to be in the same ratio as the foregoing (although by a decrease of the advantages in favour of natural generation, upon which the doctor calculated, it will decrease in proportion) the population of America, at the end of twenty years in 1811, will be 6,681,950 souls, including emigrants from the old world. These form a considerable, though it is impossible to say what, part of American increase, because the Americans publish no list of them; but if they and their issue, during twenty years, are computed, *communibus annis*, at 30,000 *per annum*, it will be thought much under the mark by all who have a knowledge of the subject. Scarcely a vessel arrives in any port of the United States from any part of the world, without more or fewer passengers on board. Many vessels, of not more than 300 tons burthen, arrive in the Delaware, with 400 or 500 passengers from different parts of Ireland. Neither is this a novel scene. They bring similar cargoes from Scotland and Germany. The arrivals from England and other parts of Europe are less numerous, but more frequent; and, considering the innumerable swarms imported from the French West Indies, during the late troubles there, the number of emigrants and their progeny, during the last ten years, will be considerably under-rated. But, taking it at that rate, and making an average calculation upon the ten years, from 1791 to 1801 (during which America enjoyed in the fullest latitude, all those advantages for an increasing population which it ever can enjoy) the real increase will be as follows:

Population in 1791	3,929,326
Increase in ten years ending in 1801	1,376,312
Ditto Ditto 1811	1,376,312
	6,681,950
Deduct for emigrants and their issue	600,000
	7,281,950

or 1,776,702 less than the doctor's calculation!

To such as make observations upon the increase of American population, these remarks are necessary to be attended to, because the Americans do not discriminate between the increase by natural generation, and fortuitous or emigrating increase, as Dr. Franklin very properly does; and the mistaken inference to be drawn by such observers, would consequently be, that America is much more propitious to an increase of the human species than it really is. This mistake will be carried to a much more considerable extent, when the census or enumeration for 1811 shall be increased by the population of Louisiana (lately ceded to the United States) and all its towns and settlements to the westward of the Mississippi.

Thus the actual census, unattended by any explanation, appears almost incredible, considering the smallness of European increase in that period; but when the efflux of Europe and influx into America is balanced, our astonishment ceases. It may be doubted whether the increase of American population, exclusive of emigration, for the ten years, from 1791 to 1801, ever came up to any thing near one half of the doctor's calculation, considering the vast influx of Europeans during that troublesome period; and whatever might have been the fecundity of the American females at the time the doctor wrote, it is now-a-days far inferior to that of the European women; so that, instead of allowing eight births to one marriage, as he has done, it is well known that for one marriage which produces five births, there are 500 that do not ex-

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ceed three, and the proportion will hold good throughout the United States. Neither have marriages in America held any thing like a duplicate ratio to those in Europe since 1791; the cities and towns which have sprung up there, or vastly extended themselves, since the doctor's time, militating as much against early marriages, and the ease and convenience of supporting a family, as he has alledged against those in Europe. Dissipation also has wonderfully increased in America since the revolution, and rages in the sea-ports, particularly Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, &c. as much as in any European sea-port towns of equal extent; and were the marriage lists to be compared, the deficiency would most probably be on the American side. This drawback on the doctor's calculation certainly did not exist at the time he made it; and had he, a short time previous to his death, been to make it over again, he must have seen occasion to retract his opinion.

The yellow fever, which, since 1793, has constantly made an annual depopulation in America, and which now (1803) rages in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and at Alexandria, only eight miles from Washington, the seat of government, has also in some measure contributed to baffle the doctor's calculation, although under every advantage upon which he grounded it, it must be evident that it far exceeded the *ne plus ultra* of the increase of the human species in the climate of the United States, or perhaps in the universe. People who have travelled over the states, and sought for information in every track, very much doubt whether their population would double itself from the beginning to the end of the present century, totally independent of emigrants, and allowing for the probability of a devastation by war, and the ravages of the yellow fever, added to the catalogue of customary disorders. The population of the United States has undoubtedly increased: but as no mention is made of emigrants, the European reader should be apprised that they are included; and thus the increase of 1801 is not to be presumed as emanating from the stock of 1791 only, but as the result of that and a large foreign emigration conjunctively.

The United States comprize upwards of 1,000,000 of square miles, or 640,000,000 acres of land, exclusive of water, and must, as Dr. Franklin observes, require many ages to settle it fully: for, allowing forty acres to each family, which is an ample allowance of *freehold* land, for which no rent, and very few taxes are paid, and it will take 16,000,000 of families, exclusive of the numbers compressed into cities, towns, &c. Louisiana, lately ceded to the Americans, and to which they now claim the Floridas, as being attached, or comprehended under that title, contains an extent of land probably more than as much again; and allowing 16,000,000 of families, and five to a family, the dominion of the United States will be found capable of containing 320,000,000 of souls, enjoying each as much room as Great Britain could afford to 12,000,000.

The period must be, therefore, far distant, before the Americans will, if ever, be reduced for want of land to shut themselves up in the workshops of crowded cities, to earn their subsistence by manufactures; and the proximity of Louisiana, which is bounded on the west by New Mexico, will facilitate the entry of the precious metals into the American dominions, and add to the luxury of the natives, whilst it depresses their spirit of industry..... The demand of British manufactures must consequently increase, whilst their quality and cheapness insures them the preference over those of other nations, and Great Britain will be the workshop of the United States. As to Dr. Franklin's observation, that Great Britain will not be able to supply the consumption of the United States, though her whole trade should be to them,

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it seems groundless; the exertions of Great Britain are now infinitely more than adequate to their supply, and, if the consumption should increase ten times as much, would still continue to be so. Manufactures would find bread for thousands, who would otherwise emigrate; and if the population of Great Britain should increase beyond its power of giving subsistence to them, the United States would be its granary..... Such is the relative situation of Great Britain and the United States to each other, affording such a prospect of reciprocal advantages as none but the most infatuated policy can ever destroy or interrupt.

For the Literary Magazine.

BRITISH PENSION LIST.

THE ingenuity of government, in extracting from the purses of the people that portion of the general revenue, which is called the public revenue, in ways which shall be the easiest and most satisfactory to all parties, necessarily leads into estimates and disquisitions concerning every mode of private expence, and thus affords, to the curious, a clue to the knowledge of life and manners not otherwise attainable.

In the English revenue system, the public contributions are so great, and collected from such an infinite variety of sources, all of which must be made generally known, that the estimates, on this head, afford the most curious and extensive views into the state of the community.

Necessity has compelled the rulers to subject almost every article of individual ornament and use to taxation. For that end, they are obliged to compute, with great exactness, the quantity of every such article consumed, and the experience of one year affords the requisite information, and materials for judging of future, and even of past years.

In looking over a summary of the British funds for last year (1803), I observe that a deduction is to be made of one twentieth from all pensions: that is, of every *dollar* received by a pensionary, he shall return *five cents* into the public treasury.

A pension is an annual sum, conferred on some one, not in exchange for any actual or immediate, but as a recompense for past service, or as a reward for some supposed merit, or is a merely arbitrary and gratuitous donation, dictated by nothing but the will of the donor..... Some of these pensions rise as high as 20,000 dollars a year, and some fall as low as 75 dollars a year.

Competence is variable according to the education and habits of individuals: but if we divide the nation generally into low, middling, and high, we shall find that a competence, that is, an ample, independent provision, in the case of the first class, or the low, amounts, for a single person, to about 75 dollars a year, and for a family of six persons, to thrice as much or 225 dollars.

Now the the pension list of Great Britain amounted last year to upwards of 5,500,000 dollars, which, divided equally among families of the lower class, would afford competence, without labour, to many more than 20,000 families,or 120,000 individuals.

For a family of the middling class 1000 dollars a year is an ample competence. In this case, compe tence would be secured to 5500 families, or 33,000 individuals.

Thus the pension list of England would give affluence, without care or toil, to the inhabitants of a whole city, whose population amounted, in the first case, to 120,000, and in the second to 33,000.

These pensions however are not so equally divided. They vary from 150 dollars to 20,000 dollars a year. It is remarkable that the largest pensions are conferred on those who are already rich, and that they constitute the sole support of the pensioner, in proportion to their small-

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ness. Thus a superannuated royal domestic, or a disabled soldier, shall receive 150 dollars a year; while the families of Pitt and Penn, already opulent, receive each near 20,000 dollars.

A *twentieth* part of this sum is deducted from it as a tax, and amounts to 225,000, which itself would maintain 2000 labourers upon the soil.

If the amount of that part of the English pensions which now only swells the big, and enriches the already opulent, were employed in building roads, aqueducts, and bridges, how far would it go in changing the face of the island?

We may likewise observe, that the amount of pensions is more than double that of salaries: which last constitute the wages given to those by whom the whole machine of civil government is kept in motion.

For the Literary Magazine.

DOGS.

THE best idea that can be formed of the extent to which dogs are tolerated in Great Britain, may be gathered from the amount of the tax upom them. This tax, in 1803, brought in upwards of 450,000 dollars. As it must be matter of choice and luxury to keep a dog, what must be the general opulence of a nation, or what must be its general attachment to the canine race, when, in addition to the price and trouble of their maintenance, the people are willing to pay so vast a sum as this, for the privilege of keeping them!

For the Literary Magazine.

DEATH OF BICHAT.

BICHAT, one of the most eminent surgeons and physicians in France, died in August, 1802, having fallen a victim to the pestilential effluvia *from a lump of putrified flesh, on which he was making experiments.*

For the Literary Magazine.

NOTICES OF AMERICAN WRITERS AND PUBLICATIONS.

1. THE Port Folio is conducted by Joseph Dennie with his usual spirit. We warmly commend this gentleman for his zeal and labours in the cause of literature, we are grateful for the services which he has already rendered to that honourable cause, and hope that success will always attend his virtuous undertakings. We are now and then somewhat inclined to find fault with some of the poetical effusions which he introduces, and for some invectives, in which he occasionally indulges his pen, against christians of a *particular* denomination; but, while we differ from him with respect to these shades of opinion, we acknowledge fully his perfect right to his own sentiments on these and on other subjects, and do not consider them as detracting from his literary qualifications, which we know to be highly respectable. We wish to proceed hand in hand with him, in support of what he styles the *monarchy* of letters.

2. The Medical Repository, edited by Dr. Mitchill and Dr. Miller, of the city of New York, continues still to deserve its far-extended celebrity. We have heard learned medical characters declare that no work of the kind in Europe is more judiciously supported, or is attended with more flattering success.

3. We observe that Dr. Barton has proposed to undertake a work of the same nature with the one last noticed. His own talents and learning, the literary character of this city, and the extensive connections of some of our booksellers, will, we have no doubt, prove favourable to his design, and give our city a title to that fame in science, which our

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neighbour city has hitherto enjoyed without a rival.

4. Dr. Mease has lately edited with much ability, and enlarged with considerable original matter, Willich's Domestic Encyclopedia..... He offers also to the public another work, conducted in the same manner, entitled, The Wonders of Nature and of Art.

5. A periodical performance, entitled, The Monthly Anthology, is published in Boston. Some numbers of this work we have seen, but have not yet read attentively. The editor and publisher of this work is requested to accept our thanks for transmitting to us those numbers which have already appeared. We shall be grateful for the ensuing numbers as they shall be published, and shall send, in return, the present and future numbers of the Literary Magazine.

6. Observations on some Passages of Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia have appeared from the press of Swords, in New York. With his Remarks the writer has not given his name. They are written with ability, and betoken a youthful, but promising author.

7. The Rev. John H. Hobart, of New York, has given to the world a work entitled, The Companion for the Altar. It is his design in this, to explain the nature of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and the views and religious exercises with which the communicant should approach that holy ordinance. We shall take another opportunity of more particularly noticing this work.

8. We have but little opportunity afforded us of noticing original poetical performances. The muse seems at present to slumber in a country eminently calculated to awaken her exertions. We have skies, which give us the varied and kind returns of seasons; we have winds, which one would think would blow the spark of genius into flame; we have waters, which should allure to their banks the vagrant foot of enthusiasm; and we have mountains, which furnish us with all that is grand and elevating in prospect. Why then slumbers the poetical muses of America? We could indeed give a list of poets, whose works are entitled to a considerable portion of praise; but we complain of the smallness of their number, and we wish to see some effort which shall go beyond any that has yet appeared.

9. Dr. Dwight, president of Yale college, and Dr. Dana, of Newhaven, have published each a sermon on the death of Mr. Marsh, professor in the college, who died at the age of 26. The discourse of Dr. Dwight only have we read. It is eloquent, and will not detract from that high degree of reputation, which this distinguished divine, orator, and scholar has justly obtained, in this country and in England. We are delighted with the information which we have received, that Dr. Dwight is preparing for the press two or more volumes of his travels through different parts of the United States.

10. The political and literary interests of this country have suffered a great loss in the death of general Alexander Hamilton. In every region of investigation, into which this man entered, he discovered a burning and intrepid genius. Our hearts bleed at the recollection of the manner in which he died; and most bitterly do we deplore that such a man has fallen in such a manner. The citizens of New York can never forget the rich displays of his capacious and overcoming eloquence, nor should America ever forget his services in the field and in the cabinet. Early in life, Hamilton discovered a brilliant fancy and correct taste. He wrote and delivered, at the request of his fellow students, an Essay on Duelling, which, even at that season of heated imagination, declared detestation of that savage practice. He pronounced, several years ago, an eulogium on the character of general Greene. We hope that both these productions may be discovered among his papers, and that these, in connection with his

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many political tracts, will be published in a uniform manner. During a year or more before his death, he meditated a work on government; but we are not informed that he had made any progress in such a great and desirable undertaking. In a future number of this Magazine, we propose to give a portrait, and a more particular account of this celebrated and extraordinary man.

11. John Jay, to whom every American should feel himself indebted, is, we are informed, engaged, in his solitary retreat at Bedford, in writing a work on the prophecies. May the benedictions of Heaven follow him in his philosophical retreat from the unthankful warfare of politics! May his religious meditations be consolatory to himself and instructive to the world! And may the evening of his life be attended by that peace which man can neither give nor take away!

12. We have lately seen and looked into a work called an Index to the Bible. It proposes to aid the searches into the scriptures, by giving the heads of different subjects, in alphabetical order, and referring to the chapter and verse in which they are found. From our examination of this volume, we discover, by its partial and restricted references, that it befriends the doctrines of Socinius. We believe that it is a posthumous work of Dr. Priestley. It discovers great industry and accuracy in support of the peculiar views of its author. Dr. Priestley was one of the most industrious, learned, and celebrated men of the eighteenth century. Science and literature are indebted to him for his discoveries and researches; and though the writer of these notices has ventured to differ with him on religious opinions, yet he is far from being disposed to withhold from him, his share of approbation and gratitude, which are due to his merits and services. Dr. Barton, Dr. Woodhouse, and Dr. Caldwell have been appointed as eulogists of this philosopher. Justice, therefore, will be done to his character, by men of talents, who know how to estimate his worth.

13. Two volumes of sermons, by the Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, of New-York, are soon to be offered to the world from a London press. While Dr. M. was in England, notes were taken of discourses which he there delivered, and published in a mutilated form. In order to rectify a proceeding so unjust, he was induced to promise, that, on his return to America, he would transmit to a printer in London, a number of discourses sufficient to form two octavo volumes. Dr. M. has, for some time past, been engaged in fulfilling his intention. All his performances, which we have hitherto seen, have borne the undoubted stamp of genius, and they give us an assurance of the successful execution of the intended publication.

14. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller is proceeding with the second part of his Retrospect. He proposes, in this part, to review the condition and progress of theology, during the eighteenth century. The ability with which he has written the first part of his voluminous work, makes us look, with pleasing expectations, toward that which is to come.

15. The Triumph of the Gospel, a sermon delivered before the New York Missionary Society, by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Livingston, has been published by T. and J. Swords. Copies of this discourse have not yet reached this city. The subject which it embraces is elevated and interesting; and from so learned and pious a theologian, as the author, we expect, on the topics which he discusses, much instruction and delight.

16. "Glad Tidings, or an Account of the State of Religion, within the Bounds of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, and in other Parts of the World. Taken from the Reports of their Members, and their Committee of Missions; published by the said Committee, with the Approbation of the General Assembly, for the Information

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of the People under their Care."..... The title-page sufficiently informs us of the nature and extent of the design of this pamphlet. In prosecution of their intentions in making these *Glad Tidings* public, the committee of missions have communicated much useful and satisfactory information. They have given a sketch of the missionary societies in the United States and abroad, and have related, as far as their limits would permit, the success which has attended their exertions. It appears, from this and other publications of the same nature, that christians, in different parts of the world, have been rouzed by more than common zeal to spread through the habitations of ignorance and blood the mild and saving truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The general assembly of the presbyterian church of America, when they constituted a standing committee of missions, intrusted to their hands the management of the concerns of the missionary cause..... From what these gentlemen* have already effected, we may send forward christian hope to explore the future, and bring us back the tokens of still greater success.

The sum which is raised from the sale of this work will be devoted to missionary purposes, and this consideration, in connection with the information which it will afford on the most interesting subjects, we hope will give it a speedy and extensive sale.

We shall extract and insert, in this place, some letters with which we were much gratified, and which we trust will furnish much gratification to others.

"*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Gerike, dated Vapparry, Jan.* 18, 1803.

"I wrote you last from Seringapatam; since that time I have experienced great hardships, and also singular mercies. When in my journey I came near to the extremity of the peninsulas, I found whole villages waiting anxiously for my coming, to be further instructed and baptized. They had got acquainted with our native priest in that country, and the catechists and christians; and had learned from them the catechism, which those who could write copied, to learn it themselves, at their leisure.

"When they heard of my coming, they broke their idols to pieces, and converted their temples into christian churches; in which I instructed and baptised them; in some about 200, in others near 300; formed them into christian congregations; procured for them catechists and schoolmasters; and made them chuse, in each place, four elders. These examples awakened the whole country; and when I was about to leave it, the inhabitants of many more villages sent messages to me, begging me to remain a couple of months longer in their country, and to do, in their villages, the good work I had done in those of their neighbours. Since that, there have been instructed and baptized 2700 people more, and 18 congregations more have been formed..... Among these new converts are several chiefs, all very zealous; and one of them travels about, preaching the gospel. Since my return, some of the heathen of that country, old enemies, have stirred up a persecution against them. By a letter, since, from that country, I am informed of the good news, that the persecution had abated in several places; and that the christians who had been confined, had been honourably acquitted.

"*Serampore, Oct.* 11, 1803.

"There has not been any great work apparent here, but yet it has been evidently progressing. Since

* The names of the committee of missions for the present year are, Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, chairman, Rev. Dr. Samuel Blair, Philip Milledoler, Jacob Janeway, Elias Boudinot. LL. D. Ebenezer Hazard, Robert Smith.

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our arrival 11 natives have made a profession of christianity by baptism. Among them are three brahmans. These have been collected, not by our endeavours, but evidently by the gracious providence of God. Some have heard from others; others have obtained information by papers; and others have accidentally called, as they passed by, and heard the words of life from our brethren; and thus have been led to enquiry, which we hope has ended in their thorough conversion to God. It must be remarked, that not one of these people belonged to Serampore, but all came from a distance, and some widely apart from each other. From the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, will God gather in his elect, and show that it is not by might nor by power, nor by an arm of flesh, but by his own spirit, that his work is to be accomplished. Brother Krishno is perhaps the most useful in this way. Enquirers are entertained at his house, and he spends much of his time in conversing with them, for which he is eminently qualified. He is an experienced christian, and a very valuable and useful man. He is the first brahman who was baptized. He is gone with brother W— to Dinagepore. Brother W— writes some very pleasing things concerning him; one is, his proficiency in speaking and disputing with the natives. God has been pleased to remove our brother Gokool by death, from the church militant, to the church triumphant; of this he gave abundant testimony, both during a lingering illness, and in the article of death. His hope was wholly in Christ, and supported by this, he passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and feared no evil. We have been visited by some people from a place about 500 miles distant, called Lockfeel, who have given us great hope. They had been here before; and our brethren have at different times visited them. They are intelligent people, much above the common rank. They read well, and try to understand all they read, are devoted enemies to Hindooism and Mahometanism, and very great adepts in disputation on these points. They say that their minds are made up respecting christianity; they are sure that it is the true and right way; and in it alone they expect pardon, and depend wholly on the death of Christ for salvation. Some thing of a worldly nature hinders them from making a public confession by baptism, which gives us sorrow, and damps our rising expectations.

"Schools are instituting in many parts of the country for English, Portuguese, and Hindoo children, and the Bible, with many other pious books, is printed in the Bengalee, Hindostanee, Persian, and Maharata languages.

"In Ceylon, an island containing more than 100,000 inhabitants, a great work is also carrying on. The British possessions are divided into four districts; these are divided into counties, which are subdivided into parishes. In every parish is a protestant school, where the youth are instructed in reading and writing their own language, and in the principles of christianity. Over every ten schools is appointed one catechist, whose business it is to perform a visitation once a month to enquire into the conduct of the teachers; to examine the progress made by the scholars, and to exhort them to industry and diligence. In each of the lesser districts is established a native officiating preacher, who has been examined, and performs divine service in one of the churches or schools every Sunday, &c. In each of the principal districts are one, two, or three clergymen who have been ordained in Europe. Each has the superintending charge of a certain number of schools, to which he performs a visitation once a year, and administers the holy communion. Some of the native preachers and catechists are really men of principle and abilities, and are extremely useful. By the last returns, there were nearly 170 schools, and up-

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wards of 42,000 professing protestant christians. The number of christians professing the religion of the church of Rome was very great. There are fifteen priests on the island, who are indefatigable in their labours, and are daily making proselytes. The doctrines of those who have been educated by the Dutch are purely calvinistic, and their sermons evangelical.

"A British missionary has also, in a great measure, succeeded in establishing a mission in Astracan, in Persia. He writes from Corass Beshnaw, near Geotghieusk, under date of January 27, 1803. "I have met with a degree of prosperity, in my undertaking, that makes me afraid; Providence has enabled me to do more than ever I meditated. We have fixed ourselves in a village, which separates the Tartars from the Cabordians, who inhabit a great part of Caucasus. This place in which we are settled, is on the frontier of the Russian empire, but properly in the Circassian country. We travelled, under the favour of an open letter from the emperor of Russia to his governors, &c. by the way of Moscow, Sarepta, Astracan, &c. about three thousand versts, to the place where we now are. It is within a few days' journey of Persia and Bokkaria, and within fifty miles of Turkey. Although, I doubt not, the society for missions to Africa and the east have already sufficient engagements, yet may I not venture to ask, whether they might not ransom a few Tartar youths? Should any of them prove pious, they might afterwards do much in propagating the gospel. You cannot conceive the respect and attention a Tartar or Circassian would meet with, who understood the Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Tartar languages well."

Extracts from two letters from the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, acting under the authority of the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States, as a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, to the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, chairman of the committee of missions.

Maryville, Nov. 2, 1803.

REV. SIR,

You have no doubt been waiting with considerable anxiety to hear from me on the subject of my mission. I did not wish to write until I should have it in my power to say something decisive on the subject. Immediately on my return to Tenessee, I took every opportunity of conversation with the leading characters of the nation, on their visits to our settlement, and stated to them my wishes. Some, I could not see, I addressed by letter, in order to prepare their minds for giving the proposals publicity. By information from colonel Meigs, I found there was to be a general meeting of the nation on the 15th September, near South-west Point, about forty miles from this place. I attended, but the Indians had postponed the meeting to the 15th October. Finding it would give dignity and respect to the institution, to have the sense of the nation on the subject, I wrote a circular letter, requesting an answer on that head at their meeting. At the time proposed, I again attended, and met a general assembly of the chiefs, and a considerable number of the people, in all near 2000. The council was held in a grove, on the Indians' land, on the south of Tenessee river. I made my proposal in an address: on the 20th, the Indians took it into serious consideration that evening and night, and in full council the next day rendered their answer in the following words, viz. "We approve of a school being established in our nation, under the superintendance of the Rev. Mr. Blackburn, and hope much good will be done by it to our people: two years are allowed in the first place, that we may have an opportunity to see what progress our children make under the instruction of the teachers,

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and we will send some of our children to the school."

THE GLASS,
Speaker for the nation.

Attest,
RETURN J. MEIGS.

A place was agreed on. The place chosen by the chiefs, as most suitable to their convenience, is near a town called Highwassee, near forty-five miles in the nation. I have procured a teacher, of respectable character, approved morals, and strict piety.

The distance of the school from the settlement, made it necessary for the teacher to live in the nation; I therefore preferred one with a family: one is obtained, who has a decent companion, and one child: he has entered into bond, and given sufficient security for his performance.

The school will be attended with considerable expence, and immense trouble and labour: but I hope God will direct to resources, and enable to bear the fatigue. The advantage to the nation, and the cause of God, will, I trust, fully repay every exertion to promote the institution. To see thousands of immortals capable, by improvement, to vie with a Boyle, a Bacon, and a Newton, buried in the shades of savage ignorance, and destitute of the means of enlightening, would inspire the most stoical mind, if religious, with apostolic desires to rescue them from their native ignorance and savage wildness. However, I am fully persuaded there is not a nation of Indians on the continent, which promises fairer to reward the pious exertions of generous benefactors, than the Cherokee nation.

Before Christmas, I flatter myself, every thing will be ready to begin the school. One of the great obstacles to be surmounted, will be the wild and distant disposition of the young Indians: this must be engaged by allurements: perhaps a few small books, to be given to them, might be of use. Should this desideratum be supplied, and a few others suited to the undertaking be forwarded, it would evidently materially serve the mission.

I rest assured we have your most ardent prayers, and those of your society, for our success, and will expect your friendly communications to assist in the discharge of the important trust.

The president, the agent, and all the officers of government are much pleased with the design, and engaged to promote the undertaking by every kind office in their power; but unless God build the house, the workmen strive in vain. May God grant his aid, afford his assistance, and receive entirely the praise!

Maryville, April 12, 1804.

After immense labour and fatigue, I got all things ready for opening the Indian school on the 21st February. The master had been under pay from December; and had been at the place, making necessary arrangements....obtaining an acquaintance with the language, and familiarizing himself with the children. On the first day, there came eleven scholars; on the 8th of March there were *sixteen*; on the 27th there were *twenty*; and several more are expected in a few days.....as soon as I can get clothing ready for them.

The children behave past expectation; and I am persuaded that, by a discipline well balanced by inducements and well-timed authority, they can be kept in as good order as any school on the continent.

Their proficiency is very remarkable: the first day several of them could distinctly pronounce half of the alphabet; by the eighth of March all of them could say their letters, backward and forward, and could easily know them wherever they could see them; and three could say their *ab*. They continue their progress; and I flatter myself that their proficiency will exceed the most sanguine expectations. Two boys who have been taught in the

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settlement are now at school, and are beginning to *write*.

The activity, attention, and care of the master deserve the highest notice.

I have spent three months in close service to the institution, besides numberless attentions I am obliged to pay to it at home. The interest I feel in carrying this business into effect would secure my exertions, should I receive no pecuniary returns from any person on earth. I have pledged myself to the nation, and my property is at stake on the issue of the undertaking.

I found it necessary to engage in the business on a large scale, which involves considerably more expence than at first I had calculated: the clothing and boarding I found unavoidable: without this they could not easily be weaned from savage, and introduced into civilized habits; nor could they have been continued at school, had they been boarded in Indian families. The Indians were not sufficiently sensible of the advantages to submit to the expences of the institution. I have therefore raised a tolerable large house with two fires, in which they are both boarded and taught, and thus are constantly under the eye of the master.

In every conversation I have had with the chiefs, I have inculcated the ideas of settling in farms, and cultivating the soil: I think a very short period will bring this about.

The existence of a *Supreme Being* is almost universally acknowledged, and they admit his agency in matters of importance.

They are remarkably fond of historical sketches; and in this way might easily be instructed in the history of the bible. Should a number of gentlemen of talents and leisure publish a work in the form of a magazine to answer this end, and devote it to the use of the school, I am persuaded it would serve the cause of God.

The chiefs of the nation are pleased with the thought, that their children should be taught to do business like the white people.

A few days ago, I received a very earnest request from the principal chiefs of the lower district of the nation, for a school to be established among them. This would be attended with less expence, as a few respectable white men live near that place, who would board the scholars free, and contribute considerably for schooling their own children.

Shall it be said by future writers of the history of America, that once there existed a nation of Indians, consisting of upwards of eight thousand souls; but that they sunk to ruin for want of information, though begging for the means of civilization from a rich, an enlightened, and a christianized republic? Shall not the same ardour fire our breasts, which actuates the merchant, while, in the pursuit of wealth, he traverses the globe, or faces death upon the mighty waters! He is not daunted by the horror of the tempests, or the changes of climate, until he arrives in Nootka Sound, in quest of a few *otter skins*; and shall the salvation of souls be of less consequence in our view, or shall we be apathetic in our exertions to rescue them from savage ignorance and barbarity?

I wish to be fully informed of the wishes and designs of the committee on this subject, and how far they will carry the attempt to civilize this nation; also what funds they will appropriate to that end. Should the funds be inadequate, rather than the design should miscarry, I would cheerfully commit the care of my family and congregations to divine Providence, and, pleading the cause of my poor red neighbours and brethren, I would endeavour, by representing their cries for relief, to excite a generous public to contribution.

Were the state of the school and its wants known to the merchants and booksellers of Philadelphia, I am persuaded that blankets, clothing, and books, together with an abundance of small articles, which

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would serve as presents and inducements to the children, might easily be obtained. These would be of great service; and indeed without them the school cannot go on. All the presents I have yet given them are at my own expence, as I was desirous to make the best I could of the funds on hand.

I need not specify the kinds of books which will be wanted; you are all judges of those things, and, having it in your power to select from a great variety, you can do it to the best advantage.

Oh, sir, if I had the wealth of a Crœsus, the ambition of an Alexander, and the wisdom of Solomon, aided by the zeal of a Paul, or an Elliot, they should all be employed to carry on this design.

I hope this earth never makes one revolution on its axis, without finding you with your hands spread, and your hearts raised to the divine throne for my assistance. May your prayers be successful, and you reap a rich harvest to your own souls!

The nations are shaking, the temple is filling with the glory of the Lord, and the poor heathen will soon rejoice in the light of the sun of righteousness. May we, who already enjoy the light of the gospel, be indeed the salt of the earth!

Affixed to these communications are two religious pieces of poetry, and a letter from a reverend gentleman in the western part of the state of Tenessee. On the contents of this letter, and on all subjects of a similar kind, we hesitate to offer a full and decisive opinion; however, the facts which are here related are in themselves singular, and deserve attention and enquiry.

17. We have read eleven letters of Dr. Thomas Ruston, which form the first part of a collection of facts, interspersed with observations, on the nature, causes, and cure of the yellow fever. In these letters, Dr. R. totally condemns all modes of cure which have been adopted and practised in this country. As yet, however, we are not able to judge whether his condemnation be just, for he has not introduced into his first part his own peculiar opinions, and his remedy for this gigantic disease, which has depopulated cities, and been the scourge of kingdoms. If he can suggest any new hints, if he can discover any new potions, which will prove antidotes to the introduction of this fever into our cities, or if his skill can withstand its ravages and slaughter when it is introduced, he will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of mankind.

The following letter will afford a favourable specimen of his mode of writing.

LETTER X.

Of the transmission of pestilential contagion.

M. Desgenettes, physician in chief to the army of the east under general Bonaparte, observes, that it has been long ascertained, that the only method of stopping the propagation of this dreadful distemper, is to keep the infected in a strict seclusion, and not to touch either their bodies, or their clothes, to which the pestilential virus adheres with the greater obstinacy and facility the more woolly their texture is.

Solicitous to prevent the alarm and terror, which seizes the bravest men at the mere name of the disease, and favours the contagion, M. Desgenettes called the pestilential fever an epidemic fever, and, in concert with the generals who directed the expedition, concealed from the army the real name of its most formidable enemy, the disclosure of which would have struck them with a panic.

In the expedition which was directed against Syria, fifteen thousand men crossed the desert, which separates Africa from Asia. The verdant summits of Palestine's mountains relieved the soldier's eye, fatigued with the sterility of the desert, and the monotonous appearance of Egyptian prospects, where

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the soil, alternately parched and inundated, produced a vigorous vegetation only in those parts contiguous to the Nile, or its innumerable canals. Meanwhile, many individuals were attacked by the pestilential disease, the symptoms of which were too decisive to be mistaken. It might at first, says he, be imagined, that men accustomed to brave death in the field of battle, would view the ravages of the plague with cool indifference; experience, however, proves the contrary, as M. Desgenettes very philosophically observes. He continued to employ the most prudent precautions he was master of, and to pay the most unremitted attention to the sick, in spite of all which, great numbers of victims were swept away by the disease.

As the violence of the symptoms increased before Jaffa, and carried off the patients on the fifth or sixth day, he could no longer disguise the danger of their situation. However, as he placed great hopes on the effects of the healthy season into which they were advancing, in the diversion of marches, better quarters, and the abundance and better quality of the food; as, besides, he was by no means convinced that the disease was very easily communicated, on which all the exaggerations of alarm were accredited, he took the following resolution. Aware of the frequently pernicious influence on the human mind, of imaginary prejudices, he determined never to pronounce the word *plague*. Under these circumstances he considered it as his duty to treat the whole army, like a patient in a critical disease, to whom it can never be of service, and it is frequently very dangerous, to reveal his real situation. He communicated this resolution to the chief of the etat-major-general, whose situation, independent of the private friendship with which he was honoured, appeared to demand an avowal of the political motives that regulated his conduct.

The army arrived before Acre, where all the valour and the good fortune of a great general were ineffectually opposed to a handful of Britons. Scarcely was the encampment completed, and scarcely were the trenches opened, when the plague made its appearance among the corps of artillery. M. Desgenettes, in an instruction, indicated to the army his method of preventing and treating the disease, the name of which he was always cautious to disguise. The means he recommended for keeping up the strength were, a vomit in the first instance, and afterwards a very strong decoction of coffee and quinquina, acidulated with lemon, means very inadequate to the aid that was to be obtained. He directed the buboes to be covered with emollient cataplasms, without endeavouring to reduce them; for, as he very judiciously observes, these buboes are the crisis of the disease; and as it appears that the dreadful virus in which the cause of it resides exhausts its influence on the lymphatic glands, they should be opened by incision when the inflammation has terminated by suppuration. With regard to ulcers that quickly turn to a gangrene or mortification, he thinks it best to apply a cautery the moment the mortification appears, to prevent it from extending farther; but I have an application that is infinitely preferable to this, which is to dip the rags made use of for dressing, in water acidulated with a few drops of sulphuric acid, and to apply them immediately to the part affected.

The same disease raged at Gaza, but it was much more fatal to the inhabitants of that town, than it was to the garrison that was left there. Children, in particular, fell victims to it; and it is worthy of remark, that with them the buboes appeared on the parotid glands, as if this most obstinate of all diseases was subject to the influence of age, and as if the fluxionary movements of the plague conformed to the organic tendency

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of the humours towards the head during the time of infancy.

Meanwhile the malady did not spare those who courageously opposed its ravages, and endeavoured to stop its progress. Almost all the officers of health of the hospital at Gaza perished; the young Bruant and Dewevre, the first physician, and the latter chief surgeon of that establishment, died within a few days of each other, equals in age and talents, and indefatigable in their professional duties; both were cut off in their prime. How tender and affecting is the regret expressed by M. Desgenettes for their premature loss!

The medical chest was exhausted of every thing, for blisters, for poultices, of quinquina, rhubarb, acids, and even vinegar. The healing art was destitute, at the same time, both of remedies and of ministers to administer them. The plague continued to make the most rapid progress.

Notwithstanding this almost total privation, the sick thronged in as great numbers as ever to the hospitals, where every thing was wanting, except the unwearied attention of the physicians that were still spared by the pestilence. M. Desgenettes multiplied himself, as it were, to give attendance wherever it was necessary; he braved, undaunted, a contagion so justly dreaded, and performing every duty, as well those that were imposed upon him by the honourable station that he held, as those prescribed by his uncommon philanthropy, he found resources in situations, which other men, with less intelligence and zeal, would have considered as desperate. Convalescents employed in waiting on the sick, for want of other attendants, caught the infection a second time; which refutes the assertion of some authors, that a person cannot be attacked twice successively by the plague the same season.

But we now come to a trait that deserves particular notice....In order to raise the drooping spirits of the army, and to persuade them that the danger was not so great as they imagined, he dipped a lancet, in the midst of the hospital, in the matter of a buboe, on a person in the first stage of recovery, and made a slight incision in his wrist, and another near his elbow, without taking any other precaution than washing himself with some soap and water which was brought him. For above three weeks he had two small inflamed spots, corresponding to the two incisions, and which were still very perceptible, when, upon his return to Acre, in the presence of the army, he bathed in the bay of Cæsarea.

This imperfect experiment, of which he conceived himself obliged to give some details, on account of the noise which it has made, proves nothing of any great importance to the art; it does not refute the transmission of the contagion, demonstrated by a thousand examples; it simply shows, that the conditions necessary for it to take place are not yet sufficiently demonstrated..... He thinks he ran a much greater risk, for the sake of an object of infinitely less utility, when, at the request of the quarter-master of the 75th demi-brigade, about an hour before his death, he drank a portion of his beveridge, out of his own glass, merely to afford him that gratification. This circumstance, which occurred in the presence of numerous witnesses, made M. Durand in particular, who happened to be in the tent, shudder with horror.

Within the walls of that same city of Acre, at the time of the crusades, the consort of a British prince sucked the wounds of her husband, reputed to be poisoned, from the ill conditioned state of them, but which was most probably pestilential, and by this means gave the world a most notable example of conjugal affection.

Amidst the grateful testimonies of affection with which he was daily greeted by the army, he was frequently asked by what means he became proof against the contagion.

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It may not be amiss to observe, that the south-east wind elevated Reaumur's thermometer to 33 degrees. This wind raised a cloud of blackish dust, which chapped the lips and parched the skin; the west wind, which succeeded it, caused the thermometer to descend to 18 degrees. These meteorological observations, which were made by M. Cortaz, are valuable with regard to the reigning disease. M. Desgenettes remarks, contrary to the idea of most physicians, that intermittent, or sporadic affections, do not always assume the character of the reigning diseases, of which the celebrated Monge furnished him with an example.

I must not omit mentioning the opinion of the no less illustrious Berthollet, on the transmission of the pestilential contagion, by means of the saliva, which he considers as its vehicle.

My lady Montague, in a letter from Adrianople, observes, "That those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague, have little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you, that we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived, that I knew nothing of the matter, and I was made to believe that our second cook had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health, and I am let into the secret that he has had the plague. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here, as out of Italy and France; but they are not very solicitous about it, and are contented to suffer this distemper, instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

18. Mr. N. G. Dufief has in the press a work upon the study of the French language, in two considerable volumes. This work is a system of instruction, which the writer has adopted from its conformity to the process of simple nature, and from his own long and multiplied experience of its success. He styles it *the method of Nature in teaching languages*, and he anticipates the most splendid success in his efforts to explain and introduce this method, in the seminaries, not only of America, but of every part of the world where the French language is attended to. This method possesses the singular excellence of being adapted to all languages. In the present publication, the author has applied it, in its fullest extent, only to the French tongue, on which we shall be here presented with a body of instruction, digested in a more luminous method, and comprehending a greater number of particulars, than is found in any work extant. So far as we are able to estimate the merit of works of this nature, we do not hesitate to bestow the feeble sanction of our praise, and the slender aid of our wishes for its success.

19. The Life of Washington is still in the press, but a second volume may be speedily expected. An anonymous critic, in our last number, has ventured to sit in judgment on the merits of this publication. He appears to have committed some material errors in his sketch of the design and extent of the work, and we, for our parts, entertain very different expectations of the issue of this arduous undertaking. We never doubted but that it will prove as splendid and durable a monument to the literary glory of MARSHALL, as to the political and military fame of WASHINGTON, and the specimen of historical skill and industry afforded by the first volume contributes to invigorate our hopes.

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20. A 9th volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has appeared. The establishment of this society is well calculated to secure from oblivion many important but detached historical documents, not sufficiently voluminous to be printed in separate works. Persons in possession of such documents, would render a public service in transmitting them (free of expence) to this society, at Boston.

21. A member of this society has it in contemplation to publish a work in 2 volumes 8vo. to be entitled American Annals, to commence with the discovery of America, and be continued to the present time.... The events to be related in the order of time on the plan of chronology, but in cases of importance to be dilated on in the manner of history. The authorities to be given with precision. It will comprise an account of the scientific as well as civil establishments.

For the Literary Magazine.

EUROPEAN LITERARY NEWS.

A NEW magazine has appeared in London, entitled the Universal Theological Magazine and Impartial Review. It commenced in January, 1804, and is published monthly, by E. Vidler, a celebrated preacher among the methodists. Price 1s. ster. The following is extracted from his fourth number: "The Society for the Support and Encouragement of Sunday Schools in England and Wales, it appears by their last report, has, since the commencement of the institution, in 1785, assisted 2,232 schools, in which have been instructed 200,787 scholars, and among them have been distributed 184,248 spelling books, 42,680 testaments, 6583 bibles, and 4112l. sterl. (18,275 dolls. 55 cents.)

"Since 1799, about 100 Sunday schools have been instituted in South Wales, which have been assisted by the London Society with 2500 testaments and spelling books."

The Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton, near Bath, England, now upwards of 90 years of age, has just written a series of essays, under the title of The Invalid, on the means of preserving health and attaining old age. He has subjoined to the work a variety of original poems on the same subject, and a new translation of the golden verses of Pythagoras, made within these few weeks.

The lessons of so vigorous a nonagenarian, on the subject of health and long life, will doubtless be received by mankind with a degree of respect due to the venerable author of the Spiritual Quixote.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

Continued.

BUT the indigent must submit to many other evils, inconveniences, and privations, which those who have experienced them can best describe; yet imagination may wing its flight to the abodes of poverty, may see the wants and sorrows of their inhabitants, and bring home to the hearts of the affluent feeling for their afflictions, and create a desire to relieve their wants.

Among these evils, is the want of that respect from mankind which the wealthy receive, even when they have not merited it by their intrinsic worth, or the value of their services. Few pay that degree of respect to the indigent, to which they are entitled, even by their merit; yet wealth demands, and generally receives that respectful homage, which indigent merit dares not claim, and which mankind are not sufficiently just to award.

Let him who bears the marks of poverty, gather the most sensible observations, he will find many ready to contradict every assertion;

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let him modestly express his opinions, his wishes, his likings, or antipathies, and each will generally be thought founded in error and prejudice: while he who wears the trappings of affluence, is listened to with silent attention, his observations are found just, his opinion is valued as important, and his advice (if not followed) is heard with deference, and apparent acquiescence..... But strip each of the gifts of fortune, let them appear on equal terms; modest merit will then step forth from the shade of obscurity, assert its claims, and receive its just reward; while ignorance and folly, no longer adorned with the parade of wealth, shrinks abashed from the view of its now triumphant opponent. Yet, let it not be imagined I suppose wealth and ignorance, poverty and merit, are always united; no, I only wish to show how little public regard is paid to merit without wealth, and how much to wealth without merit.

Still more bitter is the draught of poverty, when it falls to the lot of those whom age and infirmity have deprived of the physical power necessary for active exertion, or severe labour; to them the scene is indeed gloomy and forbidding: nothing but a cheerless waste, and a sky dark with the lowering clouds of affliction, present themselves to their view; bereft, perhaps, by death, of those whose affection would have supplied the wants, cheered the sullen hours of age, and smoothed the downhill path of life, they are condemned to retire into that last retreat of indigence....the alms-house; to live on the bounty of the public, and to die without a friend to close their eyes, and drop the tear of affectionate remembrance on their graves.

A friend of mine, whose dread of poverty is very great, frequently expresses his opinion on this subject in the following manner: "Nothing (says he) is more justly to be dreaded, than old age attended with poverty: a poor old man is too frequently regarded as little better than an useless piece of lumber, never of service, but frequently in the way: the younger part of mankind consider him in the light of a withered tree of the forest, once flourishing, but now decayed."

Though I am convinced by my own feelings and experience, that this picture of indigent old age is drawn in colours by far too dark to be correct, yet it cannot be denied that appearances seem in some cases to justify his observations, and it would well become every reflecting being to economise the earnings of youth to support the feebleness of long continued existence.

But when those become indigent who have once lived in affluence, whose education and consequent refinement have rendered them more susceptible of misery, they feel with additional force the privations of indigence: unaccustomed to struggle against the downhill torrent of adversity, feeble is their resistance, and unsuccessful their efforts; remembrance recalls the happy days of prosperity, when every want was satisfied, and every wish anticipated and fulfilled. The painful contrast forces itself into notice, and increases the severity of their fate. Severely indeed must they suffer from the chilling blasts of poverty, the cold neglect and contemptuous glance of their more fortunate companions, condemned perhaps to receive the miserable pittance which wealth bestows, and too frequently bestows with ostentation, from the hands of those whom they perhaps justly, though secretly despise, and whom they must treat with marks of esteem and gratitude.

Poverty is an enemy to independence: it is not easy to preserve that firm unbending dignity of character, that stern integrity and undeviating loftiness of spirit, which distinguishes the man of worth, who is conscious of his own merit, amidst the severe trials to which poverty exposes her reluctant followers..... The wants of nature are opposed

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to the firmness of the mind, and most frequently decide the contest in their own favour.

But whether the poor are actually in a great degree more miserable than the wealthy, whether they feel the severities of their fate with so much force as is generally supposed, whether custom produces cheerfulness and contentment or not, is a question, which I confess myself unable to answer; certain it is, that custom and habit exert a powerful influence over the mind of man, nor can I see why they should not produce the same effects in this case as they do in others.

Poverty is a term not easily defined; every man is poor when compared with one much richer: thus almost all mankind are comparatively poor, yet not wanting the necessaries of life. Want in general may be avoided, by prudence and economy, virtues, I fear, not very common among those who are at all times but a small degree removed from actual want, its consequent inconveniences and distresses: too often does it happen, that scarcely has industry driven want from the door, when it is again invited by folly and extravagance.

Comparatively trifling expences make a deep impression on the finances of the really poor: these, if unnecessary, ought carefully to be avoided; but people of the above description are remarkable for their love of present enjoyment, in preference to future security; they seldom provide for a season of adversity, and when it comes, it brings additional distresses, because it finds them unprepared; yet distress, though proceeding from improvidence, ought still to excite commiseration and command relief, but is certainly better entitled to the donations of benevolence, when it is the consequence of unforeseen calamities, or unavoidable misfortunes.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, August 6th, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

AT a stated meeting of "The American Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia for promoting useful Knowledge," on the 20th July, 1804, the following persons were duly elected members:

Le Baron Alexandre de Humboldt, of the Royal Academy of Prussia.

Joseph Willard, D. D. President of Howard College, Massachusetts.

William Short, of Virginia.

Zaccheus Collins, of Philadelphia.

The thanks of the society are presented to the following persons, for the *communications* and *donations* prefixed to their respective names.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Meteorological observations made at Loyalsock, Lycoming, 1803....Richard Ecroyd.

On the Mississippi and its Delta, also, Meteorological Observations made at the Natchez, 1801-2-3.... Wm. Dunbar, Esq.

On the fascination of serpents.... Dr. Hugh Williamson.

Observations on some fossil bones, &c.....Wm. Lewis, Esq. of Virginia.

Tracts and observations relative to the turkey.....Dr. B. S. Barton.

Account of the discharge of two worms from a child's ear, with the worms preserved in spirits....Dr. Hossac and Mr. Gillespie, of New York.

Observations on gypsum as a manure, also on the climate of Virginia, in a letter to Dr. Barton....from R. P. Barton, Esq.

Account of the maggotty bean or cassia chamicrista, as a manure, in a letter to Dr. Barton....from P. Custis, Esq.

Some account of the amelioration of climate in Massachusetts, from James Winthrop to F. Nichols.

Demonstration of a theorem proposed by Simson....Mr. Joseph Clay.

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FOR THE CABINET.

1. A fine Italian marble bust of Franklin, executed at Florence.... J. R. Smith, Esq.

2. A profile of Dr. Priestley....Mr. Robert Patterson.

3. A profile cast of Lavosier.... Dr. J. R. Coxe.

4. A specimen of curious moss from Montgomery county.....J. B. Smith, Esq.

FOR THE LIBRARY.

Transactions of the Royal Society of St. Petersburg, 13th volume....The Society.

Transactions of the National Institute, 4th vol. in three parts, 4to. Camus's memoir on the voyages of De Bry and Thevenot, 4to....The Institute.

The ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth numbers Flora Batava....The Batavian Council of the Interior.

Collection of maxims and advice to intendants, &c. &c.....Dr. Val. de Forondu.

Warren's address on Vaccination. Account of Margate sea-bathing Infirmary. Account of Literary Fund Society. Dr. Glass's and Dr. Barry's annual Sermons before the Royal Humane Society. Plan of receiving-house of Royal Humane Society at Hyde Park. Account of Goldsmith's last illness by Dr. Hawes...The above from Dr. William Hawes, treasurer to R. H. Society.

Lathrop's discourse before the Society for propagating the Gospel. Thatcher's funeral Discourse on the death of Samuel Adams....Rev. John Elliot, Boston.

The Constitutionalist....Wm. Barton.

Rev. Dr. Smith's works, vol. 1st and 2d....Hugh Maxwell, publisher.

Carver's travels. Ramsay's oration on the cession of Louisiana.... Dr. Barton.

Brief Retrospect of the 18th century, 2 vols. 8vo. by the Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D.....The author.

Kramner's Dutch and German Dictionary....Michael Hillegas, Esq.

Inaugural Dissertations for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in the university of Pennsylvania, presented by the authors or the professors:

S. T. Firth of New Jersey, on Malignant Fever. John Rush, Philadelphia, on Sudden Death. J. Hoskins, of Virginia, on Dysentery. P. Miller, of Philadelphia, on Parturition. P. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, on Yellow Fever. J. H. Camp, Virginia, on Mercury in Fevers. A. Brockenbrough, of Virginia, on the Laurus. E. A. Atlee, Pennsylvania, on the Influence of Music in Diseases. Jas. Cocke, Virginia, on Inflammation of Wounds. Wm. Darlington, Pennsylvania, on the Mutual Influence of Habits and Diseases. E. Griffiths, Pennsylvania, on Opthalmia. James Parker, N. Carolina, on Fractures of the Leg. James Archer, Maryland, on the Carbonates of Lime, &c. Wm. Shaw, of Philadelphia, on the Autumnal Fever, 1803. H. P. Whitnell, on the Powers of Nature in the Cure of Disease.

JOHN VAUGHAN,
Librarian.

Philadelphia, *26th July*, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

VACCINATION.

FROM the observations of Dr. Hebarden on the diseases of London, which are grounded on a strict examination of the bills of mortality for the last century, it appears that ONE TENTH OF ALL THE DEATHS was occasioned by THE SMALL POX, this disease alone having carried off near 200,000 in that period of time. In certain years, it has been particularly fatal; as appears by the following statement from the bills of mortality:

1710,	126$\frac{1}{2}$	in every 1000 deaths.
1719,	114$\frac{3}{4}$	do.
1725,	125	do.
1736,	109	do.
1746,	115$\frac{1}{2}$	do.

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1752,	173½	do.
1757,	154½	do.
1763,	137½	do.
1768,	128	do.
1772,	153½	do.
1781,	169½	do.
1796,	184	do.

The number of deaths by the small pox in the twelve years mentioned above, was nearly 40,000, and more than one seventh of the whole number.

Innoculation for the small pox, whilst it generally secured the individual from danger, increased the number of deaths in the community, by keeping alive a contagious disorder.

Happily, vaccination affords an easy and safe means of securing the individual, without danger to the public.

It is upon this principle, that almost all the governments in Europe have warmly patronised the new practice, and made establishments, at the public expence, for extending its advantages over their respective countries.

Jenner, the great discoverer of this blessing, has received 50,000 dollars from the British parliament, and national marks of honour and respect from many other countries. In the United States its adoption has been rapid, extensive, and attended with uncommon success, notwithstanding the errors which were incident to a new practice, but which vanish before experience.

One prejudice only remains to be overcome, to make it completely banish that loathsome disorder the small pox, viz. that of confining its practice to particular seasons: with the small pox this was proper; but VACCINATION CAN BE SAFELY PERFORMED AT ALL SEASONS, ALL ages, and in circumstances where the small pox would be almost certain death. Such being the case, why will MOTHERS, by delay, render themselves liable to the risk of losing their children by that terrible disorder, when they can so easily prevent it?

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES.

From the French.

AT the battle of Minden, Saint Peru, who commanded the French grenadiers, finding them exposed to the fire of a battery, that carried off whole files, trotted calmly along the line, with his snuff-box in his hand, exclaiming "Eh bien! mes enfans, qu'est ce que c'est? du canon? eh bien, ça tue, ca tue, voila tout!"

The Abbe Prevost happening to to entertain some friends at supper, one of his guests asserted that the most honest man in the world could not promise to himself, but that he might some day experience the punishment reserved for the vilest criminals. All present but the host protested, in succession, against this assertion; he, when it came to his turn, calmly observed that it was very possible. "You will doubtless allow," added he, "that I am an honest man!" "Yes!" rejoined the whole of the company. "Well then," continued the Abbe, "you are all my friends, I depend upon your discretion, and I am now about to confide a secret to you, which I have never before intrusted to any one. I have been guilty, then, of one of the greatest crimes, and liable to perish by an ignominious death!"

On this, all present burst into a laugh, thinking the whole to be jest; but after assuring them that he was in earnest, he proceeded as follows:

"I shall now explain this enigma to you, by stating that I killed my own father. On leaving college, I became enamoured of a little girl in the neighbourhood, nearly of my own age; I was beloved again, and, in short, obtained every thing that a favoured admirer could desire, so that the most flagrant proofs of our indiscretion were soon visible. I was so smitten with love, that I was desirous to pass my whole life with, and be always at the side, of my mistress. In the mean time, my relations pressed me to decide on my

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future station in life; I, on the other hand, was averse from any thing, but the secret adoration of the female to whom I was attached; every other occupation appeared to me disagreeable.

"My father, who had begun to conceive some suspicions relative to the motives of this indifference, now watched all my motions, and at length detected the whole intrigue. On this he repaired to the apartment of my mistress, then three or four months with child, at the very moment, too, when I happened to be there, and reproached her bitterly in my presence on account of her criminal connexion with me. I, however, preserved the most profound silence until after he had overwhelmed her with injuries, observing, at the same time, that she would prove an obstacle to my rise in life. Then, and then only, she began to justify herself, and having burst into tears, I, for the first time, presumed to defend her.

"My father, at this, became outrageous, and carried his passion so far as to strike the poor unfortunate creature; he even gave her a kick in the belly, on which she fainted away. No sooner did this occur than, losing all recollection, I flew on my parent, and precipitated him over the stair-case, in consequence of which he was so dangerously wounded by the fall, that he ceased to exist in the course of the same evening.

"He, however, had the generosity to forbear mentioning the circumstance; and it being supposed that he had died a natural death, he was buried in the usual manner, and I was thus saved by his silence both from punishment and opprobrium. Notwithstanding this, I was not the less sensible of the enormity of my fault, and I for a long time preserved a certain kind of melancholy, which nothing could dissipate. In consequence of such a fatal event I determined to bury my regret and my affliction within the solitude of a cloister, and I accordingly made choice of the order of Clugny for that purpose. It is, perhaps, to be attributed to the profound melancholy which this first error of my youth imparted to the rest of my life, that I have always made choice of tragic events, of critical situations, and of sombre and lugubrous colours, for the subjects of my literary speculations."

For the Literary Magazine.

GODWIN AND MALTHUS.

THE lapse of ten or twelve years has almost consigned to oblivion that controversy which was raised by the publication of "Political Justice." The author, unlike most founders of new sects and systems, seems to have resigned his theories to their destiny, without a struggle, and to have turned his attention and his pen to pursuits and themes that are rather repugnant than favourable to his ancient schemes.

In the memoirs of St. Leon, he has laboured to throw an air of dignity and probability round one of the exploded and most groundless superstitions and delusions of the middle ages.

In the life of Chaucer, he has, in like manner, endeavoured to bring forth in a specious and venerable attire, the military and poetical genius of a barbarous and ferocious age. He has laboured to exalt the names of such men as John of Gaunt and the Black Prince; to embalm the exploded principles of chivalry; and foster the most fantastical impulses of patriotism or the national spirit. The author may, directly or indirectly, be considered as having renounced his former principles of policy and government.

This change may chiefly be ascribed to the writings of Mr. Malthus, whose Essay on Population may be justly deemed one of the finest pieces of controversial eloquence that is extant. The skill of this writer is equalled by his candour and moderation, and this book

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is not only a lesson of instruction in the science of politics, but a pattern of the right mode of managing a debate.

Mr. Malthus's work has lately been republished, with large additions, so as to become a regular system on the subject. This work is very little known in America, though none of the productions of the day deserve to be more so; and though the practical instruction to be gathered from it is more applicable to the state of society in Europe, it is far from being inapplicable to our own. It will be performing a public service to diffuse among the learned and enlightened of our own nation the contents of this work, and therefore I hope to see it soon republished in America. Meanwhile the following brief account of this book may not be unacceptable.

In an enquiry concerning the future improvement of society, Mr. M. remarks, that the mode of conducting the subject which naturally presents itself is, first, an investigation of the causes that have hitherto impeded the progress of mankind towards happiness; and, secondly, an examination into the probability of the total or partial removal of those causes in future. But as it would be beyond the power of any one to enter fully into this question, and to enumerate all the causes which have hitherto influenced human improvement, he has confined himself to the effects produced by one great cause only, which is intimately united with the very nature of man, and which, from the commencement of society, has exerted one constant and powerful operation. *This cause is the tendency in all animated life to encrease beyond the nourishment prepared for its support.*

Man, in common with all animals and plants, is excited by a powerful instinct to increase his species; if the germs of animal and vegetable existence contained in this spot of earth had ample room for expansion, and ample food for subsistence, millions of worlds would be filled, in the space of a few thousand years, with animal and vegetable existencies. This natural fecundity is repressed by want of room and want of nourishment; and that it must ever be so repressed, will appear from a comparison of the two rules of increase, that of the productions of the earth under the most favourable circumstances of human industry, and that of the increase of population when left to exert itself with perfect freedom. In the northern states of America population was found to double itself for some successive periods every twenty-five years: in the back settlements, it has been found to double itself in fifteen, and sir William Petty supposes a doubling possible within ten years. Mr. M. takes the largest of these terms, and he is unquestionably justified in pronouncing that population, when unchecked, goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, and thus increases in a geometrical ratio.

The rate according to which the productions of the earth may be supposed to increase, it will not be so easy to determine; when acre has been added to acre, till all the fertile land is occupied, the yearly increase of food must depend upon the amelioration of the land already in possession. "This is a stream," says Mr. M. "which, from the nature of all soils, instead of increasing, must be gradually diminishing. But population, could it be supplied with food, would go with unexhausted vigour, and the increase of one period would furnish the powers of a greater increase to the next, and this without any limit." Japan and China are already so highly cultivated, that perhaps no human industry could double the produce of these countries, even in any given number of years. Were there, however, sufficient food and sufficient room in China and Japan; in other words, were the natural tendency to population to meet with no interruption, no check, those countries would be doubled in as short a time as the back settlements of America.

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But to place the argument on its most advantageous ground, we must come home to Europe, where there is a larger proportion of ground uncultivated than in Japan and China, and where the science of agriculture is so well understood, that human industry has the fairest chance of receiving its best direction. Let it be granted, then, that by the best possible policy, and by great encouragements to agriculture, the average produce of Great Britain, for instance, might be doubled, together with its population, in the first twenty-five years. Population goes on uninterruptedly, and in the second twenty-five years becomes quadrupled. But can it be supposed that, by any system of policy and encouragement, the produce of the soil of Great Britain could also be quadrupled in the second twenty-five years? On the contrary, is it not almost a self-evident proposition, "that in proportion as cultivation is extended, the addition that could yearly be made to the former average produce must be gradually and regularly diminishing?" Mr. M. however, gives the vantage ground to his antagonist, and considers that the yearly additions which might be made to the former average produce, instead of decreasing, as they certainly would do, will remain the same; that is to say, that the produce of this island might be increased every twenty-five years by a quantity equal to what it at present produces. "The most enthusiastic speculator," says he, "cannot suppose a greater increase than this: in a few centuries it would make every acre of land like a garden..... Apply this to the whole earth; allow that its produce shall every twenty-five years be increased by a quantity equal to what it at present produces, and this will be supposing a rate of increase much greater than we can imagine that any possible exertions of mankind could make it. The means of subsistence, therefore, under the most favourable circumstances, cannot possibly be made to increase faster than in an *arithmetical* ratio, while human population, under the most favourable circumstances, would increase in a *geometrical* ratio. "The necessary effect of these two different rates of increase," says Mr. M. "when brought together, will be very striking. Let us call the population of this island eleven millions; and suppose the present produce equal to the easy support of such a number. In the first twenty-five years the population would be twenty-two millions; and the food being also doubled, the means of subsistence would be equal to this increase. In the next twenty-five years the population would be forty-four millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of thirty-three millions. In the next period the population would be eighty-eight millions, and the means of subsistence just equal to the support of half that number. And at the conclusion of the first century, the population would be a hundred and seventy-six millions, and the means of subsistence only equal to the support of fifty-five millions; leaving a population of a hundred and twenty-one millions totally unprovided for.

"Taking the whole earth, instead of the island of Great Britain, emigration would of course be excluded; and supposing the present population equal to a thousand millions, the human species would increase as the numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, and subsistence as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In two centuries the population would be to the means of subsistence as 256 to 9; in three centuries as 4096 to 13, and in two thousand years the difference would be almost incalculable. In this supposition no limits whatever are placed to the produce of the earth. It may increase for ever, and be greater than any assignable quantity; yet still the power of population being in every period so much superior, the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence, by the constant operation of the strong law

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of necessity, acting as a check upon the greater power."

Having thus stated the argument, Mr. M. proceeds to notice general checks to population and the mode of their operation. These checks he clases under two general heads, the preventive and positive; the former is peculiar to man, and arises from that distinctive superiority in his reasoning faculties, which enables him to calculate distant consequences. Man, before he enters into the conjugal state, ponders upon the probability or the improbability that his earnings, now perhaps little more than adequate to his comfortable subsistence, will be sufficient, when divided among a wife and half a dozen children, of supporting them at all: he forsees that he must work harder and fare worse. He reflects that perhaps his offspring as well as himself, must be half starved and half naked. These and many similar considerations do certainly prevent a great number of persons in all civilized nations from pursuing the dictates of nature in early attachment to one woman. The consequence of this restraint is at least a certain degree of temporary unhappiness: it very generally produces vice; because it produces that promiscuous intercourse of the sexes which again produces a corruption of morals, and of course introduces the diversified catalogue of human crimes. "The positive checks to population are extremely various, and include every cause, whether arising from vice or misery, which in any degree contributes to shorten the natural duration of human life. Under this head, therefore, may be enumerated all unwholesome occupations, severe labour, and exposure to the seasons, extreme poverty, bad nursing of children, great towns, excesses of all kinds, the whole train of common diseases and epidemics, wars, pestilence, plague, and famine. On examining these obstacles to the increase of population, which are here classed under the heads of preventive and positive checks, it will appear that they are resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery.

"Of the preventive checks, that which is not followed by irregular gratifications, may properly be termed *moral restraint*.

"Promiscuous intercourse, unnatural passions, violations of the marriage bed, and improper arts to conceal the consequences of irregular connections, clearly come under the head of *vice*.

"Of the positive checks, those which appear to arise unavoidably from the laws of nature may be called exclusively misery; and those which we obviously bring upon ourselves, such as wars, excesses, and many others which it would be in our power to avoid, are of a mixed nature. They are brought upon us by vice, and their consequences are *misery*.

"In every country some of these checks are, with more or less force, in constant operation; yet, notwithstanding their general prevalence, there are few states in which there is not a constant effort in the population to increase beyond the means of subsistence. This constant effort as constantly tends to subject the lower classes of society to distress, and to prevent any great permanent amelioration of their conditions."

This conflict between the uniform tendency to increase population on the one hand, and the checks which restrain it on the other, produces an oscillation in the state of society.... an alternation of retrogade and progressive movements dependent on the degree of comforts or misery, vice or morality, which prevails. Without attempting to establish in all cases these progressive or retrogade movements in different countries, Mr. M. contents himself with proving the following propositions: 1. That population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence. 2. That population invariably increases when the means of subsistence increase, unless prevented by some very powerful and obvious checks; and 3, that these checks,

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and the checks which repress the superior power of population, and keep its effects on a level with the means of subsistence, are all resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery.

The first of these propositions is obvious; the second and third are established by a review of the past and present state of society. He begins by considering the checks to population which operated in the less civilized parts of the world, and in past times, and devotes separate chapters to an investigation of the checks among the American Indians, the South Sea islanders, the ancient inhabitants of the north of Europe, modern pastoral nations, different parts of Africa, Siberia, northern and southern; the Turkish dominions and Persia; Hindostan and Thibet; China and Japan; the Greeks and the Romans.

Mr. M. proceeds to consider the checks to population in the different states of modern Europe....Norway, Sweden, Russia, the middle parts of Europe, Switzerland, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland; and from this extensive view of society draws some general deductions, illustrating the truth of his three propositions.

He then treats of the different systems or expedients which have been proposed or have prevailed in society, as they affect the evils arising from the principle of population. The systems which come first under discussion are those of Condorcet and Godwin. In these flattering visions of beatitude and equality, their respective authors appear to be sensible that when all the obstructions to population, or, as Mr. M. would denominate them, the preventive and positive checks are removed (and the removal of these obstructions is the very essence of their system), that the increase of the number of men may surpass their means of subsistence, and of course that this period is the limit when all further improvement in society will be impossible. But they look upon this period as so remote that it cannot have the least weight in opposition to their scheme. Now, if the principles of this book are just; if the ratio between the unrestricted increase of population and food be correct, it is obvious that the period when the number of men surpass their means of subsistence is already arrived; that the population is already pressing hard against the limits of the means of subsistence: that this pressure has existed ever since we have had any histories of mankind, does exist at present, and will for ever exist, unless some change takes place in the physical constitution of our nature. Condorcet proceeds to argue on the organic perfectibility of man: we are sorry that so delightful a theory has met with an utter overthrow. According to the beautiful system which Godwin proposes, peace is to dwell upon earth, and good-will to be universally diffused among men; the condition of every man is to be equal to that of his neighbour; benevolence is to be substituted for self-love, as the grand principle of action; reason and justice are to hold an unbounded sway; moral restraint is entirely to supersede the necessity of political regulations; and chains and dungeons are to be no more heard of. Godwin, as he attributes almost all the vice and misery which now prevail in civil society to human institutions, by sweeping from the face of the earth all these "systems of fraud and oppression," flatters himself, of course, that vice and misery will be swept off with them. Mr. M. considers the mal-influence of human institutions as truly insignificant, compared with "those deeper-seated causes of evil, which result from the laws of nature;" from the principle, in short, of population. The difficulty to Godwin's system arising from an overcharged population did not escape him; but, like Condorcet, he asserts that the evil is too remote to be dreaded. "Three-fourths of the habitable globe is now uncultivated. The parts already cultivated are capable of immeasurable im-

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provement: myriads of centuries of still increasing population may pass away, and the earth be still found sufficient for the subsistence of its inhabitants." In order to show the error of this opinion and the fragility of Godwin's system, Mr. M. supposes it realized in its utmost extent. All the causes of vice and misery in Britain are removed; "war and contention cease; unwholesome trades and manufactories do not exist; crouds no longer collect together in great and pestilential cities, for purposes of court intrigue, of commerce, and vicious gratification; simple, healthy, and rational amusements take place of drinking, gaming, and debauchery; there are no towns sufficiently large to have any prejudicial effects on the human constitution; the greater part of the happy inhabitants of this terrestial paradise live in hamlets and farm-houses, scattered over the face of the country; all men are equal; the labours of luxury are at an end, and the necessary labours of agriculture are shared amicably among all; the number of persons and the produce of the island we suppose to be the same as at present; the spirit of benevolence, guided by impartial justice, will divide the produce among all the members of society according to their wants. Though it would be impossible that they should all have animal food every day, yet vegetable food, with meat occasionally, would satisfy the desires of a frugal people, and would be sufficient to preserve them in health, strength, and spirits."

The commerce of the sexes is to be established on principles of perfect freedom: but Godwin is of opinion, and he is very probably right, that population would not be impeded by promiscuous intercourse, which, as it is the result of a vicious and unnatural taste, could not generally prevail; and as nobody could be deterred from sexual intercourse in a state where "provisions and assistance would spontaneously flow from the quarter in which they abounded to the quarter in which they were deficient," almost every woman would be a mother, and every man a father. With such extraordinary encouragements to population, the numbers would increase faster than in any society that has ever yet been known. The inhabitants of the back settlements of America double their number in fifteen years; but not to take advantage of an extreme case, Mr. M. supposes that England would in such circumstances only double its population in twenty-five years, the ratio of increase which prevails throughout the northern states of America. Now bringing together the ratios of increase of food and population, Godwin's myriads of centuries, which are to elapse before the earth is so supersaturated with men as to afford them insufficient sustenance, will be found to dwindle into thirty or forty years. In twenty-five years England is to have a population of twenty-two millions; and according to hypothesis, by the careful cultivation of the soil, it is also to yield a double increase of food: take the next period, in fifty years we are to have forty-four millions of mouths: but where is the fresh land to be turned up? if the grazing ground had in the first period been converted into corn-fields, whence to come the manure for improving the cultivation? To any man who reflects upon the subject, it is obviously impossible that the average produce of the country could be increased during the second twenty-five years, by a quantity equal to what it at present yields. Mr. M. however, has already allowed it in his hypothesis, the exuberant strength of his argument allowing of almost any concession: grant it then....but at the end of the second period only, here are eleven millions of people unprovided for! The whole population of England, as it stands at present! "Alas, what becomes of the picture," exclaims Mr. M. in a burst of eloquence, "where men lived in the midst of plenty, where no man was obliged to provide with anxiety

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and pain for his restless wants; where the narrow principle of selfishness did not exist; where the mind was delivered from her perpetual anxiety about corporeal support, and free to expatiate in the field of thought which is congenial to her? This beautiful fabric of the imagination vanishes at the severe touch of truth. The spirit of benevolence, cherished and invigorated by plenty, is repressed by the chilling breath of want. The hateful passions that had vanished re-appear. The mighty law of self-preservation expels all the softer and more exalted emotions of the soul. The temptations to evil are too strong for human nature to resist. The corn is plucked before it is ripe, or secreted in unfair proportions; and the whole black train of vices that belong to falsehood are immediately generated. Provisions no longer flow in for the support of a mother with a large family. The children are sickly from insufficient food. The rosy flush of health gives place to the pallid cheek and hollow eye of misery. Benevolence, still lingering in a few bosoms, makes some faint expiring struggles, till at length self-love resumes his wonted empire, and lords it triumphant over the world."

Mr. Godwin, in his "Reply to the Attack of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, the author of an Essay on Population, and others," animadverted to those parts of that essay which bear hardest upon his system. In the present re-publication, Mr. M. has made some observations on that reply. Mr. Godwin, with the provoking ingenuity of a practised dialectician, has inferred from the positions of Mr. M. that, as the evils of excessive population are so formidable; as the ratio of its increase is so rapid; and as vice and misery are the only checks which keep this mighty power within bounds; that it is incumbent on the rulers of a country to promote vice and misery as the guardians of human happiness, and that no evil is more to be dreaded than that we should have too little of them in the world! Mr. M. has certainly succeeded in proving that vice and misery confines the principle of population within due bounds, and that without these checks, excessive population would lead to vice and misery. The sole question then is respecting the magnitude of the evil. A certain portion of vice, misery, or *moral restraint*,* are avowedly necessary to confine the principle of population within due bounds: but Mr. M. objects to Mr. Godwin's system, from a full conviction that that system, which allows the principle of population its unopposed career, would very greatly increase the sum of vice and misery in society.

"If Mr. Godwin," says he, "will undo this conviction, and prove to me, though it be only in theory, provided that theory be consistent, and founded on a knowledge of human nature, that his system will really tend to drive vice and misery from the earth, he may depend upon having me one of its steadiest and warmest advocates."

Mr. Godwin's system would have been less exposed to objection, if in his victory of mind over matter, he had also contrived to extinguish the passion between the sexes....if he had made the intercourse a mere matter of duty. The consequence to which his system now leads, would have been avoided. Moral restraint would alone have regulated the proportion of population to the means of sustenance, and neither vice nor misery would have been called in to prevent a disproportioned population, or to thin it. Moral restraint,

* Mr. Malthus, in his former essay, had omitted moral restraint, and resolved all the resistances to superabundant population into vice and misery. The addition of this third check, indeed, seems unnecessary; if a young man and a young woman, attached to each other, are prohibited from marrying, from the fear of being unable to support a family, this moral restraint to their virtuous inclinations is a palpable infelicity, and is certainly a shade of misery.

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in this case, would have been as nothing; for the passion being extinguished, *per hypothesis*, there would have been no deprivation of indulgence, no sensual desiderata.

Mr. M. proceeds to notice the operation of the poor-laws, of emigration, of the agricultural and commercial systems, and of the exportation of corn, on the condition of the poor; and he throws considerable light on these intricate questions.

The last book treats of our future prospects respecting the removal or mitigation of the evils arising from the principle of population. As it appears that in the actual state of every society, the natural progress of population has been constantly and powerfully checked; and as it appears, after a careful and candid examination of the different systems which have been suggested or adopted for mitigating the evil arising from this principle of population, that no form of government, however excellent, no plans of emigration, no benevolent institutions, no degree or direction of national industry, can prevent the action of a great check to increase in some form or other; as we must submit to it as an inevitable law of nature, the only inquiry that remains is, how it may take place with the least possible prejudice to the virtue and happiness of human society. The checks to population are all resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery, the two latter being positive, the former a preventive, check. Now, as it is clearly better that the check to population should arise from a foresight of the difficulty of rearing a family, and the fear of dependent poverty, than from the actual presence of pain and sickness, moral restraint is that virtue the practice of which is most earnestly to be encouraged. If no man were to marry who had not a fair prospect of providing for the presumptive issue of his marriage, population would be kept within bounds by the preventive check: men and women would marry later in life, but, on the full hope of their reward, they would acquire habits of industry and frugality, and inculcate lessons of them in the minds of their children*. But it will be objected, is the iron hand of law to oppose the dictates of nature, and forbid the contract of a marriage between two persons of full age? Certainly not, says Mr. M. but let not the contract of marriages between persons who have no other prospect of providing for their offspring than by throwing them on a parish, be, as it is now, encouraged by law. "One of the effects of the poor-laws is to encourage marriage between persons of this description, who well know that, if they cannot provide for their own children, the parish must take them off their hands. These laws create much more mendicity than they relieve; they create mouths, but are perfectly incompetent to procure food for them. Instead of raising the real price of

* The only forcible objection against urging this duty of moral restraint upon the poor is, that the promiscuous intercourse between the sexes would be increased. Powerful as may be the temptations to a breach of chastity (says Mr. M.), I am inclined to think they are impotent in comparison of the temptations arising from continued distress. Mr. Malthus's reasoning on this head is not quite satisfactory. There is an objection against marriages late in life, which does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Malthus; if a woman of twenty marries a man two or three years older than herself, the couple may fairly expect to live and enjoy the delight of seeing their family all settled in life, married perhaps, and rearing a second family. He may address his Winifreda in the words of that beautiful address to conjugal love:

And when with envy Time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

A man who delays the matrimonial connection till forty, has certainly a less distinct view of this second spring-time of life, and is more likely to leave a young, unsettled, unprovided family behind him.

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labour, by increasing the demand for labourers, they tend to overstock the market, to reduce the demand, and diminish the value. They raise the price of provisions by increasing the demand for them, and by supplying the parochial pensioners with the means of obtaining them. In consequence of this, that class of industrious labourers who have too generous a pride to solicit assistance, are oftentimes sunk in the scale of misery, much lower than others who have thrown off all sense of shame, and all the honest feelings of independence. Taken in a moral as well as in a political view, these laws are equally bad: the parish tells a husband, he may forsake a wife with impunity....tells a mother, that, if she deserts her children, they will be taken care of in her absence: to use the words of Mr. Malthus, we take all possible pains to weaken and render null the ties of nature, and then say that men are unnatural: the fact is, that the society itself, in its body politic, is the unnatural character for framing laws that thus counteract the laws of nature, and give premiums to the violation of the best and most honourable feelings of the human heart. Mr. Malthus, however, is too wise and humane to propose that a system should immediately and abruptly be abolished, the abolition of which, however beneficial it would eventually prove, must be attended with much present distress. He has, therefore, proposed a plan for the gradual abolition of these laws, which, to us at least, does not lie open to any serious objection. He proposes that no child born from any marriage taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should be entitled to parish assistance. This, he remarks, would operate as a fair, distinct, and precise notice, which no man could mistake; and, without pressing hard on any particular individual, would at once throw off the rising generation from that miserable and helpless dependence upon the government and the rich, the moral as well as the physical consequences of which are almost incalculable.

For the Literary Magazine.

WORKS IN PRISON.

GREAT literary works are usually the offspring of compulsion or necessity. Among the curious and characteristic instances of works produced in a prison, either as a penalty imposed, or to relieve the irksomeness of solitude, the following instances are on record:

Cervantes wrote his Don Quixote to amuse his heavy hours, in a jail.

Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World, during his confinement in the tower of London.

Condorcet composed his posthumous work on human perfectibility, while proscribed and in concealment from his persecutors.

Mirabeau, a great revolutionary name, during his imprisonment in the dungeons of the castle of Vincennes, translated, for the use of his mistress, the elegies of Tibullus and the Kisses of Secundus.

Buchanan, the greatest of modern Latin poets, was imprisoned by the Portuguese inquisition at Lisbon, and compelled, by way of penance, to translate the Psalms of David into Latin verse, a task he has performed in a style and numbers truly Horatian.

Boethius wrote his "Consolations of Philosophy," while shut up in a tower by Theodoric.

Voltaire's Henriade was written during his confinement in the Bastile.

Thus mixed and motlied are the consequences of all events, and thus are all human calculations, as to the good or evil of particular actions and situations, baffled and confounded; and thus is the weakness of humanity apparent, in requiring the impulse of grinding and grovelling

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necessity to the performance of great intellectual undertakings.

For the Literary Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GESSNER.

Abstracted from a large work in German.

GESSNER is mostly known, in the countries that speak English, by his Death of Abel; in France, his Idylles were received with greater rapture; in Switzerland he was idolized. We should not, perhaps, have given him a place in the higher order of poets; but his rank in the next class would certainly have been very respectable. The Swiss, as well as Germans, are not very moderate in their praises; and as they but lately have begun to make a figure in the world of taste and literature, we must allow for their gratitude to the persons to whom both nations are so much indebted.

Solomon Gessner was born at Zurich, on the first of April, 1730. In his youth he gave no symptoms of future greatness; at least his parents and teachers saw none: and Simler, a man of some learning, was not able to raise the hopes of the father, when he assured him that the boy had talents, which, though now hid, would sooner or later show themselves, and exalt him far above his school-fellows. As he made so little progress at Zurich, he was sent to Berg, and put under a clergyman, where retirement, and the picturesque scenery around him, laid the foundation for a change of character. After two years' residence at Berg, he returned to his father, who was a bookseller at Zurich, and whose shop was resorted to by men of genius. Here his poetical talents in some slight degree displayed themselves,...better than might be expected from a lad of nineteen, but not sufficiently to deter his father from sending him to Berlin, in 1749, to qualify him for his own trade. Here the young poet was employed in packing and unpacking: on the outside rather than the inside of books. This life displeased him. He ran away, hired a chamber to himself; and his parents, according to the usual mode, thought to bring him to his senses by withholding all supplies. Gessner, resolving to be independent, shut himself up in his chamber, and after some weeks went to his friend Hempel, a celebrated artist, whom he requested to return with him to his lodgings. The apartment was covered with fresh landscapes, which the young recluse had painted with sweet oil, and by which he hoped to make his fortune. The shrug of his friend concluded with an assurance, that, though his works were not likely to be rated very highly in their present state, very great expectations might be formed, if he continued the same application ten years longer.

Fortunately, his parents relented, and he was permitted to spend his time as he liked at Berlin. Here he formed acquaintance with artists and men of letters; with Krause; Hempel; Ramler; Sulzer. Ramler was his friend, from the fineness of whose ear and taste he derived great advantages. With much diffidence he presented to Ramler some of his compositions: but every verse and word were criticised, and very few could pass unimpaired or unaltered through the fiery trial. The Swiss dialect, he found at last, was the chief obstacle; and the exertions requisite to satisfy a German ear, would be excessive. Ramler advised him to clothe his thoughts in harmonious prose; this counsel he followed: and the lesson may be of use among writers, where many a would-be poet is hammering at a verse, which, from the circumstances of his birth and education, he can never make agreeable to the ear of taste.

From Berlin Gessner went to Hamburg, with letters of recommendation to Hagedorn; but he chose to make himself acquainted

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with him at a coffee-house, before the letters were delivered. A close intimacy followed; and he had the advantages of the literary society which Hamburgh at that time afforded. Thence he returned home with his taste much refined; and, fortunately for him, he came back when his countrymen were in some degree capable of enjoying his future works. Had he produced them twenty years before, his Daphnis would have been hissed at as immoral; his Abel would have been preached against as profane.

This period may be called the Augustan age of Germany. Klopstock, Ramler, Kleist, Gleim, Utz, Lessing, Wieland, Rabener, were rescuing their country from the sarcasms of the great Frederic. Klopstock paid about this time a visit to Zurich, and fired every breast with poetical ardour. He had scarce left the place, when Wieland came; and by both the young poet was well received. After a few anonymous compositions, he tried his genius on a subject which was started by the accidental perusal of the translation of Longus; and his Daphnis was improved by the remarks of his friend Hirzel, the author of the Rustic Socrates. Daphnis appeared, first without a name, in the year 1754; it was followed, in 1756, by Inkle and Yarico; and Gessner's reputation was spread in the same year over Germany and Switzerland by his pastorals. His brother poets acknowledged the merit of these light compositions, as they were pleased to call them, but thought their author incapable of reaching the grander plans or honours of heroic poetry. To these critics he soon after offered his Death of Abel.

In 1762, he collected his poems in four volumes, in which were some new pieces that had never before made their appearance. In 1772, he produced his second volume of pastorals, with some letters on landscape painting. These met with the most favourable reception in France, where they were translated and imitated, as they also were, though with less success, in Italy and England.

Hitherto we have considered Gessner only as a poet; he was also an artist. Till his thirtieth year, painting was only a casual amusement; but he then became acquainted with Heidegger, a man of taste, whose collection of paintings and engravings was thus thrown open to him. The daughter made an impression on him; but the circumstances of the lovers were not favourable to an union, till, through the activity and friendship of the burgomaster Heidegger, and Hirzel, he was enabled to accomplish his wishes. How were the married couple to live? The pen affords a very poor maintenance in England; still less in Switzerland. The poet had too much spirit to depend on others; and he determined to pursue the arts no longer as amusements, but as the means of a livelihood.

Painting and engraving alternately filled that time which was not occupied with poetry; and in these arts, if he did not arrive at great eminence, he was distinguished by that simplicity, that elegance, that singularity, which are the characteristics of his poetry. His wife was not idle: besides the care of her house, and the education of her children, for which no one was better qualified, the whole burthen of the shop (for he was bookseller as well as poet, engraver, and painter) lay on her shoulders.

In his manners, Gessner was cheerful, lively, and at times playful; fond of his wife and his children. He had no pretensions to learning, yet he could read the Latin poets in the original; and of the Greek he preferred the Latin to the French translations. In his early years he led either a solitary life, or confined himself to men of taste and literature: as he grew older, he accustomed himself to general conversation; and in his later years his house was the central point of the men of the first rank for

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talents or fortune in Zurich. Here they met twice a week, and formed a *conversazione* of a kind seldom if ever met with in great cities, and very rarely any where. The politics of England destroy such meetings in London, where the Sunday evening assembly of best resort may be compared rather to the confusion and insignificance of a lady's rout, than to the resort of genius, taste, and literature. Gessner, with his friends, enjoyed that simplicity of manners, which makes society agreeable; and at his rural residence in summer, a little way from town, they brought back the memory of the golden age.

Gessner died of an apoplexy on the second of March, 1788, leaving a widow, three children, and a sister, behind. His youngest son married a daughter of his father's friend, Wieland. His fellow citizens have erected a statue to his honour, in his favourite walk on the banks of the Limmot, where it meets the Sihl.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. I.

I HAVE supposed, that under this title might be given a collection of original and selected anecdotes, critical remarks, and passages distinguished either for their truth or beauty, which would be productive of some amusement to your readers. With the hope, therefore, of contributing some slight assistance to you in your literary labour, the plan has been adopted; and this number may afford you such an idea of its intention and execution, as will enable you either to reject or approve it. As no fame can be derived from so humble an employment, I shall not scruple to indulge my indolence, by copying whatever may conduce to its success.

STYLE.

Perhaps nothing so much contributes to the fame of a writer, as his style. It is this which forces the homage of readers, even when they despise his sentiments, or view his facts with the eye of incredulity..... From what other cause is it that Hume is the companion of every reader, whilst Carter, and Clarendon, and Henry, repose unmolested, save by the moths, on the shelves of the curious? Dr. Blair has bestowed much attention upon this subject, and his ingenuity has invented some directions for forming a good style, from which I do not think a student can derive much advantage; for style, like genius, cannot be formed by rules. If style be the PECULIAR MANNER IN WHICH A MAN EXPRESSES HIS CONCEPTIONS, BY MEANS OF LANGUAGE, critical rules, however useful in affairs of grammar, cannot form a style. A good style is only to be formed by an attentive perusal of the most classical writers, and by depositing in the memory a copious fund of *names of ideas*. The canons of criticism will then serve to prevent us from deviating from the strict bounds of grammar. Johnson, and Blair, and Hume may improve; but the rudiments must be formed by our own thoughts. I must not be understood as attempting to persuade any foolish wight, that style is the only requisite, to preserve his name from oblivion. The most brilliant style cannot conceal poverty of thought; but the most valuable instruction will not be relished, unless it be conveyed in a pleasing manner. Quintillian will express my meaning,

Curam verborem, rerum esse volo sollicitudinum.

I would have a writer to be careful about words, and anxious about things.

GROVES.

Lucan's description of a sacred grove near Marseilles, in the third

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book of the Pharsalia, is well known to the classical scholar. The rites of a barbarous worship, and the impression made on the mind by the gloom of a thick forest, are there displayed with a masterly hand; but, perhaps, Seneca has given the philosophical and true reason. He says, If you enter a dark wood, where high embowering trees exclude the light of the sun, the prodigious growth and lofty majesty of the wood, the solitude of the place, and the deep impenetrable gloom, all conspire to impress an awful stillness, and to fill you with ideas of the invisible power of a superior Being. Seneca, epist. 41.

The younger Pliny (epist. 12) says more concisely, We adore the gloom of the woods, and the silence that reigns around us. *Lucos, atque in iis sil ntia ipsa adoramus.* The same effect in a Gothic church, is finely described by Congreve:

No, all is hush'd, and still as death;....
'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall
pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble
heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous
roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and
immovable,
Looking tranquillity! it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight.

—

TRIBUTE OF LOYALTY AND GRATITUDE.

G ouverner ses etats avec force & sagesse;
E nvers tous les sujets être bons sans
foiblesse;
O ffier à l'universe l'exemple des vertus;
R essembler aux Alfreas, égaler les Titus;
G arder auprés de soi le conseiller fidele;
E carter le flatteur, soumettre le rebelle.

T errasser des tyrans, & relever des rois;
R endre aux fils de Bourbons les soins
d'un tendre pare;
O uvrir aux apprimés un asyle prospére;
I ntimeder l'impie armé contre les loix;
S auver l'Europe en feu, c'est être
GEORGE TROIS.

Par le Cher de Lachassaigne, Emigré Francois.

COWPER.

It will not be pretended by the friends of Cowper, that he has any thing of excellence in the harmony of his verse. With a very few exceptions, his stream of versification appears to roll over a bed of flints, and if the bottom be visible, if his sense be intelligible, it is only because it is shallow.

"As alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a *deal of glee*
Those seeds of science call'd *his* A,B,C.
So language in the mouths of the *adult*:
Witness its insignificant result."

Has any poet, since the days of Tate, sung in strains like these?..... They will scarcely bear a comparison, though it will be confessed, they have some resemblance to the following lines of one of the heroes of the Dunciad.

"Let greater scholars jeer and laugh
at me,
I ne'er learn'd *nothing* but my A, B, C;
I tried my book from *posum* to *posset*,
But there being gravell'd, could not farther get."

Would the vilest rhymster of the present day conclude a verse with terms so colloquial, we might even add, so much in the style of the lowest vulgarity, as the expression, "Puzzling with a deal of glee?" What is the author's meaning by the words *deal of glee?* Let us open his poems at random, and every page will present us with equal harmony and equal elegance.

"Give one the *fidgets*, and *quite* make me mad."

Is this line more tolerable than the one we have already censured? In what poems but those of Cowper has the word *fidgets* found such frequent admittance?

"'Tis like a parcel sent you by the
stage,
Some handsome present ——"

Could the porter, who should carry the poet a Cheshire cheese from

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the coach-office of his neighbouring town, express himself in terms more prosaic, than that he had brought him "a parcel sent him by the stage, a handsome present?" We are next to learn what the "handsome present" is:

"Its strings untied, your disappointment *groans*,
To find it *stuff'd with brick-bats*"....and with stones.

The term "groans" is inelegant, as being too strong for the subject. But as poets have more sensibility than common mortals, we must allow them to *groan*, where others would only *laugh*. "Stuff'd with brick-bats." From what other poet than Cowper can this word brick-bats be produced? The remainder of the line is merely inserted to supply a defect of memory.

There are words which exclusively belong to poetry, and others, which from their heaviness, their technicality, their peculiar structure, and their general use, are solely appropriated to prose. Cowper, however, appears to have no idea of this exclusion; his muse has nothing of the usual squeamishness of her sex and nature: with a wanton, perhaps an amiable, playfulness, she seizes without selection whatever comes in her way.....a brick-bat, a parcel by the stage, a handsome present, or even *her* A, B, C. Like others of her sex, she often "gets the fidgets," and sometimes even runs "quite mad."

From these remarks the Task is an honourable exception.

—

Dr. Middleton has justly remarked of biographers, that "they work up their characters as painters do their portraits; taking the praise of their art to consist, not in copying, but in adorning nature, not in drawing a just resemblance, but in giving a fine picture, or exalting the man into the hero.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

A NEWTON-MAD MAN.

THE following instance of a species of phrenzy, showing itself in an excessive admiration of Sir Isaac Newton, is very remarkable.

In the year 1796 a bulky volume was published in London, by a Frenchman of the name of De la Blancherie, in which he styles himself the general agent of correspondence for literature, arts, and sciences; and informs the world, that, when he had acted in that capacity for above ten years, he was induced, by the ill-treatment which he sustained from the court of Versailles, to seek an asylum in England, in the year which preceded the French revolution. His functions being thus suspended, he was filled with chagrin and displeasure; but the idea of a commemoration of Newton at length suggested itself, and encouraged him to resume his agency, which, he thought, would derive the strongest sanction, in the eyes of the English, from the establishment of such a scheme of philosophic celebration. His proposal, however, did not meet with approbation; and he declares that he sustained a series of outrages and persecutions from a nation to whose *obedience* he almost thought himself entitled for having framed such a project. But we may well suppose, that these *outrages*, were only th effusions of ridicule, the sneers of contempt, and the mortifications of refusal.

This eccentric Frenchman proposes that a congress should be convoked, composed of the most respectable persons in the kingdom, in point of rank, merit, and abilities; that this meeting should take place in the hall of the Royal Society, sir Joseph Banks acting as president; that the *agent-general*, dressed in an academic habit, should make a formal exposition of his plan for a permanent celebration of the memory of Newton; that columns, or obelisks, should be erected in the me-

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tropolis, and other parts of the realm, in honour of that philosopher; that the parliament should order his works to be re-published in a splendid style; and that the king should repair, in solemn procession, to the *printing-house*, and do the same homage to the typographic art, thus nobly employed, that the emperor of China pays to agriculture. Proceeding in his visionary career, this self-constituted agent desires that the house which sir Isaac occupied (and which, to the great indignation of M. De la Blancherie, was then an *eating-house*) may be repaired at the public expence, and assigned *with a suitable stipend* for his own residence; that Mr. Pitt will make a motion in the house of commons for printing and distributing this *proclamation* in the English language; and that every Englishman, Scot, and Hibernian, will contribute two guineas, the subscriptions being destined for the expences of the scheme, and, in case of surplus, for the promotion of patriotic and charitable purposes. He stated that he had already obtained contributions to the amount of *sixty-nine pounds fourteen shillings*.

Speaking of his future appearance at court in the public character which he has assumed, he intimates that he is to be introduced to his majesty by the president of the Royal Society, attended by two of the students of Westminster-school, and two others from Christ's hospital. If, on this occasion, he shall go unpowdered, such neglect (he says) will not arise from any unwillingness to pay for a powder-licence, but from the consideration of his being in *mourning* for *all the French*.

If the projector were serious in this project, it is surely a memorable instance of scientific enthusiasm. Some readers, however, may suspect that there was more of cunning than of folly in his scheme.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRETINS, OR SWISS IDIOTS.

THE *cretins*, idiots who exhibit the human form in a most deplorable state of imbecility, happily do not propagate themselves. One is frequently born in a family of half a dozen children, the rest of whom have generally full health and faculties.

The *cretins* are treated with a superstitious regard; and, in some families, a child of this description is valued more than the other children, under the idea that it is a medium of tutelary protection. This kind of superstition is known to prevail in other parts of the world, and procures respect to idiotism in some countries, where a despotic and savage policy sports freely with the useful life of man!

The industry of philosophers has not yet been able to discover any local cause to which the idiocy peculiar to the *cretins* can be plausibly assigned.

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POETRY....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORIGINAL POEM IN MS.

NIGHT-SONG OF AZORA.

ONE night Valerian rambled o'er the plains,
And, guided by the pale torch of the moon,
Thoughtful indulg'd the golden dreams of love.
Clear was the sky, no night-cloud cross'd the stars,
The spicy zephyr pour'd his murmuring song,
And on the rocks the heaving billows died.
Enchanted with this scene of night, and wrapt
In melancholy guise, he rambled on,
And bent his museful steps to a wild hill,
Whose top was shaded by a knot of trees,
Whose foot was bath'd by a romantic stream,
Which pour'd its mellow cadence on the ear,
And in the tangled thickets lost its way.
Before he reach'd the hill, his ear was struck
By the sweet clamours of Azora's harp,
And by this ditty warbled to the winds.

Clothe me, still night, within thy mantle grey,
Nor mark the blush that crimsons o'er my cheek;
Bear not my accents, rustling wind, away,
O let no mortal hear me while I speak.

To thee, soft moonlight, I address my tale,
Ye stars of heaven, to you I lift mine eyes,
With tears I bathe the pinions of the gale,
And load these shadows with my heavy sighs.

Come, harp, thy strings of harmony awake,
Come lull thy mistress with one soothing strain,
This magic sorrow of her bosom break,
Loud let thy transports drown the voice of pain.

Azora loves—her bosom feels a flame,
A passion pure, most sacred and most true;
Why should I falsely blush to tell his name?
Brave youth of Rome! my bosom beats for you.

Thy lofty soul, thy martial form of grace,
Thy heart all noble, free from treacherous art,
Thy winning manners, and thy pensive face,
Have won Azora's unassuming heart.

O had I still this heart to give again,
Brave youth of Rome, I'd give it to thee still;
O could I banish from this heart its pain,
Its dissolution would oppose my will.

But low and humble is Azora's lot,
Born in obscurity, a heathen maid,
My days have flown in yonder little cot,
My rambling foot has never left this shade.

But thou, dear youth, didst come to cheer this clime,
To pour instruction on a darkened mind,
To teach this soul to pass the bounds of time,
To soar to heaven, and leave the world behind.

O, were I mistress of the proud world's throne,
And thou a suppliant on thy bended knee,
Thee, dear Valerian, would I love alone,
No passion would I cherish but for thee.

Say then, dear stranger, can thy heart receive
A heart in which thy virtues ever dwell?
These shades, these streamlets, canst thou ever leave,
And bid Azora and her cot farewell?

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O, if thou canst, dear wand'ring youth, adieu,
I'll write thy image and thy memory here,
And at still evening, while I think of you,
I'll seek thy safety with a prayerful tear.

Cease now, my harp, fall silence on thy strings,
Dews of the night descend upon my breast,
Breeze, fan my loose locks with thy unfelt wings,
And rock me, angels, in the arms of rest.

Azora ceas'd; and on the passing winds,
The murmur of her music died away;
Wrapt in big transports, stood the list'ning youth;
Dreams from elysium for a moment bound
In fetters magical, his limbs and tongue.
At length he broke his joy's enchanting spell,
And with a voice of full and mellow tones,
Thus answer'd to the night-song of the maid———

I. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

A RURAL WALK.

The scenery drawn from nature.

THE summer sun was riding high,
The woods in deepest verdure drest,
From care and clouds of dust to fly,
Across yon bubbling brook I past;

And up the hill, with cedars spread,
Where vines through spice-wood thickets roam,
I took the woodland path, that led
To Bartram's hospitable dome.

Thick tow'ring oaks around me rose,
Tough hiccories tall, and walnuts wide,
Hard dog-wood, chinkopin, and sloes
Were cluster'd round on every side.

Ten thousand busy hums were heard,
From leafy bough, and herb, and flower;
The squirrel chipp'd, the tree-frog whirr'd,
The dove bemoan'd in shadiest bow'r.

The thrush pour'd out his varying song,
The robin's artless notes unite,
And loud o'er all the tuneful throng
Was heard, in mellow tone, "Bob White*."

My swelling heart with joy o'erflow'd,
To hear those happy millions raise
To Nature's universal God
Such voluntary songs of praise.

Whate'er mistaken Zeal may teach,
Or gloomy Melancholy spy,
Or vision-seeing prophets preach,
Or Superstition's fears supply,

Where'er I view this vast design,
On earth, air, ocean, field, or flood,
All, all proclaim the truth divine,
That God is bountiful and good.

Thus musing on, I past the rill,
That steals down moss-grown rocks so slow,
And wander'd up the woodland hill,
Thick-spreading chesnut boughs below.

In yellow coat of mail encas'd,
With head erect, and watchful eye,
The tortoise, at his mushroom feast,
Shrunk tim'rous as I loiter'd by.

Along the dark sequester'd path,
Where cedars form an arching shade,
I mark'd the cat-bird's squalling wrath,
The jay in shining blue array'd.

And now, emerging on the day,
New prospects caught my ravish'd eye,
Below—a thousand colours gay,
Above—a blue o'er-arching sky.

Rich waving fields of yellow grain,
Green pastures, shelter'd cots and farms,
Gay, glitttering domes bestrew'd the plain,
A noble group of rural charms.

* The quail, or partridge, of Pennsylvania.

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A wide-extended waste of wood
Beyond in distant prospect lay,
Where Delaware's majestic flood
Shone like the radiant orb of day.

Down to the left was seen afar
The whiten'd spire of sacred name*,
And ars'nal, where the god of war
Has hung his spears of bloody fame.

The city's painted skirts were seen,
Through clouds of smoke ascending high,
While on the Schuylkill's glassy scene
Canoes and sloops were heard to ply.

There upward where it gently bends,
And Say's red fortress † tow'rs in view,
The floating bridge its length extends,
A living scene for ever new.

There market maids, in lively rows,
With wallets white were riding home,
And thundering gigs, with powder'd beaux,
Through Gray's green festive shades to roam.

There Bacchus fills his flowing cup,
There Venus' lovely train are seen,
There lovers sigh, and gluttons sup,
By shrubb'ry walk, in arbours green.

But dearer pleasures warm my heart,
And fairer scenes salute my eye,
As thro' these cherry rows I dart
Where Bartram's fairy landscapes lie.

Sweet flows the Schuylkill's winding tide,
By Bartram's green emblossom'd bow'rs,
Where Nature sports, in all her pride
Of choicest plants, and fruits, and flow'rs.

These sheltering pines that shade the path,
That tow'ring cypress moving slow,
Survey a thousand sweets beneath,
And smile upon the groves below.

* Christ Church steeple.

† The romantic country seat of Dr. Benjamin Say, overhanging Gray's Ferry.

O happy he who slowly strays,
On summer's eve, these shades among,
While Phœbus sheds his yellow rays,
And thrushes pipe their evening song.

From pathless woods, from Indian plains,
From shores where exil'd Britons rove*,
Arabia's rich luxuriant scene,
And Otaheite's ambrosial grove,

Unnumber'd plants and shrubb'ry sweet,
Adorning still the circling year,
Whose names the muse can ne'er repeat,
Display their mingling blossoms here.

Here broad catalpas rear their head,
And pour their purple blooms profuse,
Here rich magnolias whitening spread,
And drop with balm-distilling dews.

The *crown imperial* here behold,
Its orange circlet topp'd with green,
Not gain'd by slaughter or by gold,
Nor drop of blood, nor thorn within.

The downy peach, and clustering vine,
And yellow pears, a bending load,
In mingling groups around entwine
And strew with fruit the pebbly road.

Here tulips rose in dazzling glow,
Whose tints arrest the ravish'd eye,
Here laurels bloom, and roses blow,
And pinks in rich profusion lie.

The genius of this charming scene,
From early dawn till close of day,
Still busy here and there is seen,
To plant, remove, or prune away.

To science, peace, and virtue dear,
And dear to all their noble friends,
Tho' hid in low retirement here,
His generous heart for all expands.

No little herb, or bush, or flower,
That spreads its foliage to the day,
From snow-drops born in wintry hour,
Through Flora's whole creation gay,

But well to him they all are known,
Their names, their character, and race,
Their virtues when each bloom is gone,
Their fav'rite home, their native place.

* New Holland.

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For them thro' Georgia's sultry clime,
And Florida's sequester'd shore,
Their streams, dark woods, and cliffs sublime,
His dangerous way he did explore.*

And here their blooming tribes he tends,
And tho' revolving winters reign,
Still spring returns him back his friends,
His shades and blossom'd bowers again.

One flower, one sweet and faithful flower,
Worth all the blossom'd wilds can give,
Forsakes him not tho' seasons lour,
Tho' winter's roaring tempests rave;

But still with gentlest look and air,
Befriends his now declining years,
By every kind officious care,
That virtue's lovely self endears.

When science calls, or books invite,
Her eyes the waste of age supply,
Detail their pages with delight,
Her dearest uncle list'ning by.

When sorrows press, for who are free?
Her generous heart the load sustains,
In sickness none so kind as she,
To soothe and to assuage his pains.

Thus twines the honeysuckle sweet,
Around some trunk decay'd and bare,
Thus angels on the pious wait,
To banish each distressing care.

O, happy he who slowly strays,
On summer's eve, these shades among,
While Phœbus sheds his yellow rays,
And thrushes pipe their evening song.

But happier he, supremely blest!
Beyond what proudest peers have known,
Who finds a friend in Anna's breast,
And calls that lovely plant his own.

The angry storms of awful fate
Around my little bark may roar,
May drive me from this dear retreat,
A wanderer on a distant shore;

But while remembrance' power remains,
There rosy bowers shall bliss my view,
Sweet shades of peace! on foreign plains,
I'll sigh and shed a tear for you.

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, August 10, 1804.

* See Bartram's Travels, where the imagination is entertained with the most luxuriant description of these scenes, while the heart is charmed with the benevolent sentiments of the writer.

SELECTED.

MONODY.

NEAR where yon streamlet slowly finds
With pebbly noise its silver way,
And where his horn the beetle winds,
To swell the dirge of closing day,

While many a flower of earliest spring,
Round the light greensward bending creeps,
And many an insect's glossy wing
Slow circles o'er the humming steeps:

There rests the hamlet's native pride,
The fairest maid that deck'd its green,
In soul to heaven alone allied,
In form a grace, a love in mein.

Oh! she was gentle as the air,
Which plays on summer's tranquil breast:
A heart, so kind to every care,
Warms but the tender turtle's nest.

Her voice was sweeter than the lyre,
That steals each echo from the breeze,
Her eye the blue with chastened fire,
That wins us, ere it seems to please.

Oft, when the wild gust shook the leaf,
Her voice in mellow tones would pour,
So soft, so sad, its touching grief!
So soft, so sad, it swells no more!

Nor more, as wont, at vernal wake
With merry steps they dance the hays,
But sighs from every bosom break
For her, who blest their youthful days.

So, while at eve the hoary swain
Recounts the tale to infant ears,
They seek the grave of lovely Jane,
And turn their ready sports to tears.

Oft too the village nymphs repair
In dumb distress to kneel and weep,

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To show the rue and primrose there,
Or hyma her gentle sprite to sleep.

Pause then....on yonder hallowed spot,
And give her worth a parting sigh;
So may thy grave ne'er be forgot,
When the lorn pilgrim passes by.

CAROLINE.

By Thomas Campbell.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
Ill teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true-love all below
The holly bow'r and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clust'ring bow'r,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain-heath and mobry thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckow's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of ocean farm'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wand'ring wind of fairy land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where heav'n and love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould.

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd.

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost;
Where nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours,
In nature's more propitious home;

Name to thy lov'd elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

SELECTIONS.

CHARACTER OF A WIFE.

From an English Publication.

SOME very wise men have doubted whether....no....I beg their pardon ....very wise men, in our days, are averse to the slow process of doubting....and therefore find it easier to *assert*....that all our vices are the excesses of some virtue; though, I believe, they have not gone so far as to offer the converse of this proposition, and maintain, that all our virtues must be the superfluous part of our vices. Whether they are right in establishing this barter, is not for me to determine: but I cannot help being somewhat inclined to think, that very good sort of people have strange whims and habits, which, though it would neither be polite nor just to call vices, yet must be accounted very troublesome and inconvenient things. Such is the case perhaps, with your outrageously virtuous people, in whose opinion, a smile is a criminal overture, and the touch of a finger, an impulse of Satan....or with your violently sentimental people, who exult in the prospect of a long dreary aisle, terminated by a dungeon, who converse in sobs and shrieks, and whose daily bread is a kind of fermentation, excited by the clanking of chains,

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and the reports of pistols. But let me not wander from my intended subject. Let me not plunge into the abyss of romance, when I ought to relate a plain tale, nor wander abroad in search of terrors, when I may remain at home in pursuit only of inconveniences.

My misfortune is to possess the whole and sole property, personal and mental, of a WIFE, who is, without all exception (except what is to follow) one of the best of human beings. That she is so, I should be disposed to allow voluntarily, even if I were not obliged to assent to it, as attested and sworn by every one, who knows her, that is, who occasionally pays us a visit, beholds her good deeds, and profits by them. To contradict people, who must be the best judges, because they think so, and in a matter, too, which must be very gratifying to the feelings of a husband, would be at once very unpolite and very unwise. But writing, as I am now, to you, and in a miscellany which is intended to answer the purposes of a committee of public safety, I may, perhaps, take greater freedoms than domestic good manners will allow: and in my fictitious character, advance some things, which, in *propria persona*, I find it quite a prudent to let pass without animadversion.

Sir, this angel of a woman....that is a very fine epithet from a man who has been married above twenty years....would deserve more praises than you have leisure or patience to read, had she not hit, in early life, upon a *system of happiness*, which she is never likely to complete, which perhaps never was completed, and which, if it could be brought to a termination, would probably make her very unhappy. You are to know, that she resolves all happiness into two passions, hope and fear, and a mind continually vibrating between these, is, in her opinion, a mind of perfect felicity. Now, I know that some people would call this *restlessness*, and an eminent physician, of my acquaintance, has assured me, that it is nothing but the *fidgets*, a disorder peculiar, as he says, to females, especially to those who are called your *mighty good kind* of women: but this, with submission to his medical skill, must, I think, be a mistake; for I have perceived symptoms of the *fidgets* in women, who could not, in any sense of the words, be termed mighty good, or mighty evil. A learned lady assured me, that my wife's disorder was *irritability of locomotion*.

Be this as it may, for doctors will differ, my wife pursues her system with unabated assiduity, continually finding out schemes to exercise her mind in hope and fear, to raise expectation, prove ingenuity, gratify curiosity, and, as Bayes says in the Rehearsal, "to elevate and surprise." You may, therefore, suppose, that in order to carry on this plan of happiness, somewhat of a romantic turn is necessary. You are not mistaken. She possesses very much of that turn, but is much better pleased with the romances of real life, than with those of fiction, and would much rather summon a hackney-coachman, than call up hobgoblins in an old castle. And it is very remarkable, that not a day passes without her meeting, by the *merest accident in the world*, with the strangest persons, the most unlooked-for incidents, or the oddest speeches and expressions, that ever occurred in the history of the world. N. B. I never found a person of an *adventurous* turn of mind, who did not meet with *adventures*; and I don't know, but that in skilful hands, a journey to Hampstead might be made as surprising, as a voyage round the globe. But this by the bye.

You will also readily imagine, that my wife is a woman of a very active turn of mind.....Ah! sir, there it is....She is of so active a disposition, that rest is unknown at our house. We have always something to hope, or something to fear, some scheme to execute, some alteration to make, or something to illustrate

the desiderated doctrine of perpetual motion. But I must descend to particulars.

Soon after our marriage, it was found out by my wife, that the house we lived in was inconvenient, the stair-case was narrow, the wainscoting was impaired by time, and the floors were damaged.....There was much to be done, and much to be undone. Having little of the spirit of contradiction in me, I had no difficulty in admitting, that the hand of the carpenter might relieve us in these respects; and sent for a couple of trusty fellows, to whom I explained our wants, and only hinted, that I could wish the job finished with expedition; which they, as is their custom, promised should certainly be the case. But this was neither my wife's wish nor intention. *Finishing* is no part of her system, and the word *complete*, is, I believe, not in her vocabulary. She had sketched out improvements of a higher kind, and probably dreading the shallowness of my capacity to understand the whole, chose to develope the plan in such fragments as might suit my comprehension. Little, however, as I knew of her intentions, I soon discovered, that her sole pleasure was in *bustle*, and that she had cut out this work, neither for the benefit of the house, nor of the workmen, but purely to divert her mind, and keep her invention in motion. Within a month, our house was nearly quite demolished, a small reserve only having been made for present accommodation, the site of which, to prevent interruption from visitors, was the garret, and the only access to it, by means of ladders; the last of which, it was my business to pull up after me, with the care and circumspection of Robinson Crusoe, when he dreaded a visit from the savages.

To interpose now, I saw was in vain, for I did not wish to demolish all my comforts together, and therefore let the lady directress order every thing in her own taste, hoping, that the whole would soon be completed, and that there could not be a pretence for farther alterations, for some years at least. But in this we were mutually disappointed. I was disappointed, because my wife was not satisfied; and she was disappointed, because every thing having been done according to her own plan, and nothing done as she liked, she had no person to blame but herself....and that is a trouble, which my wife never takes, even when most at leisure from other avocations.

We had not been seated in our improved mansion many months, when my wife discovered, that although no fault could reasonably be found with the house itself (except as aforesaid, that she disliked her own improvements) there was a misfortune attending it, which baffled even *her* contriving genius..... This was simply its being placed just where it was, and not about a mile off, in a genteeler part of the town. Of this I had repeated hints, and knowing the intimate connexion between a hint and a requisition, I assented with a good grace; in consequence of which, our present house was taken. Its principal recommendation, I thought, had been its situation, but that was not the only one. It had, besides, every possible negative requisite for a lady of my wife's diposition. It had not been tenanted for years, and therefore wanted many repairs. *We* had never lived in it at all, and therefore it wanted as many improvements as her utmost stretch of fancy could reach, which, to her, presented a glorious prospect. Carpenters, bricklayers, painters, glaziers, and cabinet-makers, went to work; and as these gentlemen are not very expeditious, even though they assist each other wonderfully, my wife was the happiest creature in the universe, for near five months...and I can't say but that I enjoyed a comparative state of happiness during this time, and that for two reasons: first, I was not upon the spot, nor within hearing; and, secondly, madam insisted, that I should not enter the

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doors of it until all was finished, that I might be surprised and astounded at the skill and taste displayed by her.

Well, behold us now seated here, in a capital mansion, almost new, and apparently excepted from the repairing act for many years. What was there to interrupt our quiet?.... Even that which has ever produced the same effect...my wife's aversion to a life of ease. Faults appeared to her critical eye, which escaped my penetration. The fly on the pillar could not be more fastidious; hence we relapsed gradually into the repairing system, and devoted at least six weeks every year to this animating and lively business; when a new circumstance occurred. One day, as my wife was reading the newspaper, she observed that our house was advertised to be sold, and a hint, which to any body else, would have been as dark as the explanations of a statesman, produced a firm conviction in my mind, that she would not be satisfied without making it our freehold. I assented, as usual, but from another motive than she suspected; for, while she was expatiating on the advantage of having "a house of one's own, no rent to pay, the low price of estates," and other prevailing inducements, I hugged myself in the idea, that when the house became our own, it would put an end to all future schemes of removal. This being agreed upon, "she would make the purchase herself in person;" and why? because she has often declared that the happiest moments of her life are those during which her heart flutters in unison with the vibrations of an auctioneer's hammer, and that she would rather be out of pocket, at a sale, than not out of breath when the last stroke falls.

We were now, I thought, beyond the reach of removal, and I thought right; but that the mind should not stagnate in inactivity, many substantial alterations have been since carried into execution, because, my wife says, we may do what we will with the house, "now it is our own." For all the above considerations, she has universally obtained the character of a WOMAN OF TASTE, although some have given her the more familiar name of a NOTABLE WOMAN.

But, even repairs and alterations must be sometimes interrupted..... There must be times when no partition requires to be pulled down, and no shelves want to be put up; when hinges and locks do their duty in silence, and scouring may supply the place of paint; when every chair is in its place, and every tub stands on its own bottom. To fill up these interstices, and keep the mind in exercise, when no affairs of her own demand her attention, my wife has acquired a very hapy knack at managing the affairs of other people. Her acquaintance being pretty extensive, and her opinion looked up to, as the opinion of a woman living in a great house ought to be, she is never without opportunities of making other people's cares her own. If there is a purchase to be made, a child to be born, a disease to be cured, a patient to be sent to the dispensary, an election to be gained, a dress to be made up, a writer to be sent to India, or a servant's place to be filled, she is in perpetual motion, and never quits her purpose until her endeavours end in final success or disappointment.....By the bye, it is a very remarkable circumstance, and which I cannot otherwise account for, than by saying that it is part of her system, that whether she loses or wins, she seems equally pleased. From her eagerness in these various pursuits, she has been mistaken by strangers, sometimes for a mantuamaker, a puffer at sales, a physician in petticoats, the lady of a director, the matron of an hospital, and sometimes for a nurse, a midwife, and the keeper of a register-office. Such is the versatility of her talents, that nothing is intolerable which serves to make her anxious, and nothing seems troublesome that is attended with a great deal of plague. On ac-

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count of all these good deeds, she has obtained the reputation of a most BENEVOLENT WOMAN.

One consequence of intermeddling in the affairs of other people, would to many be an object of terror; I mean the chance of getting into scrapes; but with my lady, that seems to be a recommendation. It is not unfrequently that she is under the necessity of applying to my lawyer to extricate her out of what other people would call difficulties, but which she deems the pleasing consequence of knowing more about natural justice than artificial quibbles. She is, indeed, very fond of law: you may naturally suppose that its delays and uncertainty are highly in favour of her system. She has had a few trials about some property she brought me at our union, but they were short, and therefore not very satisfactory. Were she not extremely fertile in devising exercises for her hopes and fears, and consequently, not standing in need of my assistance, or if I had any great point to gain with her, I don't know but I might be prevailed upon to gratify her with a chancery suit, and secure her happiness on a lasting foundation.

To all the above expedients may be added the purchase of lottery tickets, and of bargains, the arrangement of disputes in families, &c. But life is longer than we commonly imagine. We canot always be concerning ourselves in the affairs even of other people. There are times when invention must be employed to devise schemes of action, and to open sources of hope and fear, independent of foreign aid And here likewise, my wife is entitled to the praise of great fertility. After a day passed in action, bustle, expectation, and disappointment, the night brings with it domestic comfort of another kind. The alarm of fire and of thieves forms a perpetual source of watchfulness and contrivance; and as, for reasons already assigned, she is a great reader of of newspapers, these are subjects which are never allowed to slip out of her memory. Joined to these are the pleasing possibilities of being robbed by our servants, of our house in the country being burnt, of the banker failing, and of our steward proving a rogue. And as some part of my property lies in the West Indies, we occasionally speculate, with a degree of comfort, on an earthquake for my lands, or the yellow fever for my tenants. As to servants, a perpetual change of them is one of my wife's chief pleasures. If we have good servants, they are no better for us; and if they are bad, we are not worse for them. This procures madam the reputation of GREAT DISCERNMENT.

Such are some of the ingredients in my wife's practical system of happiness. It is remarkable, however, that I tolerate it, because I am of a quite different way of thinking, and really allow of bustle and confusion, merely because I am a lover of peace. If this appear inconsistent, it can appear so only to an inveterate old batchelor. To be sure, I could wish the time were come when we could sit down quietly, and consider all around us as perfect in its kind, and, without stirring from our chairs, make allowance for imperfections, which impatience and motion cannot remove. And, of late, I suspect my wife has been studying the new doctrine of *perfectibility*, which, to suit herself, she transfers from mind to matter. Were I to examine her closely on the subject, I have little doubt that she looks forward with earnest hope to that happy day, when the furniture of a house shall arrive at perfection, when wainscot shall be impregnable to dust, when plate shall shine in perpetual brightness, and the voice of scourers shall be heard no more....when property shall no longer change its master, the conditions of sale become a dead letter, and the eloquence of Cristie solicit the last bid!

HUMPHREY PLACID.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF CERTAIN STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES SAID TO HAVE FALLEN FROM THE CLOUDS, AND OF THE SEVERAL THEORIES ADOPTED BY PHILOSOPHERS TO ACCOUNT FOR THE PHENOMENA.

Concluded from page 318.

THE constituent parts of the stone from YORKSHIRE are exactly the same as those of the stones from Benares, but it differs from them (1) In having a finer grain. (2) The particles are less globular, of an irregular shape, and in general of a smaller size. (3) The proportion of martial pyrites is less; that of the iron in a metallic state is much greater. The specific gravity is 3,508.

The grain of the stone from SIENNA was coarse, similar to that from Benares; in it might be perceived the same grey globular bodies, the same kind of martial pyrites, and the same particles of iron in the metallic state. The proportion of these last was much less than in the stone from Yorkshire, but rather greater than in the stones from Benares. The black crust which covered the stone was rather thinner than that of the stones already described, and seemed to have undergone a kind of contraction, which had produced in it a number of fissures or furrows, tracing upon the surface the appearance of compartments, similar, in some measure, to what is observed in the stones called septaria. The specific gravity of this stone was 3,418.

The internal structure of the stone from BOHEMIA is very similar to that from Yorkshire. Its grain is finer than that of the stones from Benares, but in other respects it is very similar to them. From the others it differs in the following particulars. (1.) The particles of pyrites cannot be seen without a lens. (2.) It contains a much larger quantity of iron in the metallic state, equal to a fourth of the whole. (3.) Many of the particles of iron have undergone an oxidation at their surface, which, by adding to the bulk, and the force of action, of the part we have described as serving by way of cement to the other constituents parts of the stones, has occasioned a greater degree of adhesion between these parts, and has rendered the substance of the stone more compact.

The great quantity of iron in the metallic state which this stone contains, added to its greater compactness, makes it capable of receiving a slight degree of polish; whereas it is impossible to give any polish to the others. When polished, the iron becomes very evident, in the polished part, appearing in the form of small specks, almost close to each other, which have the colour and lustre peculiar to that metal. The specific gravity of the stone is 4,281.

It is easy to perceive, from the foregoing description, that these stones, although they have not the smallest similarity with any of the mineral substances already known, have a very peculiar and striking analogy with each other. This circumstance renders them worthy of the attention of philosophers; and naturally excites a desire of knowing to what causes they owe their existence.

According to Mr. Howard's analysis, which appears to have been conducted with considerable care, all these stones consist of silica, magnesia, oxide of iron, and oxide of nickel, combined in nearly similar proportions. The result of this examination differs from the analysis made by the French academicians, of the stone presented to them by the abbe Bachelay, as well as from that made by professor Barthold of the stones of Ensisheim. It is at variance with that of the academicians, inasmuch as they found neither magnesia nor nickel. It differs from that of Mr. Barthold, as he did not find nickel, but discovered some lime, with 17 *per cent.* of alumina. But notwithstanding these variations, the mineralogical

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description of the French academicians, of M. Barthold, and of the count de Bournon, all exhibit a striking conformity of character common to each of these stones; and it is the decided opinion of Mr. Howard, that the similarity of the component parts, especially of the malleable alloy, together with the near approach of the constituent proportions of the earths contained in each of the four stones to which we have referred, will establish strong evidence in favour of the assertion that they have fallen on our globe. They have been found at places very remote from each other, and at periods also sufficiently distant. The mineralogists who have examined them, agree that they have no resemblance to mineral substances, properly so called; nor have they been described by mineralogical authors. The public may, from our former paper, determine for themselves what degree of credit is to be paid to the accounts of fallen stones, and judge of the similarity of circumstances attendant on such phenomena. Attempts to reconcile occurrences of this nature with known principles of philosophy are abundant, but they leave us a choice of difficulties equally perplexing. It is, however, remarkable, that Dr. Chladni, in his observations on *Fire-balls and hard bodies fallen from the Atmosphere*, has connected the descent of fallen stones with meteors: and the descent of the stones near Benares was accompanied with a meteor. No luminous appearance was, however, perceived during the day on which the stone fell in Yorkshire; but the stones from Sienna fell amidst what was imagined lightning, but what might in reality have been a meteor. The stones that fell at Agen were also accompanied with a meteor; and we are told that the stone which was adored as the mother of the Gods by the ancients, fell at the feet of the poet Pindar, enveloped in a ball of fire.

Should it hereafter be discovered at fallen stones are actually the bodies of meteors, it would not appear so problematical, that such masses as these stones are sometimes represented, do not penetrate further into the earth; for meteors move more in a horizontal than in a perpendicular direction: and we are as absolutely unacquainted with the force which impels the meteor, as with the origin of the fallen stone.

In the year 1801, a very brilliant meteor was observed in the county of Suffolk, part of which was said to fall near the town of Bury, and to consume a cottage; but, upon accurate enquiry, the time of the combustion of the house did not correspond with the moment of the meteor's transition.

A phenomenon, much more worthy of attention, has been described as seen in America on the night of the fifth of April, 1800. Its apparent size was that of a large house seventy feet long; and its elevation about 200 yards above the surface of the earth. It moved with prodigious velocity, and the light produced effects little short of those of the sun-beams; and a considerable degree of heat was felt by those who saw it, without any electric sensation. Immediately after it disappeared in the north-west a violent rushing noise was heard, as if the phenomenon were bearing down the forest before it, and, in a few seconds after, there was a tremendous crash, causing a very sensible earthquake. Search being afterwards made in the place where the burning body fell, every vegetable was found burnt, or greatly scorched, and a considerable portion of the surface of the earth broken up. It does not appear, however, that any pains were taken to search deeper than the surface of the ground.

We have also an account in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1788, of a solitary mass of what has been called native iron, which was discovered in South America, as has been described by Don Rubin de Celis, who mentions another insulated mass of the same

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nature. M. Proust and Mr. Howard have examined some fragments of this mass, which they obtained from the British Museum; and it is their opinion, that it is not wholly iron, but a mixture of that metal with nickel.

From this we are led to notice the native iron, found near Mount Kemirs, in Siberia, and described by Pallas. This, we are told, the Tartars considered as a sacred relic, which had dropped from heaven. The nickel found in the one mass, and the traditionary history of the other, without comparing the globular bodies of the stone from Benares with the globular concavities and the earthy matter of the Siberian iron, tend, in the opinion of Mr. Howard, to the formation of a chain between fallen stones and all kinds of native iron.

The count de Bournon informs us, that all the kinds of iron, called native, contain nickel. The mass in South America is hollow, has concavities, and appears to have been in a soft or welding state, because it has received various impressions..... The Siberian iron has globular concavities, in part filled with a transparent substance, which, the proportional quantity of oxide of iron excepted, has nearly the composition of the globules in the stone of Benares. The iron from Bohemia adheres to earthy matter studded with globular bodies.

From these facts the count submits the following queries:....1. Have not all fallen stones, and what are called native iron, the same origin? 2. Are all, or any of them, the produce or the bodies of meteors? Specimens of the Yorkshire and Benares stones have been deposited in the British Museum.

If the facts to which we have referred be credited, it will not appear surprising that so striking a physical and chemical analogy should induce a belief that all these stones have the same origin; and that, as they form an order of compounds different from any thing ever yet observed among minerals, some philosophers should conclude that they do not belong to the fossils of our globe. Several hypotheses have consequently been invented to explain the formation of these singular productions.

It has long been asserted that they are nothing else but minerals, elevated and projected from the earth by volcanoes. Others have considered them as stones of our globe, struck and fused on the outside by lightning, on the spot where they were found; and lately they have been considered as earthy and metallic substances raised into the air, which, being there collected and agglutinated, have formed these masses, which immediately fell down by their own weight.

The manifest contradictions exhibited by these opinions, either with the principal circumstances, or the fact itself, of the fall of these stones, have given rise to one less improbable, though perhaps more extraordinary. It is that of some geometricians, who consider them as volcanic productions projected from the moon beyond the sphere of its attraction, and to the confines of that of the earth.

If this opinion seems to be contradicted by all the ideas hitherto entertained, it is at any rate seen that it is less susceptible of solid objecjections than any of the preceding hypotheses. The same may be said of that of Chladni, who, with some other philosophers, considers all the masses which have fallen to the earth as solid bodies detached from some other planet at the time of their formation, and which move about in infinite space till they meet with another, which becoming to them a new centre of gravity, attracts them to its surface.

An analytical examination of these hypotheses, and the little agreement between them, and the circumstances which constantly accompany the fall of stones, have induced M. Gzarn, the author of *Lithologie Atmospherique*, to suppose that these stones are formed of the elements of those earths and

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metals which they exhibit by analysis, and which he supposes to be in a gazeous state at a great height in the atmosphere, and the combination of which he ascribes to unknown circumstances that rarely occur. This gentleman has brought together a collection of facts and opinions, published in France during the last century, on thunder stones, thunder, stones fallen from the heavens, &c. and he infers that the phenomenon of the fall of solid bodies on the earth is, according to every appearance, as old as the world; and that the certainty of the fact is now so well proved, that it can be denied only by those who admit nothing as certain. At the conclusion he gives a recapitulation of his whole work, in the two following tables.

TABLE I.....*Of the principal opinions entertained in regard to the solid substances which have fallen from the clouds.*

Philosophers who have considered them as productions thrown on the earth by volcanoes or hurricanes:

Freret,	Barthold,
Gassendi,	G. A. Deluc,
Muschembroek,	Delalande.

As mineral substances fused by lightning on the spots where found:

Lemery,	Stahl,
The Academicians,	Cronberg,
Agricola,	Patrin.

As concretions in the atmosphere:

Descartes,	Sir W. Hamilton,
Lesser,	Edward King,
Goyons-d'Arzas,	Eusebius Salverte.

As masses foreign to our planet:

Chladni, Poisson,
Biot, The Bibliothéque Britanique.

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Table II. Of the different periods of the fall of these substances on the earth, the places where they fell, and the authority on which the facts stand.

Substances.	Places where they fell.	Period of their fall.	Testimonies.
Shower of stones	At Rome	Under Tullus Hostilius	Livy
Shower of stones	At Rome	Consuls C. Martius and M. Torquatus	J. Obsequens
Shower of iron	In Lucania	Year before the defeat of Crassus	Pliny
Shower of mercury	In Italy		Dion
A very large stone	Near the river Negos, Thrace	Second year of the 78th Olympiad	Pliny
Three large stones	In Thrace	Year before J. C 452	Ch. of count Marcelin
Shower of fire	At Quesnoy	Jan. 4th, 1717	Geoffroy le Cadet
Stone of 72lbs.	Near Larissa, Macedonia	Jan. 1706	Paul Lucas
About 1200 stones—one of 120lbs. / Another of 60lbs.	Near Padua, in Italy	In 1510	Cardan Varcit
A stone of 59lbs.	On Mount Vaiser, Provence	Nov. 27, 1627	Gassendi
Shower of sand, for 15 hours	In the Atlantic	April 6th, 1719	Pére la Fuillée
Shower of sulphur	Sodom and Gomorrah		Moses
Sulphureous rain	In the Duchy of Mansfield	In 1658	Spangenberg
The same	Copenhagen	In 1646	Olaus Wurmius
Shower of sulphur	Brunswick	Oct. 1721	Siegesberg
Ditto of a viscid unknown matter	Ireland	In 1695	Muschembroek
Two large stones weighing 20lbs.	Liponas, in Bresse	Sept. 1753	Delalande
A stony mass	Niort, in Normandy	In 1750	Delalande
A stone of 7½lbs.	At Luce, in Le Maine	Sept. 13, 1768	Bachelay
A stone	At Aire, in Artois	In 1768	Gurson de Boyaval
A stone	In Le Cotentin	In 1768	Morand
Extensive shower of stones	Environs of Agen	July 24th, 1790	St Amand, Baudin, &c.
About twelve stones	Sienna, Tuscany	July, 1794	Earl of Bristol
A large stone of 56lbs.	Wold-Cottage, Yorkshire	Dec 13th, 1795	Captain Topham
A stone of about 20lbs.	Salé, department of the Rhone	March 17th, 1798	Lelievre and De Drée
A stone of 10lbs.	In Portugal	Feb. 19th, 1796	Southey
Shower of stones	Benares, East Indies	Dec. 10th, 1798	J. Lloyd Williams, esq.
Shower of stones	At Plann, near Tabor, Bohemia	July 3d, 1753	B. de Born
Mass of iron, 70 cubic feet	America	April 5th, 1800	Philosophical Magazine
Mass of ditto, 14 quintals	Abakank, Siberia	Very old	Pallas, Chladni, &c.
Shower of stones	Barboutan, near Roquefort	July, 1789	Darcet, jun. Lomet, &c.
Large stone, 260lbs.	Ensisheim, Upper Rhine	Nov. 7th, 1492	Butnschoen
Two stones, 200 and 300lbs.	Near Verona	In 1762	Acad. de Bourd.
A stone of 20lbs.	Sales, near Ville-Franche	March 12th, 1798	De Drée
Several ditto, from 10 to 17lbs.	Near L'Aigle, Normandy	April 26th, 1803	Fourcroy

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CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Concluded from page 309.

THE thirteenth book is filled with visits of pilgrimage made at the holy cross, and at the holy sepulchre, by angels and prophets. A hymn in dialogue, sung by Isaiah and Daniel, arouses and disappoints expectation. The moment of the resurrection, whether it is ill prepared, whether the profusion of antecedent miracles diminishes its relative magnificence, whether it is described with a too rapid or promiscuous circumstantiality, does not excite so much surprise and joy as in the simple journal of the gospel-writers.

The fourteenth canto displays the astonishment of Magdelena and different disciples, on finding the sepulchre empty; and details the revelation of the resurrection. Probably the often quoted interview with Cleophas is the best part of this book: it is said to be highly valued by the poet himself: unless for the indication of authorities to which deference is due, I should have read it with entire, but without peculiar, approbation.

Apparitions of the re-risen abound in the fifteenth division: it forms a dull collection of uncohering legendary anecdotes. The spiritual eclogue between Eve and the mother of Christ is peculiarly babyish. In the story of the seven sons martyred by Antiochus Epiphanes, a speech of their mother commands admiration by the surprising turn of its forceful pathos.

The sixteenth book unfolds a new herd of ghosts, those dead since the atonement. Anecdotes....and again anecdotes....neither progression, nor business, nor purpose: souls come, as the poet himself says, now thick-rushing from the clouds, now drizzling.

Antideluvians are delivered from purgatory in the seventeenth; which also includes conversations of the friends of Jesus in the garden of Lazarus.

In the eighteenth and nineteenth cantos, the flagging wings of the poet are again exerted. Adam beholds in vision the last judgment, a process improperly begun before..... There is some boldness of fancy in the decoration, some vigour of language in the description of these visionary scenes; the pardon of Abbadona is read with eager joy; yet too many individual cases are tried, almost all incoherent and episodical, unconnected with each other, or with the reward and punishment of the persons of the epopœa. In Milton's vision of Adam the representations are selected with more discretion, although tricked out with less pageantry. To this prophetic intervention succeed the apparitions of Christ in Gallilee; and to them the ascension.

Hosannas, sung by successive festoons of angels at every soar of the interminable ascension, occupy the whole twentieth and concluding book. Even manna tires at last, and of these hallelujahs there are so many, that one would suppose the author had contracted for editing the whole psalter of the cherubs..... The hymns are composed in various lyric metres: they are too carefully selected from the Jewish prophets, as they contain accounts of the plagues of Egypt, and the taking of Babylon, which have not even a mystical connection with the present topic. They are too seldom intersected by descriptive passages: one wishes for a few of the picturesque, aerial, playful angelic groupes of Ceva.

Strepit æthere aperto
Læta phalanx, pennisque supervolat, arvaque inumbrat:
Pars florum manibus plenis effundere nimbos
——— alba super velamina; pars pedes ire;
Ille equitat croceas nubes, hic cruribus exit
E mediis nebulis, hic summis prominet alis;
Mille alii variis nectuntur in aere nodis.

JESUS PUER, LIB. II.

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At length Christ is seated at the right hand of the Father.

From the twenty thousand lines of which the Messiah consists, a prudent author would have expunged about one half, for feebleness, tautology, or irrelevance: so that the mass of excellent composition, which is chiefly to be sought between the second and eighth cantos, does not exceed that of the Paradise Lost, supposing it curtailed, in like manner, of what the critics censure for extravagance, ignobleness, or pedantry; such as Satan's journey, the angelic war, Michael's narrative, and other thinly scattered passages, which may collectively amount to one sixth of the whole. Poetry, like ore, is estimated not by the coarseness, but by the proportion of its alloy; and is never valued for its bulk, but for its richness: if Milton threfore contains about one sixth, and Klopstock one half, of dross, the latter is the inferior specimen.

To the characterization of Klopstock other observations belong..... Some German critics have called Milton the Homer, and Klopstock the Virgil, of modern religion. The comparison will not bear a very close inspection. Homer is admittedly the greatest genius who ever undertook epic poetry, but he is not the polished artist: his observation is ubiquitary; his invention is unprecedented and inexhaustible; his style is omnipotent, but it is unambitious, garrulous, and at times slovenly, rising and sinking with his subject. He resembles those perfect human bodies that grow up in the ruder stages of society, which have every exertion at command, combining the strength of Hercules and the swiftness of Hermes, but which, when unmoved by passion, spread in listless indolence. Virgil, with very inferior talent, exerts a greater degree of art; his whole capital of idea is borrowed; he is entirely the poet of precedent, an industrious gleaning translator; his style is level, neat, and elaborate, never precipitous, never low. He resembles his cotemporary Pylades, the dancer, who only showed himself in attitudes worthy of Apollo, who by trained dexterity could imitate with applause the gait of force or agility, but without possessing the native vigour to excel in either. The intellectual powers of Milton exceed those of Virgil; there is more energy, more soul in his diction, in his personages; what he writes stimulates more during perusal; but he is a poet of the same sort. He too composes by means of his reading; he too collects and selects his descriptions and comparisons, his maxims and characters, from the works of his predecessors; his style is more condensed, thoughtful, harsh, and unequal than Virgil's; but it is also the attentive style of a toiling artist, who is pursuing a different idea of perfection. Klopstock belongs to quite another description of composers. Poets draw from nature, from art, and from idea. They may owe their materials chiefly to observation, chiefly to reading, or chiefly to reflection. They may delight in describing the phenomena of their experience; in compiling the treasures of their study; or, in exhibiting those substitutions of the fancy, which the senses sometimes, and sometimes books, suggest. Homer is surely of the first, Milton and Virgil of the second, but Klopstock of the third of these classes*. He is the poet of *reflection* in the stricter sense of the word: he always draws from the picture in his own imagination, even when he derives the hint of it from a preceding writer. His plagiarism is never occupied, like Milton's, in mending the passage which he means to borrow, but the scene, which he means again to copy. In whatever he transfers, therefore, the point of view, the colouring, the locality, the distribution changes; circumstances vary, and personages thicken on his canvas. But he is too apt to loiter over

* Are not Ariosto, Camoens, and Ercilla of the first, Tasso and Wieland of the second, and Macpherson of the third of these classes?

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his amendments, until he forgets the motive for undertaking them, and, in completing a picture for a simile, to overshade the point of comparison; so that his ornaments resemble arabesques....the arabesques of Raphael indeed....one cannot guess at the branching point in what the volute is to terminate. This practice of second-hand painting is unwise: such sketches are apt, as artists would say, to want *the solid.* And in fact the scenery of Klopstock is illuminated by a certain gloomy twilight, a misty glory, an intangible rainbowy lustre, which disfavours an impression of reality. The vivid hues of his decorations (in the simile of the pestilence, for instance) on returning to the narrative melt into thin air; spectres cluster about his fact, and dissolve it into phantasm. His mountains seem as it were clouds; his groves, of empyreal palm; his cities, suburbs of some new Jerusalem; his gorgeous palaces, his solemn temples, all appear to partake the fabric of a vision. To *dream* sights is the felicity of poets; it is remarkably that of Klopstock; he oftener looks within and seldomer without for objects than any other son of fancy.

Klopstock frequently deserts the epic for the dramatic form, and, instead of introducing his speeches narratively, prefixes initials merely to the alternations of the dialogue. Indeed those short speeches which abound in the Messiah, could not have been employed at all, if always ushered in with a whole hexameter like Homer's

> Him thus answer'd again the king of men, Agamemnon.

Yet this licence has not conferred vivacity, because the speeches are mostly contemplative, not active; the effusions of by-standers, not the declarations of agents. One learns every body's opinion of what is going on, but that of the concerned. The sentiments of the personages, although often superfluous and unmotived, are however strictly appropriate: they have moral and local aptness; they wear the livery of the person and the country. No flower of Hebrew origin escapes the preserving care of Klopstock; but he never offends by a misplaced paganism of imagery and illustration. Whatever he transplants loses wholly its raciness. Yet this very precaution excludes some sources of variety, which were all wanted in a poem, where the matter is too uniformly lofty, and wearies, by always keeping on the stretch the reader's imagination. With a background more modest, the radiant passages would have acquired a bolder relievo. In the art of wording, Klopstock is no mean proficient. His epithets are chosen judiciously: they are often new, always impressive, not idle or over-frequent, and usually adapted, not merely to the substantive in general, but to the peculiar point of view in which it then attracts notice; so that they are what the Germans call *hitting* epithets, in contradistinction to such as miss their aim.... to use an analogous idiom, they all *tell.* Nor is his command and selection of phrase inferior to that of single words; but he often misapplies his opulence, and prodigally squanders an exquisite passage on the adornment of an insignificant episode. Superfluity is indeed the leading character of Klopstock's style; but it is not a redundance of terms, so much as of accessary and subordinate ideas; a fibrous branchiness of thought, rather than parallel pullulations of phrase; amplification, not tautology. He appears to consider a liberal prolixity as the most radiant proof of genius, and to disdain any of the self-denying calculated retrenchments of taste. What Jeremy Taylor was in homeletic eloquence, Klopstock is in epic poetry. Both have expanded into a great book the life of Christ. Both delight alike in the extacies of piety and the marvels of mysticism; they are continually ascending from the ground of fact into the pleroma of hypothesis, extolling the simplest

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sentiments to rhapsodies of inspiration, and consecrating the veriest accidents into primordial dispensations and mysteries of Providence. Both indulge a fickle, abrupt, interstitial style, which betrays every repose of the pen. Layers of affecting plainness, and affected sonorosity, of scholastic jargon, and oriental sensualization, succeed each other without blending. Yet to both belong tongues of angels. Their words are sweet as manna, pleasant as nard, luxuriant as the bowers of Eden. But they pluck where they should cull. From their basketfulls of iris, all hues, roses, and jessamin, might have been woven a garland for hovering seraphs to wave in triumph over their hero: they prefer to scatter the indiscriminate plenty beneath his foot-fall. Bishop Taylor is indeed one of the English writers who has most contributed to tinge the mind of Klopstock: Milton, Young, and, if I mistake not, Mrs. Rowe's Letters from the Dead to the Living, are also of the number: but it is not always as interesting as it may be meritorious, to track this holy writer in his own snow. Religious zealotry, and German nationality have occasionally bestowed* on the author of the Messiah excessive applause; yet, when every allowance is made for what is temporary and local in opinion, enough of merit no doubt remains to place his work among the lasting monuments of mighty minds. Probably posterity will station him nearer to Macpherson in rank and quality, than to any other of the more distinguished epic poets: both err by a too frequent recurrence of analogous imagery, and by an unvarying long-drawn plaintiveness of tone: both delight by a perpetual majesty of style, and by the heroic elevation and purity of the manners of their personages. Is it not glory in the highest to be the Ossian of Zion?

* "He stands higher than Milton, higher than Homer; a miracle of our century; his Messiah is one of the first masterpieces of human intellect."

MADISON'S ACCOUNT OF THE SUPPOSED FORTIFICATIONS IN THE WESTERN COUNTRY, IN A LETTER TO DR. BARTON.

From the American Philosophical Transactions.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately visited that beautiful river, the Kanhawa, and a considerable part of the country, within its neighbourhood, an opportunity was afforded of examining, with attention, some of those remarkable phenomena, which there present themselves, and which have been so much the subject of conversation, and of literary discussion. To remove error, of whatever kind, is, in effect, to promote the progress of intelligence; with this view, I will endeavour to prove to you, that my journey has enabled me to strike one, at least, from that long catalogue, which so often tortures human ingenuity.

You have often heard of those remarkable fortifications with which the western country abounds; and you know also, how much it has puzzled some of our literati, who supposed themselves, no doubt, most profound in historical, geographical, and philosophical lore, to give a satisfactory account of such surprising monuments of military labour and art. Some have called to their aid the bold and indefatigable Ferdinand Soto; others the fabulous Welch prince of the 12th century; and all have made a thousand conjectures, as lifeless as either Soto or the prince. Had they first examined into the fact, and endeavoured to settle this most essential pre-requisite, they would soon have seen, that the enquiry might be very easily terminated; and, that what had so greatly excited the *admiration of the curious*, existed only in their own imaginations. No one was more impressed than myself with the general opinion, that there did exist regular and extensive fortifications, of great antiquity, in

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many parts of that vast country, which is watered by the various tributary streams of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The first specimen which I beheld, was examined with an ardent curiosity, and with a full conviction, that it was the work of a people, skilled in the means of military defence. The appearance is imposing: the mind seems to acquiesce in the current opinion, and more disposed to join in a fruitless admiration, than to question the reality of those fortifications. But as my observations were extended, and new specimens daily presented themselves, the delusion vanished; I became convinced, that those works were not fortifications, and never had the smallest relation to military defence. The reasons upon which this conviction, so contrary to that which has been generally received, was founded, I shall now submit to your consideration. Only, let me first observe, that those supposed fortifications differ as to area and form. Some are found on the banks of rivers, presenting a semi-ellipse, the greater axis running along the banks; others are nearly circular, remote from water, and small; their diameters seldom exceeding forty or fifty yards. The first of these species is the largest; their longer axis, at a mean rate, may be estimated at 250 yards; their shorter at 200 or 220. It is said, and I believe upon good authority, that some have been found large enough to comprehend fifty acres, and even more. Some are also reported to be square; but I did not see any of that form. I shall confine myself to those which I have seen, and which are to be met with in the low grounds of the rivers Kanhawa, Elk, and Guyandot, or their adjacent uplands; though I am persuaded the conclusion which I undertake to establish, will be applicable to all those works, which have been dignified with the appellation of fortifications, in whatever part of the western country they may be found; ·e, from the information I have obtained, there are certain striking features in which they all agree, and which indicate one common origin and destination.

1. Those works were not designed for fortifications, because many of them have the ditch within the enciosure, and because the earth thrown up, or the supposed parapet, wants the elevation necessary for a defensive work. Both these circumstances occur, without exception, so far as my observations went, in all those which present an entire, or nearly a regular circle. The imaginary breast-work induces a belief, that it never exceeded four or five feet in height. At present, the bank seldom rises more than three feet above the plain; and it is well known, that in ground which does not wash, a bank of earth, thrown up in usual way, will lose very little of its height in a century, or twenty centuries; one fourth for depression would be more than a sufficient allowance. But we will not rest our argument upon what may, perhaps, be deemed a disputable point. The ditch, even at this day, affords a certain criterion by which we may judge of the original elevation of the bank. Its width seldom exceeds four feet at its margin; its depth is little more than two feet. Such a ditch, making every allowance for the operation of those causes, which tend continually to diminish its depth, whilst some of them are, at the same time, increasing its width, could not have yielded more earth, than would form a bank of the elevation mentioned. If the width now, be not greater than that ascribed, we may be assured that, originally, it was a very trifling fosse. But you will naturally ask, are there not some found which present a different aspect, and which evidence more laborious efforts? no, on the contrary, it is remarkable, that the kind of which I am now writing, have as constant a similarity to each other, as those rude edifices, or cabins, which our first settlers rear. The description of one will answer for all; there is no

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anomaly, except, now and then, in the diameter of the circle; and here, the variation will only amount to a few yards.

Permit me now to ask, whether the military art does not necessarily require, that the ditch should be *exterior;* and whether, among any people advanced to such a degree of improvement in the arts, as to attempt defensive works by throwing up earth, a single instance can be adduced, in which the ditch has not an exterior position. Again, can we believe that a work, having a bank or ditch not higher or deeper than I have mentioned, could be intended as a fortification? The moment which gave birth to the idea of a defensive work, would also show that it must, in its execution, be rendered adequate to the end contemplated. It is scarcely worth while to go back to Livy or Polybius, upon this occasion. But they both inform us, "that the Romans, in the early period of their warfare, dug trenches, which were, at least, eight feet broad, by six deep; that they were often twelve feet in breadth; sometimes fifteen or twenty; that, of the earth dug out of the fosse, and thrown up *on the side of the camp*, they formed the parapet, or breast-work; and to make it more firm, mingled with it turf, cut in a certain size and form. Upon the brow of the parapet, palisades were also planted, firmly fixed and closely connected." The form of the fortification was always square. System appears to have been the tutelar deity of the Romans. They always proceeded upon one plan. As to the form, indeed, there appears to be no reason why that should not vary, not only among different nations, but with the same nation, as different situations might require. The Creeks generally preferred the round figure; but with them, the nature of places decided the question as to form. In other respects, the decision must be made according to fixed and unalterable principles. The same reasons which determined every particular as to height, depth, and position of the earth thrown up, among the Romans, would equally determine the conduct of any other nation. What defence required; what would oppose a sufficient obstacle to human agility, was the point to be decided; and this point to be decided in nearly the same manner by every people unacquainted with gun-powder..... The decision would not admit of such fosses and parapets as we find dispersed over the western country. Man, in this new world, has lost no portion of his former agility.

2. Because, near to most of these imaginary fortifications, and I think I may say, near to every one, which is formed upon the plan first mentioned, in a direct line with the gateway, you will find a mound, of an easy ascent, and from ten to twenty feet in height. These mounds effectually command the whole inclosure. There is not a missile weapon which would not, from the height and distance of the mound, fall within the fortification; nor would they fall in vain. But to rear a fortification, and then build a castle or mound without, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, which would give to an enemy the entire command of such a fortification, would be as little recommended by an Esquimaux, as by a Bonaparte. The truth is, no such blunder has been committed; there is no such discordancy of means to be here found. On the contrary, we may trace a perfect harmony of parts. Those mounds are universally cemeteries. Wherever they have been opened, we find human bones, and Indian relics. They have grown up gradually, as death robbed a family of its relatives, or a tribe of its warriors. Alternate strata of bones and earth, mingled with stones and Indian relics, establish this position. And hence it is that we find near the summit of those mounds articles of European manufacture, such as the tomahawk and knife; but never are they seen at any depth in the mound. Besides, it is well known,

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that among many of the Indian tribes, the bones of the deceased are annually collected and deposited in one place; that funeral rites are then solemnized with the warmest expressions of love and friendship; and that this untutored race, urged by the feelings of nature, consign to the bosom of the earth, along with the remains of their deceased relatives and friends, food, weapons of war, and often those articles which they possessed and most highly valued when alive. This custom has reared, beyond doubt, those numerous mounds. Thus, instead of having any relation to military arrangements, or involving the absurdity before-mentioned, they furnish, on the contrary, strong evidence, that the enclosures themselves were not destined for defensive works; because, reared as these mounds have been, by small, but successive annual increments, they plainly evince that the inclosures, which are so near to them, have been not the temporary stations of a retiring or weakened army, but the fixed habitation of a family, and a long line of descendants.

That these mounds, or repositories of the dead, sometimes also called barrows, were formed by depositions of bones and earth, at different periods, is now rendered certain, by the perfect examination to which one of them, situated on the Rivanna, was subjected by the author of the Notes on Virginia. His penetrating genius seldom touches a subject without throwing upon it new light; upon this he has shown all that can be desired. The manner in which the barrow was opened afforded an opportunity of viewing its interior with accuracy..... "Appearances," says he, "certainly indicate that it has derived both origin and growth from the accustomary collection of bones, and deposition of them together; that the first collection had been deposited on the common surface of the earth, a few stones put over it, and then a covering of earth; that the second had been laid on this, had covered more or less of it, in proportion to the number of bones, and was then also covered with earth, and so on. The following are the particular circumstances which give it this aspect: 1. The number of bones. 2. Their confused position. 3. Their being in different strata. 4. The strata in one part having no correspondence with those in another. 5. The different states of decay in these strata, which seem to indicate a difference in the time of inhumation. 6. The existence of infant bones among them." p. 178, first Paris ed. The number of bones in this barrow or mound, which was only forty feet in diameter at the base, and above twelve in height, authorized the conjecture that it contained a thousand skeletons. Now, as all those numerous mounds, or barrows, have the most obvious similarity, we may conclude, that what is true of one of them is, ceteris paribus, applicable to all. The only difference consists in their dimensions. I visited one, situated on the low grounds of the Kanhawa, which might be almost called the pyramid of the west. Its base measured one hundred and forty yards in circumference; its altitude is very nearly forty feet. It resembles a truncated cone; upon the top there is a level of twelve or thirteen feet in diameter. A tall oak, of two feet and a half in diameter, which had grown on the top, and had long looked down upon the humble foresters below, had experienced a revolutionary breeze, which swept it from its majestic station, apparently, above six or seven years before my visit. Within a few miles of this stands another, which is said to be higher. No marks of excavation near the mound are to be seen. On the contrary, it is probable, from the examination which was made, that the earth composing the mound was brought from some distance; it is also highly probable, that this was done at different periods, for we cannot believe that savages would submit to the patient exertion of labour requisite to accomplish such a work, at

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any one undertaking. Near to this large one are several upon a much smaller scale. But if that upon the Rivanna, which was so accurately examined, contained the bones of a thousand persons, this upon the Kanhawa would contain forty times that number, estimating their capacities as cones. But who will believe that war has ever been glutted with so many Indian victims by any one battle? The probability seems to be, that those mounds, formed upon so large a scale, were national burying-places; especially as they are not connected with any particular enclosure; whilst those upon a smaller scale, and which are immediately connected with such a work, were the repositories of those, who had there once enjoyed a fixed habitation. But whether this conjecture be admitted or not, the inference, from what has been said under this head, that those enclosures could not be designed as fortifications, will, I think, be obvious to every one.

3. Because those supposed fortifications not unfrequently lie at the very bottom of a hill, from which stones might be rolled in thousands into every part of them, to the no small annoyance, we may readily conceive, of the besieged.

4. Because in those works which are remote from a river or a creek, you find no certain indications of a well; and yet that water is a very necessary article to a besieged army, will be acknowledged on all hands.

5. Because those works are so numerous, that, supposing them to be fortifications, we must believe every inch of that very extensive country, in which they are found, had been most valiantly and obstinately disputed. For, upon the Kanhawa, to the extent of eighty or a hundred miles, and also upon many of the rivers which empty their waters into it, there is scarcely a square mile in which you will not meet with several. Indeed, they are as thick, and as irregularly dispersed, as you have seen the habitations of farmers, or planters, in a rich and well settled country, but, notwithstanding their frequency, you no where see such advantageous positions selected, as the nature of the ground, and other circumstances, would immediately have recommended to the rudest engineer, either for the purpose of opposing inroads, or of giving protection to an army which was too weak to withstand an invading enemy..... The union of Elk and Kanhawa rivers affords a point of defence, which could not have escaped the attention of any people; and yet we find no fortification at this place, but many dispersed through the low grounds in its vicinity.

I could add many other reasons: I might observe that some are upon so small a scale, whilst others are upon one so large, as equally to oppose the idea of their being places of defence. If one of forty or fifty yards in diameter should be deemed too small for a defensive work, what shall we say to that whose outline embraces fifty or even a hundred acres? What tribe of Indians would furnish men sufficient to defend such a breast-work in all its points? But I believe the reasons assigned, when collectively taken, will be deemed conclusive; or as abundantly establishing a perfect conviction, that these western enclosures were not designed for fortifications. This was my object. What was the real design of them may be left to future enquiry. It is true, that we want here a compass to guide us, and are left to find our way through this night of time, in the best manner we can. I have already said, that those enclosures carried along with them strong evidence of their being fixed habitations. If so, then they were designed merely as lines of demarkation, showing the particular spot or portion of ground which a family wished to appropriate; and, indeed, they may be considered as exemplars of the manner in which land limits would be ascertained, previous to that period when geometry begins to point out a mode more worthy of

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intelligent beings. This rude mode might, in a sequel of years, have introduced a geometry among the aborigines of America. Though they had not a Nile to obliterate land marks, still the desire of saving labour would produce in one case what anxiety to preserve property did in the other. If the same mode has not been continued, it has arisen from the means, which European or American art has supplied, of accomplishing the same end with much more facility.

The people inhabiting this country must have been numerous. The frequency of their burying-places is a proof. The traveller finds them in every direction, and, often, many in every mile. Under a mild climate, a people will always multiply in proportion to the quantity of food which they can procure. Here, the waters contain fish in considerable abundance, some weighing not less than sixty or eighty pounds. Not far distant are those extensive and fertile plains, which were crowded with wild animals. The mildness of the climate is also remarkable..... It appears to equal that of Richmond or Williamsburg; though the huge range of mountains which attend the Allegheny have not yet disappeared, and though the latitude of the place where Elk and Kanhawa rivers meet, according to an observation which I made with an imperfect instrument, is 38° 2′. All these circumstances were highly favourable to population, and also to permanent residence. Another circumstance, the face of the country, or locality, would serve to prevent this increase of population from diffusing itself on every side, and consequently would condense a tribe; for the Kanhawa and its tributary streams are hemmed in by high and craggy hills, often approaching to mountains, and beyond which, to a considerable extent, the country in general is fit only for the habitation of wild beasts.

It is true, that on the N. W. side of the Ohio, there are works which seem to claim higher pretensions to the rank assigned them. They present more elevated parapets, deeper ditches, with other indications of military art. Perhaps, however, when more accurately examined, in all their aspects, they will be found to be only the habitation of a chief of some powerful tribe. The love of distinction prevails with no less force in the savage, than the civilized breast. Mackenzie, in his unadorned narratives, mentions frequently the habitation of the chief, or king, as much larger, and even as commodious, when compared with those of inferior rank. In latitudes so high as those which he traversed, with heroic perseverance, necessity compelled the savage to contrive more warm and durable habitations; but the same principle which would give marks of distinction to the residence of the chieftain in one climate, would produce the same effect in any other, though they might assume different appearances. Besides, it might not be improper to recollect, in an examination of those works, that the French began to build forts in the Miamis and Illinois country, as early as the year 1680; and that they were afterwards systematically continued until the loss of Canada.

I cannot conclude this letter, already, I fear, too long, without mentioning another curious specimen of Indian labour, and of their progress in one of the arts. This specimen is found within four miles of the place, whose latitude I endeavoured to take, and within two of what are improperly called *burning springs*, upon a rock of hard freestone, which lies sloping to the south, touching the margin of the river, and presents a flat surface of above twelve feet in length, and nine in breadth, with a plain side to the east of eight or nine feet in thickness.

Upon the upper surface of this rock, and also upon the side, we see the outlines of several figures, cut without relief, except in one instance, and somewhat larger than the life. The depth of the outline may be half an inch; its width three

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quarters, nearly, in some places. In one line, ascending from the part of the rock nearest the river, there is a tortoise; a spread eagle, executed with great expression, particularly the head, to which is given a shallow relief; and a child, the outline of which is very well drawn. In a parallel line there are other figures; but among them that of a woman only can be traced. These are very indistinct. Upon the side of the rock, there are two aukward figures, which particularly caught my attention. One is that of a man, with his arms uplifted, and his hands spread out, as if engaged in prayer. His head is made to terminate in a point; or rather he has the appearance of something upon the head, of a triangular or conical form: near to him is another similar figure suspended by a cord fastened to his heels.

I recollected the story which father Hennepin relates of one of the missionaries from Canada, who was treated in a somewhat similar manner; but whether this piece of seemingly historical sculpture has reference to such an event, can be only matter of conjecture. A turkey, badly executed, with a few other figures, may also be seen. The labour and the perseverance requisite to cut those rude figures in a rock so hard, that steel appeared to make but little impression upon it, must have been great: much more so, than making of enclosures in a loose and fertile soil.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

From a Father to a Son.

THERE is no advice which seems to come with more propriety from parents to children, than that which respects marriage; for it is a matter, in which the first must have some experience, and the last cannot have any. At the same time, it is found to be that in which advice produces the least effect. For this, various causes may be assigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that passion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reason from any share in it. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is frequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young persons. If, in descanting a little on this subject, I avoid these errors, I flatter myself you are capable of bestowing some unforced attention to what an affectionate desire of promoting your happiness, in so essential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, arises from this....that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will deny, and justly, that this is the difference between us two, and will assert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its lasting consequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be considered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extensive observation.

I need say little as to the share that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit, that the object on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one, you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permament enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourself, and require a fitness of years and vigour of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet dream of. But let us proceed to consider the two points on which the happiness expected from

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a female associate must depend.... her qualifications as a companion, and as a helper.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on enquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself! But if, in addition to this, his tastes, studies, and opinions, should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumstance which brought you together would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendship. On the other hand, if he were represented, by those who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obstinate, and quarrelsome, of manners and dispositions totally opposite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than submit to live so many months with such an associate.

Apply this to the companion of the voyage of life....the intimate of all hours....the partaker of all fortunes....the sharer in pain and pleasure....the mother and instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of what infinite consequence it must be to you, what are the qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable that all you would wish in these particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to ascertain which qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now, tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense and good temper. Possessed of these, a wife, who loves her husband, will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life: they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to enquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things which good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of mind in which good temper consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good-nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental, controul, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qua-

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lities, it is less necessary to guard against the possesors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a helper; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a help-mate; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that as an office for life, its importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should be a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will show that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fireside, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness....all these things compose a considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and, without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as professional to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd, as it would be to chuse for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which constantly requires that assistance which it can never impart. It is, I am sure, the farthest thing from my intention to harden your heart against impressions of pity, or slacken those services of affectionate kindness by which you may soften the calamitous lot of the most amiable and deserving of the species. Bnt a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional sources of happiness; and it would be mere folly in their stead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and distresses. A kin to an unnerved frame of body, is that shrinking timidity of mind, and excessive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reasonable bounds, in modern education, can scarcely be doubted by one who considers what exertions of fortitude and self-command are continually required in the course of female duty. One who views society closely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occasions of alarm, suffering, and disgust, come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the sick, and the dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home and face the worst. All this takes place in cultivated society, and in classes of life raised above the common level. In a savage state, and in the lower conditions, women are com-

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pelled to undergo even the most laborious as well as the most disagreeable tasks. If nature, then, has made them so weak in temper and constitution as many suppose, she has not suited means to ends with the foresight we generally discover in her plans.

I confess myself of the opinion of those who would rather form the two sexes to a resemblance of character, than contrast them. Virtue, wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not sexual qualities; they belong to mankind....to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is surely a most degrading idea of the female sex, that they must owe their influence to trick and finesse, to counterfeit or real weakness. They are too essential to our happiness to need such arts; too much of the pleasure and of the business of the world depends upon them, to give reason for apprehension that we shall cease to join partnership with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excused from affected languor and coquetry We shall not think them less amiable for being our best helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you just ideas of the principal requisites in a wife, especially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the province of a counsellor. From the influence of passion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpose to dissuade you from hasty engagements, because in making them, a person of any resolution is not to be regarded as merely passive. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command over the hand. And surely if we are to pause before any action, it should be before one on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reason must be convinced, that to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of casual visits or public exhibitions. Study your object at home....see her tried in her proper department. Let the progress be, liking, approving, loving, and lastly declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it strange, that I have not touched upon a consideration which generally takes the lead in parental estimates of matrimonial views....that of fortune. But I have been treating on the woman only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the same thing as fortune got any other way. Its has its value, and certainly no small one, in procuring the desirable comforts of life; and to rush into a state in which wants will be greatly increased, without a reasonable prospect of being able to supply those wants, is an act, not merely of carelessness, but of downright folly. But with respect to the sources whence their supply is to be sought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual; and I do not think so ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands..... Another consideration, that of the family connections formed by marriage, is of a similar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, just as in forming those connections after any other mode; though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally strong. One who is master of his deliberations, may be trusted to decide these points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life.

LOVE.

MENTAL love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world. That love that can cease, as said an ancient, was

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never true. Mental love contains in it all sweetness, all society, all felicity, all prudence, and all wisdom. It is an union of all things excellent; it contains proportion, satisfaction, rest, and confidence. The eyes of a wife are then fair as the light of heaven; a man may then ease his cares, and lay down his sorrows upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and of chaste refreshment.

IS RHYME AN ORNAMENT, OR A DEFECT, IN VERSE?

But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

BUTLER.

WHILE the sentimental reader values himself upon "being pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore," the philosophical critic will not think it quite absurd, to investigate the sources of the pleasures we derive from literary productions; and to distinguish such as are the genuine offspring of truth and nature, from those which owe their existence to false opinion, or depraved taste, and are preserved by the mere force of habit and custom. That we are often pleased with things which ought not to please us, is as true in matters of taste, as in morals; and, in both cases, it is only by bringing our feelings to the standard of reason, that we can determine whether they ought to be indulged.

If, as we daily see, it is in the power of fashion, by the capricious strokes of his harlequin-wand, to vary, at pleasure, the forms of beauty, and, in endless freaks, to make that which to-day is enchanting, to-morrow odious and shocking; why may not time and habit be able, by a contrary process, to reconcile us to absurdities; and to make us fancy beauty and excellence, where there is, in reality, nothing but whim and conceit? Will it, then, in this age of innovation, be thought too daring an intrusion into the mysteries of sacred poesy, if we venture to enquire, whether the modern practice of writing verse in rhyme, be founded in nature and reason, and consonant to the genuine principles of taste?....or, whether the pleasure derived from it, be not the mere effect of arbitrary association? whether, if the origin, nature, and effects, of this practice be fairly examined, it will not be found, that rhyme, instead of being an ornament, is a defect in verse?

If we were inclined to refer the question to the decision of authority, such an appeal would be ineffectual. Against the oracular decision of Dr. Johnson, though supported by the voice of other critics of no mean name, it might be sufficient to cast into the opposite scale the weighty judgment of Milton, who has said, that "rhyme is no necessary adjunct, or true ornament, of poem or good verse; but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre, graced, indeed, since, by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than they would have expressed them." If the success of many modern poets, in rhyme, be urged as a proof, in fact, of the excellence of this mode of versifying, it will remain to be asked, whether the same genius, and the same taste, exercised without "the troublesome bondage of rhyming," might not have produced performances of still higher merit. If a numerous band of great poets should be thought to have given this practice the sanction of their approbation, by writing, for the most part, in rhyme, it should be recollected, that several of the more eminent of our English poets have expressed their restlessness under this grievous yoke. Dryden, of whom Johnson has said, perhaps

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with exaggerated praise, that "to him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion, of our metre," calls rhyme

"At best, a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity."

Roscommon confesses, that rhyme is the cause of many faults; and that,

"Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws."

Prior, in sober prose, complains, that rhyme "is too confined;" and that, "it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following, and consequently produces too frequently an identity in sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram:"...."He that writes in rhyme," says this skilful rhymer, "dances in fetters." The ingenious author of Phædra and Hippolytus laments that "tyrannic rhyme ties the poet in needless bonds."

"Procrustes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lop the mangl'd sense, or stretch it into size;
At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose."

Even the witty Butler, who has, perhaps, used rhyme to better purpose than any other poet, has employed his playful fancy in ridiculing it; and has acknowledged, that in rhyming couplets, one verse is made for the other; and that

"Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

If the merit of rhyme be estimated by its parentage, little can be said in its favour. It can boast no alliance with those great masters of fine writing, the Greeks and Romans. Homer and Virgil knew nothing of rhyme; and had they known it, there can be little doubt that they would have despised it. If modern research has discovered some traces of this ingenious device in the eastern nations, it is certain, that with respect to us, the practice has originated from bards, or monks. Among the latter, the idle hours of monastic life were often worn away in writing wretched Latin rhymes, in honour of Christ, the Virgin Mary, or some newly-created saint. About the time that we find an acrostic, with the name *Jesus* at each end of the lines, we meet with the following tender rhymes*:

"Jesus decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel miricificum,
In corde nectar Cælicum!
Quocunque loco fuero,
Mecum Jesum desidero,
Quam lætus cum invenero!
Quam felix cum tenuero!"

"Jesus, my glory, name angelic!
'Tis in the ear, the sweetest music;
'Tis in the mouth, honey delicious;
'Tis in the heart, nectar most precious;
Whatever place to me shall be given,
Jesus still with me, 'twill be my heaven;
Rapt in delight, wherever I find him,
While in my arms I joyfully bind him."

The rest *must not* be copied. This kind of rhymes continued to be the amusement of the monks, till the reformation. Harrington, in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*, has preserved a hymn, with the notes, which was sung in their cells, till, he says, "goodlie king Henry spoiled their synging." The hymn † was called "*Black*

* Fabricii Poet. Vet Eccl. Basil. 1562.

† We give our learned readers this *morsel* in hopes that some one of them will amuse himself with translating it:

HYMN TO SAUNTE SATAN.

O tu qui dans oracula, scindis etiam novacula,
Da nostra ut tabernacula, lingua canant vernacula,
Opima post jentacula, hujusmodi miracula,

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Saunte," or, "Hymn to Saunte Satan." From the authors of such enchanting strains was it too much to expect improvements upon the Pindaric or Horatian lyre?

In order to estimate, correctly, the value of this improvement, let us endeavour to analyse the nature, and investigate the operation, of rhyme. Rhyme is the repetition of the same sound, or sounds, at intervals, either regular, or irregular. Sometimes the rhyming syllables are single, sometimes double; sometimes the rhymes occur uniformly in couplets; sometimes they are placed alternately, or in forms still more complex. In all these varieties, it is very evident, that the pleasure which rhymes afford, does not altogether arise from the repetition of similar sounds. No ear would be gratified with the recital of a column of rhyming words, from a spelling-book, or a rhyming dictionary. In lines of unequal length written without any regard to numbers, the effect of the rhymes is lost; as will be easily perceived, in the following lines from Dean Swift's Mrs. Harris's Petition:

"I never was taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know;
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure, I never thought you so:
You know, I honor the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life."

Sit semper plenum poculum, habentes plenum loculum,
Tu serva nos ut specula, per longa et læta secula,
Ut clerus, ut plebecula, nec nocte, nec diecula,
Curent de ulla recula, sed intuentes specula,
Dura vitemus spicula, jacentes cum amicula,
Quæ garrit ut cornicula, seu tristia seu ridicula,
Tum porrigamus escula, tum colligamus floscula,
Ornemus ut cœnaculum, et totum habitaculum,
Tum culi post spiraculum, spectemus hoc spectaculum.

As far, however, as the pleasure of rhyme is to be referred simply to the frequent recurrence of similar sounds, it perhaps arises chiefly, if not entirely, from the surprise excited by unexpected combinations, and is to be considered as belonging to the lower species of wit. In conversation, such combinations of similar sounds seldom occur; and therefore, when they happen, we usually notice them with some degree of surprise. It is the continuation, of the same perception which we experience, when we hear the frequent return of rhymes in studied verse: and hence it is, that in reading long works written in rhyme, the pleasure, as far as depends upon the rhyming words alone, gradually decreases, till, at length, the surprise ceasing, the repitition becomes tiresome. "Rhyme (says Lord Kaimes) rouzes the attention, and produces an emotion moderately gay, without dignity or elevation."

If this be the true explanation of the pleasure arising from rhyming words, it is evident, that the use of this ornament, if it must be called such, is a kind of low wit; and that the ear is gratified by it, for the same reason that the eye is amused by anagrams and acrostics. It may then be fairly asked, what alliance is there between the puerile amusement of jingling syllables, and the sublime and elegant pleasures of genuine poetry? We are displeased when Shakspeare intrudes a pun in the midst of his noble flights of fancy, or tender strokes of passion: what, but custom, could enable us to endure, in the more elevated kinds of verse, the perpetual intrusion of a still lower species of wit, in the unusual combinations of similar sounds? The noble exertions of creative genius are degraded, and great things are confounded with small, when the poet clothes his grand conceptions in the fantastic dress of rhyming couplets; and it is habit alone, which renders us insensible of the incongruity. Could we divest ourselves of the prejudice arising from habit, it would be impossible to read

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two passages of nearly equal poetic merit, one in rhyme, the other in blank verse, such, for example, as Pope's celebrated imitation of Homer's Night-piece, at the end of the eighth book of the Iliad, and Milton's description of Night in the fourth book of Paradise Lost, without feeling, that, while, in the latter, just and beautiful imagery appears without alloy in all the dignity of poetical language, the former loses some portion of the effect of imagery equally just and beautiful, by an unseasonable and incongruous mixture of the trivial and playful.

But, it will be said, that in estimating the value of rhyme, we ought not to consider the mere reiteration of similar sounds, but observe the effect of this repetition, when combined, at regular intervals, with metrical numbers. Thus combined, rhyme is supposed to furnish an admirable expedient for constructing harmonious verses in languages whose metre is scanty and imperfect. Dr. Johnson vindicates the use of rhyme, in English verse, chiefly on this ground: "the music (says he) of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly, that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can only be obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds: and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme*."

In this argument, it is too confidently assumed, that the English language is so defective in metrical power, as to render the help of rhyme necessary. If it be true, that English verse is formed by accent, and not by quantity, it is at least as easy to ascertain which syllables in a verse are accented or unaccented, as which are long or short. If, from long habit, Englishmen have taught their ears to find no melody in English verse, without the prevalence of that regular recurrence of accented syllables, which answers either to the iambic, the trochaic, or the anapæstic foot in ancient prosody; the difficulty of framing these, in verses and stanzas of a given form, cannot be greater than that of arranging words in all the varieties of feet and measure, which the several kinds of Greek and Latin verse require. Though English poets have relied too much upon their accustomed auxiliary, to make many experiments in blank verse, we are not without successful examples to prove, that the English language is capable of metrical melody without rhyme. What ear is not charmed with Collins's Ode to Evening, or Mrs. Barbauld's Ode to Spring?

If it be allowed, that rhyme is not a "necessary help," it must, at the same time, be admitted to be a grievous incumbrance.

One obvious inconvenience attending the use of rhyme is, that it puts a troublesome restraint upon the writer in the construction of his periods. Each couplet being, by itself, an entire structure of melody, it is naturally expected, that it should terminate with a pause in the sense. In stanzas where the rhyme is alternate, or mixed, it is commonly thought necessary that the sense and the melody should be completed together. Where these rules are frequently violated, the effect of the rhyme and numbers is impaired. The poet, in thus bringing every period to its proper dimensions, is sometimes obliged to stretch out a sentence beyond its proper length, but much more frequently to restrain his ideas, and contract his expressions, that both may be brought within the exact compass of his measure. As Lord Kaimes says, "the sentence must be curtailed and broken to pieces, to make it square with the curtness of rhyme." In some instances, this may produce conciseness and energy, and Pope has often been mentioned as a happy example of this effect. But whatever real advantage is gained in this respect by

* Life of Milton. See, to the same purpose, Bp. Hurd's Commentaries on on Horace, vol. ii. p. 156. Ed. 17.

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rhyme, would be as well obtained in measured stanzas without it: and it is surely a sufficient check upon the flight of genius to tie it down to the laws of verse, without, at the same time, loading it with the shackles of rhyme.

An objection of still greater weight against the use of rhyme, arises from the restraint which it unavoidably lays upon the writer's conceptions and expression. It cannot be supposed, that, of the words which are most proper to express the poet's ideas, a sufficient number shall have similar endings; and that these very words shall exactly fall into that place which best suits the numbers and grammatical construction, and is the proper interval of the rhyme. In some instances, it must happen, that of the proper words in a couplet, no two shall be so fortunate in their termination, as to tally with each other. In other instances, though there should be two rhyming words within the required limit, it may not be possible, without the most aukward transposition, or even with it, to bring these two words to a proper distance from each other at the close of the lines. Whenever either of these cases happens, the poet, being determined not to part with his rhymes, must give up his poetical idea, and thus make a sacrifice of sense to sound.

For the same reason that the rhyming poet must drop many thoughts and expressions, which he might have wished to introduce, he must be often guided in the choice and arrangement of his ideas by the words which he finds it necessary to place at the close of his verses. It will seldom happen, that both lines of a couplet will be entirely dictated by fancy or sentiment; a regard to the rhyme will almost necessarily dictate the one or the other. A small degree of attention to the train of ideas in many of our most admired poems, will show, that thoughts and expressions are often introduced for the sake of the rhyme, which would not otherwise have been admitted. This is so manifest in every page of our modern rhyming versions of the ancient poets, that it is a perversion of terms to call them translations. The experiment has been fairly tried, by two poets of acknowledged excellence, in rendering into English verse the first poem of antiquity: and though some may be disposed to think Pope's Iliad a better poem than Cowper's, few persons will, I believe, doubt, that, as a translation, the former is inferior to the latter, and chiefly because it is burdened with rhyme. The same effect is apparent in every other kind of serious poetry. Take an example from Pope's Eloisa to Abelard:

" Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees
have worn!
Ye grots and caverns, shagg'd with
horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-ey'd
virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn
to weep!
Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd and silent
grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone."

Here, probably, the word *thorn*, happening to rhyme with *worn*, suggested the image of the second line; the fourth line was conceived before the third, and led the poet into the trivial expression, " keep their vigils;" and the last line, also formed before its fellow, requiring a rhyme to the word *stone*, prompted the flat and inelegant phrase, " grown unmov'd and silent."....When Pope had framed the strong line,

" An honest man's the noblest work of
God."

he was, doubtless, resolved, at all events, to make another line for its sake, and wrote, to precede it, the quaint verse,

" A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod."

Even writers of the first order have sometimes been betrayed, by

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the seduction of rhyme, into inharmonious and unpoetical composition, which could not have escaped them in blank verse. Pope has hazarded the following couplets:

"Unfinish'd things one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal."

"Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness, as well as care."

And Dryden in his rhyming tragedy of Aurengzebe has written:

——"Are you so lost to shame?
Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name
So well, your every question ends in *that*,
Your force me still to answer you, *Morat*."

Such miserable jingle as this, is little better than Sternhold's *eke also*, and almost deserves a place with the following notable stanza:

"And Og the giant large,
And Basan king *also*,
Whose land, for heritage,
He gave his people—*tho'*."

Another argument against the use of rhyme, of too much weight to be omitted, is, that it produces a tiresome similarity of expression in different poems. The rhyming vocabulary being, in every language, exceedingly small, in comparison with that of words proper for verse, every versifier necessarily turns his thoughts to the same strings of rhyming words which have been hacknied by former poets; and it is scarcely possible, especially on similar subjects, that the same rhymes should not frequently suggest to different writers similar ideas and expressions. Perhaps this circumstance, more than any other, has contributed to produce the appearance of imitation in the writings of modern English poets, and to encourage an idea, by no means just, that the subjects of poetry are almost exhausted, and that genius will, in this late age, in vain attempt any thing new.

Rhyme, then, instead of being an ornament, may be pronounced, in general, an incongruous appendage, and a troublesome encumbrance of verse. In works of wit and humour, indeed, such as those of Butler and Swift, rhyme possesses its proper province, and may be advantageously retained, as a source of unexpected and whimsical combinations:.....but from every other kind of poetical composition, however bold the innovation, it might, perhaps, be a real improvement to dismiss it altogether. The good sense and correct taste of modern times has detected the absurdity of decking tragedy in the trim dress of rhyme: what is wanting, but a due attention to the subject, to extend the proscription which has banished rhyme from the English stage, to all serious poetry?

Whether the English language admits of any substitute for rhyme, by which the end of a verse may be as distinctly marked, as by the dactyl and spondee in hexameters; whether varieties of verse, composed of regular feet, similar to those of the ancient lyrics, can be successfully attempted; or, whether it be more favourable to the genuine spirit and primary end of poetry, that metrical melody should remain in the irregular and defective state in which it appears in our blank verse, are questions still left *sub judice*.

INSTANCES OF HORNED MEN AND WOMEN.

HORNY excrescences arising from the human head have not only occurred in Great Britain, but have been met with in several other parts of Europe; and the horns themselves have been deposited as valuable curiosities in the first collections in Europe.

Mrs. Longsdale, a woman fifty-six years old, a native of Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, some years ago, observed a moveable tumor on the left side of her head, about

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two inches above the upper arch of the left ear, which gradually increased in the course of four or five years to the size of a pullet's egg, when it burst, and for a week continued to discharge a thick, gritty fluid. In the centre of the tumor, after the fluid was discharged, she perceived a small soft substance, of the size of a pea, and of a reddish colour on the top, which at that time she took for proud flesh. It gradually increased in length and thickness, and continued pliable for about three months, when it first began to put on a horny appearance. In two years and three months from its first formation, made desperate by the increased violence of the pain, she attempted to tear it from her head and with much difficulty, and many efforts, at length broke it in the middle, and afterwards tore the root from her head, leaving a considerable depression, which still remains, in the part where it grew. Its length altogether is about five inches, and its circumference at the two ends about one inch; but in the middle rather less. It is curled like a ram's horn contorted, and in colour much resembling isinglass.

From the lower edge of the depression another horn is now growing, of the same colour with the former, in length about three inches, and nearly the thickness of a small goose quill; it is less contorted, and lies close upon the head.

A third horn, situated about the upper part of the lambdoidal suture, is much carved, above an inch in length, and more in circumference at its root: its direction is backwards, with some elevation from the head. At this place two or three successive horns have been produced, which she has constantly torn away; but, as fresh ones have speedily followed, she leaves the present one unmolested in hopes of its dropping off.

Besides these horny excrescences, there are two tumours, each the size of a large cockle; one upon the upper part, the other about the middle of the left side of the head; both of them admit of considerable motion, and seem to contain fluids of unequal consistence; the upper one affords an obscure fluctuation, the other an evident one.

The four horns were all preceded by the same kind of incysted tumours, and the fluid in all of them was gritty; the openings from which the matter issued were very small, the cysts collapsed and dried up, leaving the substance from which the horn proceeded distinguishable, at the bottom. These cysts gave little pain till the horns began to shoot, and then became very distressing, and continued with short intervals till they were removed.

To be continued.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, IN AUGUST.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE first and second volumes of Anacharsis' Travels....Jacob Johnson, by subscription.

Juvenilia, or a collection of poems, written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, by J. H. L. Hunt....Maxwell. 87 cents.

The Refuge, by the author of the Guide to Domestic Happiness..... Woodward. 1 dollar.

A New Collection of Dr. Goldsmith's Essays, containing several not included in any former collection, 2 vols. 12mo....Conrad & co. 1 dol. 50 cents.

Hamiltoniad, or the effects of discord, an *original* poem....Hogan, 37 cents.

The Life and Military Achievments of Touissant Louverture, late general in chief of the armies of St. Domingo....For the author.

The third volume of Montifieore's Commercial Dictionary.....Humphries.

Reports of Cases, argued and adjudged in the supreme court of

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the United States, in August and December terms, 1801, and February term, 1803, vol. 1, by William Cranch, assistant judge of the circuit court of the district of Columbia....Conrad & co. 5 dollars.

An Abstract of those laws of the United States, which relate chiefly to the duties and authority of the judges of the inferior state courts, and the justices of the peace throughout the Union, with an appendix containing a variety of useful precedents, by Samuel Bayard, Esq....For the author, New York. 2 dols. 25 cents.

Smith's Wealth of Nations, 2 vols. 8vo....Oliver D. Cooke, Hartford. 4 dollars.

An Oration before the New York Society of the Cincinnati, commemorative of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton, by J. M. Mason, D. D....G. F. Hopkins, New York. 37 cents.

Particulars of the late duel, fought at Hoboken, between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, Esqrs..... Forman, New York. 25 cents.

Goldsmith's Natural History, abridged, for the use of schools, 2 vols. 12mo. plates....Johnson. 2 dols. 50 cents.

Terrible Tractoration, revised, corrected, and augmented, by the author....Stansbury, New York. 1 dollar.

Pinkerton's Modern Geography, a description of the empires, kingdoms, states, and colonies, with the oceans, seas, isles, in all parts of the world; including the most recent discoveries and political alterations, digested on a new plan. The astronomical introduction by the Rev. S. Vince, A. M. F. R. S. &c. The article America corrected and considerably enlarged by Dr. Barton, of Philadelphia, 2 vols. royal 8vo. and a quarto atlas, containing 65 maps, drawn by Arrowsmith and Lewis.... Conrad & co. 15 dollars.

IN THE PRESS.

Wakefield's Family Tour through Great Britain....J. Johnson.

Jacobs' Law Dictionary, corrected and revised by Collinson Reed, Esq. ....Byrne & Hudson.

The Pennsylvania Farmer, a new agricultural work, by Job Roberts.... J. Johnson.

The Poetical Works of James Thomson, with an Essay on the Seasons, by J. Aiken, M. D.....Johnsons.

Akenside's Poems....Johnsons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO our valuable correspondent near Gray's Ferry, our respectful gratitude is due for his favours. The poem handed to us lately, possesses merit superior to those that have preceded it, and shall receive honourable place in our next number.

The author of elegiac verses on Alexander Hamilton, is earnestly exhorted to indulge *his* poetical vein without reserve. Nothing which his genius can coin can ever be spurious or exploded with men of true poetical taste.

The letter, in answer to some remarks on the first volume of Washington, entitles the writer to our thanks, and shall receive early insertion.

The translator of verses from the French, possesses a happy genius for the gay, sportive, and tender. The editor would deem himself fortunate if he could by any means stimulate this estimable correspondent to the frequent exercise of the pen, both in prose and verse. He will see that, in the present number, a liberty has been taken with him, with which, it is feared, he will be displeased. The editor must arm himself against this displeasure by the approbation of every other reader, who must deem themselves under obligations to one who has thus, though unintentionally, supplied them with the most delightful banquet. His poetry shall appear in our next.

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THE

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AND

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE biography of such a man as Thomas Jefferson can only be drawn up by his own hand, and a true judgment of his merits can only be formed by future generations. When the animosities of the present age have been laid asleep by time, his character and actions may rise to the view in their native and proper colours, and the meed of blame or of praise will be conferred on him, in the degree to which he is justly entitled to it.

In consequence of living in a country, where civil liberty is enjoyed with fewer curbs and restraints than were ever before known; where the honours and riches of the state are open to unbounded competition; where the voluntary suffrages of mankind are the only passport to political power, and their suffrages are influenced by the esteem which individuals may be able to acquire for their wisdom and virtue, the intellectual and moral character of the candidates for public favour become objects of universal and rigid scrutiny: and such is the influence of the passions, that the same man, and the same conduct, is the worst or best, the brightest or darkest, according to the medium through which the gazer examines it. As our passions and interests dictate, our competitors are transformed into monsters and demons, and our partizans or champions into angels and divinities: every faulty speck in the character of the former spreads a deep and horrid black over the whole surface, while the dark spots in the *disk* of the latter are wholly overpowered and lost in the blaze of surrounding brightness.

All this has been eminently true of our present subject. No man has been more applauded or more censured, because no man's situation has been connected in a more intimate manner with the hopes and fears of his fellow citizens. A large number have laboured for his elevation, with all the zeal which our own interest is sure to inspire; while a number, scarcely less considerable, have laboured to degrade him, with all the perseverance and anxiety which men usually display to prevent their own fall.

In this state of things, it would be highly absurd, in a publication like

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the present, to enter into investigations of the character and conduct of this eminent personage. It would be equally impossible to escape the indignation of his friends or enemies, and nobody is neuter in this controversy, or to destroy that bias in the writer's own mind, which, whether favourable or unpropitious to the person in view, is necessarily adverse and destructive to candour and truth. The general events of his life might be detailed; but they form a barren catalogue, when they consist of mere dates and names, and besides are too universally known to justify their formal repetition. That Mr. Jefferson is a native of Virginia; that, though born to affluence, he studied the law as his profession; that he took an active and important part in the early scenes of the revolution, was a member of the state and national legislatures, and assisted in the formation of laws and constitutions; that he has been successively ambassador, minister of state, vice-president, and finally president, of the United States, are all events in his life familiarly known, among foreigners and his own countrymen: that he has been distinguished by his attachment to the sciences and arts, and has built up a noble monument to his own literary glory, and to the honour of his native state, in his description of Virginia, are equally well known to the studious part of mankind.

To these few remarks we shall only add our fervent wish, that Mr. Jefferson, who is so well acquainted with the pen, may exercise it in recording the events of his own life. We are not always proper judges of our *relative* merit, nor can we see ourselves *as others see us*; but since a man is best acquainted with his own motives to action, and since the most important information relative to any one is connected with the light in which he views himself, it seems to be the duty of every eminent person to be his own biographer. Independently of these claims to curiosity which the history of Mr. Jefferson possesses for its own sake, his life has been too intimately connected with the history of his country, not to be particularly worthy of being recorded by his own hand.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILTON'S RELIGION.

NOBODY pays much regard to a poet's creed. Men of thought, and particularly men of imagination, when they become thinkers, are prone to changes: they must not, however, be said to veer about like weathercocks, at the mercy of the winds; but through the ordinary progress of human existence and human intellect, they rather vary like the seasons of the year. It is the order of thought, producing a variety of sentiment.

Milton was at first a calvinist, and readers of his life will recollect that he was a baptist. Toland, in his life of him, says, that he also became an arminian, if not an arian. Perhaps he at last became a kind of quaker, his confidential amanuensis being of that persuasion. He went to no place of worship, nor, though well acquainted with the scriptures, and a student in them, had he any family worship.

Bishop Newton says, that no such man as Milton ever became an unbeliever. Johnson speaks more like an accurate man. It is much easier to say what he was not, than what he was.

For the Literary Magazine.

COWPER'S RELIGION.

COWPER'S religion was either altogether methodism, or strongly tinctured with the peculiarities of this sect. In outward show and practice, he was, however, an adherent to the

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church of England, and perhaps carried his rigours no further than many the most eminent of that persuasion have done.

Cowper's intimate connection with the Throgmorton family, as mentioned in his life by Hayley, and his even platonic attachment to the lady of this family, is a striking proof of the charity and candour of the poet's mind, as well, indeed, as of the minds of his friends, who were rigid Roman catholics.

Cowper's religious creed, indeed, is a point of very small importance, since he may justly be considered as a maniac, and his example and precepts, instead of being favourable to true piety, may be deemed adverse to it, since, in his case, it was the parent of exquisite though fantastic misery, and appears, at no time, to have stimulated him to active and manly usefulness. With him, religion was matter of sentiment and feeling rather than an active principle, prolific of felicity, fortitude, and perseverance. Happiness may be regarded as the test of piety and virtue (for *virtue* is only piety in action); for though men are sometimes joyous or serene without virtue and piety, it is impossible to be virtuous and pious without being joyous or serene. They who pass for pious and good, and yet are a prey to sorrow, impatience, and repining, afford an incontestible proof that either their principles or practices are vicious and erroneous.

The following lines of Cowper occur no where in his works, but are perhaps more descriptive of his mental situation than any thing of his we meet with in print:

Cæsus amor meus est, et nostro crimine, cujus,
Ah! cujus posthinc potero latitare sub alis?

Whether do these lines refer to an earthly or a heavenly love? It is true in both senses, since the idol of his youthful affections met an untimely death for his sake, though not for his fault.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF GAZETTES.

THEOPHRASTUS RENAUDOT, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his patients; he presently became more in request than any of his brethren; but as a whole city is not ill, or at least don't imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week, containing the news of different countries. A permission was necessary; he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege, in 1632. Such papers had been in use for a considerable time at Venice, and were called gazettes, because a small piece of money, called gazetta, was paid for the reading of them. This is the origin of our gazette, and its name. About ten years after, they were common in England, by the name of mercuries.

For the Literary Magazine.

NATURE OF VIRTUE.

THE celebrated Jonathan Edwards wrote a profound treatise on the nature of true virtue. The following anecdote from Joinville, the historian, of the last great expedition of the French to Syria and Egypt, before that of the present *imperator Gallorum*, will show that the same sentiment and doctrine may occur to the most dissimilar minds and in the most opposite situations.

Joinville says, "Friar Yves, of Brittany, being skilled in the language of the Saracens, was employed as interpreter between St. Louis and the ambassadors from the king of Damascus. St. Louis was then in Acre, and the ambassadors had come there to treat with him. The friar, in passing between the king's lodging and that of the ambassadors, was one day encountered in

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the street by a very aged woman, having in her right hand a pot of burning coals, and in her left a pitcher of water, 'Woman,' said father Yves, 'what art thou about to do with these live coals in thine hand?' 'To burn paradise,' answered she. 'And what with the water?' 'To extinguish the flames of hell.' Friar Yves then asked, how she could talk so? Her reply was, 'That no person may do good in this world, to obtain a reward in paradise; and that none may refrain from sin, for fear of the torments of hell; but that we may all do good, out of pure love to God, our creator and supreme good!' Friar Yves, astonished at the woman's wisdom, passed on without reply."

This anecdote I find in the blank page of Edwards' treatise, and whether we consider it as a real incident, or merely as an apologue, and the last is most probable, whether the old woman of Acre or the *old woman* Joinville, was the advocate of this doctrine, it is a remarkable coincidence between the great modern metaphysician and divine, and a hero of the crusades, which were undertaken for the express purpose of redeeming the souls of the adventurers from the punishment due to their crimes in a future world.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE JEWISH HIGH PRIEST.

ONE of the strange things of the present century, is the painting and engraving of the portrait of the *high priest of the Jews*, by a celebrated British artist. Such a one was published in London during the present year. The Turkish sultan, Selim, who is the caliph or high priest of the Mohammedans, assigned a place in his secret cabinet to a portrait of lord Nelson: another strange thing, and which are humble and familiar, indeed, but striking, indications of the progress of opinion to break down those uncharitable bars which make the votaries of different religions strangers and enemies to each other.

Successive ages are distinguished by new topics of dispute and animosity, and in process of time, nations frequently change sides with each other. Britain was, a century ago, the head of the enemies of the Romish faith, and France of its friends and adherents. Lately, France became the grand foe, and Britain the powerful and venerable champion, unless, indeed, this honour may be supposed to have been divided between Britain and Russia, both equally infidels and aliens at Rome.

The Goldsmidts, Jews of London, have been caressed by the dukes, archbishops, and judges of Great Britain; nay, they have been familiarly visited by the king and queen, and they are ranked with the best and most useful friends of his majesty. The time may doubtless come, when the mufti of Stamboli, the patriarch of Moscow, the pontifex maximus of Rome, and his grace of Canterbury may sit down to a sociable chit chat with the Hebrew arch-priest.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE WINTER'S DAY.

IT is certainly one of the most remarkable lineaments of the present age, that women have assumed, in some degree, the equality with men. Professions which have heretofore been confined to the male sex, are now familiarly exercised by the other. These observations, however, are applicable more to Europe than America, and more to England than any part of Europe. There we find eminent writers, poets, fabulists, painters, and engravers among women, and while the path they have taken is as honourable as any other, their progress in this path is as rapid and illustrious as any of their compeers among the manly votaries can boast.

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These thoughts were particularly suggested by a very curious work now before me, in which the genius of three ladies, in different departments, are happily and splendidly combined. It is a poem of the highest merit, every stanza of which has been embellished by the pencil, and the picture been consigned to ten thousand hands by the magic of the graver. Mrs. Robinson is the poet, Maria Cosway the painter, and Caroline Watson the engraver.

I shall take the liberty of giving you a short account of this singular publication, and hope it may afford to your judicious readers some inducement to examine the original. The verse is divided into twelve stanzas, each of which has been the subject of a picture. The poem is entitled the winter's day, and the following are the scenes described by the pen's magic, and the still superior magic of the pencil.

NO I.

" Is it in mansion rich and gay,
On downy beds or couches warm,
That *Nature* owns the *wint'ry day*,
And shrinks to hear the howling storm?
Ah! No!"

NO: II.

" 'Tis on the bleak and barren heath,
Where Misery feels the shaft of death,
As to the dark and freezing grave
Her children, not a friend to save,
Unheeded go!"

The first print represents a woman of fashion, in a room superbly furnished, reclining upon a couch near a blazing fire, before which, on a tasselled cushion, lies a little French lap-dog. The festooned curtain over the sofa, the Etruscan ornaments on the chimney-piece, and the decorations of the toilet-table exhibit a good picture of the interior splendour of a fashionable dressing-room.

To this ostentatious display of modern opulence, the next picture exhibits a striking contrast. It presents to us a poor barefooted and unaccommodated outcast of society, seated on the cold earth, in the midst of a barren heath, far from the busy haunts of men, and exposed " to the pelting of the pitiless storm;" her basket of ballads by her side; one of her children crept shivering under her scanty cloak, and the other dead at her feet.

NO. III.

" Is it in chambers silken-drest,
At tables which profusions heap,
Is it on pillows soft to rest,
In dreams of long and balmy sleep?
Ah! No!"

NO. IV.

" 'Tis in the rushy hut obscure,
Where Poverty's low sons endure:
And scarcely daring to repine,
On a straw pallet, muse, recline,
O'erwhelm'd with woe."

In No. III, the fair artist has delineated a woman of fashion at her matin meal, which she takes in bed, attended by her waiting-maid, and surrounded by her children, with a well spread breakfast table and comfortable fire. As an *or molu* clock is displayed on the chimney-piece, Mrs. Cosway might have marked the hour at which our people of the *ton* begin what they call their day.

In opposition to this, we have, in No. IV, a poor half-naked family, employed in their daily labour, which, so far from furnishing them with any of the *comforts*, hardly supplies them with the *necessaries* of life.

NO. V.

" Is it to flaunt in warm attire,
To laugh, and feast, and dance, and sing,
To crowd around the blazing fire,
And make the roofs with revels ring?
Ah! No!"

NO. VI.

" 'Tis on the *prison's* flinty floor,
'Tis where the deafening whirlwinds roar,
'Tis when the sea-boy on the mast
Hears the wave clamouring at the blast,
And looks below!"

As song and dance is so much the business of the present race of fashionable females, there is some

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propriety in representing such a party, so employed.

This is contrasted by the horrors of a prison, to the floor of which a poor old man is chained, accompanied by a young female, whom we may suppose his daughter, kneeling, lifting up her eyes to heaven, and praying for his deliverance..... Through the iron-grating of the prison, we have a view of a vessel in a thunder storm.

NO. VII.

"Is it beneath the taper's ray
The banquet's luxury to share,
And waste the midnight hours away,
With *Fashion's* idle votaries there?
Ah! No!"

NO. VIII.

"'Tis in the cheerless naked room,
Where Misery's victims wait their doom,
Where a fond *mother* famish'd dies,
While forth a frantic *father* flies
Man's desperate foe!"

No. VII may possibly be a view of a fashionable breakfast, where profusion pours her copious stores. This luxurious prodigality is, in the next print, contrasted by a beautiful female, sunk to the floor, exhausted by hunger, and perishing.... while a naked infant is seeking nourishment from her breast, and the frantic father rushing out of the room, as the pen has well described him....*Man's desperate foe!*

NO. IX.

"Is it to lavish Fortune's store
In vain, fantastic empty joys?
To scatter round the glittering ore,
And worship Folly's gilded toys?
Ah! No!"

NO. X.

"'Tis in the silent spot obscure
Where, forc'd all sorrows to endure,
Pale *Genius* turns, Oh! lesson sad!
To court the vain, and on *the bad*
False praise bestow!"

In No. IX we have a number of female fashionables purchasing finery from a milliner; and in No. X, an allegorical figure of Genius contemplating the base of a lofty column, on which we may suppose there will be inscribed a false panegyric.

NO. XI.

"Is it where *gamesters* thronging round,
Their shining heaps of wealth display?
Where Vice's fashion'd tribes are found,
Sporting their senseless hours away?
Ah! No!"

NO. XII.

"'Tis where neglected *Merit* sighs,
Where *Hope*, exhausted, silent dies,
Where *virtue* starves by pride oppress'd,
'Till every stream that warms the breast
Forbears to flow!"

In No. XI, we have the representation of a fashionable party, eagerly attempting to plunder each other at a gaming-table, to which

With equal haste they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

For the Literary Magazine.

A BEAR FIGHT.

The following anecdote was communicated by Mr. Alex. Wilson to Mr. Lawson, engraver, of this city, by whom it was handed to the editor.

A GENTLEMAN from Cayuga county, between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, relates, that a Mr. Wayborne, a farmer in Ovid township, went out one afternoon through the woods in search of his horses, taking with him his rifle, with the only load of ammunition he had in the house. On his return home, about an hour before dusk, he perceived a very large bear crossing the path; on which he instantly fired, and the bear fell, but immediately recovering his legs, made for a deep ravine, a short way a-head. Here he tracked him awhile by the blood; but night coming on, and expecting to find him dead in the morning, he returned home. A little after daybreak the next morning, taking a pitchfork and hatchet, and his son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age,

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with him, he proceeded to the place in quest of the animal. The glen or ravine, into which he had disappeared the evening before, is eighty or ninety feet from the top of the banks to the bottom of the brook below: down this precipice a stream of three or four yards in breadth is precipitated in one unbroken sheet, and forming a circular bason or pool, winds away among thick underwood below.

After reconnoitering every probable place of retreat, he at length discovered the bear, who had made his way up the other side of the ravine, as far as the rocks would admit him, and sat under a projecting cliff, steadfastly eyeing the motions of his enemy.

Wayborne desiring his boy to remain where he was, took the pitchfork, and, descending to the bottom, determined to attack him from below.

The bear kept his position until he got within six or seven feet, when, on the instant of making a stab with the pitchfork, he found himself grappled by Bruin, and both together rolled down towards the pond, at least twenty or twenty-five feet, the bear munching his left arm and breast, and hugging him almost to suffocation. By great exertion he forced his right arm partly down his throat and in that manner endeavoured to strangle him, but was once more hurled headlong down through the bushes, a greater distance than before, into the water. Here, finding the bear gaining on him, he made one desperate effort, and forced his head partly under water, and repeating his exertions, at length weakened the animal so much, that calling to his boy, who stood on the other side, in a state little short of distraction for the fate of his father, he sunk the edge of the hatchet, by repeated blows, into his brain.

Wayborne, though a robust muscular man, was with great difficulty able to crawl home, where he lay for upwards of three weeks with his wounds, his arm being mashed from the shoulder to the elbow into the bone, and his breast severely mangled. The bear weighed upwards of 420 pounds.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON DOUBLE ENDINGS IN RHYME.

ANACREON. ODE 40.

ONCE, a bee, unseen while sleeping,
Touch'd by Love, from rose-buds creeping,
Stung the boy, who blood espying
On his finger, fell a-crying:
Then, both feet and pinions straining,
Flew to Venus, thus complaining:
"Oh! mamma, mamma, I'm dying,
Me a little dragon spying,
Which the ploughman-tribe, so stupid,
Call a bee, has bit your Cupid."
"Ah!" quoth Venus, smiling shrewdly,
"If a bee can wound so rudely,
Cupid, think how sharp the sorrows
Caus'd by thy envenom'd arrows!"

The playful sweetness of Anacreon is happily imitated in this production, and may be cited as a striking example of the efficacy of the endings in a *double rhyme.*

In tracing the history of various languages, we often find that nations have wantonly abandoned advantages of expression or construction, which succeeding ages could not easily revive. It is universally acknowledged that the fineness and delicacy introduced into the Italian language, by their great variety of diminutives and augmentatives, highly improves their poetry, and contributes, perhaps, not a little to that refinement of national taste for which they have long been celebrated. The poets who first reformed the French language, forming themselves on the Greek, Italian, and Provencal models, were fully sensible of the value of these words in giving a grace and delicacy to poetic painting. They copied their masters largely in this respect, and this single circumstance frequently renders their productions (notwith-

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standing the obscurity of their language) far more interesting than the modern French poetry, which, under false notions of refinement, has pruned away most of the luxuriancies of verse. At present it is remarkable enough that this peculiarity of language, both in French and English, is mostly confined to *provincialisms*: the Scotch dialect has many diminutives unknown to what is called *pure* English; and the same observation may be made on the dialects of Provence, Languedoc, &c. compared with the pure French.

But though in the formation of words the English language is thus defective, the construction of our verse has a much greater latitude, and enables the poet to adapt his expression to his subject with a happy facility. I am the more induced to make these observations by having observed, of late, many attempts at novelty in metre, some of which have been attended with a very admirable effect, whilst the failure of others is only to be attributed to a want of observation with regard to the effect produced on an English ear by certain successions of sounds. It is, perhaps, an erroneous idea that such experiments cannot well be reduced to systematic accuracy. I do not mean here to lay down the general principles of such a science, nor would such a task be easy; I shall content myself therefore with suggesting, that the previous productions of our poets have sufficiently exemplified the general power of those successions of sound which constitute most of our metres. With regard to the double rhyme (or that whose force falls on the penultima) it is of so soft and flowing a nature, and approaches so near to the ease of familiar discourse, that it is seldom used but in combination with others, to which it communicates its own ease, making the light more humorous, and giving to the serious a cast of tenderness. The little poem given above is, perhaps, of the only kind which would admit this metre unmixed; its shortness prevents it from producing a jingle on the ear, and the mixture of tenderness and pleasantry in the subject corresponds with the flowing ease of the construction.

For the Literary Magazine.

ECONOMY OF LIGHT.

From the French of M. Hassenfratz.

COUNT RUMFORD, who extended his view to so many corners of the kitchen, in order to cheapen and simplify the means of subsistence, has not been forgetful of the important department of the domestic system, relative to lamps and candles. After discussing, with great minuteness, the various methods of cooking victuals with the least expence of fuel, of warming parlours and chambers with the least quantity of fire, he justly thought it not unworthy of his attention to investigate the means of lighting rooms in the cheapest and succinctest manner. His zeal, in this respect, has been emulated by the French, and the government thought proper to employ a person for the express purpose of ascertaining the best mode of obtaining light from the substances usually employed. Some account of these experiments will be curious to many, and certainly has a manifest tendency to be useful to all.... They differ in some degree from those of count Rumford.

The materials of Mr. H.'s experiments were wax, spermaceti, and tallow candles, fish-oil, oil of coleseed, and of poppy-seeds. In using these oils, both the Argand and common lamps were employed. The wicks of the latter were round, containing thirty-six cotton threads. The tallow and spermaceti candles were mould, six to the pound. The wax candles five to the pound. The method for determining the comparative intensity of the lights consisted in placing the two luminous bodies

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at different distances on white paper, putting a small opaque cylinder near this paper, and gradually removing the light, till the shadow produced by each be of the same intensity. The intensity of the light is then in proportion to the squares of the distances of the luminous bodies, from the line of union of their two shadows on the white paper. Count Rumford used the Argand lamp as a standard for comparison; but as the intensity of its light varies according to the height of the wick, Mr. H. preferred a wax candle, making using of it soon after it was lighted. When two luminous bodies of different intensities are put in comparison with each other, the shadows are of two colours. That from the weakest light is blue, and from the strongest, red. When the lights of two different combustible bodies are compared, they are either red or blue in a compound ratio of the colour and intensity. Thus in comparing the shadows from different luminous bodies, they will be red or blue respectively, in the following order:

Light of the sun.
——— the moon.
Light of Argand lamps.
——— tallow candles.
——— wax ditto.
——— spermaceti ditto.
——— common lamps.

That is, when a body is illuminated by the sun and by any other substance, the shadow of the former is red, and of the latter, blue. In like manner, the shadow from an Argand lamp is red, when placed by that of a tallow candle, which is blue.

The following table will show the proportional distance that different luminous bodies should be placed to produce an equally intense shadow from the same object.

The second column gives the proportional intensity of each light, which is known to be in proportion to the squares of the distances of luminous bodies giving the same depth of shadow.

The third column shows the quantity of combustible matter consumed in the hour by each mode of giving light, which Mr. H. calculates from the average of many repeated experiments.

		Dist.	Intensity.	Quantity consumed per hour.	Quantity required for equal intensities.
Argand lamps with	Oil of poppy seed	10	10.000	23	23
	— of fishes	10	10.000	23.77	23.77
	— of cole seed	9.246	8.549	14.18	16.59
Common lamps with	Oil of cole seed	6.774	4.588	8.81	19.2
	— of fishes	6.524	4.556	9.14	20.06
	— of poppy seed	5.917	3.501	7.05	20.14
	Spermaceti candle	5.917	3.501	9.23	26.37
	Old tallow candle	5.473	2.995	7.54	25.17
	New ditto	5.473	2.995	8.23	27.48
	Wax candle	4.275	1.827	9.54	53

The relative quantity of combustible matter required to produce *equal* lights at equal distances, may be obtained by a simple rule of proportion from the above data. Thus, if a given intensity of light, expressed by 3.501, has been produced by a consumption of 9.23 of spermaceti in the hour, the same luminous body will produce a light of 10.000, by consuming in the same time a quantity of spermaceti $= \frac{10.000 \times 9.23}{3.501} = 26.37$. There-

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fore we may add to the table a fourth column, expressing the quantity of combustible which each body must consume to produce a light of 10.000.

From what has been laid down, it will also appear, that the number of lights required to produce a given light will be as follows: to produce a light equal to 100 Argand lamps, burning poppy seed oil, it will require

100 Argand lamps, with fish oil	285 Spermaceti candles
117 ——— with cole seed oil	333 Tallow ditto
218 Common lamps, with cole seed oil	546 Wax ditto
219 ——— with fish oil	
285 ——— with poppy seed oil	

Mr. H. next takes notice of the comparative price of these articles, by which he finds, that in Paris the most expensive light is that produced from wax candles, and the most *economical*, that from oil of cole-seed, burned in Argand lamps. What is it in Philadelphia?

The chief difference between the the Argand and common lamp is, that in the latter much of the oil is volatilized without combustion, and hence its unpleasant smell; whereas in the former, the heat is so great at the top of the wick, that all the oil is decomposed in passing through, the disposition of the wick allowing the free access of air to assist combustion. It should therefore follow, that the Argand lamp consumes less fuel to produce a given light than the common lamp, and this is the opinion of count Rumford. Yet there are two circumstances that prevent the full effect of the complete combustion in the Argand lamp. The one is, that the glass cylinder absorbs a part of the rays of light as they pass through; the other, that the column of light proceeding from the inner surface of the wick, is, in part lost, by being obliged to pass through that from the outer surface. Count Rumford allows the first cause of diminution of light, and estimates it at .1854, but not the latter. Mr. H. in repeating count R's experiments, asserts, that when two candles are placed so that the light of the one is obliged to pass through that of the other, the sum of the light so produced, is not so strong as when they are placide by side; for in the first case, a part of the hindmost light is absorbed by the foremost.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON COAL AS A FUEL IN AMERICA.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

THE population of the northern states being considerable, and increasing with great rapidity, we view the present generation enjoying all the blessings that the land can afford; but when we reflect on what will follow from the situation of these states with respect to wood and timber, it must appear evident to every individual, and the public in general, that something ought to be done to remedy a growing evil; an evil, which, in the course of fifteen or twenty years, will be severely felt by the lower class of people, and, we are sorry to say, that this is the case in many of the southern counties at present.

It is my intention to submit to your consideration the necessary means of procuring this valuable necessary of life; for this purpose I would wish to draw your attention to the following query: Would it not be the interest of the United States to establish a regular coal trade from Virginia to the northern states?

The advantages, which, in my opinion, might be derived from this trade would be great, not only to individuals, but the public at large.

The large quantities of coal

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which we are informed are to be found in Virginia, and the numerous streams and creeks, which rise and flow through the state, and empty into the Chesapeake and Atlantic Ocean, give us every reason to suppose that the coal could be procured at a small expence; and if a regular coal-trade were carried on, it could be afforded, at the cities and towns which are bordering on the sea, and adjacent to the navigable rivers, at a smaller expence than wood.

It is well known that wood-land in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and the eastern parts of Massachusetts, is very scarce, particularly in the counties of Hartford, Newhaven, New London, Fairfield; and throughout Rhode-Island, and the eastern counties of Massachusetts; the timber in these counties is almost entirely cleared off the land. The wood-land in the southern and eastern parts of Connecticut has, within the short space of five years, risen nearly two hundred per cent. This great rise of wood-land caused many people to be more prudent of fuel than formerly: the use of stoves are introduced as a mean of saving fuel, and we are happy in seeing these stoves obtain so rapid an introduction in the villages about: but, notwithstanding, there are many who consider stoves as injurious to health, and others who calculate the expence of getting one erected to be more than the expence of fuel saved thereby, and therefore continue to consume large quantities of fuel in a fire-place, perhaps six or eight feet wide, and nearly five feet deep! The large quantities of fuel consumed in one of these fire-places in one winter must be great, perhaps two-thirds more than would necessarily be consumed in a stove! But we shall not at present enlarge upon this subject, but for an ample description of building fire-places in order to save fuel, and many other interesting articles, we refer our readers to count Rumford's essays.

Many people with large families have removed from the eastern parts of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, into the northern parts of the state of New York*, almost entirely on account of the scarcity of wood-land; the farmers, in general, are anxious to get into their possession whatever wood-land they can, offering almost any price to obtain it; having an idea that in a few years these counties bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, the Connecticut, Thames, and many other small rivers, will be obliged to have recourse to other parts for timber and wood. And it must appear evident to every citizen and farmer, that, in the course of a few years, those counties above mentioned, will be entirely destitute of timber and wood-land. It therefore becomes necessary that the citizens of those states should take this matter into serious consideration. If there is not mines of coal to be found in these states, which I am apprehensive there is, they ought to establish a regular trade from Virginia.

But let us enquire if there are not mines of coal to be found in these states? has any person attempted to discover any? not to my knowledge; I do not at present recollect of hearing of any person finding any thing similar to that of coal, excepting one instance, which was about two years since: the late Dr. Isaac Andrews, of Berlin (Connecticut), informed me, that as he was going up the Connecticut river in a schooner, that just below Middleton the schooner was obliged, on account of a head wind, to come to an anchor, where they had occasion to lie nearly two days. On the second day the captain of the schooner and himself

* The great increase of population of the state of New York within these ten years past may in truth be ascribed to this cause; the emigration from Rhode Island and Connecticut has been uncommonly great within that period, and we have reason to expect that more than one third of the population has emigrated from these states.

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went on shore on the eastern side of the river, where, having walked about half a mile, they discovered a kind of coal, which appeared to be something similar to the Liverpool pit coal. The Dr. being desirous of finding whether it was really coal, resolved to carry some pieces back with him, in order to see whether it would burn; on putting some pieces of it on a fire of wood he found it to burn pretty well: it being burnt with wood, he could not determine how much heat it produced. The Dr. informed me, that he was very desirous of returning to see what quantity of this coal there appeared to be, but the wind having shifted to the south, they were under the necessity of proceeding up the river. He expressed much regret that he had not time to observe more particularly this spot of ground, as in his opinion there appeared to be a mine of this coal.

From this we may conclude, that there is a mine of coal to be found at or about this place, and perhaps in various parts of the New England states; but if this be the case, why have they not been discovered? why have not the learned men of these states paid more particular attention to this important business, which would not only be a benefit to themselves, but the public in general? to account for the neglect of so important a discovery is beyond our comprehension, but we are still in hopes that there are some persons who will attend more particularly to this important business.

From the situation of these states, it appears necessary that some mode of procuring coal, or some other substances for the consumption of fire, instead of wood, ought immediately to be pursued. For this purpose, I submit to your consideration the necessity of establishing a regular coal trade from Virginia to the eastern states, which, from circumstances, we consider highly necessary: but from our not being well acquainted with the situation of Virginia with respect to coal, whether it abounds with it, or not, we shall not determine, but leave it for some one better acquainted with the subject.

We shall conclude with observing to you, that in our opinion, it is of great importance to the public, particular to the eastern states, that some necessary means should be adopted in order to carry it into execution.

A.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEANS OF JUDGING OF THE AIR AND WEATHER.

To the Editor, &c.

The following information on subjects interesting to every body, has been carefully collected from the best and most modern sources, and may be useful to more than a few of your readers.

AS a *standard*, thirty inches may be assumed as the natural height of the barometer at the level of the sea, in most temperatures between 32 and 82 degrees. And knowing the true height of any part of the earth, we may, by subtracting that height, expressed in fathoms, from the log. of 30, viz. .477121, find the log. which indicates the number of inches at which, as its natural mean, the mercury should stand at that height over the level of the sea..... Thus, supposing the height to be 87 feet, equal to 14.50 fathoms, then ·477121—14.50 = .475671, which is the log. of 29.9; and this is the natural mean height of the barometer at the elevation of eighty-seven feet above the level of the sea.

Evaporation is the conversion of a liquid (and even frequently of a solid) into an invisible fluid. This conversion may be effected either naturally or artificially: that produced by nature is always accompanied by contact with the atmosphere; the artificial is producible in contact with the atmosphere, or even *in vacuo*.

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In the common course of nature, five causes concur in producing evaporation; viz. heat; affinity to the atmospheric air; agitation; electricity; and light.

I. The evaporation by HEAT is opposed by the attraction of cohesion and external pressure. A diminution of the density of the atmosphere, amounting to one third, doubles the quantity of evaporation.

The evaporation of water exposed to the air is increased or diminished by various circumstances, some relative to *water*, and some to *air*..... Those relative to water, are, (1) Its temperature; (2) Its surface: hence the increase of surface given to pans in salt-works, by which, from the air alone, water containing only one per cent. of common salt, is so far evaporated that the residue contains 20 per cent.; (3) Its purity: it is well known that concentrated solutions of most salts evaporate much more slowly than pure water in the same circumstances.

Evaporation of water with regard to the *air* depends, (1) On the temperature. If the water and air be of the same temperature, evaporation proceeds most slowly; if the air be *warmer* than the water, and its temperature between 60 and 70 deg. and if the water be 14 degrees colder, or more, there is no evaporation; the nearer water approaches to the temperature of the air, and yet remains one or two degrees below it, the more is evaporation accelerated. When the *air is colder* than the water exposed to it, the result, with respect to evaporation, is exactly the reverse of what happens when the water is the colder of the two. If the temperature of the water be constant; and that of the air, in one case some degrees hotter, and in another case colder than water, by an equal number of degrees, the evaporation would be greater in the hotter air; but on the other hand, hot air deposits moisture on water, that is some degrees colder than itself.

II. Of the influence of affinity..... This attraction is limited by *saturation*, and is measured by the hygrometer. The hygrometer invented by Saussure consists of a single human hair, kept in a state of tension by the weight of a few grains, and rolled on a pulley, to which an index is fixed. The hair is lengthened by moisture, and contracted by dryness.

As saturability in a given heat, and also an increase of heat, promote evaporation, it is found, by Saussure, that, according to a suitable scale, the influence of 7 degrees of Fahr. is nearly equal to a difference of one degree of saturability. Hence north and east winds, though colder than south and west, promote evaporation much more, the air they convey being farther from saturation.

III. The influences of wind are proportioned to its saturability, and velocity. Air, moving at the rate of forty feet per second, triples the quantity of evaporation that happens in calm air. Hence the warmer the air, the quicker its motion, the greater its saturability, and the longer its duration, the more it promotes evaporation.

IV. A card loses, when electrified, two grains and a quarter in an hour, while another, unelectrified, loses only one grain and a half. Light contributes to evaporation by disengaging air from water. (1) In London, whose mean annual temperature is about 50 degrees, the annual evaporation from one square foot is equal to rather more than 83lbs. avoirdupoise=15.76 inches in depth, which is nearly the mean quantity of rain that falls in that metropolis in the driest years. (2) Evaporation is nearly the same in winter as in summer. (3) Rain does not prevent evaporation. (4) The cold produced is proportioned to the quantity of evaporation.

Vapour may subsist in highly rarefied air; for Bouguer saw clouds so far above Chimboraco, as to be at least 4.3 miles above the level of the sea, where the barometer would at a temperature of 32 deg. stand at 12.7 inches. Water which boils at

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212 deg. when the barometer stands at 30 inches, will, as the pressure diminishes, boil at a much lower heat, according to the following table.

HEAT OF BOILING WATER.			
Bar.	Heat.	Bar.	Heat.
30	212°	21	195·36°
29	210·28	20	193 36
28	208·5	19	191·06
27	206·73	18	188 46
26	204·91	17	185 56
25	203·06	16	184·36
24	201 ·8	15	180 86
23	199 77	14	176 70
22	197·53		

Hence distillation is easier on mountains than plains; yet within certain limits, for at heights that surpass 8 or 10 thousand feet, fuel is consumed very slowly.

Air saturated with moisture at high heats, is much more expanded than dry air of the same temperature; moist air, such as that of the West Indies, is much more suffocating than dry air of the same temperature.

The difference between the temperature of mountains and of plains, is not so great in winter as in summer; in winter the temperature at great heights is often warmer than on plains; consequently, thermometers placed at different heights will give different results. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in winter, the temperature, on the summits of high mountains, is exactly the same as that of plains; a circumstance that never occurs in summer..... Thaws generally begin above, and are gradually propagated downwards. The North Pacific Ocean, above lat. 40°, is much colder than the North Atlantic betwixt the same parallels. The interior parts of Siberia, east of longitude 100°, are much colder than parts equally distant from that meridian on the western side. The coast and interior of the western regions of America, are much colder above lat. 40°, than the corresponding tracts of the European continent. Barometers, in the northern parts of Europe at least, generally stand higher in the months of December, January, and February. Both the highest and lowest states of the barometer occur in the winter months. The smallest variations occur within the tropics, but gradually increase as we recede from them.

The vapours emitted in different latitudes, and at different seasons of the year, contain different portions of electric matter, bearing a proportion to the temperatures of these latitudes.

Those emitted from the sea, between the tropics and warmer tracts, emit less of the electric fluid, than those from land; in colder regions the reverse of this takes place. Vapours that originate from mountains contain least, and those from plains most, of the electric fluid. *Dew* is nothing more than condensed vapours, elevated during the day from the soil over which the air depositing it is incumbent; hence its noxious qualities, when elevated from stagnating marshes, and the various impregnations it has been found to contain. The *haze* of the year 1783, was owing to the immense quantity of inflammable air, extricated from the bowels of the earth, during the earthquakes of Calabria (which happened during the months of February and March that year) strongly electrified, and impregnated with sulphureous, bituminous, earthy, and metallic particles. The quantity was such as to diffuse itself, after a few months, over most parts of Europe. While these heterogeneous particles were held in solution, the transparency of the atmosphere was not altered; but it was otherwise when they began to precipitate.

Prognostics.—(1) When the barometer falls, and the hygrometer rises, rain is announced. (2) When the barometer rises, and the hygrometer falls, fair weather may be expected: if both instruments fall, windy weather will probably follow,

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especially if the barometer fall much below its mean height. (3) In the morning the hygrometer is generally higher than at noon; but if it stand lower at noon, in a greater proportion than the difference of of temperature demands, it prognosticates fair weather; on the contrary, if at noon it be higher than it stood in the morning, rain may be expected.

To foresee the rise or fall of the barometer in the day-time.—Observe it at seven in the morning, and again at nine, and at ten. If it remain steady, or if it fall during that interval of time, it will probably sink lower. But if it rises, the chances of a greater rise or of a greater fall are equal.

Again, observe the barometer at one in the afternoon, and at three: if it remain unmoved, it is probable that it will rise; but if it has fallen, the chances of a further rise or fall are equal.

The hygrometer should be kept loose under a glass jar, to prevent it from being soiled by flies or dust; but the observations should be made in the open air, and in the shade, at a distance from houses or reflected heat. It requires but about two minutes to arrive at its proper height.

POETRY....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGY.

OH, fiend disguis'd in Honour's garb divine!
Who impious durst her sacred vestments wear,
Receive exulting, at thy bloody shrine,
The noblest victim ever offer'd there!

So dear was Honour to his manly heart,
That he, devoted, follow'd e'en her shade;
He knew thee false, and hollow as thou art,
Yet, fatal error! he thy call obey'd.

His country pleads...My patriot son, O hear!
My hope, my darling, for my sake refrain!
Each pulse of life proclaims his country dear;
But oh! for once his country pleads in vain!

His wife, his children, must he from them part?
Give to each cherish'd form such heart-felt pain?
The husband, father, melted at his heart,
It bled, it paus'd....alas! it paus'd in vain.

Press'd to the field, yet gen'rous to excess,
He vow'd no blood on his pure hands should glow:
The fatal green his pensive footsteps press,
He falls, he bleeds, and life's last torrents flow.

Yet, yet he lives! to seal his peace with Heaven,
To bless his Saviour with his fleeting breath;
Like Him, to own his murderer was forgiven,
With dying lips, e'en eloquent in death.

Now clos'd those lips, which with resistless sway,
Could thrill each breast, each stormy passion bind;
Clos'd are those eyes, where dawn'd the heart's soft ray,
Where flash'd th' effulgence of th' unequall'd mind.

A victim to Ambition's lawless rage,
Bath'd with his country's tears our hero fell;

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Pride of our hearts, and glory of the age,
Thou soul of honour! Hamilton, farewell!

No time thy memory ever will erase,
But distant ages shall revere thy fame;
And while their heroes shall thy actions trace,
Repeat with wonder thy adored name!

N. N.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERSES, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

MY soul, my soul! ye powers of love!
I've lost my soul! In yonder grove,
Myrtilla's bower, the nymph I found
Asleep upon the flowery ground.
One cheek a violet sod conceal'd,
T'other its rosy light reveal'd;
But this so bright, that you would swear
The blush of both was center'd there.
Her sylphs, forgetful of their keeping,
Among the honey-bells were sleeping,
While a young humming-bird inclin'd
The ripest rose of all to find,
Poiz'd o'er her lips his dazzling wing,
As tho' he'd found the pride of spring.
Stop! honey thief, 'tis I must taste,
I breathless cried. My soul in haste
Flew quivering to my glowing lip,
From her's the nectar'd dew to sip.
Lips of delight! oh sweets divine!
What banquet then could match with mine!
One, one kiss more, and then forbear,
Rash plunderer! fly the waking fair.
Then, wild Desire, I snapt your chain,
And hurried through the grove again;
I flew, but ah! what grief to find
I left my darling soul behind!
When from her lips I mine withdrew,
In her sweet mouth away it flew.
Perhaps, poor soul! unus'd to stray,
'Twixt our two mouths it lost its way,
And now bewitch'd with its retreat,
It revels in ambrosial sweet,
Forgetful of its native breast,
Now lost to joy, and robb'd of rest,
With tears and plaintive cries, in vain
I call the wanderer back again.
Ah, no! regardless of my prayer,
It still remains and riots there;
From that sweet place it will not move,
Those lips, the coral gates of love,
Where Cupids peeping oft are seen,
The pearly palisades between;
It will not quit a place so blest,
To dwell in my distracted breast,
Ah! if thy bosom Pity warms,
Take me, Myrtilla, to thy arms;
Then my lost soul you will restore,
Which ne'er shall play the truant more;
For love shall weave a flow'ry tether,
And bind our happy souls together.

New York, 1804.

SELECTED.

THE EXILE FROM FRANCE.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye these flow'rets around,
To yon new sodded grave as you slowly advance?
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we love—the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger we lov'd—the poor exile from France.

Oh! kind was his nature, though bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, though broken his heart:
No comfort, no hope his heart could elate,
Though comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise;
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew, in his straw cover'd shed,
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggots to trim;

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One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor who were poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Every gift, every solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last,
But he still had a prayer for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village-green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moon-light, to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd—the poor exile from France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang as her eyes on thy cold relics glance;
One rose from thy garland, one tear from thy heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile from France.

SELECTIONS.

ANECDOTES OF EDWARD DRINKER.

EDWARD DRINKER was born in a cottage, on the spot where the city of Philadelphia now stands, which was inhabited, at the time of his birth, by Indians, and a few Swedes, and Hollanders.

He often talked of picking blackberries, and catching wild rabbits, where this populous city is now seated. He remembered the arrival of William Penn, and used to point out the spot where the cabin stood in which that adventurer and his friends were accommodated on their arrival.

He saw the same spot of earth, in the course of his own life, covered with woods and bushes, the receptacles of wild beasts and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a great and flourishing city, not only the first in wealth and arts in America, but equalled but by few in Europe.

He saw splendid churches rise upon morasses, where he used to hear nothing but the croaking of frogs; great wharves and warehouses, where he had often seen savages draw their fish from the river; he saw that river afterwards receiving ships and merchandize from every part of the globe, which, in his youth, had nothing bigger than an Indian canoe.

He had been the subject of many crowned heads; but when he heard of the oppressive and unconstitutional acts passed in Britain, he bought them all, and gave them to his grandsons to make kites of; and embracing the liberty and independence of his country, after seeing the beginning and end of the British empire in Pennsylvania, and after triumphing in the establishment of freedom, he died in November, 1782, one hundred and five years old.

DISASTROUS TALE OF LADY GRANGE.

From Buchanan's Account of St. Kilda.

THIS island will continue to be famous, from its being the place of imprisonment of the hon. lady Grange, who was, by private intrigue, carried out of her own

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house, and violently put on board a vessel at Leith, unknown to any of her friends, and left her great personal estate in the possession of that very man who entered into this horrid conspiracy against her; he sent her to this wild isle, where she was barbarously used, and at last finished her miserable life among these ignorant people, who could not speak her language.

A poor old woman told me, that when she served her there, her whole time was devoted to weeping, and wrapping up letters round pieces of cork, bound up with yarn, and throwing them into the sea, to try if any favourable wave would waft them to some christian, to inform some humane person where she resided, in expectation of carrying tidings to her friends at Edinburgh.

This affair happened about the year 1733, owing to some private misunderstanding between her ladyship and lord Grange, whom she unfortunately married. But the real cause continues a secret, since her ladyship never returned.

This shocking affair would never have been heard of from that quarter, where secrecy is reduced into a solid system of dangerous intrigue against residing, but unconnected strangers, had not her ladyship prevailed on the minister's wife to go with a letter concealed under her clothes all the way to Glenelg, beyond all the isles, and deliver the letter into the post-office, where it found its way to her friends. They immediately applied to parliament, to make enquiry into this barbarous conspiracy; and though a vessel was fitted out from Leith immediately, yet it was supposed a courier was dispatched over land by her enemies, who had arrived at St. Kilda some time before the vessel. When the latter arrived, to their sad dissappointment, they found the lady in her grave. Whether she died by the visitation of God or the wickedness of man, will for ever remain a secret; as their whole address could not prevail on the minister and his wife, though brought to Edinburgh, to declare how it happened, as both were afraid of offending the great men of that country, among whom they were forced to reside.

Some people imagined, that she knew something of the rebellion that broke out in 1745, at that time, and meant to have divulged the secret, which is not very probable.

For the Literary Magazine.

INSTANCES OF HORNED MEN AND WOMEN.

Continued from page 409.

MRS. ALLEN, a middle aged woman, resident in Leicestershire, had an incysted tumor upon her head, immediately under the scalp, very moveable, and evidently containing a fluid. It gave no pain unless pressed upon, and grew to the size of a small hen's egg. A few years ago it burst, and discharged a fluid; this diminished in quantity, and in a short time a horny excrescence, similar to those before-mentioned, grew out from the orifice, which has continued to increase in size; and in the month of November 1790, the time I saw it, was about five inches long, and a little more than an inch in circumference at its base. It was a good deal contorted, and the surface very irregular, having a laminated appearance. It moved readily with the scalp, and seemed to give no pain upon motion; but, when much handled, the surrounding skin became inflamed. This woman came to London, and exhibited herself as a show for money; and it is highly probable, that so rare an occurrence would have sufficiently excited the public attention to have made it answer her expectations in point of emolument, had not the circumstance been made known to her neighbours in the

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country, who were much dissatisfied with the measure, and by their importunity obliged her husband to take her into the country.

In the Ephemerides Academiæ Naturæ Curiosorum there are two cases of horns growing from the human body. One of these instances was a German woman, who had several swellings, or ganglions, upon different parts of her head, from one of which a horn grew. The other was a nobleman, who had a small tumor, about the size of a nut, growing upon the parts covering the two last or lowermost vertebræ of the back. It continued for ten years, without undergoing any apparent change; but afterwards enlarged in size, and a horny excrescence grew out from it.

In the History of the Royal Society of Medicine, there is an account of a woman, ninety-seven years old, who had several tumors on her head, which had been fourteen years in growing to the state they were in at that time: she had also a horn which had originated from a similar tumor. The horn was very moveable, being attached to the scalp, without any adhesion to the scull. It was sawn off, but grew again, and although the operation was repeated several times, the horn always returned.

Bartholine, in his Epistles, takes notice of a woman who had a tumor under the scalp, covering the temporal muscle. This gradually enlarged, and a horn grew from it, which had become twelve inches long in the year 1646, the time he saw it. He gives us a representation of it, which bears a very accurate resemblance to that which I have mentioned to have seen in November 1790. No tumor or swelling is expressed in the figure; but the horn is coming directly out from the surface of the skin.

In the Natural History of Cheshire, a woman is mentioned to have lived in the year 1668, who had a tumor or wen upon her head for thirty-two years, which afterwards enlarged, and two horns grew out of it; she was then seventy-two years old.

There is a horny excrescence in the British Museum, which is eleven inches long, and two inches and a half in circumference at the base, or thickest part. The following account of this horn I have been favoured with by Dr. Gray, taken from the records of the Museum. A woman, named French, who lived near Tenterden, had a tumor or wen upon her head, which increased to the size of a walnut; and in the 48th year of her age this horn began to grow, and in four years arrived at its present size.

There are many similar histories of these horny excrescences in the authors I have quoted, and in several others; but those mentioned above are the most accurate and particular with respect to their growth, and in all of them we find the origin was from a tumor, as in the two cases I have related; and although the nature of the tumor is not particularly mentioned, there can be no doubt of its being of the incysted kind, since in its progress it exactly resembled them, remaining stationary for a long time, and then coming forwards to the skin; and the horn being much smaller than the tumor, previously to the formation of the horn, is a proof that the tumor must have burst, and discharged its contents.

From the foregoing account it must appear evident, that these horny excrescences are not to be ranked among the appearances called *lusus naturæ*: nor are they altogether the product of disease, although undoubtedly the consequence of a local disease having previously existed; they are, more properly speaking, the result of certain operations in the part for its own restoration; but the actions of the animal economy being unable to bring them back to their original state, this species of excrescence is formed as a substitute for the natural cuticular covering.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER AND FALLS OF NIAGARA, AND THE COUNTRY BORDERING UPON THE NAVIGABLE PART OF THE RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.

From Weld's Travels.

AT the distance of eighteen miles from the town of Niagara or Newark, are those remarkable falls in Niagara river, which may justly be ranked amongst the greatest natural curiosities in the known world. The road leading from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie runs within a few hundred yards of them. This road, which is within the British dominions, is carried along the top of the lofty steep banks of the river; for a considerable way it runs close to their very edge, and in passing along it the eye of the traveller is entertained with a variety of the most grand and beautiful prospects. The river, instead of growing narrow as you proceed upwards, widens considerably: at the end of nine or ten miles it expands to the breadth of a mile, and here it assumes much the appearance of a lake; it is enclosed, seemingly, on all sides, by high hills, and the current, owing to the great depth of water, is so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible from the top of the banks. It continues thus broad for a mile or two, when on a sudden the waters are contracted between the high hills on each side. From hence up to the falls the current is exceedingly irregular and rapid. At the upper end of this broad part of the river, and nearly at the foot of the banks, is situated a small village, that has been called Queenstown, but which, in the adjacent country, is best known by the name of "The Landing." The lake merchant vessels can proceed up to this village with perfect safety, and they commonly do so, to deposit in the stores there such goods as are intended to be sent higher up the country, and to receive in return the furs, &c. that have been collected at the various posts on lakes Huron and Erie, and sent thither to be conveyed down to Kingston, across Lake Ontario. The portage from this place to the nearest navigable part of Niagara river, above the falls, is nine miles in length.

About half way up the banks, at the distance of a few hundred yards from Queenstown, there is a very extensive range of wooden barracks, which, when viewed a little way off, appears to great advantage; these barracks are now quite unoccupied, and it is not probable that they will ever be used until the climate improves; the first troops that were lodged in them, sickened in a very few days after their arrival; many of the men died, and had not those that remained alive been removed, pursuant to the advice of the physicians, to other quarters, the whole regiment might possibly have perished.

From the town of Niagara to Queenstown, the country in the neighbourhood of the river is very level; but here it puts on a different aspect; a confused range of hills, covered with oaks of an immense size, suddenly rises up before you, and the road that winds up the side of them is so steep and rugged, that it is absolutely necessary for the traveller to leave his carriage, if he should be in one, and proceed to the top on foot. Beyond these hills you again come to an unbroken level country: but the soil here differs materially from that on the opposite side: it consists of a rich dark earth intermixed with clay, and abounding with stones; whereas, on the side next Lake Ontario, the soil is of a yellowish cast, in some places inclining to gravel, and in others to sand.

From the brow of one of the hills in this ridge, which overhangs the little village of Queenstown, the eye of the traveller is gratified with one of the finest prospects that can be imagined in nature: you stand amidst a clump of large oaks, a little to the left of the road, and looking downwards perceive, through the branches of the trees with which the hill

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is clothed from the summit to the base, the tops of the houses of Queenstown, and in front of the village, the ships moored in the river; the ships are at least two hundred feet below you, and their masts appear like slender reeds peeping up amidst the thick foliage of the trees. Carrying your eye forward, you may trace the river in all its windings, and finally see it disembogue into Lake Ontario, between the town and the fort: the lake itself terminates your view in this direction, except merely at one part of the horizon, where you just get a glimpse of the blue hills of Toronto. The shore of the river, on the right hand, remains in its natural state, covered with one continued forest; but on the opposite side the country is interspersed with cultivated fields, and neat farm houses, down to the water's edge. The country beyond the hills is much less cleared than that which lies towards the town of Niagara, on the navigable part of the river.

From the sudden change of the face of the country in the neighbourhood of Queenstown, and the equally sudden change in the river with respect to its breadth, depth, and current, conjectures have been formed that the great falls of the river must originally have been situated at the spot where the waters are so abruptly contracted between the hills; and indeed it is highly probable that this was the case, for it is a fact well ascertained, that the falls have receded very considerably since they were first visited by Europeans, and that they are still receding every year; but of this I shall have occasion to speak more particularly presently.

It was at an early hour of the day that we left the town of Niagara or Newark, accompanied by the attorney-general and an officer of the British engineers, in order to visit these stupendous falls. Every step that we advanced toward them, our expectations rose to a higher pitch; our eyes were continually on the look out for the column of white mist which hovers over them; and a hundred times I believe, did we stop our carriage in hopes of hearing their thundering sound: neither however, was the mist to be seen, nor the sound to be heard, when we came to the foot of the hills; nor, after having crossed over them, were our eyes or ears more gratified. This occasioned no inconsiderable disappointment, and we could not but express our doubts to each other, that the wondrous accounts we had so frequently heard of the falls were without foundation, and calculated merely to impose on the minds of credulous people that inhabited a distant part of the world. These doubts were nearly confirmed, when we found that, after having approached within half a mile of the place, the mist was but just discernible, and that the sound even then was not to be heard; yet it is nevertheless strictly true, that the tremendous noise of the falls may be distinctly heard, at times, at the distance of forty miles; and the cloud formed from the spray may be even seen still farther off*; but it is only when the air is very clear,

* We ourselves, some time afterwards, beheld the cloud with the naked eye, at no less a distance than fifty-four miles, when sailing on Lake Erie, on board one of the king's ships. The day on which we saw it was uncommonly clear and calm, and we were seated on the poop of the vessel, admiring the bold scenery of the southern shore of the lake, when the commander, who had been aloft to make some observations, came to us, and pointing to a small white cloud in the horizon, told us, that that was the cloud overhanging Niagara. At first it appeared to us that this must have been a mere conjecture, but on minute observation it was evident that the commander's information was just. All the other light clouds in a few minutes flitted away to another part of the horizon, whereas this one remained steadily fixed in the same spot; and on looking at it through a glass, it was plain to see that the shape of the cloud varied every instant, owing to the continued rising of the mist from the cataract beneath.

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and there is a fine blue sky, which however are very common occurrences in this country, that the cloud can be seen at such a great distance. The hearing of the sound of the falls afar off also depends upon the state of the atmosphere; it is observed, that the sound can be heard at the greatest distance, just before a heavy fall of rain, and when the wind is in a favourable point to convey the sound toward the listener: the day on which we first approached the falls was thick and cloudy.

On that part of the road leading to Lake Erie, which draws nearest to the falls, there is a small village, consisting of about half a dozen straggling houses: here we alighted, and having disposed of our horses, and made a slight repast, in order to prepare us for the fatigue we had to go through, we crossed over some fields towards a deep hollow place surrounded with large trees, from the bottom of which issued thick volumes of whitish mist that had much the appearance of smoke rising from large heaps of burning weeds. Having come to the edge of this hollow place, we descended a steep bank of about fifty yards, and then walking for some distance over a wet marshy piece of ground, covered with thick bushes, at last came to the Table Rock, so called from the remarkable flatness of its surface, and its bearing some similitude to a table. This rock is situated a little to the front of the great fall, above the top of which it is elevated above forty feet. The view from it is truly sublime; but before I attempt to give any idea of the nature of this view, it will be necessary to take a more general survey of the river and falls.

Niagara river issues from the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, and after a course of thirty-six miles discharges itself into Lake Ontario, as has already been mentioned. For the first few miles from Lake Erie, the breadth of the river is about three hundred yards, and it is deep enough for vessels drawing nine or ten feet water; but the current is so extremely rapid and irregular, and the channel so intricate, on account of the numberless large rocks in different places, that no other vessels than bateaux ever attempt to pass along it. As you proceed downward the river widens, no rocks are to be seen either along the shores or in the channel, and the waters glide smoothly along, though the current continues very strong. The river runs thus evenly, and is navigable with safety for bateaux as far as Fort Chippeway, which is about three miles above the falls; but here the bed of it again becomes rocky, and the waters are violently agitated by passing down successive rapids, so much so indeed, that were a boat by any chance to be carried but a little way beyond Chippeway, where people usually stop, nothing could save it from being dashed to pieces long before it came to the falls. With such astonishing impetuosity do the waves break on the rocks in these rapids, that the mere sight of them from the top of the banks is sufficient to make you shudder. I must in this place, however, observe, that it is only on each side of the river that the waters are so much troubled; in the middle of it, though the current is also there uncommonly swift, yet the breakers are not so dangerous but boats may pass down, if dexterously managed, to an island which divides the river at the very falls. To go down to this island it is necessary to set off at some distance above Chippeway, where the current is even, and to keep exactly in the middle of the river the whole way thither; if the boats were suffered to get out of their course ever so little, either to the right or left, it would be impossible to stem the current, and bring them again into it; they would be irresistibly carried towards the falls, and destruction must inevitably follow. In returning from the island, there is still more difficulty and danger than in going to it. Notwithstanding these circumstances, numbers of persons have the fool-hardi-

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ness to proceed to this island, merely for the sake of beholding the falls from the opposite side of it, or for the sake of having in their power to say that they had been upon it.

The river forces its way amidst the rocks with redoubled impetuosity, as it approaches towards the falls; at last, coming to the brink of the tremendous precipice, it tumbles headlong to the bottom, without meeting with any interruption from rocks in its descent. Just at the precipice the river takes a considerable bend to the right, and the line of the falls, instead of extending from bank to bank in the shortest direction, runs obliquely across. The width of the falls is considerably greater than the width of the river, admeasured some way below the precipice. The river does not rush down the precipice in one unbroken sheet, but is divided by islands into three distinct collateral falls. The most stupendous of these is that on the north-western or British side of the river, commonly called the Great, or Horse-shoe Fall, from its bearing some resemblance to the shape of a horse-shoe. The height of this is only one hundred and forty-two feet, whereas the others are each one hundred and sixty feet high; but to its inferior height it is indebted principally for its grandeur; the precipice, and of course the bed of the river above it, being so much lower at the one side than at the other, by far the greater part of the water of the river finds its way to the low side, and rushes down with greater velocity at that side than it does at the other, as the rapids above the precipice are strongest there. It is from the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall that arises that prodigious cloud of mist which may be seen so far off. The extent of the Horse-shoe Fall can only be ascertained by the eye; the general opinion of those who have most frequently viewed it is, that it is not less than six hundred yards in circumference. The island which separates it from the next fall is supposed to be about three hundred and fifty yards wide; the second fall is about five yards wide; the next island about thirty yards; and the third, commonly called the Fort Schloper Fall, from being situated towards the side of the river on which that fort stands, is judged to admeasure at least as much as the large island. The whole extent of the precipice, therefore, including the islands, is, according to this computation, thirteen hundred and thirty-five yards. This is certainly not an exaggerated statement. Some have supposed, that the line of the falls altogether exceeds an English mile.

The quantity of water carried down the falls is prodigious. It will be found to amount to 670,255 tons per minute, though calculated simply from the following data, which ought to be correct, as coming from an experienced commander of one of the king's ships on Lake Erie, well acquainted in every respect with that body of water, viz. that where Lake Erie, towards its eastern extremity, is two miles and a half wide, the water is six feet deep, and the current runs at the rate of two knots in an hour; but Niagara river, between this part of Lake Erie and the falls, receives the waters of several large creeks, the quantity carried down the falls must therefore be greater than the foregoing computation makes it to be; if we say that six hundred and seventy-two thousand tons of water are precipitated down the falls every minute, the quantity will not probably be much over-rated.

To return now to the Table Rock, situated on the British side of the river, and on the verge of the Horse-shoe Fall. Here the spectator has an unobstructed view of the tremendous rapids above the falls, and of the circumjacent shores, covered with thick woods; of the Horse-shoe Fall, some yards below him; of the Fort Schloper Fall, at a distance to the left; and of the frightful gulf beneath, into which, if he has but courage to approach to the exposed edge of the rock, he may look down perpendicularly. The astonishment

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excited in the mind of the spectator by the vastness of the different objects which he contemplates from hence is great indeed, and few persons, on coming here for the first time, can for some minutes collect themselves sufficiently to be able to form any tolerable conception of the stupendous scene before them. It is impossible for the eye to embrace the whole of it at once; it must gradually make itself acquainted, in the first place, with the component parts of the scene, each one of which is in itself an object of wonder; and such a length of time does this operation require, that many of those who have had an opportunity of contemplating the scene at their leisure, for years together, have thought that every time they have beheld it, each part has appeared more wonderful and more sublime, and that it has only been at the time of their last visit that they have been able to discover all the grandeur of the cataract.

Having spent a considerable time on the Table Rock, we returned to the fields the same way by which we had descended, pursuant to the direction of the officer of engineers accompanying us, who was intimately acquainted with every part of the cataract, and of the adjoining ground, and was, perhaps, the best guide that could be procured in the whole country. It would be possible to pursue your way along the edge of the cliff, from the Table Rock, a considerable way downwards; but the bushes are so exceedingly thick, and the ground so rugged, that the task would be arduous in the extreme.

The next spot from which we surveyed the falls was from the part of the cliff nearly opposite to that end of the Fort Schloper fall, which lies next to the island. You stand here on the edge of the cliff, behind some bushes, the tops of which have been cut down in order to open the view. From hence you have a better prospect of the whole cataract, and are enabled to form a more correct idea of the position of the precipice, than from any one other place. The prospect from hence is more beautiful, but I think less grand than from any other spot. The officer who so politely directed our movements on this occasion was so struck with the view from this spot, that he once had a wooden house constructed, and drawn down here by oxen, in which he lived until he had finished several different drawings of the cataract: one of these we were gratified with the sight of, which exhibited a view of the cataract in the depth of winter, when in a most curious and wonderful state. The ice at this season of the year accumulates at the bottom of the cataract in immense mounds, and huge isicles, like the pillars of a massy building, hang pendent in many places from the top of the precipice reaching nearly to the bottom.

Having left this place, we returned once more through the woods bordering upon the precipice to the open fields, and then directed our course by a circuitous path, about one mile in length, to a part of the cliff where it is possible to descend to the bottom of the cataract. The river, for many miles below the precipice, is bounded on each side by steep, and in most parts perpendicular, cliffs, formed of earth and rocks, and it is impossible to descend to the bottom of them, except at two places, where large masses of earth and rocks have crumbled down, and ladders have been placed from one break to another, for the accommodation of passengers. The first of these places which you come to in walking along the river, from the Horse-shoe Fall downwards, is called the "Indian Ladder," the ladders having been constructed there by the Indians. These ladders, as they are called, of which there are several, one below the other, consist simply of long pine trees, with notches cut in their sides for the passenger to rest his feet on. The trees, even when first placed there, would vibrate as you stepped upon them, owing to their being so long and slender; age has rendered

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them still less firm, and they now certainly cannot be deemed safe, though many persons are still in the habit of descending by their means. We did not attempt to get to the bottom of the cliff by this route, but proceeded to the other place, which is lower down the river, called Mrs. Simcoe's Ladder, the ladders having been originally placed there for the accommodation of the lady of the late governor. This route is much more frequented than the other; the ladders, properly so called, are strong, and firmly placed, and none of them, owing to the frequent breaks in the cliff, are required to be of such a great length but that even a lady might pass up or down them without fear of danger. To descend over the rugged rocks, however, the whole way down to the bottom of the cliff, is certainly no trifling undertaking, and few ladies, I believe, could be found of sufficient strength of body to encounter the fatigue of such an expedition.

On arriving at the bottom of the cliff, you find yourself in the midst of huge piles of mishapen rocks, with great masses of earth and rocks projecting from the side of the cliff, and overgrown with pines and cedars hanging over your head, apparently ready to crumble down and crush you to atoms. Many of the large trees grow with their heads downwards, being suspended by their roots, which had taken such a firm hold in the ground at the top of the cliff, that when part of it gave way, the trees did not fall altogether..... The river before you here is somewhat more than a quarter of a mile wide; and on the opposite side of it, a little to the right, the Fort Schloper Fall is seen to great advantage; what you see of the Horse-shoe Fall also appears in a very favourable point of view; the projecting cliff conceals nearly one half of it. The Fort Schloper Fall is skirted at bottom by milk-white foam, which ascends in thick volumes from the rocks; but is not seen to rise above the fall like a cloud of smoke, as is the case at the Horse-shoe Fall; nevertheless the spray is so considerable, that it descends on the opposite side of the river, at the foot of Simcoe's Ladder, like rain.

Having reached the margin of the river, we proceeded towards the Great Fall, along the strand, which for a considerable part of the way thither consists of horizontal beds of limestone rock, covered with gravel, except, indeed, where great piles of stones have fallen from the sides of the cliff. These horizontal beds of rock, in some places, extend very far into the river, forming points which break the force of the current, and occasion strong eddies along particular parts of the shore. Here great numbers of the bodies of fishes, squirrels, foxes, and various other animals, that, unable to stem the current of the river above the falls, have been carried down them, and consequently killed, are washed up. The shore is likewise found strewed with trees, and large pieces of timber, that have been swept away from the saw mills above the falls, and carried down the precipice. The timber is generally terribly shattered, and the carcases of all the large animals, particularly of the large fishes, are found very much bruised. A dreadful stench arises from the quantity of putrid matter lying on the shore, and numberless birds of prey, attracted by it, are always seen hovering about the place.

Amongst the numerous stories current in the country, relating to this wonderful cataract, there is one that records the hapless fate of a poor Indian, which I select, as the truth of it is unquestionable. The unfortunate hero of this tale, intoxicated, it seems, with spirits, had laid himself down to sleep in the bottom of his canoe, which was fastened to the beach at the distance of some miles above the falls. His squaw sat on the shore to watch him. Whilst they were in this situation, a sailor from one of the ships of war on the neighbouring lakes happened to pass by; he was struck with the charms of the squaw, and instantly determined upon enjoying them. The faithful

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creature, however, unwilling to gratify his desires, hastened to the canoe to arouse her husband; but before she could effect her purpose, the sailor cut the cord by which the canoe was fastened, and set it adrift. It quickly floated away with the stream from the fatal spot, and ere many minues elapsed, was carried down into the midst of the rapids. Here it was distinctly seen by several persons that were standing on the adjacent shore, whose attention had been caught by the singularity of the appearance of a canoe in such a part of the river. The violent motion of the waves soon awoke the Indian; he started up, looked wildly around, and perceiving his danger, instantly seized his paddle, and made the most surprising exertions to save himself; but finding in a little time that all his efforts would be of no avail in stemming the impetuosity of the current, he with great composure put aside his paddle, wrapt himself up in his blanket, and again laid himself down in the bottom of the canoe. In a few seconds he was hurried down the precipice; but neither he nor his canoe were ever seen more. It is supposed that not more than one third of the different things that happen to be carried down the falls re-appear at bottom.

From the foot of Simcoe's Ladder you may walk along the strand for some distance without inconvenience; but as you approach the Horse-shoe Fall, the way becomes more and more rugged. In some places, where the cliff has crumbled down, huge mounds of earth, rocks, and trees, reaching to the water's edge, oppose your course; it seems impossible to pass them; and, indeed, without a guide, a stranger would never find his way to the opposite side; for to get there it is necessary to mount nearly to their top, and then to crawl on your hands and knees through long dark holes, where passages are left open between the torn up rocks and trees. After passing these mounds, you have to climb from rock to rock close under the cliff, for there is but little space here between the cliff and the river, and these rocks are so slippery, owing to the continual moisture from the spray, which descends very heavily, that without the utmost precaution it is scarcely possible to escape a fall. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the Great Fall we were as wet, owing to the spray, as if each of us had been thrown into the river.

There is nothing whatsoever to prevent you from passing to the very foot of the Great Fall; and you might even proceed behind the prodigious sheet of water that comes pouring down from the top of the precipice, for the water falls from the edge of a projecting rock; and, moreover, caverns of a very considerable size have been hollowed out of the rocks at the bottom of the precipice, owing to the violent ebullition of the water, which extend some way underneath the bed of the upper part of the river. I advanced within about six yards of the edge of the sheet of water, just far enough to peep into the caverns behind it; but here my breath was nearly taken away by the violent whirlwind that always rages at the bottom of the cataract, occasioned by the concussion of such a vast body of water against the rocks. I confess I had no inclination at the time to go farther; nor, indeed, any of us afterwards attempted to explore the dreary confines of these caverns, where death seemed to await him that should be daring enough to enter their threatening jaws. No words can convey an adequate idea of the awful grandeur of the scene at this place. Your senses are appalled by the sight of the immense body of water that comes pouring down so closely to you from the top of the stupendous precipice, and by the thundering sound of the billows dashing against the rocky sides of the caverns below; you tremble with reverential fear, when you consider that a blast of the whirlwind might sweep you from off the slippery rocks on which you stand, and precipitate you into the dreadful

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gulf beneath, from whence all the power of man could not extricate you; you feel what an insignificant being you are in the creation, and your mind is forcibly impressed with an awful idea of the power of that mighty Being who commanded the waters to flow.

Since the Falls of Niagara were first discovered, they have receded very considerably, owing to the disrupture of the rocks which form the precipice. The rocks at bottom are first loosened by the constant action of the water upon them; they are afterwards carried away, and those at top being thus undermined, are soon broken by the weight of the water rushing over them: even within the memory of many of the present inhabitants of the country, the falls have receded several yards. The commodore of the king's vessels on Lake Erie, who had been employed on that lake for upwards of thirty years, informed me, that when he first came into the country, it was a common practice for young men to go to the island in the middle of the falls; that after dining there, they used frequently to dare each other to walk into the river towards certain large rocks in the midst of the rapids, not far from the edge of the falls; and sometimes to proceed through the water, even beyond these rocks. No such rocks are to be seen at present; and were a man to advance two yards into the river from the island, he would be inevitably swept away by the torrent. It has been conjectured, as I before mentioned, that the Falls of Niagara were originally situated at Queenstown; and indeed the more pains you take to examine the course of the river from the present falls downward, the more reason is there to imagine that such a conjecture is well founded. From the precipice nearly down to Queenstown, the bed of the river is strewed with large rocks, and the banks are broken and rugged; circumstances which plainly denote that some great disruption has taken place along this part of the river; and we need be at no loss to account for it, as there are evident marks of the action of water upon the sides of the banks, and considerably above their present bases. Now the river has never been known to rise near these marks during the greatest floods; it it plain, therefore, that its bed must have been once much more elevated than it is at present. Below Queenstown, however, there are no traces on the banks to lead us to imagine that the level of the water was ever much higher there than it is now. The sudden increase of the depth of the river just below the hills at Queenstown, and its sudden expansion there at the same time, seem to indicate that the waters must for a great length of time have fallen from the top of the hills, and thus have formed that extensive deep basin below the village. In the river, a mile or two above Queenstown, there is a tremendous whirlpool, owing to a deep hole in the bed; this hole was probably also formed by the waters falling for a great length of time on the same spot, in consequence of the rocks which composed the then precipice having remained firmer than those at any other place did. Tradition tells us, that the Great Fall, instead of having been in the form of a horse-shoe, once projected in the middle. For a century past, however, it has remained nearly in the present form; and as the ebullition of the water at the bottom of the cataract is so much greater at the centre of this fall than in any other part, and as the water consequently acts with more force there in undermining the precipice than at any other part, it is not unlikely that it may remain nearly in the same form for ages to come.

At the bottom of the Horse-shoe Fall is found a kind of white concrete substance, by the people of the country called spray. Some persons have supposed that it is formed from the earthy particles of the water, which descending, owing to their great specific gravity, quicker than the other particles, adhere to the rocks, and are there formed into a

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mass. This concrete substance has precisely the appearance of petrified froth; and it is remarkable, that it is found adhering to those rocks against which the greatest quantities of the froth that floats upon the water, is washed by the eddies.

We did not think of ascending the cliff till the evening was far advanced, and had it been possible to have found our way up in the dark, I verily believe we should have remained at the bottom of it until midnight. Just as we left the foot of the Great Fall the sun broke through the clouds, and one of the most beautiful and perfect rainbows that ever I beheld was exhibited in the spray that arose from the fall. It is only at evening and morning that the rainbow is seen in perfection; for the banks of the river, and the steep precipice, shade the sun from the spray at the bottom of the fall in the middle of the day.

At a great distance from the foot of the ladder we halted, and one of the party was dispatched to fetch a bottle of brandy and a pair of goblets, which had been deposited under some stones on the margin of the river, in our way to the Great Fall, whither it would have been highly inconvenient to have carried them. Wet from head to foot, and greatly fatigued, there certainly was not one amongst us that appeared, at the moment, desirous of getting the brandy, in order to pour out a libation to the tutelary deities of the cataract; nor indeed was there much reason to apprehend that our piety would have shone forth more conspicuously afterwards; however it was not put to the test; for the messenger returned in a few minutes with the woeful intelligence that the brandy and goblets had been stolen. We were at no great loss in guessing who the thieves were. Perched on the rocks, at a little distance from us, sat a pair of the river nymphs, not "nymphs with sedged crowns and ever harmless looks;" not "temperate nymphs," but a pair of squat sturdy old wenches, that with close bonnets, and tucked up petticoats, had crawled down the cliff, and were busied with long rods in angling for fish. Their noisy clack plainly indicated that they had been well pleased with the brandy, and that we ought not to entertain any hopes of recovering the spoil; we even slaked our thirst, therefore, with a draught from the wholesome flood, and having done so, boldly pushed forward, and before it was quite dark regained the habitations from whence we had started.

On returning we found a well-spread table laid out for us in the porch of the house, and having gratified the keen appetite which the fatigue we had encountered had excited, our friendly guides, having previously given us instructions for examining the falls more particularly, set off by moonlight for Niagara, and we repaired to Fort Chippeway, three miles above the falls, which place we made our head-quarters while we remained in the neighbourhood, because there was a tolerable tavern and no house in the village near the falls where sickness was not prevalent.

The Falls of Niagara are much less difficult of access than they were some years ago. Charlevoix, who visited them in the year 1720, tells us, that they were only to be viewed from one spot, and that from thence the spectator had only a side prospect of them. Had he been able to have descended to the bottom, he would have had occular demonstration of the existence of caverns underneath the precipice, which he supposed to be the case from the hollow sound of the falling of the waters, from the number of carcases washed up there on different parts of the strand, and would also have been convinced of the truth of a circumstance which he totally disbelieved, namely, that fish were oftentimes unable to stem the rapid current above the falls, and were consequently carried down the precipice.

The most favourable season for visiting the falls is about the middle of September, the time when we saw them; for then the woods are seen

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in all their glory, beautifully variegated with the rich tints of autumn; and the spectator is not then annoyed with vermin. In the summer season you meet with rattle-snakes at every step, and mosquitoes swarm so thickly in the air, that to use a common phrase of the country, "you might cut them with a knife." The cold nights in the beginning of September effectually banish these noxious animals.

NATURAL BRIDGE;

In a letter from a gentleman now travelling for the purpose of viewing the natural curiosities in the western parts of Virginia.

I ACCOMPLISHED, on Monday last, the most laborious job I ever undertoook: this was the measuring the natural bridge in this county, "the most sublime of Nature's works." This bridge is 134 feet higher than the natural bridge in Rockbridge county, being 339 feet in perpendicular height; its summit projects 87 feet over its base, it fronts to the south-west, and is arched as regular as could be by the hand of art. The arch in front is about 200 feet high, and slopes off to sixty feet at the distance of 106 feet from the entrance; from its mouth in a straight direction measures 406 feet; thence at right angles 300 feet; from the wall to the other end 340 feet; the roof is regularly arched, and gradually descends to eighteen feet, which is the lowest part at the intersection of the second angle; it then rises to twenty, thirty, forty, and seventy-five feet, which is the height of the north-east entrance. The stream of water which runs under the bridge is from thirty-five, forty, and fifty-five feet wide at its common height. The head of this stream (Stock creek) is from three to four miles above the bridge, rising out of a knob or spur of Clinch mountain, and empties itself three miles below into Clinch river: this creek is suddenly swelled by rains sometimes to ten and twelve feet perpendicular, but is soon run out. There is a waggon road over the bridge, which is only used in time of freshes, and that is the only part that can be crossed: on approaching it to the south-west front, it produces the most pleasing, awful sensations; the front is a solid rock of limestone, the surface very smooth and regular, formed in a semicircle, the rock of a bright yellow colour, which colour is heightened by the rays of the sun, the arch is partly obscured by a spur of the ridge which runs down to the edge of the creek in front of the arch. Across the creek stand several beautiful trees; the most elegant and luxuriant is a *cucumber tree* teeming with fruit, the leaves are from two to two and a half feet in length, and one foot in width; this, with two white cedars, and three white walnut trees, adds very much to the beauty of the scene [illegible] to describe it would be a vain attempt, and can only be done by the skilful limner.

If the scene below creates such pleasing sensations, what must that from above be! It fills the mind with horror. From the level of the summit of the ridge where the road passes to the verge of the fissure, the mountain descends about forty-five degrees of an angle, and is from forty-five to fifty feet perpendicular height; you involuntarily slide down feet foremost, holding to every twig you pass until you reach the verge, which is for six or eight feet less steep; the rock is covered with a thick stratum of earth, which gives growth to many large trees; from this landing-place to the verge is a descent of nine feet, so steep that it cannot be approached near enough to look over; to the west of the arch, about 400 yards, the ascent to the verge is much leveller, where you may look into the abyss below. My guide was an old hunter, who had for many years been accustomed to clambering over the steepest mountains. On approaching the

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verge, the horror of the scene below intimidated him for a few moments, but he could presently walk along the verge with composure. This bridge may be passed by thousands without a knowledge of it, unless attracted by the roaring of the water below.

AMERICAN FISHERIES.

FROM Hudson, on the river of that name, we are informed, that a brig had taken, in March last, at Prince Edward Islands, 17,000 seal skins, and was in expectation of four times that number. A ship from the same port had arrived from the South Seas with oil. The Medical Repository, published at New York, which, to the most valuable communications on medical science, unites a review of the most interesting events in science and commerce, takes notice of this subject. It informs us, that the vessels usually visit Juan Fernandez and Massafuero. That being in less abundance in these islands, the vessels have visited the other islands of the same seas. That, in 1800 and 1801, as many as ten vessels were employed from New York, and the northern states. These voyages have been undertaken for several years past. Some of these vessels have carried to Canton from 60,000 to 100,000 seal skins. The voyage generally exceeds two years. Of the whale fishery the same work gives the following account:

In 1799, twenty-six vessels were in the whale fishery, amounting to 5,055 tons; in 1800, seventeen vessels, amounting to 2,814 tons; in 1801, fifteen vessels, not above 2,349 tons; in 1802, twenty vessels, reckoned at 3,301 tons. Of the last twenty, one belonging to Sagg Harbour, one to Boston, six to New Bedford, and twelve to Nantucket. A list we have in our hands, received from a friend, stating the Nantucket and New Bedford whale ships, gives forty ships with their names and tonnage, besides such as are building for the trade, and six brigs, thirteen schooners, and thirty-six sloops which may be employed in the fishery, giving above 12,000 tons, of which three-fourths belong to the ships of these ports. It is observed, that only two or three of the sloops are in the fishery, only two of the schooners, and three of the brigs. Of New Bedford, seventeen ships might be employed in the whale fishery, about 230 tons each. About half the oil is consumed in the country, and no head matter is exported. The work to which we referred, states, that in 1791 there were exported 134,595 gallons of spermaceti oil, and 447,323 gallons of right whale oil; 182,400 pounds of spermaceti candles, and 124,829 pounds of whalebone. In 1802, only 28,470 gallons of spermaceti, and 379,976 of right whale oil; 135,637 pounds of spermaceti candles, and 80,334 pounds of whalebone. The average quantity for twelve years is given at 106,493 gallons of spermaceti oil, 573,941 gallons of right whale oil, 197,967 pounds of spermaceti candles, and 191,234 pounds of whalebone. This account is followed with a statement of the cod fishery. The exports in 1791 were 383,237 quintals of dried fish, and 57,424 barrels of pickled fish. In 1802, were 440,954 quintals of dried, and 75,819 barrels, and 13,229 kegs of pickled fish. In 1802, were employed 1,140 vessels, having 39,399 tons, and 4,533 men, not reckoning boats under five tons, nor the men in them. The author is unable to say how much of the salt fish is supplied from the British northern colonies, but perhaps not so very considerable a part as he may imagine. This might be ascertained with respect to the whole quantity. We can judge only from our own market. We wish a statement was made by a person well informed in the fisheries, and in regard to every port.

Salem Register.

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PICTURES IN WALES.

A Welsh Village.

THE village of Llanberis is highly romantic: it is situated in a narrow grassy dell, surrounded by immense rocks, whose summits, cloud-capt, are but seldom visible from below. Except two tolerable houses in the vale, one belonging to the agent to the copper mine, and the other, which is beside the lake, belonging to the agent of the slate quarries, the whole village consists but of twenty miserable cottages. They are constructed of a shaly kind of stone, with which the country abounds, and with just so much lime as to keep out the keenest of the mountain blasts. The windows are all very small, and by far the greater part of them, having been formerly broken, are blocked up with boards, leaving only three or four panes of glass, and affording scarcely sufficient light within to render even "darkness visible." Here I might expect to find a race who, subject to all the inconveniences, without the benefits of civil society, were in a state little short of absolute misery. Men, it might be supposed, in this secluded place, with difficulty contriving to exist, would be cheerless as their own mountains, shrowded as they are in snow and clouds; but I did not find them so; they were happier in their moss-grown sheds, than millions in more exalted stations of life.

There are two houses in this village, at which the wearied traveller may find some poor refreshment. One of these belongs to John Close, a grey-headed old man, who, though born and brought up in the north of Yorkshire, having occasion to come into Wales when he was quite a youth, preferred this to his Yorkshire home, and has resided here ever since. The other house is kept by *the parish clerk*, who may be employed as a guide over any part of the adjacent country. I found him well acquainted with the mountains, and a much more intelligent man than guides in general are. He does not speak English well, but his civility and attention amply atoned for that defect. Neither of these places *affords* a bed, nor any thing better than bread, butter, and *cheese*, and, perhaps, eggs and bacon.

A Welsh Inn.

As I was one day sitting to my rustic fare, in one of the public houses, I could not help remarking the oddness of the group, all at the same time, and in the same room, enjoying their different repasts. At one table was seated the family, consisting of the host, his wife, and their son and daughter, eating their bread and milk, the common food of the labouring people here; a large overgrown old sow making a noise, neither very low nor very musical, while devouring her dinner from a pail placed for her by the daughter, was in one corner, and I was eating my bread and butter, with an appetite steeled against niceties by the keenness of the mountain air, at a table covered with a dirty napkin, in the other. This scene, however, induced me ever afterwards, in my excursions to this place, to bring refreshments with me, and enjoy my dinner in quiet in the open air. But except in this instance, I did not find the house worse than I had any reason to expect in such a place as this. The accommodations in the clerk's house are poor, but the inhabitants seemed very clean and decent people.

A Welsh Church.

The church of Llanberis, which is dedicated to St. Peris, a cardinal, missioned from Rome as a legate to this island, who is said to have settled and died at this place, is, the most ill-looking place of worship I ever beheld. The first time I visited the village, I mistook it for an ancient cottage; for even the bell turret was so overgrown with ivy, as to bear as much the appearance of a weather-beaten chimney as any

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thing else, and the long grass in the church-yard completely hid the few grave stones therein from the view. I thought it indeed a cottage larger than the rest, and it was some time before I could persuade myself it was a church. Here is yet to be seen the well of the saint, inclosed within a square wall, but I met with no sybil, as other travellers have done, who could divine my fortune by the appearance or non-appearance of a little fish which lurks in some of its holes.

A Welsh Curate.

The curate resides in a mean-looking cottage not far distant, which seemed to consist of few other rooms than a kitchen and bed-room, the latter of which served also for his study. When I first saw him he was employed in reading in an old volume of sermons. His dress was somewhat singular; he had on a blue coat, which had long been worn threadbare, a pair of antique corderoy breeches, and a black waistcoat, and round his head he wore a blue handkerchief.

From the exterior of the cottage, it seemed the habitation of indigence, but the smiles of the good man were such as would render even poverty itself cheerful. His salary is about forty pounds, on which, with his little farm, he contrives to support himself, his wife, and a horse, and with this slender pittance he appeared perfectly contented and comfortable. His wife was not at home, but, from a wheel which I observed in the kitchen, I conjectured that her time was employed in spinning wool. The account I had from some of the parishioners of his character was, that he was a man respected and beloved by all, and that his chief attention was occupied in doing such good as his circumstances would afford to his fellow creatures.

A MUSICAL EAR EXPLAINED.

THE difference between a musical ear and one which is too imperfect to distinguish the different notes in music, appears to arise entirely from the greater or less nicety with which the muscle of the malleus renders the membrana tympani capable of being truly adjusted. If the tension be perfect, all the variations produced by the action of the radiated muscle will be equally correct, and the ear truly musical; but, if the first adjustment is imperfect, although the actions of the radiated muscle may still produce infinite variations, none of them will be correct: the effect, in this respect, will be similar to that produced by playing upon a musical instrument which is not in tune. The hearing of articulate sounds requires less nicely in the adjustment, than of inarticulate or musical ones: an ear may therefore be able to perceive the one, although it is not fitted to receive distinct perceptions from the other.

The nicety or correctness of a musical ear being the result of muscular action, renders it, in part, an *acquirement*; for, though the original formation of these muscles in some ears renders them more capable of arriving at this excellence, early cultivation is still necessary for that purpose; and it is found that an ear, which upon the first trials seemed unfit to receive accurate perceptions of sounds, shall, by early and constant application, be rendered tolerably correct, but never can attain excellence. There are organs of hearing in which the parts are so nicely adjusted to one another, as to render them capable of a degree of correctness in hearing sounds which appears preternatural.

Children who during their infancy are much in the society of musical performers, will be naturally induced to attend more to inarticulate sounds than articulate ones, and by these means acquire a correct ear, which, after listening

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for two or three years to articulate sounds only, would have been attained with more difficulty.

This mode of adapting the ear to different sounds, appears to be one of the most beautiful applications of muscles in the body; the mechanism is so simple, and the variety of effects so great.

ROTATION OF THE SUN.

AN inhabitant of Pau, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, in France, has discovered a method by which the sun may be examined without injuring the sight. He has himself examined it, and, through the same medium, has shown it to others. It turns incessantly on its axis, and the parts of its surface are more brilliant, the more remote they are from its poles, so that its equator is the most splendid part. It revolves with a rapidity beyond calculation, but which is supposed to be about a hundred times in the minute.

Picot, the astronomer, who has made this discovery, is persuaded that this very rapid rotation of the sun furnishes a simple and more natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world. He proposes the following, as a theory for the consideration of abler men: "As the sun revolves with great velocity, it must give motion to a quantity of ether through a distance proportioned to its density, its magnitude, and above all to the rapidity of its motion; this distance must consequently extend far beyond the Georgium Sidus of Herschel.

"The circular movement which the ether must necessarily have, must communicate itself to the planets, the atmosphere of which it surrounds; and as the motion of the ether must be the more rapid, the nearer it is to the sun, it follows, First....That the planets will be driven round the sun with a velocity, which will be in the inverse ratio of their distance. Secondly....That as the atmosphere of each planet will be acted upon by a movement more rapid on the side which is next to the sun, than on that which is opposite, the planets must make revolutions in themselves, presenting successively the whole circumference of their orbs to the sun."

ON EMBRACING A PARTY IN POLITICS.

IN a country where freedom of discussion on public topics is permitted, no man capable of raising his views beyond mere personal interest can pass through life without some time or other engaging in party. Englishmen and Americans have been supposed peculiarly addicted to the contests and disputes which proceed from this source; though I imagine this to be owing rather to the superior liberty they long enjoyed of following their inclinations in this respect, than to any peculiarity of temper. The objects which enter into party debates being those on which the dearest interests of mankind depend, no wonder men should differ about them, and urge their differences with great warmth and earnestness. Party zeal has therefore always been characteristic of free states; and though undoubtedly in some measure an evil, it is, like most evils, inseparable from the good whence it originates. Its influence on the happiness of individuals is also very great; whence there can need no apology for reasoning freely on this topic.

There are various lights in which the subject of party may be considered as relative to individuals; and one of the most obvious for admonition would be the *prudential*. But this lies in a very small compass; and were it my purpose to instruct you how you might manage the business of party so as to suffer the least and gain the most in your pecuniary concerns, I should think I had done enough by imprinting on your memory the sage aphorism,

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"Either take no side at all, or take the strongest side."

But not to give you a lesson which I ought not to enforce by my own example, I shall proceed to consider party in that light in which a sense of the true dignity of character, and a regard to the public good, require that it should be considered. With respect to the latter, indeed, an obscure individual cannot flatter himself with the power of producing any important effects; but every man may indulge the ambition of acting an honourable, virtuous, and consistent part in life, as far as he is called upon to act at all.

I shall begin with reminding you of the difference between *taking a part*, and becoming a *party-man*..... The former denotes only such an occasional or subordinate interference in party affairs, as is consistent not only with due attention to one's private concerns, but with a preservation of the ordinary intercourses of society and civility between neighbours and fellow citizens, though of opposite opinions. The latter, on the contrary, signifies such an attachment to party as influences the whole character, and gives the tone and colour to a man's conduct through life. It is the ruling passion; and like all other passions scorns the controul of good sense and moderation. To point out to you a single person under the full dominion of it, would be sufficiently to warn you of its baneful efficacy in poisoning the comforts of life, and debasing the moral character.

Supposing you, therefore, to remain master of yourself, and only to give party its turn along with other social duties, let us inquire if there is any test by which you may always be directed to the right one.

It has long been a favourite maxim with many, that all parties are fundamentally alike, and that, however they may be discriminated by adverse denominations, their principles of action are essentially the same. This is a very convenient doctrine for those who are conscious that their own rule of conduct is one and simple, namely, the pursuit of their interest. But though party-men may very much resemble each other, yet I am persuaded that there is in the causes themselves enough whereon to found an essential distinction; and notwithstanding this distinction may not coincide with any of those party differences which are denoted by names and badges, as whig and tory, green and orange, federalist and republican, and the like, yet I think it is in particular cases strongly enough marked to serve as a guide for the conduct of individuals.

I do not mean to assert that the characters of individuals always correspond with that of the parties under which they are arranged..... The side of opposition may be taken from motives as selfish as those of the defenders of usurped power.... from the mere design of occupying their places. Nor is it to be concealed, that a turbulent and discontented spirit, incapable of quiet submission to any authority whatever, a high degree of pride and self-conceit, or a disposition to wild and extravagant projects, occasionally render men the general opposers of all existing institutions. On the other hand, those who act with a corrupt party are sometimes not aware of the nature and extent of its profligacy, but from thoughtlessness and a compliant disposition are led to join in measures contrary to the general tenor of their principles and conduct. But after these due exceptions and allowances are made, a philosopher will recur to the great and universal laws of cause and effect, and confide in their predominant operation, however varied or modified by circumstances. He will know, that according to the train of ideas which habitually pass through a man's mind, such will finally be the prevailing hue and tincture of that mind;....that arguments founded on fraud, sophistry, disingenuousness, or an arrogant contempt of the rights of mankind, will infallibly contaminate the medium through which they pass; while the habit of

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fair and free discussion, and constant appeals to the noblest principles of human action, cannot but tend to clear and expand the mental vision. As far as my experience reaches, I can confirm to you these deductions of reason; and I do not hesitate to assure you, that I never knew a man seriously engaged in the support of a narrow and unjust cause, whose mind was not proportionally warped and contracted, and made capable of mean and dishonourable conduct. On the contrary, the worthiest and most exalted characters I ever knew, have been those nurtured in the language and reasonings of a liberal cause.

Party has been said, by one who had much personal experience of it, to be "the madness of many for the gain of a few." However just this character may in most cases be, I cannot discern that the charge of irrationality necessarily applies to all who take a part in public contests. Men, indeed, who suffer themselves to be hurried away by their passions, or who, from ignorance of mankind, entertain expectations which can never be realised, and put implicit faith in the declarations of every pretended zealot for their own cause, will always be liable to run into violence and absurdity; but they who are capable of making a sober estimate of the value of the thing contended for, and of the motives and characters of the agents, need not forfeit either their temper or their good sense by even an active interference in party. Nor am I convinced, that because the leaders may be knaves, the followers must always be dupes and fools..... Suspected characters are often, on account of their abilities, suffered to take the lead in conducting an honest cause; and while they perform their parts with spirit and consistency, though it be but acting a part, they may deserve the public support and encouragement. Suppose them to be mercenaries, yet while they fight the battle well, they are fairly entitled to their hire. Nothing is more common, than that such characters employ the prime of their exertions in the service of the party they have spontaneously joined, and reserve only the dregs of life and reputation for the work of prostitution. When Pulteney sunk from the hope and darling of the nation, to the despised and insignificant earl of Bath, whom did he dupe?....himself and his purchasers.

But I feel myself deviating into a dissertation on parties, when it was my purpose only to give a direction to your sentiments and conduct with respect to them. Confining myself, therefore, to this object, I shall make the supposition, that, unbiassed as you are by interest, you will not find it difficult to discover which is the preferable side, in most of those cases where you may be called upon to take a part. Certain systems of power are fundamentally bad. They manifestly never had the public good for their object. They are mere compacts of fraud and violence, by which the rights of the many are sacrificed to the emolument of the few. They abhor all discussion, and rely for their continuance solely on the fears or prejudices of mankind. Concerning them, therefore, your judgment is not very likely to be misled. But, as I have already observed, to judge truly and candidly concerning the individuals who support such systems is not so easy a task. So great is the force of early associations on men's minds, and so complicated are all questions of fact and expedience in human affairs, that persons of the purest intentions may be led to act in a manner totally different from that which you would conclude to be the result of fair and impartial examination.

When, however, you find a man, not deficient in knowledge and enquiry, who, by studied sophistry, endeavours to perplex where he must despair of convincing....misleads from the true point of a question, and strives to wrap it in mysterious obscurity....who throws out malignant insinuations against the views and principles of his opponents, and is

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ever ready to supply the deficiency of argument by appeals to authority ....who, moreover, has a manifest interest in the side he has taken, and in all probability would not have concerned himself at all with the controversy, had it not been for such a motive;....when a man of this character falls in your way (and I fear you cannot walk far through life without such an occurrence) hesitate not to determine, "Hic niger est"....he is bad at heart....a noxious animal, to be shunned or crushed as circumstances may dictate..... The most candid man I ever knew, whose character as well as name we both should be proud to inherit, could never speak without a marked indignation of those who attempted to stifle truths of which they were themselves persuaded, and to force down falsehoods which they knew to be such. There have been, and doubtless are, many Roman catholics, who have received their absurd and tyrannous system of faith with such a perfect conviction of its truth and importance, that they are prepared, with the best intentions, to use unwarrantable means for its support and propagation; but Leo the Tenth, who, amidst buffoons and panders, could say, "What a fine thing this fable of Christ has been to us!" and then employ all the resources of imposture and persecution to maintain the papal power, was an unequivocal knave.

I do not mean, however, to encourage you to make use of hard words in controversy, nor, except in very clear cases, to give way to harsh opinions. And this leads me to warn you against that spirit of credulity, with respect to persons and things, which is so distinguished a feature of party. This it is which has filled our histories with so many slanders and absurdities, and which makes even the current topics of the day little more than a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations..... I know party-men, of unblemished character for veracity in other points, after whom I should be loth to repeat even a probable story.... While some are ensnared by mere credulity, others are still further misled by a spirit of exaggeration, which is not quite so innocent as the former, since it cannot be entirely acquitted of consciousness and design. Both, however, proceed from the same rash and sanguine cast of temper, and a preponderancy of the imagination over the judgment. I think it is the Spectator that gives an account of a person who used to make considerable gains by throwing himself in the way of these hasty people, in their paroxysms of party zeal, and offering them bets on the subject of their bold assertions. The loss of money, however, is the least evil such a disposition is liable to occasion. The loss of credit, even among those of the same party, and a plentiful stock of false and distorted ideas durably impressed on the mind, are more serious mischiefs. It is, indeed, this propensity to weak belief that has thrown the chief ridicule upon party politicians, and rendered them such favourable subjects for satirical representation. One of the best correctives of this tendency is a strong conviction that men are always men, liable to all the variety of motive suited to their nature.... that complete folly and knavery are almost as rare as their opposites.... and that wonders of all kinds are great improbabilities.

I shall close my admonitions by a caution against the littleness of a party spirit. As the essence of all party is division, its natural effect is to narrow our ideas, and fix our attention on parts rather than on wholes. A title, a badge, a dress, and various other little things, are apt to swell into importance, in our imaginations, and to occupy the place of higher and nobler objects. Some party differences are in their own nature so insignificant that every thing belonging to them must necessarily be petty and trivial. But even in those grand contests which turn upon points materially connected with the happiness of mankind, vulgar minds are usually more engaged by the names of the leaders,

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and the banners under which they march, than by the cause. I think, however, that the stronger sense of the present age has in a considerable degree corrected this error, and that the folly and favouritism of party have much abated. It may, in consequence, have become more stern and intractable; but if we are to contend at all, let it be about principles rather than persons, and with the spirit of men, rather than of children. It is true philosophy alone which can elevate the mind above all that is low and debasing; and opposite as the characters of philosophy and party have usually appeared, I despair not of their union in one breast.

ON TELESCOPES.

THE best telescopes, such as Herschell's, enable the eye to see near forty times farther than the naked eye can do, but optic glasses are of two kinds; one brings the object apparently nearer by magnifying it; another penetrates further than the naked eye without magnifying; these are what are called night glasses, and penetrate six or seven times further than the natural eye; and the great advantages of Herschell's telescopes arise from their combining the penetrating and magnifying power. In some circumstances these powers interfere with each other; and even the magnifying power has its limits, since, by extending it too far, obscurity ensues from magnifying the medium. In some nights, when the air is full of vapour, but not in the vesicular state, there are scarcely any limits to the magnifying power. The penetrating power may also be greatly extended. A forty-feet reflector advances to 191.69, but it is possible to extend this power so far as 500. Even with this reflector, allowing a star of the seventh magnitude to be visible to the unassisted eye, this telescope will show stars of the 1342d magnitude; but, when assisted by the united lustre of sidereal systems, it will penetrate 11¼ millions of millions of millions of miles, exceeding 300.000 times, the distance of the nearest fixed star! The range of such a telescope must be of course extensive beyond imagination, and to examine these immense distances there are few favourable hours.

DEATH.

HOW very little is to be decided respecting the characters of men from the last moments of their lives! Many pious and good persons have left the world in agonies and terrors, whilst many vicious and dissolute men have died with great calmness. Pericles, of all men perhaps the least superstitious, and who, during a long and active life, had ever appeared to be master of himself, on his death-bed showed a friend a charm that had been put upon his breast. "See," said he, "to what I am come; the women have made me do this." Patru was desired by the great Bousset, on his death-bed, to undeceive the world respecting some free opinions he was supposed to have entertained. "Ah, mon seigneur," replied he, "dans les derniers moments, on parle le plus souvent par foiblesse ou par vanité."

RABIES FELINA.

AMONG the Garrows, a Hindoo tribe of savages, a madness exists, which they call transformation into a tiger, from the person, who is afflicted with this malady, walking about like that animal, shunning all society. It is said, that on their being first seized with this complaint, they tear their hair, and the rings from their ears, with such force as to break the lobe. It is supposed to be occasioned by a medicine applied to the forehead; but I endeavoured, says a learned traveller, to procure

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some of the medicine thus used without effect; I imagine it rather to be created by frequent intoxications, as the malady goes off in the course of a week or a fortnight; during the time the person is in this state, it is with the utmost difficulty he is made to eat and drink. I questioned a man who had thus been afflicted, as to the manner of his being seized, and he told me he only felt a giddiness, without any pain, and that afterwards he did not know what happened to him.

WELSH FAIRIES DESCRIBED.

THE Roman cavern, in Llanymynech hill, called Ogo, has been long noted as the residence of a clan of the fairy tribe, of whom the villagers relate many surprising and mischievous tricks. They have listened at the mouth of the cave, and have sometimes even heard them in conversation, but always in such low whispers that their words have never been distinguishable. The stream that runs across it is celebrated as being the place in which they have been heard to wash their clothes, and do several other kinds of work.

These busy little folk seem to be somewhat allied to what are called knockers, which by the Welsh are believed to be a species of aerial beings, that are heard under ground in or near mines, who by their noises direct the miners where to find a rich vein. The following extraordinary account of them is by Mr. Lewis Morris, a very learned and sensible man, and a person whose judgment is esteemed of great weight, by every one who has been either acquainted with him or his writings.

People who know very little of art or science, or the powers of nature, (which in other words, are the powers of the Author of nature) will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of knockers in mines, a kind of good-natured inpalpable people, not to be seen, but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types or forerunners of working in the mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream, that foretels rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same natural means? There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of these knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aerial beings, called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night: and there are abundance of honest sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them, or of mines either; but, after the discovery of the great ore, they were heard no more.

When I began to work at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore: but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them blasting, boring holes, landing deads, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of the night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or harm

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they will do him; for they have a notion, that the knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together, shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is boring, the knockers will go on as brisk as can be, in landing, blasting, or beating down the loose; and they are always heard a little from them before they came to the ore.

These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not pretend to account for them. We have now very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the knockers were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice and thank the knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices.

An intelligent friend of mine informs me that these noises of the knockers, as they are called, have very lately been heard in the parish of Llanvihangel Ysgeiviog, in Anglesea, where they continued at different intervals for some weeks. In accounting for these noises it has been observed, that they probably proceeded either from the echo of the miners at work, or from the dropping of water; but these seem by no means sufficient, if Mr. Morris's assertion be true, that while the miners are going on with one kind of work they are going on with another, while, for instance, as he says, the miners are boring, they are blasting, the former certainly cannot be true, and the blasting entirely puts the latter conjecture out of the question, for the droppings of water could never produce any effect of that kind. As I am only acquainted with the subject from report, I am under the necessity of leaving the elucidation of these extraordinary facts to some who have better opportunities of inquiring into them.

SKETCH OF AN ITALIAN CITY.

MATERA in the kingdom of Naples, is said to contain 14,000 inhabitants, amongst whom are several very rich and considerable families. But although the town is the seat of a tribunal, and the residence of a numerous clergy, there reigns, especially among the latter, an astonishing degree of ignorance; and as for the arts and sciences, no favourable mention can be made of them. The people of Matera principally subsist by agriculture, and the breeding of horses, mules, sheep, and hogs. Bread, water, and wine, the three great necessaries of life, are in high perfection at this place; and the two first are not inferior to any in the kingdom. The women, of the upper classes, are not without beauty; but the common people are extremely ugly, ragged, and filthy, of a cruel and barbarous disposition, and so addicted to the most atrocious crimes, that the prisons continually swarm with malefactors, deserving death in its severest forms. This is principally to be ascribed to the clouds of ignorance and darkness in which the province of Basilicata is still enveloped, and to the little care which has hitherto been taken to enlighten its inhabitants; nor will they emerge from their present state of barbarism until they have better roads, more humane barons, and more intelligent and upright governors. Much is here attributed to the misfortune of having had two successive presidents, whose character and conduct at length occasioned their recall: but I ascribe much more to the abominable filth so prevalent in this town, to the mode of living, and to the provisions; which, with the above reasons, have rendered these people unworthy of the human form, and exposed them to disorders and accidents, with which more reasonable beings seldom are afflicted. Without speaking of the number of cretins (although without genitives), and of those who are deformed from their birth, it is sufficient to mention

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the Lupi Mannari, who, rushing out of their subterraneous holes during the night, send forth the most terrifying howls, wallow in the mud, and in the heaps of filth and ordure, and desperately attack such as chance to fall in their way.

In the summer are seen a number of men and women, called Tarantulati, who, decked out in vine-leaves and red ribbons, are suffered to dance unmolested about the streets.

Finally, a disease called the monacello, or l'incube, is here very common amongst men and women, who are delivered over to exorcism, and other impositions of the priests. All these maladies are usually preceded by a profound melancholy, and are caused not so much by the heat of the climate, as by the mode of life, and the nature of the diet prevalent in this part of the country. The excessive use of salt and rancid pork, the uncleanliness in the houses, and in the dark and humid caverns, and the evaporations from the open privies, and hills of filth and ordure that are left in the streets, are the physical causes of these melancholy disorders, which generally terminate in the most dreadful manner. To fill up the measure of misfortune, there is no tolerable physician or surgeon throughout the country, and I advise no one to suffer a tooth to be drawn there, unless he chooses also to risk the fracture of his jaw.

OF THE EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By Volney.

THOUGH North America has only been known about two centuries, this period, so brief in the annals of nature, has supplied us with numerous proofs, that earthquakes have been violent and frequent throughout this region, in former ages, and that they have occasioned those subversions, of which the maritime country affords continual and striking indications. If we ascend merely to the year 1628, when the first English colonists arrived, and deduce events down to 1782, a course of 154 years, says Mr. Williams, we shall find mention made of forty-five earthquakes. His enquiries have established the following general facts:

"That these earthquakes are denoted by a noise, resembling that of a high wind, or that sound which is produced by a chimney on fire. That they throw down the chimney tops, and sometimes even houses themselves: that they have made doors and windows rattle, and leave wells, and even many rivers dry; that they make the waters turbid, and give them a fetid smell of liver of sulphur; that they throw up sand from rents in the earth, which has the same odour; that their tremors appear to flow from internal fire, which pushes the earth upwards, in a line generally running from north-west to south-east, in the course of the Merrimack river, extending southward to the Potowmack, and north to the St. Laurence, particularly affecting the direction of Lake Ontario."

Some particulars in this writer's details have a striking agreement with the appearances which I have already enlarged upon. The odour of liver of sulphur (or ammoniacal sulphure) with which the water and sand are impregnated, exuding from the earth, in large crevices or rifts, is supplied by the strata of schistus, which we see, under a calcareous superstratum, at Niagara, and which, when exposed to the heat, exhales a strong sulphureous vapour.

This schistous stratum is found in the channel of the Hudson, and appears, in many places, in Pennsylvania and New York, among sand stone and granite. There is reason to believe that it prevails all round Ontario, and under Lake Erie, and consequently that it forms one of the great layers of the country, where earthquakes have their principal focus.

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The line of this subterranean fire runs north-west and south-east, affecting strongly the direction of the sea and the Lake Ontario. This bias or tendency is the more remarkable, considering the singular structure of the lake. The other lakes, notwithstanding their great extent, have no great depth. Erie is never more than 100 or 120 feet deep. Lake Superior is easily fathomed, in several places. Ontario, on the contrary, is, in general, very deep, exceeding 250 feet, and, in many places, sounded ineffectually with a line of 500 feet. This vast depth is sometimes discovered near the shore. From these circumstances, the inference is clear, that the bed of the lake is the crater of an extinguished volcano. This conclusion is strengthened by the many volcanic substances found upon its shores, and of which skilful eyes would, no doubt, discover many other specimens; by the shape of the great ledge or cliff which forms an almost circular border to the lake, and which every where evinces, to reflecting observers, that the *flat* of Niagara once extended to the midst of this lake, and that it has been broken up and engulphed by the action of a volcano.

The existence of this furnace agrees with all the traces of earthquakes hitherto mentioned; and these two agents, which we here find united, prove at once the existence of subterranean fires, at a great but unknown depth beneath the surface, and explain that confusion in which the strata of the Atlantic or maritime region is at present found. It likewise explains why the calcareous, and even the granitic strata, have so great an inclination as between 45 and 80 degrees, their shattered masses being heaped together in the pits or chasms formed by great explosions. It is to this breach in the bed of isinglass that the little cataracts are owing; and this fact shows us, that this secret combustion extended, beyond the Potowmack, as far south as this bank itself.

There is doubtless some communication between this bank of talc and that of the Antilles.

I have already observed, that no trace of earthquakes is to be found in the western country; that the Indian languages contain no word corresponding with this phenomenon: I may add, from the authority of Dr. Barton, that they no longer have in use a name equivalent to volcano, of which they can perceive no vestiges amidst the lake, but of which there are numerous remains on the Allegheny. I was informed at Detroit, that the northern Indians relate a story of a mountain, somewhere far inland, which sometimes throws out smoke; but the report wants a surer foundation.

We may reasonably hope, that, in process of time, learned associations may take place, in the United States, who may employ, in geological investigation, more steadfast and experienced means, and thus make greater discoveries, than it is possible for single travellers to accomplish.

Such investigations cannot fail to furnish new and valuable materials for the history of the globe, and will tend to confirm the conjecture of some naturalists, which I have likewise adopted, that North America has emerged from the sea, at a later period than South America, or the greater part of the eastern continent. These waters, whether fresh or saline, fluvial or marine, once covered the surface of this globe, to a greater height than that of the most elevated ridges, and for so long a time as to dissolve all these matters, which were chrystalised after their evaporation or subsiding.

ANECDOTES OF PUTNAM.

IN the year 1739, Putnam removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract

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of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years, on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity..... The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest he should escape though some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize; but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front

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of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desart had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

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Few are so ignorant of war, as not to know, that military adventures in the night are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at the Ovens, near Ticonderoga, took the brave lieutenant Robert Durkee as his companion. In attempting to execute these orders, he narrowly missed being taken himself in the first instance, and killing his friend in the second. It was customary for the British and provincial troops to place their fires round their camp, which frequently exposed them to the enemy's scouts and patroles. A contrary practice, then unknown in the English army, prevailed among the French and Indians. The plan was much more rational; they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their centinels in the surrounding darkness. Our partizans approached the camp, and supposing the centries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greatest possible caution, until, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The centinels, discovering them, fired, and slightly wounded Durkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative. They fled. The latter being foremost, and scarcely able to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay-pit. Durkee, almost at the identical moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleased at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow, when Durkee, who had followed so closely as to know him, enquired whether he had escaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, instantly recognizing the voice, dropped his weapon; and both, springing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighbouring ledges, amidst a shower of random shot. There they betook themselves to a large log, by the side of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before they lay down, captain Putnam said he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or necessary; but, on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the

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enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

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In the month of August five hundred men were employed, under the orders of majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood-Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

Upon being, some time afterwards, discovered, they formed a reunion, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods was *in three divisions by* FILES: the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of Clear River, about a mile from old Fort Ann, which had been formerly built by general Nicholson. Next morning major Rogers, and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct, or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had falled the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and a half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favourable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common rest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up; but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not alwas pass without unfavourable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, "that Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

Major Putnam perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery; sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well-proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-whoop, sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance; the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger

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of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favour of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humour. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow; but he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him; the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French bas-officer, a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation, perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it....it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently and repeatedly pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the butt of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman*, seconded by the persevering valour of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them major Putnam, on whom, besides innumerable other

* This worthy officer is still living at Marlborough, in the state of Massachusetts.

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outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle, round him. They accompanied their labours, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances could admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost one single pang, but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was in a manner past....nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things, when

[illegible]ch officer rushed through the
[illegible]pened a way by scattering
[illegible]g brands, and unbound the
It was Molang himself,

to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal powwas and hellish orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit; but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water, and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to lose his captive, (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet, and tied them to one of his wrists; then directing him to lie down on his back, upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree, the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner, his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down, which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot; on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling when he reflected on this ludicrous groupe for a painter, of which he himself was the principle figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To

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allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the marquis de Montcalm, major Putnam was conducted to Montreal, by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

STORY OF MRS. HOWE.

AT the house of colonel Schuyler, major Putnam became acquainted with Mrs. Howe, a fair captive, whose history would not be read without emotion, if it could be written in the same affecting manner in which I have often heard it told..... She was still young and handsome herself, though she had two daughters of marriageable age. Distress, which had taken somewhat from the original redundancy of her bloom, and added a softening paleness to her cheeks, rendered her appearance the more engaging. Her face, that seemed to have been formed for the assemblage of dimples and smiles, was clouded with care. The natural sweetness was not, however, soured by despondency and petulance, but chastened by humility and resignation. This mild daughter of sorrow looked as if she had known the day of prosperity, when serenity and gladness of soul were the inmates of her bosom. That day was past, and the once lively features now assumed a tender melancholy, which witnessed her irreparable loss. She needed not the customary weeds of mourning, or the fallacious pageantry of woe, to prove her widowed state. She was in that stage of affliction when the excess is so far abated as to permit the subject to be drawn into conversation, without opening the wound afresh. It is then rather a source of pleasure than pain to dwell upon the circumstances in narration. Every thing conspired to make her story interesting. Her first husband had been killed and scalped by the Indians some years before. By an unexpected assault, in 1756, upon Fort Dummer, where she then happened to be present with Mr. Howe, her second husband, the savages carried the fort, murdered the greater part of the garrison, mangled in death her husband, and led her away with seven children into captivity. She was for some months kept with them; and during their rambles she was frequently on the point of perishing with hunger, and as often subjected to hardships seemingly intolerable to one of so delicate a frame. Some time after the career of her miseries began, the Indians selected a couple of their young men to marry her daughters. The fright and disgust which the intelligence of this intention occasioned to these poor young creatures, added infinitely to the sorrows and perplexities of their frantic mother. To prevent the hated connection, all the activity of female resource was called into exertion. She found an opportunity of conveying to the governor a petition, that her daughters might be received into a convent for the sake of securing the salvation of their souls. Happily the pious fraud succeeded.

About the same time the savages separated, and carried off her other five children into different tribes..... She was ransomed by an elderly French officer for four hundred livres. Of no avail were the cries of this tender mother....a mother desolated by the loss of her children, who were thus torn from her fond embraces, and removed many hundred miles from each other, into the utmost recesses of Canada. With them (could they have been kept together) she would most willingly

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have wandered to the extremities of the world, and accepted as a desirable portion the cruel lot of slavery for life. But she was precluded from the sweet hope of ever beholding them again. The insufferable pang of parting, and the idea of eternal separation, planted the arrows of despair deep in her soul. Though all the world was no better than a desert, and all its inhabitants were then indifferent to her, yet the loveliness of her appearance in sorrow had awakened affections which, in the aggravation of her troubles, were to become a new source of afflictions.

The officer who bought her of the Indians had a son, who also held a commission, and resided with his father. During her continuance in the same house, at St. John's, the double attachment of the father and the son, rendered her situation extremely distressing. It is true, the calmness of age delighted to gaze respectfully on her beauty; but the impetuosity of youth was fired to madness by the sight of her charms. One day, the son, whose attentions had been long lavished upon her in vain, finding her alone in a chamber, forcibly seized her hand, and solemnly declared that he would now satiate the passion which she had so long refused to indulge. She recurred to entreaties, struggles, and tears, those prevalent female weapons which the distraction of danger not less than the promptness of genius is wont to supply; while he, in the delirium of vexation and desire, snatched a dagger, and swore he would put an end to her life if she persisted to struggle. Mrs. Howe, assuming the dignity of conscious virtue, told him it was what she most ardently wished, and begged him to plunge the poignard through her heart, since the mutual importunities and jealousies of such rivals had rendered her life, though innocent, more irksome and insupportable than death itself. Struck with a momentary compunction, he ...ed to relent, and relax his ... and she, availing herself of his irresolution, or absence of mind, escaped down the stairs. In her disordered state she told the whole transaction to his father, who directed her, in future, to sleep in a small bed at the foot of that in which his wife lodged. The affair soon reached the governor's ears, and the young officer was, shortly afterwards, sent on a tour of duty to Detroit.

This gave her a short respite; but she dreaded his return, and the humiliating insults for which she might be reserved. Her children, too, were ever present to her melancholy mind. A stranger, a widow, a captive, she knew not where to apply for relief. She had heard of the name of Schuyler....she was yet to learn, that it was only another appellation for the friend of suffering humanity. As that excellent man was on his way from Quebec to the Jerseys, under a parole, for a limited time, she came, with feeble and trembling steps, to him. The same maternal passion which sometimes overcomes the timidity of nature in the birds, when plundered of their callow nestlings, emboldened her, notwithstanding her native diffidence, to disclose those griefs which were ready to devour her in silence. While her delicate aspect was heightened to a glowing blush, for fear of offending by an inexcusable importunity, or of transgressing the rules of propriety, by representing herself as being an object of admiration, she told, with artless simplicity, all the story of her woes..... Colonel Schuyler, from that moment, became her protector, and endeavoured to procure her liberty. The person who purchased her from the savages, unwilling to part with so fair a purchase, demanded a thousand livres as her ransom. But colonel Schuyler, on his return to Quebec, obtained from the governor an order, in consequence of which Mrs. Howe was given up to him for four hundred livres; nor did his active goodness rest until every one of her five sons was restored to her.

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Business having made it necessary that colonel Schuyler should precede the prisoners who were exchanged, he recommended the fair captive to the protection of his friend Putnam. She had just recovered from the meazles, when the party was preparing to set off for New-England. By this time the young French officer had returned, with his passion rather increased than abated by absence. He pursued her wheresoever she went, and, although he could make no advances in her affection, he seemed resolved, by perseverance, to carry his point. Mrs. Howe, terrified by his treatment, was obliged to keep constantly near major Putnam, who informed the young officer that he should protect that lady at the risk of his life.

In the long march from captivity, through an inhospitable wilderness, encumbered with five small children, she suffered incredible hardships. Though endowed with masculine fortitude, she was truly feminine in strength, and must have fainted by the way, had it not been for the assistance of major Putnam. There were a thousand good offices which the helplessness of her condition demanded, and which the gentleness of his nature delighted to perform. He assisted in leading her little ones, and in carrying them over the swampy grounds and runs of water, with which their course was frequently intersected. He mingled his own mess with that of the widow and the fatherless, and assisted them in supplying and preparing their provisions. Upon arriving within the settlements, they experienced a reciprocal regret at separation, and were only consoled by the expectation of soon mingling in the embraces of their former acquaintances and dearest connections.

After the conquest of Canada, in 1760, she made a journey to Quebec, in order to bring back her two daughters, whom she had left in a convent. She found one of them married to a French officer. The other having contracted a great fondness for the religious sisterhood, with reluctance consented to leave them and return.

THE NEAPOLITAN BARON.

The following sketches will please those whose minds can overstep their own immediate circle, and draw motives of contentment from the miseries of others.

THE king represents a double person; as sovereign of the whole nation, and as baron, or a private proprietor of lordships and estates. As it is the law of the country, that the crown is heir to all barons who leave no relations, but such as are beyond the third degree, possessions are continually falling in to the king, who enjoys them with all the rights of a baron; and it is painful to remark, that those estates go to decay as soon as they fall into the royal hands.

The barons in the Terre di Lecce have, first, the criminal jurisdiction in their lordships, where they take cognizance of the whole process, and can condemn to death. The accused has indeed a power of making a variety of appeals; for he may first appeal to the tribunal of the lordship, of which however the judges are nominated by the lord; and in some places there is a privilege that he may again appeal to any one judge to be appointed by the baron in his lordship. From the baronial tribunal he may appeal to the supreme tribunal of the province, which consists of the governor, who has no vote, of the fiscal, the caporuota, the avocato dei poveri, and two lawyers. From thence the appeal lies to the vicaria at Naples, and finally to the royal council of state. No one will be surprized that the retainers of the law should find their account in this long succession of appeals, which exists also in civil causes, to the great impediment of justice. For there likewise the baron takes the

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first cognizance, and has one or two appeals, which indeed only take place in affairs of small import; the rest following the same course as in criminal cases.

The third baronial right is the tenth of every thing growing within the limits of his lordship.

Fourthly: In every feudo or lordship, the baron has the exclusive right of possessing an oven, an oil-press, a mill, a butcher's shop, and an inn; and in some places, even the fountain is the property of the baron; and all these are let by auction to the best bidder.

Fifthly: Some barons are entitled to road and bridge money, although the former are the worst in the world, and the latter are in a most dilapidated state.

Lordships situated upon the sea-coast possess also various rights of anchorage, salvage, fishery, and the like.

Finally: Nearly all possess the privilege, invented during the barbarous ages (and here called cuneatico), of enjoying every bride during the first night of her marriage; but although this is no longer required *in natura*, a certain sum of money may be demanded in lieu of it.

Besides these privileges, the baron has his own private possessions in the lordship, which he usually farms out for a third, or one half of the profits.

They also possess extensive tracts of wood-land and pasture ground, upon which they generally form studs, sheep-walks, and dairies.

All these rights, privileges, and casualties belong to the proprietors of the lordships: namely, to the king in his baronial capacity, to the nobility, the archbishops and bishops (upon whom whole lordships were liberally bestowed in former ages), and to the monasteries, to which also a great many appertain.

When it is considered that the subjects of these lordships likewise pay no small taxes to the crown, their condition will not appear the most enviable. But this admits of some exception; for where the proprietor continually or generally resides upon his estate (as was very much the case about forty years since), and is at the same time a man of understanding; or where the fixed superintendant of the estate follows the orders of a mild and prudent baron, the subjects are generally in a very comfortable situation. With pleasure I recall to mind several such districts, where every countenance displayed the signs of contentment, where agriculture was upon the very best footing, and where various manufactories had attained the highest degree of perfection. It is true that the proprietors administered justice most impartially, that they seldom made any use of their privileges, and in general contented themselves with their tenths; at the same time that they formed many public or other useful institutions, spent their revenues upon the spot, and by their conduct gained such universal esteem and good-will, that many unhappy families flocked to them from other lordships, and were received with kindness, and a ten years exemption from the payment of the tenths. Such noble-minded barons still remain in the kingdom; and although they do not reside upon their estates so frequently as formerly, they pay frequent visits to them, or keep them in a prosperous condition by means of their stewards. Striking indeed is the difference between a flourishing baronial town and a royal one, or such as does not belong to a baron. These are chiefly committed to the care of a governor, who is usually of a poor or decayed family, receives no salary from the king, and either enriches himself in his post, or becomes quite a beggar; for as the town gives him but a very trifling salary, he must of necessity maintain himself as he can: and there are instances of such governors being confederates with smugglers and banditti. Besides that, the king draws a variety of duties from these towns, the inhabitants are forced to pay an annual tax to the town itself.

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In short, the sum actually paid every year by an inhabitant of a royal town, exceeds what a baronial subject would pay to his lord, even were all his rights exacted. But if the baron be an oppressive and unthinking master, or if the steward be a worthless servant, the condition of the subject, and of the estate, is, indeed, so much the more pitiable. For the poor subject can not only with difficulty bear all the pecuniary charges with which he is burthened, and which are extorted from him in the most oppressive manner; but his complaints against injustice are useless, since his lord is the judge, and an eternal succession of appeals leads only to uncalculable expences. Such a tyrant is, indeed, finally punished in a manner that has terrified many from similar proceedings. For as the subjects are not glebæ adscripti, and the baron has only in a few places the right to the tenth of the moveables and immoveables, they are at liberty to leave the territory, and emigrate to a milder government; so that many estates have been depopulated, and the proprietors nearly ruined.

Formerly, and when the barons constantly resided upon their estates, this seldom happened; for they were too well acquainted with their interest, not to keep their estates in a flourishing condition, and too moderate in their expences to have recourse to oppressive expedients to gratify their wants; but since they have begun to relish the pleasures of the metropolis and the court, and bartered their venerable old castles for modern houses of cards, and the manly diversion of hunting for senseless games of chance, and for gilded carriages, in which they parade up and down the streets, in lazy dissipation of their time; and since in lieu of the hospitable table, where the noble actions of their worthy ancestors were circulated with the glass, their evenings are now passed in theatres, filled with pestilential vapours, where the nymphs, devoted to prostitution by their voluptuous manners, dress, and conversation, enervate the minds of well-descended youth, and transform the descendants of many a valiant knight into painted monkeys and senseless chatterers; the iron chests are no longer filled with gold, and the treasure is replaced by accumulated lists of debts, for which the income of future years already is engaged. The education given to the young nobility in the capital, where they are exposed to such vicious examples, creates in them a decided aversion to the tranquil innocence of a country life, and gives rise to a variety of imaginary wants, and unheard of expences, which force them to oppress their subjects, who, if properly encouraged by the occasional presence of their lords, might soon be doubled, and, by a little better management, the estate put in a condition to answer the extraordinary expences of the proprietor. Such also is the cause of the decay of the royal lordships in the province of Lecce, and probably in other parts of the kingdom. Under the prince of Francavilla, who was a nobleman of singular qualities and attainments, these lordships were in the most prosperous condition; for he not only governed his subjects so mildly, as in a short time to double the population of his estates, but encouraged them to the improvement of agriculture by a variety of rewards, formed new colonies, and built villages, converted large tracts of wood-land and common pastures into arable land, and instituted schools and manufactories. The better to accomplish his benevolent designs, he frequently resided upon his estates, and animated every thing by his presence, until death put an end to his projects. Peace be to the ashes of that excellent man, who was esteemed by strangers, and idolized by his vassals; and whose great defects, common to all wealthy princes, were eclipsed by his still greater virtues. After his death a royal steward was set over his estates; but instead of leaving him at liberty to act according as circumstances

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might point out, for the benefit of the property, he was so much under the controul of the council of finance at Naples, that he could not even venture to sow the ground without their orders. The melancholy consequences of giving to persons resident in the capital the management of an estate at the distance of 150 miles, and which they had never even seen, may easily be imagined. The population is already decreased one third; the newly cultivated lands again lie waste, and the manufactories are totally annihilated.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL BOWLES.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS BOWLES was born in Frederic county, in Maryland, about the year 1764. Fascinated from his cradle, with the idea of a military life, when but thirteen years of age he fled from under the paternal roof, and determined to gratify his romantic wishes; and after surmounting a variety of difficulties, and undergoing the almost incredible fatigues of a long march through the woods, he arrived safe in the British camp at Philadelphia; here he was received as a volunteer into an old regiment of of foot, and soon after obtained a commission in a corps* commanded by lieutenant colonel James Chalmers.

Towards the autumn of 1778, he embarked for Jamaica, and afterwards proceeded to Pensacola, in West Florida. At the latter place he was deprived of his commission, and dismissed from the British army.

Bowles submitted to his fate, not merely with a manly fortitude, but even with the appearance of joy: instead of attempting to depreciate the melancholy lot which seemed to await him, he appeared gay, unconcerned, and happy at having regained his liberty. It is thus he is described at this period by a brother officer, who has drawn up a memoir relative to the early part of his life.

"Behold then this disbanded young soldier; his last shilling gone; too proud to beg, and too independent to stoop to menial offices; an uncultivated and savage country around him; no guide but chance, and no resource but his own fortitude; behold him on the brink of apparently inevitable ruin!"

But Fortune, whose peculiar care he seems to have been, stepped in to save him. A party of the Creek nation were on their return home from Pensacola, whither they had come to receive their annual presents; and young Bowles, delighted with the novelty of situation now opened to him, joined the party, having thrown his regimental coat, in contempt of his oppressors, into the sea.

A situation so flattering to the independence natural to the heart of man, had doubtless many attractions; but whether through the sameness of the scene, or a restlessness of disposition constitutional in him, or actuated through pride to show himself once more among those who had reduced him to the appearance of a savage, he left his protectors, after having resided with them a few months, (probably with an intention to return) and came unattended to Pensacola. When he arrived on the opposite shore of the bay, he found a hogshead, which some British ship had left behind them; and Bowles, impatient of delay, without waiting for any other conveyance, like an Esquimaux, with the difference of a hogshead for a boat, the branch of a tree his mast, a blanket his sail, and a few stones his ballast, navigated the extensive shores of the harbour, in the day procuring the food of life, and beguiling the tediousness of time by fowling and fishing, and at night regaling on his prey; the sky his canopy, and the earth his bed.

In this very hogshead, perhaps, his bosom first throbbed with the desire of nautical knowledge; and here, also, he first had occasion to

* The Maryland loyalists.

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seek for resources in himself alone; resources which, at some future day, were to shield him in the hour of danger, and which alone could complete him for the leader of a brave and gallant nation. But this precarious and hazardous livelihood did not last long. The frost of 1779 will be too long remembered in the Floridas; and young Bowles, almost naked, superior to the injuries of men, found in the elements an enemy which neither strength of constitution nor fortitude of mind could withstand. He wanted shelter, and it was not long before he received it. Among the inhabitants of the town who saw his situation, there was one, a baker by profession, who had a heart to commiserate and to relieve him. Under the roof of this hospitable stranger he remained the greatest part of the winter, who, finding him a strong and robust lad, thought it but reasonable that he should assist to make the bread which he so plentifully ate.

Highly impressed, as no doubt he was, with a sense of obligation for such unmerited goodness, an aversion to labour, peculiar to the habits in which he had so lately indulged, made him reject the proposal, and he would again have been exposed to all his former dangers but for his old friends the Creeks.

The extraordinary inclemency of the season had brought them down for presents, and Bowles once more returned with them, and remained near two years. The friendly character of North American savages, when not irritated by resentment, or made sanguinary through thirst of revenge, is well knoown. During this period, such was their mutual regard, that he strengthened their ties of friendship by marrying a daughter of one of their chiefs. Thus he became doubly united to them, both from inclination and the ties of blood; and his children were living pledges of their father's fidelity.

Habit had now confirmed his predilection for a state of nature; and, on the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and Spain, he was thought worthy of being enrolled among the fighting men of this warlike nation. Nor did he discredit their choice. His conduct throughout the war was eminently distinguished for coolness and vigour in action; and the most eminent chiefs pointed him out as an example worthy of imitation.

Mr. Bowles, increasing in the favour and esteem of the Indians, was raised to be their leader. On account of his attachment to the interest of Great Britain, he has suffered much from the court of Spain; but nothing appears sufficient, from the accounts before us, to alter the steady purpose of his pursuits. The interests of the Indians appear to engage his attention and his assiduity, and no doubt he will do much towards their civilization and happiness.

A ROMISH CONVENT IN ENGLAND.

By a late traveller.

AT eight o'clock of a pleasant morning, in the beginning of July, I left Dorchester, in company with two other gentlemen, one of whom had previously visited the monastery, and kindly undertook the office of guide. After a ride of about eleven miles, over downs, covered with flocks of sheep, we declined on the right, into a small valley overhung with woods. The view at the extremity of this valley is beautifully terminated by the English Channel, and in its centre is situated Lulworth-castle, an antique Gothic edifice, consisting of four round towers, connected by as many curtains. As strangers are permitted to see the inside of the castle, we alighted at the principal entrance, on each side of which are two Latin inscriptions, the one commemorating the extended toleration granted to the Roman catholics, in 1780, the other recording a visit from his present majesty, with

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which Mr. Weld was honoured a few years ago. Passing through the hall, we were ushered into a saloon, a large lightsome apartment, at one end of which there was an organ, which was played during the time of our stay in the house. From each principal apartment there is a short passage leading to a room constructed in the tower adjacent, which is used as a bed-chamber. The drawing-room and library are spacious and elegantly furnished. In the pleasure grounds is a handsome Roman catholic chapel, composed of two vestibules, and a rotunda between them. The altar-piece is magnificent, being adorned by three good paintings.

From the castle, we walked through the fields for about the space of a mile before we arrived at the monastery. This edifice is built of very rude materials, and in a very rude style. Its immediate neighbourhood presents a picture of bleak desolation. The hills are destitute of wood, and the east wind, sweeping from the channel, pinches the early shoots of vegetation. Ringing at the gate of the monastery, we were received by the porter. It is impossible to give an accurate idea of the hideousness of this man's dress, which was composed of a tunic made of coarse, thick, and heavy woolen cloth. Over his shoulders he wore a cope made of the same material; this was partly thrown back, so that his face was visible: but the other monks, who were clad precisely in the same manner as the porter, covered their visages, so that nothing but their eyes and noses could be seen. Their stockings are made of coarse cloth, and their shoes are wooden, and about three inches thick in the sole. After asking if we had any women in our party, and being answered in the negative, the porter attended us to the refectory. This is a very plain room, with white-washed walls, furnished with a rude table, and two or three wooden bottomed chairs. We were next conducted to the dining-room. A specimen of the soup and bread, the only victuals allowed to be eaten by the monks, lay upon the table. The appearance of the soup, I must confess, turned my stomach. The bread was absolutely black. Of this fare, the fraternity partake twice a day in summer, and once only in winter. A wooden bowl and spoon, and a coarse earthen-ware cup for each person, composed the whole of their table-utensils. We were next ushered into a kind of common sitting-room, where we found about two dozen of superstitious books, mostly in French, and some few in Latin. This was the whole of their library. The chapel is neat, but plain, excepting the altar, which is a little ornamented. Passing from the chapel through a cloister, we visited the burying-ground, which occupies a small inner court, overgrown with rank weeds, and tall luxuriant grass. Two graves, already tenanted, are marked by wooden crosses; and one grave is always kept open ready to receive the next deceased. Our conductor assured us, that each individual of the fraternity prayed sincerely that he himself might soon become the occupant. At this I am not surprised; for such misery, and such a degradation of human nature, as is exhibited within the precincts of these walls, I never elsewhere witnessed. Having surveyed the lower story, we were shown up stairs into the dormitory, a long narrow apartment, lighted by a single window at the end opposite to the door. In this one apartment are twenty-four or twenty-five beds, or rather cells, separated from each other by wooden partitions. In these cells, the whole fraternity repose on bare boards, covered with only a blanket and a rug. They rise every night at twelve o'clock, at which hour they go to prayers. This exercise employs them till four, when they go to work in the farm or garden, or in domestic occupations. At eleven they assemble to dinner, and at seven they retire to rest. None of the brotherhood, excepting the

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porter, are permitted to speak, unless by special permission of the superior. The monks whom we met did not so much as look at us. When we approached them, they turned aside their heads, and crossed themselves in silence. The stillness of the place was awful.... Seventeen men and five boys compose the present society; if society that union may be called, whose very essence is unsociability. For the use of these cenobites Mr. Weld has assigned the monastery, and a farm of sufficient extent to furnish them with the necessaries of life. Their superfluous produce they dispose of at the neighbouring market, where they also purchase such few articles as they may happen to want in their simplicity of domestic arrangement.

The porter, though one of the brotherhood, was sufficiently communicative. He complained, indeed, that the superior, by continuing him for two years in an office which ought to be occupied by each brother in his turn, had grievously interrupted those devout meditations in which it was his ardent wish to be uninterruptedly employed. Intercourse with strangers, he said, led his thoughts back to that world which he wished to forget. I was not a little surprised, when, on my taking leave of this gentleman, who so earnestly aspired after a separation from the world, I was hesitating, in French, a short acknowledgement of his polite attention, he cast his eyes on the ground, with a modest humility, half extended his dirty paw, and uttered, in a tone of the gentlest complaisance, "*Tant qu'il vous plaira, monsieur.*" A few shillings was the toll levied on our exit from this gloomy abode of ignorance and nastiness, which I quitted with a sigh, breathed in compassion of the lot of those whom vice or folly drive for the expiation of real or fancied iniquities into the community of La Trappe.

ACCOUNT OF THE MAL'ARIA, OR PESTILENTIAL ATMOSPHERE OF ITALY.

PRESENZANO is a considerable town, in the kingdom of Naples, seated upon the side of a lofty hill, the situation of almost all the towns and villages whose environs are unhealthy. In the morning the labourer quits his nest, and descends to the plains, where he patiently bears the heat of the sun during the whole day, without fearing any detriment to his health; but as soon as the evening commences, he flies back to his asylum, where he fearlessly abandons himself to sleep during the night; whereas one hour's repose upon the plains would be fatal to his existence. This effect is attributed to the mal'aria, which signifies somewhat more than merely unwholesome air. During my abode at Naples, several travellers who ridiculed the dread which is entertained there of the mal'aria, and who treated the effect of an almost unavoidable death, or at least of a most dangerous disorder, arising from sleeping in it, as a childish fancy, afterwards forfeited their lives to their incredulity and rashness. The most delightful parts of southern Italy are exposed to this pestilence; for, without mentioning the well known Maremme Pontine, this evil is common to the flat parts of the provinces of Teramo and Abruzzo; near the sea, to almost all the northern part of the Terra di Lavora, to extensive tracts in Apulia, and the two Principati; to almost all the coast of the two Calabrias, and to a considerable part of Sicily. From the beginning of June to nearly the middle of November, those countries exhale a pestiferious and mortal vapour; and the unhappy traveller, who is there overtaken by sleep, quickly feels an universal lassitude and heaviness in his limbs, a painful head-ach, and want of appetite, the forerunners of a slow fever, which soon becomes putrid,

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and in a few days put an end to his existence. Many physicians have assured me that it is almost impossible to free the body from the poison thus imbibed by breathing..... The warmth with which the Neapolitans caution every stranger against this pestiferious air, and point out to him the places where he may repose without danger, does honour to their good nature. It may indeed arise in part from their dread of this merciless enemy; for, though as natives of the country, they may be supposed to be less subject to it, yet the cadaverous countenances, and short lives of those who are forced to reside in such situations, sufficiently prove that the mal'aria is equally fatal to the natives. I cannot properly account for the origin of this pestilential air; for although it chiefly prevails, and is of the most noxious kind in the morasses, from whence the sun draws up the fatal exhalations, yet large woody tracts, and extensive flat wastes, are also rendered uninhabitable by it; and it has even been proved, that dry and well cultivated, but flat and low tracts of land, are likewise subject to it. In short, the paradise of Europe, whose advantages so eminently distinguish it from our northern countries, is in this particular far behind our wild and rough, but healthy hills and vallies.

IS MARRIAGE OR CELIBACY MOST ELIGIBLE? OR, IS THE MATRON OR THE OLD MAID THE BEST MEMBER OF SOCIETY?

THE merits of the childless, and of those who have brought up large families, should be compared without prejudice, and their different influence on the general happiness of society justly appreciated.

The matron who has reared a family of ten or twelve children, and whose sons, perhaps, may be fighting the battles of their country, is apt to think that society owes her much; and this imaginary debt, society is, in general, fully inclined to acknowledge. But if the subject be fairly considered, and the respected matron weighed in the scales of justice against the neglected old maid, it is possible that the matron might kick the beam. She will appear rather in character of a monopolist, than of a great benefactor to the state. If she had not married and had so many children, other members of the society might have enjoyed this satisfaction; and there is no particular reason for supposing that her sons would fight better for their country than the sons of other women. She has therefore rather substracted from, than added to, the happiness of the other parts of society. The old maid, on the contrary, has exalted others by depressing herself. Her self-denial has made room for another marriage, without any additional distress; and she has not, like the generality of men, in avoiding one error, fallen into its opposite. She has really and truly contributed more to the happiness of the rest of the society arising from the pleasures of marriage, than if she had entered into this union herself, and had besides portioned twenty maidens with a hundred pounds each; whose particular happiness would have been balanced, either by an increase in the general difficulties of rearing children and getting employment, or by the necessity of celibacy in twenty other maidens somewhere else. Like the truly benevolent man in an irremedial scarcity, she has diminished her own consumption, instead of raising up a few particular people, by pressing down the rest. On a fair comparison, therefore, she seems to have a better founded claim to the gratitude of society than the matron. Whether we could always completely symphathize with the motives of her conduct, has not much to do with the question. The particular motive which influenced the matron

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to marry, was certainly not the good of her country. To refuse a proper tribute of respect to the old maid, because she was not directly influenced in her conduct by the desire of conferring on society a certain benefit, which, though it must undoubtedly exist, must necessarily be so diffused as to be invisible to her, is in the highest degree impolitic and unjust. It is expecting a strain of virtue beyond humanity. If we never reward any persons with our approbation, but those who are exclusively influenced by motives of general benevolence, this powerful encouragement to good actions will not be very often called into exercise.

There are very few women who might not have married in some way or other. The old maid, who has either never formed an attachment, or has been disappointed in the object of it, has, under the circumstances in which she has been placed, conducted herself with the most perfect propriety; and has acted a much more virtuous, and honourable part in society, than those women who marry without a proper degree of love, or at least of esteem, for their husbands; a species of immorality which is not reprobated as it deserves

If, in comparisons of this kind, we should be compelled to acknowledge that, in considering the general tendency of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence, the conduct of the old maid had contributed more to the happiness of the society than that of the matron; it will surely appear, not only unjust, but strikingly impolitic, not to proportion our tribute of honour and estimation more fairly according to their respective merits. Though we should not go so far as to reward single women with particular distinctions; yet the plainest principles of equity and policy require, that the respect which they might claim from their personal character should, in no way whatever, be impeded by their particular situation; and that, with regard to rank, precedence, and the ceremonial attentions of society, they should be completely on a level with married women.

It is still however true, that the life of a married person, with a family, is of more consequence to society than that of a single person; because, when there is a family of children already born, it is of the utmost importance that they should be well taken care of, and well educated; and of this there is very seldom so fair a probability when they have lost their parents. Our object should be merely to correct the prevailing opinions with regard to the duty of marriage; and, without positively discouraging it, to prevent any persons from being attracted, or driven into this state by the respect and honour which await the married dame, and the neglect and inconveniences attendant on the single woman.

It is perfectly absurd as well as unjust, that a giddy girl of sixteen should, because she is married, be considered by the forms of society as the protector of women of thirty, should come first into the room, should be assigned the highest place at table, and be the prominent figure to whom the attentions of the company are more particularly addressed. Those who believe that these distinctions, added to the very long confinement of single women to the parental roof, and their being compelled, on all occasions, to occupy the back ground of the picture, have not an influence in impelling many young women into the married state, against their natural inclinations, and without a proper degree of regard for their intended husbands, do not, as I conceive, reason with much knowledge of human nature. And till these customs are changed, as far as circumstances will admit, and the respect and liberty which women enjoy are made to depend more upon personal character and propriety of conduct, than upon their situation as married or single; it must be acknowledged that, among the higher ranks of

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life, we encourage marriage by considerable premiums.

If all those who are afflicted with hereditary diseases and imperfections, would resolutely abstain from propagation, it is probable that the health and beauty of the human race would sensibly improve; and there can be no doubt that the various departments of society would still be sufficiently stocked with active members. Other motives justify, and are promoting, the increase of celibacy. Connected manners may follow. Monastic institutions were rationally encouraged in the over-peopled countries of ancient times, for the purpose of separating the imperfect portion of the species from the more finished portion, which was in duty bound to live a creative life. These institutions may have become receptacles of indolence, or have degenerated into manufactories of superstition; but they are assuredly capable of an organization which would contribute to the comfort of age, to the amusement of singleness, to the progress of literature, and to the accommodation of penury. Vows may be foolish; vigilance, unwholesome; segregation, dull; and uniforms, ridiculous: but Charity will remember with gratitude the sisters of Mercy, and Learning record with veneration the instructive toils of the Benedictines. Tasks of beneficence or utility, adapted to the rank and education of the component individuals, might be distributed among these endowed public boarding-houses: in some, children might be taught to read; in others, statesmen to legislate: here might arise an hospital for nurses, there of muses: here might be manufactured tobacco-pipes, there encyclopædias.

SICARD'S MODE OF TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

HE first of all places before his pupil several simple articles well known in common life, as a key, a knife, a watch, a pencil: he exhibits the various uses of these instruments before him; and when he is well acquainted with their uses by the exercise of his vision, he gradually informs him that he has occasion for them, by representing the action they produce. From this simple sign of the fingers alone, he advances to drawing, and delineates these different instruments on paper. The object and the sign of the object hereby mutually represent each other: by touching the object he expresses his want of the drawing, by touching the drawing he expresses his want of the object. Signs are thus made the representations and symbols of things that are absent, and pave the way most commodiously for the knowledge of letters. This, in reality, is acquired by writing the letters, by by which any of the above signs are spelt, against the drawings or signs themselves, and exciting and renewing the attention of the pupil to them till he is acquainted as deeply with their representative power as with that of the drawings or hieroglyphics. To acquaint him with the order in which they occur in the alphabet, and with the difference between vowels and consonants, he is gradually taught the idea that the former have a binding or connecting power over the latter, without the exercise of which they could never be united into words, or become symbolical of things. The letters of the alphabet are therefore on this account, divided by M. Sicard into *connecting* and *connected*, as terms far more familiar and easy to be comprehended by his pupil than the terms vowels and consonants; the power of each vowel or connecting letter is discovered to him by frequent reference to a variety of words in which it occurs, and the meaning of which is first of all taught by introducing the things for which they stand, or their representative drawings. Some deviation is also made in the accustomed order of the consonants of the alphabet, for the sake of greater sim-

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plicity and expedition in learning: the pupil is instructed, in the first instance, to regard P and B as letters whose power, in pronunciation, is nearly similar; C, Q, K, and G are, in like manner, regarded as characters of the same family, and between which it is not worth while at first to make any essential distinction; the same is represented between F and V, M and N, S and Z; by which means the initiating consonants for the deafly-dumb pupil are reduced from nineteen to about seven or eight only, the powers and characters of which, being few in number, and all of them widely distinct from each other, may be easily explained and comprehended. In a manner somewhat similar, and with equal ease, he is taught the science of numbers.

THE MODERN STATE OF TEMPE AND OLYMPUS: NOW CALLED AMBELAKIA.

From a French Traveller.

POETS have never seen Tempe and Olympus in these views, which are more interesting in advanced age than in the enthusiasm of youth. Ambelakia is a very flourishing spot, having trebled its number of inhabitants in the last fifteen years; and now contains four thousand souls, who are employed wholly in dyeing, and 'live like a swarm of bees in a hive.'

Neither the vices nor the languor of idleness are known in this spot; the hearts of the Ambelakiates are pure, and their countenances serene. Slavery, which blights the harvests on the banks of the Peneus at their feet, has not ascended to their cottages. No Turk is permitted to dwell among them; and they are governed, like their ancestors, by their own magistrates. Twice the furious mussulmen of Larissa, jealous of their ease and happiness, attempted to scale the mountains and pillage their habitations: twice they were repelled by crowds, who quitted the vat to assume the musket.

Every hand, even those of children, is employed in the dye-houses of Ambelakia; and, while the men dye the cotton, the women prepare and spin it. In the whole district they are not acquainted with the spinning-wheel; the work is executed with the spindle; and the thread is, of course, less strong, round, and equable, but more soft, silky, and tenacious. It is less brittle and more durable, bleaches more easily, and dyes more completely. It is pleasing to see the women of Ambelakia, each armed with her rock, and gossiping on the seats at their doors....but the pleasure is instantaneous; on the appearance of a stranger, they immediately retire and hide themselves; showing, like Galatea, in their precipitate flight, their wish to fly and to be seen:

"Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri."

The eye can only catch a glance of these women; but it sees with admiration the bold and elegant Grecian shapes, which have served as models for some of the most beautiful statues in the world.

For my own part, I shall never forget what I saw in my first journey to Ambelakia and its neighbourhood.....A numerous population, living wholly on the produce of its manufactures, and displaying, among the rocks of Ossa, the interesting union of a family of friends and brothers; the charming institution, banished by the Jesuits to the forests of Paraguay, transplanted, as by enchantment, to the precipices and the vallies of Tempe; the ancient Greek prejudices subdued; the taste for trifling subtleties replaced by a love of solid studies; national vanity checked by generous sentiments; every grand and liberal idea flourishing on a soil devoted, during twenty centuries, to slavery; the original Greek character sprouting with its former luxuriance in the midst of the caverns and torrents of Pelion;....in a word, all the virtues

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and all the talents of the ancients rising again in a corner of modern Greece.

SKETCH OF AMSTERDAM, TAKEN FROM THE LETTER OF A TRAVELLER, WHO VISITED THAT CITY IN JULY, 1799.

AMSTERDAM is one of the largest, and I believe I may add, one of the most beautiful cities of Europe, and strongly fortified. The streets are all broad, well paved, and, as in the other cities of the Netherlands, kept very clean. The most beautiful of the streets are incontestibly the four called *gragts*, which derive their names from the four broad canals which flow in a right line through the city for about four miles and a half. These canals have, on each side, broad streets, planted with rows of trees, and connected by beautiful drawbridges..... But then this pleasantness is counterbalanced by many disagreeable circumstances. The canals serve to the inhabitants as a receptacle for all kinds of filth, which they cast into the water from their houses; this occasions, especially in summer, a pestilent and intolerable stench .... In winter, the canals send forth a nebulous exhalation, which begins to rise at about sun-set, and continues often till nine o'clock in the morning: this fog is frequently so dense, that it is impossible to distinguish the street from the canal, whence many an unwary stranger loses his life by falling into the water. These exhalations likewise force the inhabitants to observe the high degree of cleanliness which prevails here, and which is absolutely necessary for the preservation of their health and of the external beauty of their houses, which would otherwise soon be covered with a thick black incrustation. Next to these *gragts*, the most beautiful street of Amsterdam is the *Kalvers* [illegible] much on account of [illegible] cleanliness (for it is narrow and dirty) but because it extends above a mile and a half in length, and every house presents to the eye of the stranger new objects to occupy his attention and to excite his desires. The whole street is one continued fair, where every thing, from the most trifling necessaries of life, to the most costly articles of luxury may be purchased; every house is a warehouse, vying with one another in the rarity and richness of the commodities they contain. The politician may here meet with a considerable fund of entertainment; partly because he will observe, with smiling astonishment, that a variety of English manufactures (the importation and selling of which is forbidden by several decrees) are publicly exposed for sale; partly because he will here find a number of his fraternity assembled, as the principal coffee-houses are in this street, probably on account of its vicinity to the town-house..... Of the other streets none is peculiarly distinguished, though those nearest to the haven and on the egge, will appear the most interesting to a stranger, who never before saw a large commercial city, both on account of the prospect, and of the incessant bustle of the busy multitude. "*Olim meminisse juvabit*," exclaims the Amsterdam merchant when he now passes along this part of the city; and whoever has, during the present war, been in Hamburg, will certainly find himself comparatively lonely and unsatisfied in the harbour of Amsterdam.

The most disagreable part of the city is the quarter of the Jews, who, before they were admitted to the rank of citizens, were obliged to dwell, with very few exceptions, in a distinct part of the city, which, indeed, lies within the gates and walls of Amsterdam, but is separated by the Amstel from the habitations of the christians, communicating therewith only by means of a bridge. The filth in the streets inhabited by the Jews, and the excessive nastiness of the houses, sur-

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pass all power of description; and are more disgusting, as one is quite unaccustomed here to such a sight. The Jews themselves are, for the most part, clothed in dirty rags, make a disagreeable noise, crowd around the stranger, begging of him, and teazing him to buy some of their wares; and, if an opportunity offers, picking his pocket, so that one cannot be too much on his guard against the tricks of such dexterous and cunning thieves.

The houses in Amsterdam are in general built in an old-fashioned style: only a few in the *Heeren-gragt* are distinguished by a better taste. As the population of Amsterdam....before the last revolution, by which this city, from obvious causes, lost a number of its inhabitants.... had, by degrees, greatly increased; this naturally occasioned a want of room, the consequence of which was, that most of the private houses are so narrow, and the broadest of them has not above six windows in front. The most beautiful houses are in the *gragts*, which are inhabited by private persons and placemen, and therefore are the dearest*. But here too the houses are narrow from want of room; they have, therefore, sunk stories, through which the usual entrance leads: but, besides, every house has steps, which lead directly into the first story, and the way by which strangers and visitors usually enter.

The public edifices in Amsterdam deserve the most honourable testimony: here there has been no sparing of the ground; for they are all large, and some of them beautiful buildings. Among the rest, the house belonging to the society known by the name of *Felix Meritis* is particularly distinguished by its noble style of architecture.

On the other hand there is a total want of beautiful and spacious public places or squares. That in which the town-house....and now likewise the tree of liberty....stand, is very irregular, and too much crowded with buildings. The market-places, as the butter-market, the water-market, &c. scarce deserve to be mentioned. The most pleasant spot in the whole city I found on the bridge known by the name of *Pont des Amowrena*, where there is an excellent prospect. On the one side I glanced over the river down upon the city, and the busy bustle of its laborious inhabitants;....I overlooked many of the bridges situated lower; and the houses, which, with the row of trees on the Amstel, form two beautiful side-lines, end in the back-ground in the shape of an amphitheatre, to which the lofty spires that emulously rise at a greater distance in the city, give a picturesque appearance. On the other side, the eye glides adown the silver stream of the Amstel, dwells upon a thousand small boats, *trekschuyte*, and larger vessels, with which the river is covered, reposes on the shades of the trees that adorn its banks, delights in the bustle of the busy multitude, in the splendour of the horsemen, the coaches, and the yachts, till, with the stream, it loses itself in the obscurity of distance.

This is the most charming spot in Amsterdam, and, I am almost tempted to say, the only one which can have any charms for a stranger. Public walks there are none, except what are called *Plantagen* be reckoned such: but these consist of only some rectilinear stiff rows of trees, planted, however, at so great a distance from one another, that they only serve to excite an unsatisfied longing after shade. He who has accustomed himself to seek for delight and refreshment in the charms of nature....to awaken his slumbering faculties, and raise his

* A house with three windows in front, which has from four to five good apartments, some bed-rooms, and a small garden, is let for 12 or 1400 florins annual rent. Good houses are now dearer in Amsterdam than before the revolution. This is probably owing to so many placemen and officers of the state, who before that period dwelt at the Hague, having migrated to this city.

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depressed spirits by the sight of the various and grand creations of her unceasing activity; or to animate his heart with fresh courage and hope by her soft and blissful pictures....he must not choose Amsterdam for his place of abode. The greatest uniformity reigns in the circumjacent country....every where meadows, water, dykes, painted houses, stiff gardens, few trees, and, where there are any, planted in rectilinear rows! He who cannot view every thing with the speculating and calculating eye of the inhabitants of this city, he who cannot surrender his whole soul to a desire of gain, let him avoid this place, where the selfish spirit of commercial speculation, and a corrupt taste, blast all the buddings of nature, and render the mind callous to every impression of the sublime and beautiful.

Certainly, though Amsterdam surpass Hamburg in external beauty, yet it is far behind the latter as to the beauty of the surrounding country, and the state of society.

All that makes a residence in Hamburg agreeable, is wanting here, where there are neither public nor private entertainments, which can have any charms for a man of a cultivated mind.

Public institutions for the advancement of knowledge there are very few. A well-known one is the *Athenæum:* but what interest can a public school excite, whose professors possess, indeed, a great deal of knowledge, but that only partial, and who, at the same time, are full of the most ridiculous self-conceit! I conversed with one of them about the Critical Philosophy: he owned to me that he had not studied it; "for," said he, "it has caused the disasters of our country!" meaning the last revolution. What intentional ignorance and pertinacious intolerance! It would lead me too far, if I attempted to give you an idea of the poverty of the Amsterdamers in the endowments of a cultivated mind: it altogether surpassed my expectation. Not that I would deny that I have met with individuals who possesed a variety of elegant knowledge, especially in physics and natural history, which are without doubt the favourite sciences of the Dutch. A laudable proof hereof is the celebrated society *Felix Meritis*, which causes public lectures to be read on subjects relative to these sciences by some of its members....who are divided into active and passive. In their assembly-house, where all the members daily meet to read the newspapers and to play, they have a cabinet of natural history, which is not yet very considerable, but a good foundation is laid for a more complete collection. In the house of the society *Felix Meritis* young painters likewise receive instructions in their art. In general, indeed, the Amsterdamers are fond of painting and drawing: and at the house of every man of rank and *bon ton* you may be certain of meeting with a more or less good collection of engravings and pictures, the latter commonly of the Flemish school. Since the revolution, a collection of pictures, taken from the different public buildings, has been placed in a large apartment of the town-house. In this collection there are many excellent pieces; among others, Rembrandt's celebrated night-piece....the Patrole.

This, then, is all I have to say to you of the state of learning in Amsterdam. I should, indeed, wish to make a few remarks on the here prevalent mode of education, but this is, perhaps, not the proper place for such discussions: and as willingly will you dispense with my treating on the favourite theme of the Amsterdamers, viz. theology, as here likewise I must lead you through fields overgrown with thorns and thistles, and could entertain you only with proofs of the good intentions and restless zeal of the Dutch divines, especially if you give me permission to serve up a catalogue of the refutations of Paine's deistical principles, which appeared during my residence there. I now conduct you to the public amusements: you

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may yourself decide, whether the cultivated stranger will find in them a compensation for the want of literary entertainment.

In this list, the first place is due to the theatres. There are three of them, the German, French, and Dutch. At the first, operas only are performed, in which Mad. Lange (who acted before on the Hamburg stage) performs the principal parts, and Mr. Galhaar gains much applause as buffoon. The orchestra is pretty good....and the music generally commences with some patriotic air; as indeed it does at all the theatres. He who can accommodate himself to the taste of the Hollanders, will not be altogether unsatisfied at the Dutch theatre. Several of the actors perform tolerably well: the most esteemed are Mr. and Mrs. Suvek, who act the heroic parts..... No regard is here paid to the selecting of proper pieces, or rather there are no good ones to select, at least I saw only bad ones, and several that properly were only fit for children. The dresses and scenery at this theatre are excellent; and the dancers have arrived at very great proficiency in their art. It is worth the while to see such a ballet as *Lodoiska*, in which managers and dancers exert all their powers to satisfy the connoisseur. At the French theatre, M. Bertin and Schwenzer particularly distinguished themselves: and by their departure the company lost two of its chief supports. A Parisian actor, named Baptiste, who, during my stay at Amsterdam, several times made his appearance in the buffoon parts, deservedly excited extraordinary attention. At this theatre, too, the choice of pieces for representation is regulated solely by the unfortunately very corrupt taste of the public: sometimes, however, they performed plays which were interesting on account of their allusions and reference to the history of the day.

Concerts are very frequent in Amsterdam; and, as may be supposed, differ much as to their degree of excellence. The best are given in the concert-room at the *Felix Meritis*, but to these no one is admitted without a ticket from a member of the society. The other concerts are very seldom attended by persons of rank.

Public balls, routs, and dancing-parties, are indeed very often advertised; but there likewise one seldom meets with persons of a superior rank: these entertainments are only for the lower classes, and by the most of these they are frequented, not merely for the amusement of dancing, but with other by-views.

For men, the coffee-house is the chief place of recreation and centre of amusement. This appears from the extraordinary number of such houses, which are always crowded. Politics form the principal part of the entertainment here. They read as many newspapers as possible, and then discuss their contents, whilst smoking a pipe of tobacco. A few indeed occasionally play at chess or billiards; but rarely, however, and for the most part only young people.

From this short sketch you see that a man of a cultivated taste can find no recreation in the public amusements of Amsterdam; and his lot will appear still more worthy of commiseration, when I assure you, that for the polished stranger there is not entertainment to be found in private companies. This is not owing to any want of hospitality or obliging disposition on the part of the citizens of Amsterdam, but to their contracted and partial views of things. A letter of recommendation to a merchant of Hamburg procures innumerable advantages, interesting acquaintances, repeated invitations, instructors and companions to show him the curiosities of the city....in short, ONE recommendation is sufficient to render a sojourment in Hamburg extremely agreeable. In Amsterdam, on the contrary, the merchant, to whom you have a letter of introduction, gives you a most polite reception,

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invites you to dinner on that or the following day. Here you find the company composed entirely of men (at most only the lady of the house) eat of the most exquisite dishes, drink wines still better, and converse on politics (for as a stranger is acquainted with neither the *chronique scandaleuse* nor the bargains of the change, and the Amsterdamers in general take no pleasure in other subjects, any other conversation cannot easily take place) and thus you have reaped the fruits of your recommendation, except, perhaps, that you may once more be fed in a similar manner.

One of the chief pleasures of the Amsterdamers is to give and partake of such dinners in select family parties, or to visit one another to tea; but then they rarely invite strangers; who, especially since the last revolution, are treated with far less kindness and hospitality than before; as since that period party-spirit rages with the most absolute sway, and has a most baneful influence on the public morals, on the state of society, and on the treatment of strangers. Into whatever company you go, they anxiously endeavour to find out your political and religious opinions: if they are repugnant to the principles professed by the company, you may be certain of not being again invited; on the contrary, you will find every possible obstacle thrown in your way during your stay in the city. If you imagine that you may guard against these inconveniences by remaining silent, you would soon be convinced of your mistake: they would interpret your silence and your actions till they thought they had found out to what party you belonged. This spirit of party is every where visible, and every where maintains its influence. I myself was present, when a cultivated and estimable man was refused admittance to the *Felix Meritis*, because he was attached to the orange party, and that society is composed of patriots!

HARRY PAULET.

HARRY PAULET, commonly called duke of Bolton, king of Vine-street, and governor of Lambeth marsh, a well-known public character, died lately in the above neighbourhood, and his remains were attended to the grave by a great number of persons whom his bounty had made comfortable.

Parsons, the comedian, speaking of the subject of the following particulars, frequently declared, with the greatest gravity, that he would rather expend a crown to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles, than sit, gratis, by the most celebrated orator of the day. There was (said Parsons) a manner in his heart-felt narrations, that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action; and when he described the moment of victory, I have seen a dozen labouring men, at the crown public house, rise together, and, moved by an instantaneous impulse, give three cheers, while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits. This man, whose love for his country could not be excelled, was, in the year 1758, master of an English vessel in North America, and traded up the river St. Lawrence; but being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner under Montcalm, at Quebec, who refused to exchange him, on account of his extensive knowledge of the coast, the strength of Quebec and Louisbourg, with the different soundings. They therefore came to a resolution to send him to France to be kept a prisoner during the war; and with such intent he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with dispatches to the French government. Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day, that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard on any danger of being taken: this he marked as the object of a daring enterprise; and shortly after,

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In consequence of the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions and intelligence, he put his design into execution. There were two English men of war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt; he therefore one night, when all but the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and having fixed it in his mouth, silently let himself down to the water, and, to prevent being discovered, floated on his back to the bows of one of the English ships, where he secured himself by the cables, and calling for assistance, was immediately taken on board with the packet. The captain, charmed with his bold attempt, treated him with great humanity, and gave him a suit of scarlet clothes, trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained to the day of his death. The dispatches being transcribed, proved to be of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America; and Harry was sent with a copy of them post overland to Lisbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London. Upon his arrival in town, he was examined by proper persons in the administration, and rewarded agreeable to the nature of his service; but, what is most remarkable, an expedition was instantly formed upon a review of these dispatches, and our successes in North America, under Wolfe and Saunders, are in some degree to be attributed to the attachment of Harry Paulet to the interest of his country.

For his services the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, by which, with other advantages, for Harry had ever been prudent, he was enabled to purchase a vessel: here Fame takes some liberty with his character, and asserts, that he used to run to the French coast, and now and then take in a cargo of brandy; but, be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning, when the French fleet had stole out of Brest under Conflans, while admiral Hawke was hid behind a rock off Ushant to watch the motions of the enemy. Mr. Paulet, loving his country better than his cargo, soon ran up to the British admiral, and demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast and come on board: upon his telling Hawke what he knew of the enemy, the admiral told him, if he was right, he would make his fortune; but if he had deceived him, by G....d he would hang him up at the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the master (for he was an excellent pilot), the British fleet was presently brought between the enemy and their own coast; and now the admiral ordered Paulet into the vessel, and bade him make the best of his way; but Harry begged of the admiral, as he had discovered the enemies of his country, that he might be allowed to assist in beating them. This request was assented to by the commander; and Paulet had his station assigned, at which no man could behave better; and when the battle was over, this true-born Englishman was sent home covered with commendations, and rewarded with that which enabled him to live happy the remainder of his life. Mr. Paulet possessed a freehold estate in Cornhill, London; and, respecting the good he did with his income, there is not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's acre, who does not testify with gratitude some act of benevolence performed for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane heroic Englishman.

ACCOUNT OF LONG ISLAND.

By an English traveller.

AFTER leaving the immediate vicinage of New York, which stands at the southern extremity of the former of these two islands, but little is to be met with that deserves attention; the soil, indeed, is fertile, and

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the face of the country is not unpleasingly diversified with rising grounds; but there is nothing grand in any of the views which it affords, nor did I observe one of the numerous seats with which it is overspread, that was distinguished either for its elegant neatness or the delightfulness of its situation: none of them will bear any comparison with the charming little villas which adorn the banks of the Schuylkill near Philadelphia.

On Long Island much more will be found, in a picturesque point of view, to interest the traveller. On the western side in particular, bordering upon the Narrows, or that contracted channel between the islands, through which vessels pass in sailing to New York from the Atlantic, the country is really romantic. The ground here is very much broken, and numberless large masses of wood still remain standing, through the vistas in which you occasionally catch the most delightful prospects of the distant hills on Staten Island and the New Jersey shore, and of the water, which is constantly enlivened by vessels sailing to and fro.

To an inhabitant of one of the large towns on the coast of America, a country house is not merely desirable as a place of retirement from noise and bustle, where the owner may indulge his fancy in the contemplation of rural scenes, at a season when Nature is attired in her most pleasing garb, but also as a safe retreat from the dreadful maladies which of late years have never failed to rage with more or less virulence in these places during certain months. When at Philadelphia the yellow fever committed such dreadful havoc, sparing neither the rich nor the poor, the young nor the aged, who had the confidence to remain in the city, or were unable to quit it, scarcely a single instance occurred of any one of those falling a victim to its baneful influence, who lived but one mile removed from town, where was a free circulation of air, and who at the same time studiously avoided all communication with the sick, or with those who had visited them; every person therefore at Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, &c. who is sufficiently wealthy to afford it, has his country habitation in the neighbourhood of these respective places, to which he may retire in the hot unhealthy season of the year; but this delightful part of Long Island, of which I have been speaking, though it affords such a number of charming situations for little villas, is unfortunately too far removed from New York to be a convenient place of retreat to men so deeply engaged in commercial pursuits as are the greater number of the inhabitants of that city, and it remains almost destitute of houses; whilst another part of the island, more conveniently situated, is crowded with them, although the face of the country is here flat and sandy, devoid of trees, and wholly uninteresting.

The permanent residents on Long Island are chiefly of Dutch extraction, and they seem to have inherited all the coldness, reserve, and covetousness of their ancestors. It is a common saying in New York, that a Long Island man will conceal himself in his house on the approach of a stranger; and really the numberless instances of shyness I met with in the inhabitants seem to argue, that there was some truth in the remark. If you do but ask any simple question relative to the neighbouring country, they will eye you with suspicion, and evidently strive to disengage themselves from you; widely different from the Anglo-Americans, whose inquisitiveness in similar circumstances would lead them to a thousand impertinent and troublesome enquiries, in order to discover what your business was in that place, and how they could possibly take any advantage of it. These Dutchmen are in general very excellent farmers; and several of them have very extensive tracts of land under cultivation, for the produce of which there

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is a convenient and ready market at New York. Amongst them are to found many very wealthy men; but except a few individuals, they live in a mean, penurious, and most uncomfortable manner. The population of the island is estimated at about thirty-seven thousand souls, of which number near five thousand are slaves. It is the western part of the island which is the best inhabited; a circumstance to be ascribed, not so much to the fertility of the soil as its contiguity to the city of New York. Here are several considerable towns, as Flatbush, Jamaica, Brooklynn, Flushing, Utrecht; the three first-mentioned of which contain each upwards of one hundred houses. Brooklynn, the largest of them, is situated just opposite to New York, on the bank of the East River, and forms an agreeable object from the city.

The soil of Long Island is well adapted to the culture of small grain and Indian corn; and the northern part, which is hilly, is said to be peculiarly favourable to the production of fruit. The celebrated Newtown pippin, though now to be met with in almost every part of the state of New York, and good in its kind, is yet supposed by many persons to attain a higher flavour here than in any other part of America.

Of the peculiar soil of the plains that are situated towards the centre of this island, I have before had occasion to speak, when describing those in the western parts of the state of New York. One plain here, somewhat different from the rest, is profusely covered with stunted oaks and pines; but no grain will grow upon it, though it has been cleared, and experiments have been made for that purpose in many different places. This one goes under the appellation of Brushy Plain. Immense quantities of grouse and deer are found amidst the brushwood, with which it is covered, and which is so well calculated to afford shelter to these animals. Laws have been passed, not long since, to prevent the wanton destruction of the deer; in consequence of which they are beginning to increase most rapidly, notwithstanding such great numbers are annually killed, as well for the New York market, as for the support of the inhabitants of the island; indeed it is found that they are now increasing in most of the settled parts of the state of New York, where there is sufficient wood to harbour them; whereas in the Indian territories, the deer, as well as most other wild animals, are becoming scarcer every year, notwithstanding that the number of Indian hunters is also decreasing; but these people pursue the same destructive system of hunting formerly practised on Long Island, killing every animal they meet, whether young or full grown. Notwithstanding the strong injunctions laid upon them by the Canadian traders, to spare some few beavers at each dam, in order to perpetuate the breed, they still continue to kill these animals wherever they find them, so that they are now entirely banished from places which used to abound with, and which are still in a state to harbour them, being far removed from the cultivated parts of the country. An annual deficiency of fifteen thousand has been observed in the number of beaver skins brought down to Montreal for the last few years.

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF SYRIA.

By Dr. Wittman.

A GENERAL idea of the climate of Syria may be formed from the following particulars:....During our stay there the thermometer, in the months of July, August, and September, marked the highest, in the afternoons, from ninety-three to ninety-five degrees of Fahrenheit. It is unnecessary to remark, that during this interval the heat was extremely oppressive to such of our party as had not been inured to the more sultry climes. The sky was, at the above season, beautifully

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clear, without a cloud to obscure the wide expanse; and the atmosphere pure and benign. The greatest variation of temperature occurred in the months of October and November, when the rains came on suddenly with some degree of violence. This may properly be considered as the rainy season, since, generally speaking, during the other parts of the year a drought prevails The very copious dews which fal in the dry months, when there is a total absence of rain, promote and forward the vegetation.

During the summer months the prevailing winds are from the north and north-west. In entering on October, they are more variable, blowing strongly from the south, south-east, and east. It is at this time that the sudden and heavy showers commence, and that the sky, which was before so uniformly clear, is overspread with dark and heavy clouds. At length, the month of November drawing towards its close, the rains cease to fall, and the weather becomes pleasant and salubrious. The result of my observations at this season was, that before sun-rise the thermometer ranged from forty-two to fifty-two and fifty-three, and that, consequently, the mornings were refreshing and cool. At noon the variations of the thermometer were from sixty-six to seventy-six, with a degree of heat which was by no means oppresive.

On the coast of Syria the sea breeze prevails during the day time, and, falling in the evening, gives place to the gentle land breeze, which continues to blow until about nine the next morning.

In the month of December, 1800, the January following, and a part of February, the weather was very tempestuous, with heavy rains, vivid lightnings, and thunders, the explosion of which was awful and tremendous. During this period the thermometer was low; and, on one occasion, the storm was accompanied by hail. The winds were usually from the south or south-west. A haziness from the southward was the sure precursor of each of the gales, and to this indication of foul weather was superadded a remarkably large circle, or disk, round the moon. This boisterous and comparatively cold weather was highly favourable to the health of the individuals belonging to the mission. It yielded, about the 10th of February, to a more warm and settled temperature of the air, which, bestowing on the arid hills some slight degree of verdure, rendered the aspect of the country more cheerful.

Syria may in general be considered as a mountainous country; but the part bordering on Jaffa has several very extensive plains, which are intersected, at certain distances, with moderate heights. In approaching Jerusalem, after having proceeded to the other side of Ramla, the mountains are very lofty, and, having but a slender superficies of earth to cover their rocky prominences, are exclusively adapted to the cultivation of olive trees, which take root in their very clefts, and hide the naked appearance they would otherwise exhibit.

In general the country is but thinly covered with trees, and has few woods or thickets. In the parts where there is no texture of soil, but merely a white loose sand, not a tree nor shrub is to be seen.

To the north side of Jaffa, a small river, which empties itself into the sea, presents itself at the distance of two or three miles. It is the only one which I met with in Syria; it is probable, however, that others may have been formed, subsequently to the excursions I made into the interior, by the abundant falls of rain I have had occasion to notice.

From the information I was able to collect, as well as from my own personal observation, I could not learn that either mines or eruptions of volcanic matter are to be met with in Syria.

The soil in many parts, in those more especially bordering on the deserts, consists, almost exclusively, of a fine white sand, the reflection

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from which is extremely painful to the sight. This barren territory extends, to the northward, beyond Jaffa. It contains, however, in common with the other parts of Syria, several fertile spots, covered with a rich black mould, which very copiously repay the labour bestowed on them. On the rocky grounds an inconsiderable portion of calcareous earth is found blended with marl.

AMADIS DE GAUL.

IN 1560, Bernardo Tasso, the father of a still more celebrated poet, published at Venice a metrical translation of Amadis, under the title "Amadigi." It consists of 100 cantos, and more than 7000 staves; and, like his "Floridante," was a popular poem in Italy, according to the account of Lodovico Dolce, even after the Italians had seen the superior efforts of his son.

The fable of this celebrated romance is not remarkably adapted for the purposes of the epic poet. There is no singleness of end and aim in the conduct of the hero, no steady, persevering, skilful, daring pursuit of some one great and important achievement. The incidents are successive adventures, not portions of a progressive event. In the Iliad, and still more in the Jerusalem Delivered, every combat is a part of the main action; it affects the relative situation of the conflicting parties; it endangers the dispersion, or consolidates the confidence, of the besiegers; it excites not only personal hopes and fears for the antagonists, but a mightier solicitude for the fortunes of the enterprise itself. But, in the life of Amadis, almost any one prominent circumstance might be omitted without being missed: each is insulated and unconnected; one adventure precedes, but does not prepare for the next; and although each is marvellous and impressive, and affords occasion for splendid description, yet the result of relating them is likely to produce a mass, and not a whole; arms and legs, and trunk and head, but no entire body; a file or knot, rather than a groupe, of champions; a tale more of bustle than of business.

There is another fault in most of these biographic fables: we hardly preserve a sentiment of the hero's identity. In the first book Amadis is exposed an infant in a sort of floating cradle; in the second, he is in love with Oriana, and kills king after king. Now it is with epic as with dramatic poetry. So long as the imagined appearance, and disposition, and master-passion, of the heroes can, with probability, remain the same, so long we are content the poet should busy us with their affairs. The duration of the long action is not displeasing in Macbeth, or Fiesco; in the Jerusalem Delivered, or the Oberon; but it sensibly offends in the Æneid, and in the Orlando; in the Winter's Tale of Shakespeare, and in the Cid of De Castro; because a revolution actually takes place in the body or mind, which changes the pursuits and objects of the personages. In the drama, says Boileau, and justly, we cannot bear to see the hero....

"Enfant au premier acte, et barbon au dernier:"

but this dislike does not originate in its being a violation of the unity of time; it originates in its being inconsistent with the unity of action. It is a doctrine, therefore, as applicable to the *epopœia* as to the stage.

In the sixth chapter of Don Quixote, the curate and the barber undertake a scrutiny of the courteous knight's library, and condemn to the flames those books which were thought to have affected his intellects. A few, however, were held worthy of a better fate, than to increase the bonfire in the court; and among these were the four volumes of Amadis of Gaul, which Nicolas had heard say was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and which he is for condemning, as the foun-

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dation of a mischievous system, but which the barber saves, because it is the best of the kind that had yet been composed, and *unico en su arte* —a matchless work.

A French translation of Amadis was first made by Nicolas d'Herberay, who, in 1540, began the publication: this was afterwards prolonged to four-and-twenty books, by the additional adventures of Esplandian, Florisando, Lisuarte, Perion, Florisel, the Amadis of Greece, Roger of Greece, and Silvio de la Silva. From the French it was translated into German, and published in folio, in 1583. The old English version, by Munday, is dated 1618. The earliest abridgment is that of mademoiselle de Lubert.

Count Tressan modernised this and other romances of chivalry, in a manner which rendered them popular novels at Paris. His delineation of queen Brisena was made to reflect a flattering likeness of the dauphiness Marie Antoinette: but he grossly violated the costume of manners and opinions, in order to introduce stimulant allusions to the personages and literature of his own times (1770 to 1780). The court of France gave a fashion to his publication; and three thousand copies were dispersed through the genteelest book-cases in Europe. Tressan pretends to prove that the original Amadis was written in what he calls the *Picard* language; that is, the Welsh *patois*, common to the opposite coast of Brittany and Cornwall. Had it been a story-book about Arthur, one would have listened with credulity; but every symptom points to a southern origin.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

By Lady M. W. Montague.

PEOPLE commonly educate their children as they build their houses, according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies; which is often as little to be expected, as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but it is a fatal mistake to do this, without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity, are all great virtues; but pursued, without discretion, become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation, by saying, I love to speak truth. One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to show she was sincere. I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction, and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for children. I do not mean you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to

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support; yet, it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power, than it is commonly believed, to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil, I mean, acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think so, which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and show them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over or under valued. It is the common doctrine of (what are called) good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, &c. which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over eager desire of them. Why should they not look on those things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessaries that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of lady —— was in a great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her. It is true, her circumstances and your daughters' are very different; they should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune, if it should be offered them.

ON THE MEMOIRS OF A LADY OF QUALITY, IN PEREGRINE PICKLE.

By the same.

I BEGUN by your direction with Peregrine Pickle. I think lady Vane's memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of her own being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road, they always spend at the next ale-house, and are still as beggarly as ever. ....Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortune she has gone through. Her stile is clear and concise, with some strokes of humour, which appear to me so much above her, I can't help being of opinion, that the whole has been modelled by the author of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think a visit not at all necessary, though I disobliged lady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I rather chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of her balls and parties of pleasure, to which I did not think it proper to introduce you; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions, that the pious lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty, and the other wealth, both which attract the pursuit of mankind, and

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have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well-bred, well-shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes, which lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me, and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light.

ON THE MEMOIRS OF CONSTANTIA PHILIPS.

By the same.

I OPENED my eyes this morning on Leonora, from which I defy the greatest chemist in morals to extract any instruction. The style is most affectedly florid, and naturally insipid, with such a confused heap of admirable characters, that never are, or can be, in human nature. I flung it aside after fifty pages, and laid hold of Mrs. Philips, where I expected to find at least probable, if not true facts, and was not disappointed.

There is a great similitude in the genius and adventures (the one being productive of the other) between madame Constantia and lady Vane: the first-mentioned has the advantage in birth, and, if I am not mistaken, in understanding: they have both had scandalous law-suits with their husbands, and are endowed with the same intrepid assurance. Constantia seems to value herself also on her generosity, and has given the same proofs of it. The parallel might be drawn out to be as long as any of Plutarch's; but I dare swear you are already heartily weary of my remarks, and wish I had not read so much in so short a time, that you might not be troubled with my comments; but you must suffer me to say something of the polite Mr. S***, whose name I should never have guessed by the rapturous description his mistress makes of his person, having always looked upon him as one of the most disagreeable fellows about town, as odious in his outside, as stupid in his conversation, and I should as soon have expected to hear of his conquests at the head of an army as among women; yet he has been, it seems, the darling favourite of the most experienced of the sex, which shows me I am a very bad judge of merit. But I agree with Mrs. Philips, that however profligate she may have been, she is infinitely his superior in virtue; and if her penitence is as sincere as she says, she may expect their future fate to be like that of Dives and Lazarus.

THOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE century which has recently expired, was distinguished by a variety of memorable events in the earlier part of its progress; and, in the last ten years, it exhibited perhaps a more stupendous scene than the world ever before witnessed. One circumstance has attended it through the greater part of its course; it began with war, and it terminated with war. Hence arises a melancholy reflection, that a practice which, it might be supposed, could only exist in the absence of civilization, has been found to prevail in an age of refinement, when the arts and sciences have been improved, when morality has been purified and sublimated, and religion has been in a great measure divested of bigotry and superstition. If we were not witnesses of this strange degradation of the human understanding, we should not be disposed to give credit to an absurdity so extravagant and so disgraceful. When we consider, that

.....tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis....

we may naturally express our surprise, that beings of a superior order, those in whom is inherent a

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portion of ethereal fire, who, though infinitely inferior to the Deity, are removed far above the level of brutes, should sink into a course of action of which mere quadrupeds might feel the folly and the iniquity. But it is useless to argue on this subject; for the advocates of human slaughter, though they affect a high degree of religion, have no idea of its genuine dictates and its legitimate impressions, and are, in the strict sense of the phrase, practical atheists. Such men imprudently call it blasphemy to declaim against war; but every man of sense and humanity will maintain a contrary opinion.

That spirit of despotism, which has ever waged war against human freedom and happiness, exerted itself at the beginning of the eighteenth century in the person of Louis XIV of France, who, not content with enslaving his subjects, encroached on the liberties of other nations, and systematically invaded the general rights of mankind. But that haughty and unfeeling tyrant, near the close of his reign, was deservedly reduced to a state of humiliation, so as to become an object of pity to contemporary princes. During his reign, however, the arts and sciences received some encouragement, more indeed from his vanity than from his taste or judgment. His death gave some repose to Europe; and the arts of peace revived. But, though his successor was of a less ambitious and more pacific disposition, he, on various pretences, embarked in unnecessary wars. At one time he laboured to crush or depress the house of Austria; at another time, he provoked Great-Britain to a rupture by encroaching on her colonial possessions. The enterprising spirit of the great Frederic of Prussia kindled also, at different periods, the flames of war; but he endeavoured to make some atonement to his people by salutary reforms and useful institutions, and by a general melioration of their state. The czarina Catharine II followed a similar plan; and, while her ambition was prodigal of blood, her uncontrolled authority was, in many instances, subservient to the public good. The concurrence of these two potentates with the devout Maria Theresa in the partition of Poland reflected disgrace on the age on which it took place, and on the neighbouring princes who could tamely suffer such injustice to be exercised. From the affected regularity and solemnity in which the measure was enforced, it taught the nations of the world, that princes, in a refined age, could make a mockery of religion and humanity, of national independence and public privileges, and measure right by the rule of power, with a degree of iniquity equal to that of the most ferocious chieftains of barbarous times. From this scene let us turn our eyes to France, which, at the accession of Louis XVI, was in a state favourable to the progress of freedom. That monarch was humane and well-disposed, and did not wish to act the part of a tyrant; and, under his auspices, an example of reform might have been given with effect to the princes of the time, had not Great-Britain, forgetful of the principles which raised the house of Hanover to the throne, precipitated herself into a rupture with her colonial subjects. By assisting the discontented Americans, the ill-advised Louis excited among his people a strong passion for liberty; and, when he convoked the states-general of the realm, the eagerness of the public to take advantage of the opportunity led to disorder and confusion, as persons who have long been blind know not how to conduct themselves at the first glare of light. The disorder was promoted by ambitious demagogues, whose arts and intrigues kindled a flame which has not yet been extinguished. The madness of the revolutionary leaders, not being suffered to exhaust itself at home, diffused its effects over Europe; and the atrocities committed in France by a jacobin faction, under the mask of liberty, damped the ardour of the friends of rational

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reform, furnished the rulers even of free nations with a pretence for strengthening the hands of government, and produced a general inclination to submit to new restraints, rather than risque the horrors of confusion and anarchy. Such seemed to be the state of the public mind at the conclusion of the eighteenth century; and such were the ill effects of a revolution, which, under judicious management, might have gradually operated to universal benefit.

In speculating on the probable changes which may attend the progress of the nineteenth century, we do not flatter ourselves or our posterity with any signal or extraordinary improvement of the general condition of mankind. Refinement has not, in a long course of ages, produced the advantages which might have been expected to flow from it: why then should we dream of any striking change which it may effect within the small compass of one hundred years? The improvement of the theory of religion and morality has not had a correspondent influence on the practice. The increasing profundity of scientific research has not been so diffusively beneficial as it might have been under proper direction. A more enlarged insight into the legitimate arts of government, a greater portion of skill in the liberal and mechanical arts, a more intimate acquaintance with the means of augmenting the accommodations of society, have not, we observe with deep but unavailing regret, been attended with the effects which such attainments seemed calculated to produce. Why then should we affect to prognosticate a speedy or a great improvement in these respects? That some changes may occur in the period to which we allude, there is no reason to doubt: but we may dispute the extent of their utility. When the agitations consequent on the storm of the French revolution shall have subsided, such a spirit of moderation may arise, as may be favourable to political improvement. While the enormities of jacobinism may have made so strong an impression on the minds of men, that the rashness of indiscriminate reform will meet with instant opposition, princes may also become more sensible than they have hitherto been of the expediency of promoting the happiness of their subjects, not merely that of the higher classes, but of those less elevated individuals, who have as great a claim to justice and protection, to the comforts of life, and to that freedom of action which is not incompatible with the restraints of society, as the counsellors of kings and the rulers of nations. Under the auspices of patriotic and philanthropic sovereigns, the sciences which inform and enlighten, the arts which polish, the morality and devotion which purify mankind, may be more regularly pursued and more efficaciously cultivated. A more judicious system of education, founded on numerous hints recently suggested, may improve both the minds and persons of the rising generation. The passions may be more studiously repressed; the depravity which, we are taught to believe, has been inherent in human beings since the fall of their progenitor, may be more rigorously corrected. We might extend these remarks to a great length by speaking of those changes to which a sanguine zeal might look forward; but such speculations are rather the offspring of excursive fancy, than the dictates of prophecy; and it may be said, though the opinion may be thought to border on unnecessary despondence, that the improvements which we have mentioned are merely possible, not probable. Those passions which have rendered the greatest part of the world, for ages, a scene of folly, iniquity, and vice, will perhaps continue to prevail over reason and prudence, over good sense and philosophy. Let every performer on the theatre of life endeavour to act the part allotted to him with judgment and propriety; and the state of mankind will then be essentially improved: but, as such endea-

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vours, from the creation of the world to the present time, have by no means been general, we have little reason to indulge the pleasing expectation. This, we allow, is not an enlivening or a flattering picture; but we earnestly wish that the prospect may brighten, and that the future scene may be arrayed in more attractive colours.

ON VOLCANIC AND NEPTUNIAN MOUNTAINS.

IN all cases where doubts may be entertained, whether a hill or mountain is volcanic or Neptunian, our judgment may be governed by the following maxims:

1. Where trap or basaltic columns appear on, or form the body of the hill or mountain, of their usual black, bluish, or greyish black colour, there the hill or mountain may be deemed Neptunian, at least so far as concerns these; such as are found on actual ignivomous mountains must have been thrown out with other Neptunian stones, but in that case they are never erect, and commonly bear some marks of heat.

2. Where masses of schistose porphyry occur, of a greyish black, ash grey, blackish blue, or greenish colour, and the selspar appear uninjured by heat, they, and the parts they repose on, are Neptunian.

3. Disintegrated or decayed porphyries, or traps, wacken, and amygdaloids, may be distinguished from indurated volcanic sand and ashes, piperino, pouzzolana, porous lava, respectively, by local circumstances, and the changes which low degrees of heat produce in them, compared with the changes which the same variations of heat occasion in the real volcanic products that resemble them. Wacken containing mica can never be ambiguous. Beds of real volcanic ashes, if ancient, are always interrupted or interceded by beds of earth, which some, without any proof, would have to be vegetable earth; and if, by this appellation, they mean no more than earth fit for vegetation, the appellation is just; but if they mean that such earth was in all instances such as had produced vegetables, they are certainly mistaken, as Dolomieu has already noticed; this earth having been merely washed down by rain from the cinders and fragments of lava, with which it was originally mixed; waken presents no such appearance.

Yet let us add some limitations. If a mountain be in shape conical; if it rise insulated in a comparative plain, or at least be not connected with any neighbouring chain; if the substance of that mountain differ from the surrounding strata, whatever may be its composition, if not evidently primæval, it must have been volcanic. Pseudo-volcanic hills are those which have experienced slighter or accidental fires from the neighbourhood of coal.

ON THE ROMAN STAGE, AND THE CHARACTER OF PLAUTUS.

ABOUT two hundred and twenty years before the christian æra, Plautus was born at Sarsina in Umbria. No certain tradition of his family has reached us; but vague accounts of his failure in trade, and a consequent application to the most servile offices, have been attested and contradicted by different authors.

That he was poor, from whatever cause, there seems to be no doubt; but his poverty was probably a stimulant to his genius, though it might be an enemy to the correctness of his writings.

He wrote twenty-five comedies, of which we are in possession of nineteen. His death happened about one hundred and eighty years before Christ, on which occasion his countryman Varro inscribed an epitaph on his tomb, of which the following translation may convey an imperfect idea:

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The comic Muse laments her Plautus dead;
Deserted theatres show Genius fled;
Mirth, Sport, and Joke, and Poetry bemoan,
And echoing myriads join their plaintive tone.

He who is unwilling to decide for himself on the merits of Plautus, will probably be perplexed by the varying sentiments of critics. He will be told by some that his uniformity is such as always to have the same personages in the drama. There is always a young courtezan, an old person who sells her, a young man who buys her, and who makes use of a knavish valet to extort money from his father; a parasite of the vilest kind, ready to do any thing for his patron who feeds him; a braggadocio soldier, whose extravagant boasting and ribaldry have served as a model for the copper captains of our old comedy. To these censures he will find it added, that the style and dialogues are tasteless; that the wit is buffoonery of the lowest sort; that he was ignorant of that species of gaiety which ought to reign in comedy, and of the pleasantry properly belonging to the theatre; that these should arise naturally from the character and situation of the actor, and be conformed to them exactly; that his dialogues are long narrations, interspersed with tedious soliloquies; that his actors come in and go out without a reason; that persons who are in a great hurry continue upon the stage a full quarter of an hour; and that he introduces the lowest prostitutes with the most vulgar and indecent language and manners.

The admirers of Plautus declare him to have a fertility of invention never equalled by any writer before or since his time, together with an unrivalled judgment in the choice and conduct of his fable; that his characters are drawn from nature; and that the richest vein of ease runs through all his works; the perusal of which is accompanied not with calm satisfaction, but with infinite delight.

When we are considering these opposite opinions, we ought to recollect that Plautus had not only a great reputation in his own time, but preserved it beyond the Augustan age. Varro says, if the Muses had spoken Latin, it would have been in the language of Plautus.... Cicero and Quintilian each afford him a high encomium, notwithstanding Terence had already written. They particularly commend his knowledge of the Latin tongue, although he wrote before the language had arrived at perfection; and the former says, that his wit is elegant, urbane, ingenious, and facetious. Horace, indeed, says, "We have admired the verses and the jests of Plautus with a complaisance which may be denominated folly." But for five hundred years Plautus was a favourite at Rome, although the language had become more polished and correct, and criticism and polite literature had made rapid strides. He must be confessed to have a fund of comic humour and gaiety; and that his imitator, Moliere, owes much of the approbation he has received to the original from which he drew his characters. In ancient comedy where shall we find more entertainment than in the Amphitryon and the Menæchmi?

Some apology may be made for the defects of Plautus, arising from the taste of the times in which he wrote. If his wit be often false, it was relished because it was the fashion of his day. A better taste in the public would have produced an exuberance of finer wit in him.

It was not allowed to comic writers to represent on the stage any mistresses but courtezans: the delicacy of true love therefore could not be exhibited by the writers of the drama. If Plautus was careless, and poor, and mercenary, the vivacity of his genius counterbalances these defects. All the business and bustle of comedy are to be found in his scenes. Variety too belongs to

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him, for the incidents are equally numerous and pleasant.

He has also adapted his plays to theatrical representation; and in that respect he carries away the prize from the elegant friend of Scipio.

Such is the language of those who are admirers of Plautus; and if on a perusal of this author we are induced to think that it is the language rather of panegyric than of truth, let us not forget the thunder of applauding theatres which always attended the representation of his plays.

The general praise of his contemporaries, seconded by that of several succeeding ages of learning and of taste, is surely sufficient to disparage all the strictures of modern criticism.

If it be true that his jests are rough, and that his wit in general is coarse, bearing a similitude to the old comedy at Athens, it must be confessed that, more than any other comic writer, he has consulted his own genius; and that his strength and spirit are such as to attract and gratify the attention of every reader who is not of a disposition more than commonly fastidious.

FEMALE SWINDLER AT VIENNA.

From a late London paper.

LAST autumn, a lady, calling herself a baroness, arrived at Vienna, in a brilliant equipage, attended by four men servants and two maids. She took very elegant apartments, which she furnished in style. All her expences were paid in ready money and in gold. She was presented at court, and in the first circles, as the widow of a Prussian colonel immensely rich. In November she received a credit from a banking-house at Hamburg, upon one of the first bankers at Vienna, for 50,000 florins. Her expences and insinuating manners, with a tolerably good person, and the character of a widow in affluence, procured her numerous admirers and a number of suitors; amongst others several of the young nobility. She declined, however, all offers of marriage, having determined upon an eternal widowhood, in gratitude for the large fortune left her by her ever regretted husband. She went regularly to church, and to confession; was irreproachable in her conduct, and chaste in her manners and conversation. She was looked upon as a model of virtue and religion, and soon became the envy of her own sex, in becoming the admiration of the other. She was very charitable to the poor, visited often the hospitals, and subscribed largely to philanthropic institutions. The house opposite to her apartments belonged to a young man, son of a grocer, who had a very high opinion of his own person and merit, because his father had left him 300,000 florins. He addressed himself to one of her servants, to have a letter delivered to the baroness with an offer of his hand and fortune, but was repulsed with indignity. For a large present the same servant undertook again, though at the risk of losing his service, to carry another letter, which met with a less severe reception, the baroness being smitten with the person of the young man, whom at last she admitted privately into her presence, and after many prayers, sighs, tears, and presents, she agreed to give him her hand next Easter: but having refused so many great people, the young man was laid under strict secrecy, and their marriage was to be celebrated at Berlin.

In December last she received a letter, importing that her younger sister was promised to a Silesian nobleman. She consulted her secret lover, whom she had persuaded to believe that she had a fortune of 200,000 florins in the year, about the present she would make her sister on her wedding day, and it was agreed that it could not be of

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less value than 60,000 florins laid out in diamonds: and as she was wanted to choose, the young man was desired to bring 200,000 worth from his uncle, a jeweller, whom she said she would pay in ready money for what she determined to keep.

The diamonds were brought in the evening, and left for her inspection, until the next day. But when the young man called at the appointed time, the servants said their mistress was ill, and could see no company before the day after: and when the duped lover then returned, he was informed that the baroness, with one of her female servants, had, 48 hours before, left the house; but previously left orders to declare her ill, if enquired after, as she was going to the Ursuline convent to make her devotions. She had indeed been there, but swindled the superior of a brilliant cross of the greatest value, which the late empress Maria Theresa had given to the statue of a miraculous virgin, and the baroness had borrowed it as a pattern for one she intended to give her sister. She had the same day been at her banker's, and, upon pretence of buying jewels for her sister's marriage, had obtained in gold and in bank notes, for bills on Hamburg, 100,000 florins more than she had credit for. It has since been found out that she had played the same tricks at Berlin, Dresden, and at Naples. Couriers have been sent every where after her, but in vain....the only information obtained is, that a lady nearly answering the description, had embarked last month at Embden, either for England or for America. It is said that her desolate and deserted lover is now on his way to this country; and if he can find her out, intends to forgive, and marry her. She is about twenty-five years of age, speaks fluently most European languages, has a fine taste for drawing, and plays the piano-forte in exquisite style.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, IN SEPTEMBER.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq.....Maxwell. 1 dollar.

Elements of Life, or the Laws of Vital Matter, by John Rush, M. D.

The Truth and Excellence of the Christian Religion, in two parts; part 1, containing sketches of the lives of eminent laymen who have written in the defence of the christian religion; part 2, containing extracts from their writings, by Hannah Adams.....John West, Boston. 1 doll. 25 cents.

Letters from London, written during the years 1802 and 1803, by William Austin.....Pelham, Boston. 2 dollars.

A general History of Quadrupeds, the figures engraved on wood, chiefly copied from the original of T. Bewick, by A. Anderson.....G. & R. Waite and A. Anderson, New York.

IN THE PRESS.

Medical Theses, selected from among the inaugural dissertations published and defended by the graduates in medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and of other medical schools in the United States, with an introduction, appendix, and occasional notes, by Charles Caldwell, M. D.....T. & W. Bradford.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE editor has received many valuable communications, both in verse and prose, which did not come in due season for the present number. They shall receive due attention in our next: particularly the *Adversarian*, Valverdi, T. W....., and Sabina.

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THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 13. OCTOBER, 1804. VOL. II.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON is one of the most eminent persons who have flourished in the United States, and yet, like most other eminent personages, he has died without leaving any memorial from his own pen behind him. He has left behind him celebrated works immediately connected with his political sentiments, character, and situation, but, except in two instances, he has never thought proper to take up the pen, in order to explain the real motives and circumstances of his conduct. Over his early, juvenile history, even over the place and period of his birth, a veil of impenetrable obscurity is now drawn by his death, since, at these times, he was no object of public attention, and there is no one living who remembers, what *he* has neglected to record.

History furnishes but few examples which are parallel to his. It is only by going back to the Roman period, that any examples can be found which bear any likeness to him. Men then appeared, who applied, with the utmost zeal and with splendid success, to the study and practice of the military art, without neglecting the accomplishments of the orator and statesman. Their fame and their triumphs in war were not always purchased by foregoing or abjuring the honours of eloquence and of civil knowledge..... When they laid down the sword, after their exploits were finished, they took up the pen to record them, or rose in the senate or the forum to defend them, and in all these provinces displayed the same genius and skill. In some respects, the same complex character has been displayed by Hamilton; but there are some striking diversities between this ornament of our country, and any name, the most illustrious of the Roman annals: that for the eloquence and civil accomplishments of Cæsar and Brutus we have only vague rumour to build our faith upon; for the judicial and senatorial abilities of Hamilton, we have the testimony, not only of our ears, but the immortal monuments of his own pen.

The mere talent of haranguing armies and senates appears to have been possessed to a great extent, by many eminent Romans, but the topics of this eloquence were drawn from obvious and superficial sources; they were merely efforts of ingenuity in throwing new lights and forming new combinations, upon topics

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accessible to every understanding, and drawn from the funds of ordinary observation and experience.

In modern times, law has become the most abstruse and most voluminous of sciences. While all the Roman fire, energy, and subtlety are demanded from forensic eloquence, much more is also demanded. Patient investigation, intense sedentary study, and voluminous reading, are, likewise, and no less, indispensible. To be learned in the law is the recompense of a laborious life. The price usually given for this knowledge is eloquence itself: for the requisite materials are so vast and so widely scattered, that all the time is consumed in collecting them, none is left to polish them into glossy elegance, or adjust them into lucid order.

This is no less true of the science of the statesman than of the lawyer. The complicated forms of administration, and the infinitely various relations of a trading country, and a manifold revenue, make the province of government far more arduous and laborious than it ever was in former times.

We need not dwell upon the hackneyed distinctions made in favour of Hamilton, arising from the importance and the novelty of the scenes in which he was engaged: the formation of a new constitution, and the organization of a new revenue department in the state. The intricacy of these arrangements, the intense application of thought which they required, have been frequently noticed; but we may often repeat our admiration of that man's mind, who could fill this laborious province, without losing his zeal or impairing his capacity for eloquence or the military art.

To address a numerous audience with the tongue, and to address the world at large and posterity with the pen, on subjects the most interesting and momentous that can occupy the attention of a member of human society, are provinces in which t is the surest criterion of a great man to excel. The merit of Hamilton in this respect was such as to place him beyond the reach even of competition. His excellence in both these provinces has not been doubted even by his enemies. All the world acknowledge that, in America, the most eloquent orator, and the most skilful and perspicuous political writer, was Hamilton.

As a member of a free community, he was of course enrolled in one of those parties in which such a community can never fail to be divided. Hence, while all admire his genius and his knowledge, and the purity of his motives, a part only acknowledge the force of his reasonings, the truth of his opinions, and the wisdom of his conduct.

In the prime of life he was snatched away. Ere half the ordinary course of nature was run, while yet the better half remained, an untimely accident has cut him off.

The next twenty years may be expected to teem with great events and revolutions in our country. Had Hamilton lived, his genius would have towered high, if it had not actually presided in the storms of the state. A mysterious fate has drawn away his genius and intelligence to another sphere, and who shall venture to call in question the rectitude of this decree?

For the Literary Magazine.

ADDRESS TO PUPILS.

The editor having perused an address, delivered to an institution in this city called the Philadelphia Academy, and been highly pleased with the judgment and good sense contained in it, he has taken the liberty to publish the following extracts. They explain, in a clear and distinct manner, the objects of every good education, and especially the plan of tuition adopted in a flourishing seminary of this city.

HAVING conducted you through the course of study prescribed by

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this institution, I consider it a duty incumbent upon me, to offer to you a few sentiments respecting the prosecution of your studies, and your future conduct through life: sentiments suggested by a pleasing recollection of our past intercourse, and an affectionate anxiety for your future welfare.

Your minds have been, in some degree, illuminated and expanded by the first rays of science: they are yet to be invigorated and matured, by the same genial and exhilarating influence.

Those branches of knowledge, to which your attention has been particularly directed in this seminary, form, in my opinion, the outlines of a complete English education, accommodated to the circumstances of the country of which you are natives, and in which you will probably continue to be residents; whether the objects of commerce be your professional pursuit, or those of what are called the learned professions. In either case, the ground-work of a correct education should be formed of ENGLISH LITERATURE; and the arrangement, which has been accordingly adopted, though peculiar to this seminary, will, I doubt not, when time and experience have gradually overcome the prejudices inspired by long established custom, receive the approbation of those who are best qualified to judge of its merit and operation.

By *grammar* you have been taught the nature, power, and construction of the English language; and that, not in a superficial manner, but by the most comprehensive system now extant, the larger grammar of Mr. Lindley Murray, in which the delicacies, refinements, and peculiarities of our language are inculcated and exemplified, under the authority of Harris, Johnson, Lowth, Priestley, Beattie, Sheridan, Walker, and other eminent writers upon that subject.

After being made acquainted with the nature and power of words, and the necessary agreement and disposition of them in a well constructed sentence, your attention was directed to the principles of *composition*, or the correct disposition of sentences, so as to form discourse: in other words, the proper mode of conveying your ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, of clothing them in an advantageous dress. Here you were taught the qualities and different species of *style*, the various ornaments of which language is capable, and the established rules of criticism.

Having thus considered the *matter* of which language is composed, you were led to consider the *manner* in which it is to be communicated to others with grace, propriety, energy, and ease. Your epitome of *elocution* consequently comprised the art of *reading* and the art of *speaking*, including the management of the different inflections of the human *voice*, the proper use of accent, emphasis, and pauses, and the power of expression, communicated by tones, looks, and gesture.

After thus endeavouring to make you acquainted with the principles of language, and the just method of delivering it, whether by reading or by public speaking, it appeared proper that you should, in some degree, be made acquainted with the nature of the objects which surround you, the construction of the earth, or those substances of which it is composed, its productions, inhabitants, and the atmosphere with which it is encompassed. Information upon these subjects was obtained from the compend of *natural history*.

Geography, or a knowledge of this "great globe which we inhabit," its position in the solar system, the relative situation of the countries into which it is divided, their boundaries, rivers, towns, &c. formed another important object for your investigation.

But your attention has not been confined to *externals* alone: the powers and faculties of the human mind have been laid open to you, by a short though comprehensive epitome of *logic*; in which its powers

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of apprehending, reasoning, judging, and methodizing its thoughts, are displayed in the most easy and familiar manner: and though a minute acquaintance with so abstruse a subject could not be expected at so early a period of life as yours, yet the outlines of the science are useful, in giving you general ideas of the nature and operation of our intellectual faculties.

Your instruction in these important and necessary branches of English literature has been accompanied by daily application to reading, writing, arithmetic; and, (by those who were sufficiently advanced, and desirous of being made acquainted with them), merchants' accounts, and the elements of the mathematics.

To complete the system, and give dignity and solidity to its operation, the preservation and improvement of your morals has been, I flatter myself, effected by daily opening and closing the hours of tuition with an address to ALMIGHTY GOD, the source and fountain of wisdom, and the giver of every good gift; and with reading a portion of His holy word alternately from the Old and New Testament. These, together with the recital of your respective catechisms and a lecture upon some of the leading principles of christianity every Saturday, not only communicated religious instruction, but had a tendency to keep alive in your minds a constant sense of the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence of GOD.

Though such and so various have been your literary pursuits, yet you are by no means to rest satisfied with your present acquisitions.

The most direct and certain road to the temple of Fame, is that which leads through the gardens of Literature; which you have, indeed, now entered: but you have only passed, as it were, the portal; their spacious avenues and most enchanting bowers are yet to be explored; and they will, I trust, be ranged and examined by you, with redoubled ardour, with more unwearied and closer application, and with increasing satisfaction and delight. For, the farther you advance, the more powerful will be your conviction, "that the ways of Wisdom are ways of pleasantnesss, and that all her paths are peace."

Let the acquisition, therefore, of knowledge be the leading object of your attention and pursuit. Remember that your future enjoyment of life, your usefulness and respectability in society, and the formation of your respective characters, depend altogether upon the proper employment or neglect of the present period of your age. Time is a talent committed to us for improvement, by the great Author of our existence, for which we are accountable to him; and to every station, to every progressive age of man, peculiar duties are attached. To youth belongs, among others, that of assiduous exertion to cultivate the understanding in "the spring time of life," and induce, by constant application, such habits of study, as will qualify them to undertake, and enable them easily and successfully to encounter, the peculiar difficulties attendant upon that profession, which they may make choice of when emancipated from the fetters of a school. Resolve, then, wisely resolve, to let no day or hour pass by you unimproved. Now is the season, in which you have an opportunity of acquiring such an inestimable store of useful knowledge, as will excite the admiration, respect, and esteem of the wise, the virtuous, and the good, with whom you may associate, or who may be informed of your literary acquisitions: and you will thereby render your reception into general society in the highest degree honourable and satisfactory. The rapid flight of time cannot possibly be checked; nor can any portion of it, which is past, be recalled. What value, what importance should this consideration give to the *present moment!* Most particularly should it be prized by *you*, who have now the opportunity of devoting your whole attention, all

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the opening powers of your minds, solely to the attainment of learning. As you advance in age, the unavoidable cares, and serious anxieties, which an intercourse with the world gives birth to, will interrupt your eager pursuit of knowledge, and embitter that pure enjoyment of studious leisure, which is now *your* peculiar privilege. Having ceased to be children, you should cease to speak, to understand, to think, or to act as children; and now that you are verging towards manhood, you should "put away childish things." To this you should be impelled, not only by a regard for your own interest and honour, but by a just sense of that high degree of duty, which you owe to your parents, who have hitherto affectionately cherished and supported you, to whom you are indebted for all the advantages of education, and who are anxiously solicitous for your future welfare.

You will, I am confident, neither so far neglect yourselves, nor disregard their happiness, as to disappoint their ardent and affectionate wishes. To this end, endeavour to render yourselves distinguished by a uniform and unremitted ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, by diligent application to the studies you may be engaged in, and by never suffering the allurements of pleasure or amusement to beguile you of those hours, which should be devoted to your daily progress in improvement.

Let your deportment be marked by a polite and respectful behaviour to all. Let nothing ever induce you to deviate, either in language or conduct, from the dignified character of *gentlemen*. Endeavour to perform every thing you do, of however trivial a nature, in the best manner possible; and carefully guard against an accumulation of duty, by deferring till to-morrow what should be done to-day.

Guard your morals vigilantly; remember that you are just entering upon the most dangerous path in the journey of human life; it is surrounded by the quicksands of vice, which at every step endanger your safety; while the syren enticements of sensuality solicit your attention and eagerly court your acceptance. But beware of their fascinating charms; they are false and delusive, treacherous and vain; and will, if favourably regarded, seduce you from the road of virtue, and inevitably "lure you to destruction."

Above all, study to recommend yourselves to the peculiar favour and blessing of GOD, by an ardent attachment to religion, and a strict observance of the duties it enjoins. Diligently read the holy scriptures; they are able to make you wise unto ETERNAL SALVATION. Attend regularly to public worship. Offer up your prayers, morning and evening, to your Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, imploring His mercy, and His grace. Cherish in your minds a constant sense that His all-seeing eye regardeth all your thoughts, words, and actions. Remember that you must one day die; how soon you know not; that all those thoughts, words, and actions, are registered in heaven; that you will be called upon to answer for them at the awful day of judgment; and that your happiness or misery in the world of spirits, to which we are all rapidly hastening, will depend upon the nature of your conduct here.

Adhere inviolably, under any circumstance, to the strictest truth. Let not fear, vanity, nor any other motive, ever induce you to tell a lie. It is *unmanly*, *ungentlemanly*, and impiously wicked. Let no profane communication proceed out of your mouth; and never mention the sacred name of GOD, but with devout reverence and respect.

Carefully obey your parents in all things, however contrary their requisitions may be to your own inclinations; for, be assured, the promotion of your real interest and happiness constitutes their motive of action; and their experience and knowledge of the world, of which you are yet altogether ignorant, enable them to judge what is best,

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while the powerful impulse of natural affection will always lead them to dictate such things only as will ultimately tend to your highest advantage.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. II.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

THIS gallant character was one of the politest scholars, and most accomplished gentlemen, that graced the court of the 2d Charles. He was distinguished no less by the seducive qualities of his person, than by the sprightliness of his pen. To a copious fund of wit, he added some genius, and his poetry is more harmonious than is usually met with in the writings of that age. Sir Charles, indeed, wrote with ease as well as his contemporaries, but not with that kind of silly, unsentimental ease, for which their poetry was, in general, deservedly censured. He studied human nature, and was distinguished for the art of making himself agreeable, particularly to the ladies; for those lines of lord Rochester, so often quoted, allude not to his writings, but to his personal address. Hence those sentiments on the human passions, which we find in his poems, are many of them striking, and peculiarly his: thus, of the belle passion he observes, that it seldom survives hope:

Love does seldom Hope survive.

His capital performance is a poem on marriage, of which state he has not only conceived just and noble sentiments, but he has ridiculed with great wit and propriety, those sordid motives that join so many wretched hands. He opens his poem with a view of that happy union in which our first parents were placed by their benevolent Creator. Such a scene could not but animate the imagination, and awake the powers of genius. A poet of sir Charles Sedley's sensibility, in particular, could not be cold upon it. His language is the effusion of rapture.

Circling her snowy neck, he sought her heart,
A fiery lover, without fraud or art,
The object of his restless thoughts was bliss,
And that he found in one embrace....one kiss.
One clasp, one hug, one eager glance, was more
Than worlds of pearl, or heaps of golden ore.

The following verses, from the same poem, are in the true spirit of Cowley:

Love, like a cautious fearful bird, ne'er builds,
But where the place silence and calmness yields:
He slyly flies to copses, where he finds
The snugging woods secure from blasts and winds.

In another passage the poet seems to have had Tibullus in his eye:

When clamorous storms and pitchy tempests rise,
Cheek clings to cheek, and swimming eyes to eyes;
When jarring winds and dreadful thunders roar,
It serves to make them press and love the more.

Sir Charles is so felicitous in his description of this union, which is founded upon the proper basis, that a reader would be ungrateful were he not to wish he had enjoyed, to its full extent, the happiness his imagination has created. Those who wed merely from lucrative motives are delineated with a refined and indignant satire. His similies are peculiarly apposite. A woman, he says, who is prompted by avarice, and legally prostitutes her person for money,

Would wed a coffin, were the hinges gold.

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His wit always rises with his indignation:

Thus might she clasp a loathsome toad in bed,
Because he bears a pearl within his head.

As the excellence of lyric poetry was at that time supposed to consist rather in elegant wit and ease, than in exuberance of fancy, imagery, and enthusiasm, SEDLEY must have made no indifferent figure in that species.

You shall hear him once more enforcing the generous doctrine of pure love, in the lyrical strain:

See! Hymen comes; how his torch blazes!
Looser loves how dim they burn!
No pleasure equals chaste embraces,
When we love for love return.

When Fortune makes the match, he rages,
And forsakes th' unequal pair;
But when Love two hearts engages,
The kind god is ever there.

Regard not then high blood nor riches,
You that would his blessings have:
Let untaught Love guide all your wishes:
Hymen should be Cupid's slave.

The senseless sing-song, which was so fashionable in the court of Charles II, and which, without either sentiment or connection, flowed from the silver pens of *the mob of gentlemen*, was burlesqued by Sedley in as happy a vein of spirit and humour, as the *Arcadian* nonsense of lord Suffolk and his brethren was by Swift, in his song a la mode. *Sedley*'s song is as follows:

Song a la Mode.

O'er the desert, cross the meadow,
Hunters blew the merry horn;
Phœbus chas'd the flying shadow,
Echo she reply'd in scorn,
Still adoring,
And deploring,
Why must Thyrsis lose his life?

Rivers murmur'd from their fountains,
Acorns dropping from the oaks,
Fawns came tripping o'er the mountains,
Fishes bit the naked hooks.
Still admiring,
And desiring,
When shall Phillis be a wife?

—

REMARK ON FEMALES.

In the *Moyens de Briller* I meet with a remark which many a pouting female will pronounce to be more witty than just, whilst her husband will heavily sigh a responsive *echo*.

I assure you, the head of a female is the rendezvous of impertinence, of caprice, and of fickleness (contretems).

—

LIFE OF A STUDENT.

The poet who would produce any thing truly excellent, or the student who would be eminent in any pursuit, must bid farewell to the conversation of his friends; he must renounce not only the pleasures of the city, but also the duties of social life; he must retire from the world; "to groves and grottos every muse's son:"

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes. HOR.

In other words, he must condemn himself to a sequestered life in the gloom of solitude.

—

JOHNSON.

The student of belles lettres derives a peculiar pleasure from considering the great variations that our style has undergone, which is effected by a comparison of those authors who have been most celebrated in the different æras of English literature. Among these Johnson stands pre-eminent. No man has contributed so much to the improvement of our style. He is a great master of a new school, who has had many imitators, but few scholars. Hawkesworth's manner approaches nearer to his than that of any other author.

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Johnson's style varied the style of English prose in the form of its phrases, in the construction of sentences, and in the diction. Of the changes in phraseology, the principal is the substitution of the substantive expressing the quality in the abstract, for the adjective expressing it in the concrete, or the verbal substitute for the verb itself: by placing the oblique case at the beginning, and introducing between it and the verb by which it is governed some qualifying circumstances, and by crowding together, at the end of his sentences, a number of phrases similarly constructed. It is by this nice selection and correct use of words, that he is eminently distinguished, and the English language principally benefited. His introduction of exotic words has long been a theme of criticism for "unfrocked grammarians," and sometimes by scholars whose learning should have preserved them from joining in such an objection..... Among others, Mr. Kett, in his "Elements of General Science," has described the peculiar abilities of some of our principal authors with much taste, and, in general, has assigned to each his proper grade in the ranks of literature, with considerable accuracy. But he has made a remark upon Johnson, which shall not pass unnoticed, since it is either made with great boldness, or with great carelessness. "Our literature indeed boasts a new æra from the publication of Johnson's works: many of his words are rarely to be met with in former writers, and some of them are purely of his own fabrication."

Note. "*Resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, vulnerary, emphneumatic, obtund, disruption, sensory, cremation, horticulture, germination, decussation, eximious, &c. If these words be not peculiarly Johnson's, I know not where they are to be found.*"

If Mr. Kett had been as cautious as he should have been, not to censure where it was not strictly merited, he might have learnt, by consulting JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, that all these words are justified by the authorities of Pope, Bacon, Wilkins, Milton, &c. except *horticulture*, which may be found in Tusser's Husbandry....*eximious*, in Lodge's Letters, and *cremation*, which I must honestly confess I do not know where to find. We all know that Johnson said he had never made but one word. Let us then hear no more of his affectation. It is a remark which no scholar ought to make.

—

COMPUTATION OF TIME.

The Gauls, we find in Cæsar, b. vi. §. 17. computed the time by nights, and not by days. Vestiges of this custom still remain in Germany and in Britain. We say SE'NNIGHT and FORTNIGHT; last Monday SE'NNIGHT, this day FORTNIGHT. By the Salic law, *title* 49, the time allowed for appearing in court was computed by nights instead of days. Chambers, in his dictionary, tells us, that in a council held in Britain, ann. 824, a cause was heard after thirty nights: *finita contentione coram episcopo; post triginta noctes illud juramentum ad Westminster deductum est.*

—

SAVAGES FOND OF LIQUOR.

The Europeans when they settled in North America, soon found it their interest to supply the natives with spirituous liquors. They waged a war of gin and brandy against the various tribes, some of which have been subdued, and others almost totally extirpated by their own drunkenness. Charlevoix says, that a savage being asked by a French officer, what he thought the brandy, which he loved so much, was made of? answered, "It is made of *tongues* and *hearts*; for when I have drunk of it, I fear nothing, and I talk like an angel." See Charlevoix's Letters.

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For the Literary Magazine.

DEAFNESS.

THE following short dialogue took place between the writer of this and a lady who had lost her hearing. This had been her situation for many years. People converse with her, and she usually answers them, with pen (or pencil) and paper. It shows so amiable and rational a mind, though labouring under a great calamity, that I cannot resist the temptation to send it to you.

P. CURIOSITY is honourable to the object of it, however disreputable it may be to the curious man. I am extremely inquisitive just now, and I exceedingly regret that I cannot converse with you by some other instrument than sounds.

M. I am never at a loss when I have pen and paper, and my friends do not mind trouble.

P. It is a trouble that, in this instance, loses its name, and becomes a pleasure. There! You see I can compliment, even on paper. When knowledge at one entrance is almost shut out, are not all the other avenues apter to receive it? and are not thus the gifts of Heaven proved to be impartial? When did I first see miss M.....? You shall see that I remember it, for it was the 10th of October, 1793, only somewhat more than nine years ago. Do you want to know where?

M. I just told my cousin, who seemed surprised at our correspondence, that I spent a week in company with you at W———. I remember it perfectly. Many and various are the scenes I have passed through since. I hope I have learnt to estimate life properly, and that I bear as I ought to do the deprivation of a sense that deprives me of infinite pleasure; but at the same time it has afforded me an opportunity of judging of the human heart. I am qualified to bear testimony to the general good of the human kind, for few have received more attention from individuals, and sympathy from all. You must by no means suppose I am unhappy, or insensible to the charms of society. None has a higher relish for it, or enjoy themselves more.

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

Concluded.

BUT improvidence, while it produces so much occasional distress, is, notwithstanding, one of the most powerful agents in producing that degree of general happiness, which is (contrary to all inferences from their condition) the lot of the indigent. Did the contemplation of the probable events which are concealed by the veil of futurity, occupy so much of their attention as it does that of the wealthy, how comfortless would be their situation! Let any one who is accustomed to extend his views beyond the present moment, picture to himself the situation of one whose condition in life does not permit him to provide for the privations, and guard against the calamities which futurity may introduce, and those which are the inevitable lot of age and infirmity; the object on which his imagination will rest, will probably be one whose daily earnings just serve to defray his expences; he will see him, perhaps, daily parting with his last shilling to purchase the necessaries, or perhaps some trifling article of the luxuries, of life, without a sigh, and, apparently, with as little dread of future want as though he rested his dependence for future provision on some certain and inexhaustible fund. He does not deeply reflect on the probability that his labours may be interrupted by some sudden change, the vigour of his frame unnerved by the powerful and oppressive hand of disease, or the produce of his labours diverted from its wonted channel by some unavoidable calamity. He rushes on through life, unappalled

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by the prospect of futurity, its cares, its wants, its inconveniences, or its calamities.

The present moment is his, and he enjoys it; he "cares not for the morrow," if he can enjoy "to-day;" and were it otherwise, though difficulties might be overcome, inconveniences prevented, and calamities averted, yet his occasional enjoyments would be lessened, and the anxiety which the dread of future inconveniences would produce, would embitter every meal, poison every enjoyment, and cast a gloom over the brightest hours of his existence.

The observer, meanwhile, beholds with astonishment, and even indignation, the infatuation of the object of his observation; he thinks it madness to expend all, even for the necessaries of life, while his future welfare rests on an uncertain basis. "What," says he mentally, "will support you to-morrow?" He can find no other answer ready, but "to-morrow's earnings." "But may not some accident deprive you of this resource?" It may; and he beholds a prospect, the bare contemplation of which awakens in his bosom the emotions of pity, anxiety, and alarm.

Yet, though I have said the occasional happiness of the poor would be lessened by a life of care and providence, yet I am far from wishing to recommend a contrary course; and, if I supposed the productions of my pen would influence the conduct of mankind, I should certainly recommend a life passed in the exercise of economy; for, though I have stated, that the contemplation of futurity would produce misery among the poor, inferring from their general manner of living, yet I am well convinced that, by the constant practice of rigid economy, many of the evils of poverty might be avoided. There are few whose earnings are so scanty as not to admit of small savings for the support of future existence. Thus would a fund be formed, which would prove a comfortable resource in the hours of adversity and affliction. But though this would be the case, yet while the poor do not generally attempt to provide for the future, it is certainly better that their minds are but little occupied in contemplating its probable wants.

I will now make a few hasty observations on the humblest of the children of indigence....the beggars. Whatever may be the condition of this class, as to happiness or misery, perhaps the imagination may afford a more correct picture than my pen can describe; yet I cannot forbear noticing with indignation and contempt, the conduct of those who seem to think themselves entitled to insult them. Poor, wretched, and mortifying as their condition must certainly be, the insults of the proud, and the taunts of the ignorant, the impudent, and unfeeling, need not be added to the catalogue of their misfortunes; and mean and degraded must be that man who can stoop so low. The locks which time has silvered, and the cheek which calamity has furrowed, ought at least to command some respect; and if the purse is too empty to afford relief to real distress, yet the heart ought to yield pity, and humanity dictate decency.

Let it not be said, that beggars are a nuisance to society, or that the public provide for their necessities: this is confessed generally; but if the public good requires the abolition of mendicity, yet may its will be enforced without trampling on the dictates of humanity. No man has a right to insult the lowest of his fellow creatures; if he will not relieve, he may refuse; so far his right extends, but no further; and every one should reflect on the influence his conduct has on the morals of the rising generation. Insulting treatment of the poor has a tendency to smother in the youthful mind the honourable and amiable feelings of humanity, and to create a disrespect for age, whose influence may one day prove the punishment of their unfeeling instructors.

There may be, among this degraded class, those whose charac-

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ters are respectable, and whose wants are real, and which can only be relieved by the donations of private benevolence; there may be those who have seen better days, when they freely gave the humble boon they now solicit. Think, reader, what must be the feelings of those, when, instead of pity, their tale of woe is heard with contempt, and instead of relief, they receive nothing but ridicule and scorn.

VALVERDI.

Sept. 10th, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE INDEX TO THE BIBLE, LATELY PUBLISHED.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

IN the review of a publication entitled "Index to the Bible," the writer of that article thus expressed himself: "From our examination of this volume, we discover, by its partial and restricted references, that it befriends the doctrines of Socinius. We believe that it is a posthumous work of Dr. Priestley. It discovers great industry and accuracy in support of the peculiar views of its author."

It is not my intention to write one word either for or against any particular doctrine, but merely to endeavour to show that the work referred to does not merit the censure thrown upon it. Far from intending to serve the cause of any sect or sects, the author seems to have taken great pains to leave out whatever did not evidently appear to be contained in the *Scriptures*, and has, in general, confined himself to Scripture language, more especially when doctrinal points are referred to. It is true, that he has not made use of any technical terms, such as, transubstantiation, trinity, sacrifice of the mass, merits of the saints, merits of Christ, atonement of Christ, purgatory, intermediate state, satisfaction to divine justice, &c. and for this obvious reason, that such phrases are not to be found in the Bible. The Index, agreeably to its title, and the intentions of its author, contains a great variety of Scripture references expressed in Scripture terms. I shall instance a few of them.

Page 30, Atonement—received thro' Christ.
39, Blood of Christ—redemption through it.
sanctification thro' it.
cleanses us from sin.
97, Faith in Christ, necessary.
137, Inspiration, of the prophets and apostles.
138, Intercession, of Christ for us.
176, Justification, by faith.
not by any human works.
187, Life eternal, thro' Christ.
201, Merit, not to be pleaded with God.
246, Prayer, in the name of Christ.
267, Ransom, Christ so called.
269, Redemption, from sin and death by Christ.
281, Sacrifice, the death of Christ compared to it, and of a superior nature.

How the "Index to the Bible" can at the same time "befriend the doctrines of Socinius," and "support the peculiar views of its (supposed) author," is difficult to be conceived. Socinius regarded Jesus Christ as an object of divine worship....not so Dr. Priestley. Many other instances might be adduced, in which these celebrated men differed from each other.

Believing that the work in question is well calculated to promote the knowledge of the Scriptures of truth, I have thought it proper to offer these remarks, and shall be happy to see them inserted in your valuable magazine.

A FRIEND TO THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

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For the Literary Magazine.

MANNERS.

THE following advertisements will be read probably with much the same surprise, the first in America, and the second in Europe..... Advertisements of this kind throw an amusing and strong light upon the manners and habits of a nation. The first is taken from a recent London paper, The Morning Post, Jan. 2, 1804.

"*Matrimony.*—A Gentleman, 29 years of age, in appearance and address rather pleasing, enjoying good health, a tolerable fortune, and a highly respectable and established business, wishes to be married. His connections are unexceptionable, but they yield objects much too young to sanction or create attention: he therefore adopts this singular mode of address, with the hope it may introduce him to some respectable, some amiable lady, wishful to become a wife. It is necessary she should possess a good disposition, temper, and education; a form and countenance graceful and engaging; age from 18 to 24; fortune not less than six thousand pounds: a proper portion thereof will be settled upon herself. The gentleman's fortune and income, independent of good expectations, are much more than equal to this, which, when necessary, will be proved by documents unquestionable, and references eminent and universally known. To prevent imposition and uncertainty, similar satisfaction will be required. Letters (post-paid) directed for F.G. at Mr. John Wilkinson's, No. 11, Ludgate-street, and stating the real address, will, if agreeable, be attended to within ten days: and, whatever the result, most perfect secrecy will be observed."

The following appeared in a paper, published at Trenton, New-Jersey, within the last month:

"*Camp-Meeting.*—The public is hereby informed, that a Camp-Meeting will be held near Mr. Minard Farley's, in a grove, about a quarter of a mile from New-Germantown, in Hunterdon county. To commence on Saturday the 29th of September, and to continue three days, under the superintendance of the ministers of the Methodist church.

"As camp-meetings are generally attended by several thousands from far and near, and commonly continue day and night, it will be best for those who may come a distance, to bring provision for themselves and horses if possible, and to tarry on the ground till the meeting ends.

"All friendly ministers and praying people are invited to attend said meeting. "THOMAS WARE.

"JOSEPH TOTTEN.

"*Trenton, Sept.* 10, 1804."

Directly after this appears the following:

"*To the Ladies.*—A soft, clear, and delicate skin.—The proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion take this method of informing the ladies and all the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that invaluable article, which is held in such *high* estimation by ladies of the *first* rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

"The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation; it washes the skin perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance."

For the Literary Magazine.

MISTAKES OF TRAVELLERS.

A FRENCH traveller in America, soon after the peace of 1783,

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after his return to France, reported that the new states had adopted the pernicious mode of *farming* their taxes, and what was still more surprising and scandalous, the great Washington had not disdained, after laying down his command, to become one of the *farmers-general.* The truth of this being questioned by some of his friends, he informed them that he could not be mistaken, since he had received a positive assurance of the fact from a man (mentioning his name) of high rank and office in the country, at his own table. After such evidence it could not be doubted by the stranger, and by the American who knew better, the man who thus misled a stranger, and vilified his native country, was an object of no small reproach. A gentleman hearing this story in France, mentioned it again on his return to America, to the person whose authority had been quoted for the fact; who, after some recollection, explained the matter in the following manner.

"I well remember (said he) entertaining this Frenchman at my table. There were several others present, and the conversation turned upon the conduct of Washington, whose self denial, in laying down his military power, and returning to the walks of private life, was much insisted on. The obvious parallel was noticed between him and Cincinnatus, who, in like manner, laid down the *general* and took up the *farmer.* The Frenchman sat at my right hand, and I now very well recollect saying to him, smiling and in jest, What, sir, will your countrymen say to you, when you tell them that the great Washington has sunk into a mere *farmer-general?* He did not understand English very well, or might not have been attentive to the previous conversation: and therefore drew his strange inference."

—

The theological rigour of the early New-England institutions is well known. They were particularly careful in guarding the Sabbath from profanation. Hence has arisen a humorous story, current among beer-house wits and stage-coach satyrists, that they ordered every cask of beer or cyder to be staved which should presume to *work* upon Sunday. This tale is of course varied in different mouths, and sometimes we are told that the law did not punish the cask, but only the man who made the beer upon a Saturday, so that it *worked* upon a Sunday.

Who would have thought that the grave and scrupulous Volney would seriously relate this story, as a fact, in proof of the austere spirit of the early settlers? Yet this he has done.

—

Chastellux tells us that in travelling one Sunday round the places of worship in Philadelphia, he chanced to pop into the quaker meeting. He makes himself very merry with the profound, and to him unmeaning, silence that prevailed for some time. "At length (says he) two or three men and women rose *at the same time* and began to exhort the congregation *all together.*"

I once heard a very intelligent person, who had lived twenty years in Philadelphia, say, that the meetings of the friends break up only when the children become too tired and impatient to sit longer, and give the signal by rushing tumultuously down stairs! This man had often been present at their meetings, and really believed what he said! The source of his mistake is obvious.

—

Rouchefoucault Liancourt, who published two bulky quartos, called Travels in the United States, tells us that in travelling (*I forget where*) in Pennsylvania, the driver of the stage coach sat down to the same table with the passengers. I mention this, says our sagacious traveller, to show the *manners* of the people, and the *universal practice* in America, where there is no distinction ever made between the traveller and the driver.

This reminds me of having once travelled forty miles, on the road

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between Albany and Boston, in a stage, whose driver sat down with us at breakfast, and was called colonel Ayres. The truth was, the colonel was a man of substance, and drove his own horses on this occasion, his driver having been taken suddenly ill, and no time allowed him to procure another. What a fine story would a foreigner have made of this incident, and what long spun theories would his sagacity have drawn from it!

A late French traveller in America, tells us, that the autumnal frosts affect the Indian corn by "dépouillant de leurs graines épaisses ses épis"....that is, "by depriving the grains of their thick husk."....."What a strange climate," says the Englishman, who takes for granted that *Indian corn* is only a variety of wheat, rye, or barley, "where the cold performs all that is done, with us, by mill-stones and bolting-cloths!" Probably, however, the more wary Englishman denies credit to the story, and calls the traveller a liar; for, says he, how is it possible that any thing but force and friction should deprive *corn* of its husk?

Now the truth is, that the *folding leaves*, which enclose the *ear* of maize, is called the *husk*; to deprive the *ear* of this covering is called *husking* it. That the force of frost should loosen and occasion these leaves to fall away from the ear is not incredible: the grain itself still retaining the coat which it has in common with other kinds of corn. A London translator undertakes to translate this French into English. He is puzzled to comprehend the meaning of this passage; but thinks it best upon the whole to render it literally, putting the French at the bottom for the satisfaction of those who think it impossible for so grave a traveller to relate so incredible a fact. But though this assertion, rightly understood, be credible enough, it is yet far from being true, for the frost only *opens* the husk. The hand is obliged to open it still more, while on the stalk, and the husk is finally removed, in the granary, by *the hand*. This assertion, to an English reader, is just as incomprehensible as the other; he is as little able to understand how the *grains* can be *unhusked* by *the hand* as by the *weather*.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MANUFACTURE AND QUALITY OF CHESHIRE SALT.

The editor has just received from England, and has been requested to publish the following account of the manufacture of Cheshire salt, with a view to disprove the charges brought against this article, in a celebrated American publication. As the information it contains is curious and satisfactory, and relates to an article of great importation and consumption in the United States, we readily give it currency without intending, however, to hazard any opinion on the merits of the question.

A PAPER has just been put into my hand, entitled, "Commerce of the United States with Foreign Parts in Sea Salt." The name of the author is not given with it, but it was first printed in a periodical work published at New York, entitled "The Medical Repository," has been since circulated with a good deal of industry in America, and appears to have excited considerable attention there. In this paper the yellow fever, and the various pestilential diseases which have long been so prevalent in America, are ascribed *to the salt brought from Liverpool*, which is stated to be "weak and impure;" and the author strongly impresses upon his countrymen the necessity of avoiding the use of this "pernicious article of import," if they wish to escape these infectious disorders. That it may not be imagined I have mistaken his ideas, I will take the liberty of giving the substance of this paper, and of making such extracts from it as may serve to show

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that he entertains the sentiments which I have imputed to him.

The author begins by stating the importance of the salt-trade to the United States. He goes on to say, that "though the salt springs in New York, Ohio, Kentucky, &c. furnish the interior with large quantities of muriate of soda, still by far the greatest proportion of the salt consumed is brought from abroad. The total quantity imported into America, from October 1, 1800, to September 30, 1801, was 3,282,063 bushels, of 56 pounds to the bushel. Of this quantity, 1,269,398 bushels, or rather more than one third of the whole quantity imported, was brought from England, and was of English manufacture." He then states, "that the British salt imported into the United States comes chiefly from Cheshire, from the mines which contain it. It is found there near Northwich. The first was discovered in boring for coal, in 1670, by one John Jackson. Rock salt, and the white salt made from it, are exported free from duty.

"Northwich rock salt is never used in its crude state at table; and the employment of it for pickling or curing flesh or fish, or preserving any provisions, without being previously dissolved in water, and boiled down into a white salt, is prohibited under a penalty of forty shillings for every pound of rock salt so applied.....They use the rock salt for strengthening brine springs, or sea-water, preparatory to boiling down."

"The white salt is prepared by a boiling heat. Sea-water, brine-springs, and rock salt, generally abound with various other earthy and saline ingredients, such as lime, magnesia, Epsom salts, gypsum, Glauber's salts, &c. all of which injure the quality of the salt, and disqualify it for preserving animal flesh every where, but especially in hot countries and seasons. Therefore the British salt, which comes to us chiefly from Liverpool and the Mersey, is a most pernicious article of import. It is both weak and impure; and deceived by its tempting appearance, the Americans have used it for curing their fish, beef, pork, and butter. In such cases, these kinds of provisions have generally spoiled, and become putrid. The septic (i. e. putrid,) grasses, exhaling therefrom, poison the atmosphere of our cities and ships, and infect the people with pestilential diseases; the way to avoid which is to avoid Liverpool salt."

The author's philippic against British salt does not end here. After enumerating the other sources from whence America derives its sea-salt, which are chiefly the West Indies and Portugal, he adds, "These kinds of salt, any indeed that we import, besides that from Liverpool, may be employed with safety in preserving animal flesh for food; but that British salt, which *they make to sell abroad, and not to consume at home*, ought to be shunned, as a most pernicious article in trade, and the cause of incalculable sickness, death, and loss of property among the American consumers."

He goes on to say, "As soon as the use of British salt is discontinued, there will be less corruption of the provisions, which form so great a part of our West India exports; there will be less septic and venomous air engendered in the vessels which contain them; there will be proportionably less sickness and mortality from their mischievous agency; and of course there will be less and less noise about importing yellow fevers, &c. from the tropical latitudes. Thus, by degrees, we shall learn not to blame the West Indies for our own mis-doings. The evil lies chiefly at home, and in our own vessels; and this is one of the modes of correction and prevention."

On reading the first part of this paper, I was led to imagine that the object of the author, in levelling his abuse at the salt of foreign manufacture, was to induce his countrymen to improve the advantages which nature had afforded them, and to show them that they might manufacture a salt of superior quality from their own brine springs;

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an object in itself laudable. On proceeding, however, with the paper, I was soon aware of my error, and found that this was far from being the design of the author; that he allowed the Americans freely to use salt imported from any other country; whilst he ascribed to that of British manufacture all the long catalogue of evils which he enumerates.

Without entering into the motives of this inveterate and exclusive hostility against British salt, I shall briefly mention what the salt is that is exported to America, and examine the proofs adduced of its impurity and consequent weakness.

That the quantity of white salt which has been exported from Great Britain to the United States, in twelve months, has been at least equal to what is stated by the author of this paper, there can be little doubt. From an account which was ordered to be laid on the table of the house of commons, of the rock and white salt exported from Great Britain to different countries, for several years, it appears, that, from January 5, 1801, to January 5, 1802, 1,946,321 bushels of white salt were exported to the states of America. Large as this quantity seems, it constituted a small proportion of the total export of salt from Great Britain, which amounted in that year to 6,582,329 bushels. The mere duty on the salt consumed at home, which is used in curing of fish and provisions, in preserving butter, in the making of cheese, and for all domestic purposes*, amounted to little less than a million sterling. Is it not singular, that, from the United States alone, we should have heard of the dreadful effects which the importation of this "pernicious article has occasioned?" though it has been sent in such large quantities to different European states, to Africa, to our own America colonies; though it has been used in our own fisheries, and in curing the provisions for our navy: yet no yellow fever, no pestilential disease, has been here produced by it:—pretty strong proofs that this salt is not "disqualified for preserving animal flesh" *every where*. Why in America alone its baneful effects should show themselves, is not easy to conceive!

From the account which the author next gives of the discovery of rock salt in Cheshire, he seems to imagine either that the salt is sent to America in the state in which it is procured from the mines...." the British salt imported into America comes chiefly from Cheshire, from the mines which contain it," or that it is manufactured principally from the "rock salt used in strengthening brine springs, or sea-water, preparatory to boiling down." He appears to suppose that no white salt was manufactured in Cheshire previous to the accidental discovery of rock salt.....Whether these are his ideas, or whether they are facts, may not be of importance in discussing the question of the comparative purity of Liverpool salt; but the truth is, that no rock salt, or salt in the state in which it is gotten from the mines, is ever exported to the United States, though very large quantities of it are annually exported to other countries; and that by far the greatest proportion of the white salt exported from England, or used at home, is manufactured from the natural brine springs, without any artificial addition of rock salt, and has been procured from these sources as long as we have any records of the history of the country. After having, however, endeavoured to give the idea, that it is only the "salt from the mines," or salt prepared from this, which is exported from England into America, he seems, in introducing the account of the penalty attached to the use of crude rock salt in England, to wish to lead his readers to believe, that though the English are very ready to supply

* No mention is here made of the salt used in manufactures, as this is unconnected with the subject of the present inquiry.

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the Americans with *this*, they take care not to use it themselves. That he wishes to impress upon them this idea, we are justified in supposing from what he afterwards says, "but that British salt, which they make to sell abroad, and not to consume at home, ought to be shunned as a most pernicious article in trade," &c.

What is the *difference* alluded to, it is for the author to explain. In England it is perfectly well known that no distinction is made, no difference known, betwixt the salt exported and that consumed at home; while England escapes all the terrible evils ascribed to this manufacture. It is hardly necessary to state, that the penalty on the use of rock salt is intended merely to prevent frauds on the revenue.

The next part of the paper seems to contain the ground-work of the author's charge against salt of British manufacture; and the inference which he produces from the premises he gives us, is surely not a little singular and extraordinary :.... "Sea salt, brine springs, and rock salt, generally abound with various other earthy and saline ingredients, such as lime, magnesia, Epsom salt, gypsum, Glauber's salts, &c. all of which injure the quality of the salt, and disqualify it for preserving animal flesh every where, but especially in hot countries and seasons. Therefore this British salt, which comes to us chiefly from Liverpool and the Mersey, is a most pernicious article of import. It is both weak and impure," &c.

That sea water, brine springs, and rock salt, each contain, besides muriate of soda, various earthy and saline ingredients, often those which the author of this paper enumerates, is perfectly well known. But before he had presented us with the conclusion he draws, we might have expected that he would have shown us, either that the salt imported into America, from other countries, was procured from other and purer sources, or that the Cheshire salt, exported from Liverpool, contained a larger proportion of these earthy impurities, than the salt received from other quarters. Can the author be so ignorant of the subject about which he writes, as not to know that salt is procured in the large way from *no other sources*, than sea-water, brine springs, and rock salt, (or in some countries, from inland salt lakes, which partake of the nature of the former sources,) and that the Portugal and Mediterreanan salt is obtained by slow evaporation of sea water alone; whilst the Cheshire salt is procured from native brine springs and rock salt? In his eagerness to vilify salt of British manufacture, he has, with singular inconsistency, included *all kinds* of salt in the same indiscrimate censure; for since all kinds of manufactured salt contain these impurities, and since the author attributes to these impurities an imperfection in the power of preserving animal flesh, the fair inference would be, not that Liverpool salt alone must be weak and impure, but that every kind of salt is unfit for the preservation of animal food in hot climates, and is therefore "a most pernicious article of import."

But had the author given himself the trouble of examining into the component parts of Cheshire salt, he would have discovered that this very salt, which he states to be necessarily so impure, is almost entirely free from those earthy salts, which he states to be contained in the various sources whence muriate of soda is extracted; and he would have learnt, that even the rock salt found in England consists of pure muriate of soda, combined with a certain proportion of argillaceous earth*, with scarcely any other earthy or saline admixture. The argillaceous earth, being perfectly insoluble in water, is completely se-

* In fixing the duty upon rock salt to be used in refineries, government allows sixty-five pounds of rock salt to the bushel, instead of fifty-six pounds, as in white salt; this being considered as the average proportion of argillaceous earth mixed with the rock salt.

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parated when the rock salt is dissolved; and if any earthy matter be found mixed with the salt afterwards made, it can be derived only from the water by which the solution is formed. In the natural brine springs, which owe their origin to the waters of the surface finding their way through the superincumbent earth to a stratum of rock salt, and dissolving a certain proportion of this, (greater or less as it is more or less exposed to their action), the brine contains scarcely any more earthy matter than the water did previous to its action on the salt, or no more than the water of springs or rivers.

It is certainly only by experiment that the relative purity of the different salts, and of the different sources from which they are procured, can be ascertained. Such experiments we have, and the following are their results:

First, with regard to the comparative purity of the *sources* whence the different kinds of salt are obtained; the bay salt is procured entirely from sea water, and the Cheshire salt from the brine springs and rock salt in that part of England. The rock salt, as we shall presently show, contains few other soluble parts than pure muriate of soda, and therefore the proper subjects for comparison are the Cheshire brine and sea water.

To our ingenious countryman, Mr. William Henry, whose chemical knowledge and accuracy of research are well known, we are indebted for an examination of the brine from the springs at Northwich.

Examining it by re-agents he found: 1. That muriate of barytes gave a white precipitate.

2. That there was a precipitation on the addition of oxalic-acid.

3. That with prussiate of potash there was no immediate change, but after some hours the brine acquired a blue tinge.

4. That all the alkalies, fixed and volatile, threw down an abundant white precipitate.

The first and second experiments indicate sulphate of lime, and the third, an inconsiderable quantity of iron.

All the earths were precipitated from two quarts of brine, by carbonate of potash. This precipitate, washed and dried, weighed two hundred grains, and consisted of a mixture of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia, principally the former. The muriate of soda, in the same quantity of brine was 20 oz. 256 grains.

Hence it appears, that a *wine-pint* of the brine contains 5 oz. 64 gr. or 2464 grains, of muriate of soda, together with a quantity of earthy salts, which are to be considered as impurities, and of which the mere earthy part, brought to the state of a carbonate, amounts to 50 grains.

On the other hand, we have an analysis of sea-water by the illustrious Bergman, whose authority stands among the very highest as a practical operator. This excellent chemist ascertained the contents of sea water to be the following, (reducing the measures from the Swedish to the English, for the sake of comparison):

One English wine pint of sea water, taken up at the latitude of the Canaries, contains:

	grains.
Of common salt	241
Of muriated magnesia	65½
Of sulphate of lime	8

Of these three ingredients, the two last are the earthy impurities, from which, if the earth were precipitated by a carbonated alkali, as in the former experiments, the 65 1-2 grains of muriated magnesia would yield 45 grains, and the 8 grains of sulphate of lime would yield about 6 grains of earth....total 51 grains.

Thus we see that the *absolute quantity* of earth precipitable from a pint of Cheshire brine, is nearly the the same as from a pint of sea water; but the *relative proportion* of this earth to the pure muriate of soda, is totally different; since a given bulk of the Cheshire

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brine contains full ten times as much pure salt as the same quantity of sea water. Consequently it would be necessary to evaporate at least ten times as much sea water as Cheshire brine, to obtain a pound of salt; and, therefore, if the impurity of the source whence salt is obtained were to affect the quality of the manufactured product, as the author of the paper insinuates, it would follow that the *bay salt*, which is procured from sea water, ought to contain ten times the impurity of that of Cheshire manufacture, which is so much reprobated.

The following experiments will show how small is the proportion of earthy salt contained in rock salt, or in the salt which is procured from the Cheshire brine springs, either natural, or when strengthened with rock salt. They will convince us, that if this last be not found to preserve animal substances from putrefaction, at least equally well with other salts, it cannot be owing to the want of purity in the salt, but must be ascribed to some other cause.

Experiments.....480 grains of rock salt were dissolved in four ounces of distilled water.

1. On addition of carbonate of potash, there was no precipitate.

2. No alteration was produced by this solution on blue vegetable juices.

3. On addition of a few drops of tincture of galls, a slight purple tinge was given to the solution; and, after standing some hours, there was a brown sediment at the bottom of the phial.

4. On addition of muriate of barytes, no precipitate.

The first experiment shows that the rock salt has no muriate of lime or muriate of magnesia combined with it, earthy salts always met with in sea water, and generally in brine. The second, that it has no uncombined acid or alkali. The third, that it contains some portion of iron. The fourth, that there is no sulphate of lime (gypsum) contained in it.

Though the presence of a small quantity of iron gives a brownish tinge to a large quantity of salt, it has never been suspected to injure the quality of the salt, or to lessen its power of resisting putrefaction. The iron here found is a carbonate; and if the brine be left for a few days in the reservoir, previous to its being drawn into the evaporating pan, the greater part of the acid leaves the iron, and the oxyd subsides to the bottom of the cistern. If any still remain united with the acid, when the brine, is heated to 100 degrees of Fahrenheit in the evaporating pan, the acid quits the iron, and the latter then subsides. As the oxyd of iron affects only the colour, and does not diminish the use of the salt, less pains is taken to separate it*.

Similar experiments made with solutions of stoved (or fine grained) salt, and with large grained (fishery) salt, of Cheshire manufacture, such as are indiscriminately exported or used in England, show, that the portions of earthy salts contained in them is much too small to have any effect in lessening the value of the salt, and *much smaller than is met with in salt of any other manufacture.*

Experiments.....480 grains of stoved salt (prepared by a boiling heat) were dissolved in 4 oz. of distilled water.

1. A precipitate was produced by a solution of carbonate of potash, which, when dried, amounted to 3 grains, and was found to consist of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia.

2. On adding muriate of barytes there was a white precipitate.

3. No alteration was produced by a similar solution on blue vegetable juice; but on adding to it a *single drop* of muriatic acid, a sensible redness was given....By the addition of a few drops of a solution of carbo-

* At Walker, in Northumberland, the quantity of carbonate of iron contained in the brine, is so great, that it is separated by throwing quicklime into the reservoir; and the ochre is prepared for sale.

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nate of potash to a like solution of stoved salt, a light green colour was given to the blue juice of vegetables.

On making similar experiments with a solution of 480 grains of large grained fishery salt, prepared by an evaporation conducted at 110 degrees of Fahrenheit, the result was the same, excepting that the precipitate, on the addition of the solution of carbonate of potash, amounted to one grain only.

From the first experiment it appears, that there is a small quantity of muriated-lime and magnesia combined with each kind of salt; but that even in the stoved, or the salt prepared by a boiling heat, these do not amount to a hundred and fiftieth part of the muriate of soda; and in the large grained to little more than a five hundredth part

The second experiment shows that some sulphate of lime is in the salt; but as this is soluble in water only in the proportion of 1 to 500*, it is obvious how small the quantity of this must necessarily be: and as it has appeared that none is contained in the rock salt, what little there is of it can be derived only from the water of solution, and can contain no more than this. No one will, I believe, be found to suspect that the small portion there is of it can injure the quality of the salt.

The third experiment shows, that there is not either in the stoved, or the large grained fishery salt, any uncombined acid or alkali.

It was an idea of the late Dr. Brownrigg, when he published his ingenious and philosophical work on the Manufacture of Common Salt, that by a boiling heat, a portion of the acid in the muriate of soda was expelled, and that the salt prepared in this process had an excess of alkali. The learned bishop of Llandaff seems to have entertained the same opinion.....He ascribes the supposed superiority of Dutch salt to the addition of *sour whey* which they make to the brine, and which, he imagines, unites with any uncombined alkali in it. The above experiment, which was frequently repeated, shows that this is not the case. It corresponds with the experiments made by Mr. Boyle, and proves that *no separation takes place in the component parts of the muriate of soda by boiling the brine.*

The experiments which have been mentioned, and the statement of facts which has been given, must, we presume, have convinced every unprejudiced person that the salt manufactured in Cheshire is almost entirely free from any foreign contents, and that it consists of pure muriate of soda, with scarcely any other saline or earthy addition. But,

* It may be here remarked, that the proportion of earthy salts to the muriate of soda, is still smaller in the manufactured salt than in the brine, small as it is even in the latter; for on the application of heat to the brine, a portion of the acid may be observed to leave the carbonate of lime, and this is no longer held in solution; while, as the evaporation proceeds, the sulphate of lime subsides, and mixes with the carbonate of lime which has been separated. These earthy salts are partly taken out in the early stage of the process of manufacture, with a portion of the muriate of soda first formed, by the operation of "clearing" the pan; and partly subside and adhere to the upper surface of the pan, forming that incrustation there which is called by the workmen "pan-scratch," or "scale," and which gradually accumulating, it becomes necessary to remove from the pan every three or four weeks by "picking."

From an analysis of the "clearings," by the excellent chemist above-mentioned, Mr. William Henry, it appears that 480 parts contained 384 of muriate of soda, 20 of carbonate of lime, and 76 of sulphate of lime....He found 480 parts of the "pickings" to contain 40 of muriate of soda, 60 of carbonate, and 380 of sulphate of lime. Circumstances are, of course, occurring to vary these proportions. No muriate of magnesia is found in either the clearings or pickings, since this, being much more ready of solution than muriate of soda, remains in the liquor left at the bottom of the pan after the muriate of soda has been drawn out.

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though more pure than any other salt manufacured, it does not necessarily follow, that, in *every form* in which it is prepared, it should possess superior advantages in the preservation of animal food, since several other circumstances are here to be taken into consideration. These will be best understood by examining what is the process of nature in forming the crystals of muriate of soda; and by stating the different ways in which the manufacture is conducted in Cheshire.

The natural form of the crystals of muriate of soda, is that of a perfect cube; and they regularly assume this figure, when the due arrangement of their particles has not been interrupted by agitation, or the application of strong heat. "These cubes exhibit diagonal *striæ*, and frequently, on each side, produce squares parallel to the external surface, gradually decreasing inwards, circumstances which show the vestiges of their internal structure; for every cube is composed of six quadrangular hollow pyramids, joined by their apices and external surface. Each of these pyramids is filled up by others similar but gradually decreasing; and then the form is completed. By a due degree of evaporation, it is no difficult matter to obtain these pyramids separate and distinct, or six of such, either hollow, or more or less solid, joined together round a centre." "If we examine the hollow pyramid* of salt separately, we shall find it composed of four triangles, and each of these formed of threads parallel to the base; which threads, upon accurate examination, are found to be nothing more than a series of small cubes†."

The perfect crystalization of the salt can, however, take place only under the circumstances above-mentioned, a freedom from agitation, and from too rapid an evaporation of the water which holds the salt in solution; and it is principally on the presence or absence of these causes that the variation in the appearance of the salt manufactured in Cheshire depends.

The manufacture is conducted in three different ways, or, rather, heat is applied in three different degrees, to effect the evaporation of the water of solution.

1. In making the *stoved*, or *lump salt*, as it is called, the brine is brought to a boiling heat (which, in brine fully saturated, is 226 of Fahrenheit), and it is continued nearly at this heat during the formation of the salt. The little crystal is no sooner formed, than, by the agitation of the brine, it subsides to the bottom of the pan. If taken out, it appears, at first sight, to be granular, or a little flaky; but, if more accurately examined, it is found to approach to the form of a little quadrangular, though somewhat irregular, pyramid*.

2 In making the *common salt*, the crystallization is carried on with the brine heated to 160 or 170 degrees of Fahrenheit. The salt formed in this process is in quadrangular pyramids or hoppers, close and compact in their texture, frequently clustered together, and larger or smaller, according to the degree of heat which has been applied. Little cubical crystals will often be intermixed with, and attached to, these.

To make the *large grained*, or *fishery salt*, the brine is brought to a heat from 100 to 110 of Fahrenheit; and at this heat the evaporation of the water and the crystallization of the salt proceed. No agitation is produced by it on the brine; and the slownesss of the evaporation allows the muriate of soda to

* The bases and altitudes of these little pyramids are in general equal; thus showing the disposition of the salt to form a cube.

† See Bergman's Essays, vol. ii. p. 12, 13.

* The salt thus made, being afterwards dried in heated stoves, loses about one-seventh of its weight by the evaporation of a portion of its water of crystallization.

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form in large, nearly cubical, crystals, seldom, however, quite perfect.

Though the outward form of the salt produced by the varied processes is very dissimilar, there is scarcely any difference, as has appeared by the experiments, which have been given, in its degree of purity. Indeed, the different processes, instead of being regarded as distinct ones, might, perhaps, with more propriety, be considered as gradations in the same process, interrupted only by the agitation which heat gives to the brine. In the stoved salt, where the agitation is greatest, only a small portion of the little pyramid has been formed. In the common salt, the heat and agitation during the crystallization, being less, the hollow pyramid is completed. In making the large grained fishery salt, there being no agitation, the little pyramids are enabled to unite, and to form into cubes.

That these are facts, is readily proved by re-dissolving the large grained fishery salt, and applying a boiling heat to the brine thus made. We then procure a granular or flaky salt, resembling the stoved salt; while, on the other hand, if we re-dissolve the stoved salt, and evaporate the water of solution at a heat of 100 degrees, we shall procure large cubical crystals of muriate of soda.

Since, from the experiments which have been mentioned, and the detail of facts which has been given, it is evident that the salt manufactured in Cheshire is procured from sources much purer than bay salt, or than salt of any other manufacture: since it has appeared that it is an almost pure muriate of soda, and has scarcely any admixture of earthy salts: since the salt made by the different processes, and the application of varied degrees of heat, differs only in outward form, and not in its component parts: since this salt has been found by long experience, not only in Great Britain, but in the different countries to which it has been every year so largely exported, to be a most excellent preserver of animal flesh from putrefaction: and since these different countries have been free from the contagious diseases which have prevailed in America, the conclusion seems obviously to follow, either that the author of the paper above-mentioned can have no foundation for his abuse of the salt imported from England into America, or that there must have been some mismanagement in the application of it.

From the account which has been given of the variation in the figure of the salt procured by the different processes of manufacture in Cheshire, it will readily be conceived that these, though differing little in purity, may admit of very various application in the preservation of animal flesh and provisions.

For table use, for the salting of butter, and for various domestic purposes, a preference is given, both in England and in the different countries of Europe to which it is so largely exported, to the salt prepared by a boiling heat; the smallness of its grain better fitting it for these purposes.

For the same reason, and from the readiness with which it dissolves, this salt is well adapted for making the pickle, used for *striking* the meat, which is the first part of the process in curing fish, and preserving animal flesh.

For the *packing* of fish and provisions, it is by no means so proper as the common or large grained fishery salt; and, as might be expected, it is found, when applied to this purpose, not to preserve them equally well from putrefaction; for, being so ready of solution, the whole of it is formed into brine, which, being forced out from betwixt the layers of flesh of fish, by the pressure of these on each other, the different portions of animal matter come into close contact, without having any salt left interposed. Whereas, when the salt of larger grain is used, a considerable part of it long remains undissolved, separating the different portions of meat, admitting,

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in some degree, the brine to flow betwixt the layers, and furnishing a constant supply of saturated brine from the solution of the salt in the fluids exuding from the animal matter, to every part of the packed provisions.

For the Literary Magazine.

QUERIES RESPECTING THE BEST MEANS OF WARMING ROOMS.

I. STEAM.

1. CANNOT heat be imparted to rooms, closets, ovens, vessels, and the substances of domestic use, otherwise than by introducing fuel into such rooms and closets, and into contact with such vessels or substances?

2. Cannot, for instance, a chamber or parlour be warmed by means of fire kindled at a considerable distance from it?

3. If water be boiled in a vessel, to which a tube be attached, will not the water, thus converted into steam, fly through this tube, to any distance?

4. Cannot the outside of this tube be so fortified, that the steam, in passing through it, shall lose none or very little of its heat?

5. Cannot, in other words, this steam be poured uncondensed into a vessel, of metal or of earthen ware, situated at a considerable distance from the boiler?

6. Will not such vessel or stove be considerably heated by the steam thus received and condensed within it?

7. Could not the heat, thus imparted to the stove, be made equivalent for all purposes for which heat is wanted, *in a parlour or chamber*, to the heat generated by burning fuel in the stove itself?

8. Would not the heat thus obtained be more equable, mild, and stationary, and accompanied with less dirt, less trouble, less danger, less expence, and less injury to the eyes and skin, than heat obtained from burning wood, coal, or peat, in a stove (either open or close), or in a fire-place of any kind?

9. Would not the costly and cumbrous apparatus of shovel, tongs, poker, brush, andirons, with the firemaker and chimney-sweep, be, by this means, rendered unnecessary in such chamber or parlour?

10. Could not this steam be excluded or admitted, lessened or increased, with ease and expedition, and at pleasure, by the proper disposition of cocks, valves, and dampers?

11. Could not suitable provision be made, that all the steam condensed in these stoves should return into the boiler; and thus an indefinite supply of steam be maintained by the same quantity of water?

12. Could not many stoves and many apartments be thus warmed at the same time by one common fire and boiler, situated in a lower room or cellar?

13. Would not the fuel, necessary to supply this common fire, if properly managed, be fifty or a hundred times less in quantity than that which would be requisite to warm the same apartments in the same degree, in a common and separate fire-place?

14. Suppose a hollow globe of cast iron, whose cavity is sufficient to contain a cubic foot of highly rarified steam, and whose bounding solid is 1-5th of an inch thick: what degree of heat will such a globe imbibe and impart to the surrounding air from the condensation of a cubic foot of very hot steam?

15. Would not a cubic foot of water, and consequently a square boiler, whose interior diameter is 12 inches, be sufficient to supply and fill with steam *eight hundred* of such stoves as are described in the last query?

16. Could not all danger of bursting in the boiler, the conducting tube, and the stove, be effectually prevented by the use of commodious safety valves?

17. What quantity of fuel would be necessary to convert into steam

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a cubic foot of water; and to maintain a regular supply of steam to any given number of stoves, and consequently of heat to any given number of apartments?

18. Are not enquiries and experiments to this end highly worthy of ingenious minds, who are at the same time anxious to promote the comforts and enjoyments of their fellow men?

II. AIR.

1. Might not an apparatus be formed for heating air, and distributing this air thus heated, into various and remote apartments?

2. Since rooms are made warm by rendering the air they contain warm, might not air be heated at a distance from the room, and communicated to the room by means of conducting tubes? Might it not first be contained in vessels exposed to the action of fire, and then be made to replenish a hollow cylinder to serve as a reservoir, from which it might be let out when wanted?

3. On this system, would it be impracticable to dispose matters in such a manner, that on opening a valve in the wall or ceiling of a parlour or chamber, a stream of warm air shall rush into a room, by which the temperature of that room may be regulated to any pitch the tenant of it pleases?

4. Might not the fire-place and fire by which the air is warmed, be situated in a lower apartment or cellar, and be so disposed in brickwork or masonry, as that a little fuel shall heat a great quantity of air, and warm a great number of apartments?

5. Would not this method exceed, in cleanliness, simplicity, cheapness, and freedom from danger and trouble, any other method of warming rooms? Would not the temperature of the apartment be regulated with greater precision, and more equally, than by any other process?

What apparatus would be necessary for this purpose?

7. What means should be used to make the fresh air enter the vessels provided for heating it?

8. When heated, by what means shall it be made to pass upward or onward in the proper tubes, and not go back again through the aperture at which it entered?

9. When not drawn off in the upper rooms, how shall the superfluity be disposed of?

10. Will not air, greatly heated, perform all the operations of cookery, baking, boiling, and roasting; and might not all these operations be effected by the same agent, air, and by the same apparatus as that by which rooms are warmed?

11. By this means, might not any temperature be produced, in any well constructed room, higher than that of the external atmosphere, without fire-place or any conspicuous aperture; by means not perceptible to the stranger or the visitants?

It is not insinuated that these queries have never been put before, nor ever received satisfactory answers. They are merely intended to awaken and direct the attention of the reader to points of great importance in private and domestic life.

QUÆSITOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

ZEENDORF EDUCATION, AND MILITARY SYSTEM.

A FRENCH traveller, in describing the Austrian troops reviewed at Prague, in 1786, gives us the following curious account of a regiment arrayed and disciplined after a new and singular fashion.

He tells us that he was particularly struck by the appearance of a troop, which acted separately, in some respects, from the rest, and displayed exercises and manœuvres, as well as dress and arms, peculiar to themselves. They belonged to the count Zeendorf, who possesses large domains in Bohemia, which he governed with most of the attributes

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of sovereign power. These troops were raised among his own vassals, and maintained at his own expence, on condition that the emperor-king would allow him to name and commission all their officers, and regulate their discipline according to his own fancy.

The tenure by which he held of the king of Bohemia, allowed him to maintain an armed force, for the protection of his own territory, and obliged him to supply the armies of the emperor-king with a thousand men in times of war, these men being paid and maintained by the emperor as long as they are actually in his service. The present count has taken their maintenance upon himself, on the above conditions.

These men are not draughted indiscriminately, and at any age when their service is required, but they are taken at the age of twelve years, with their parents' consent and their own. By very natural means he has given an air of dignity to the profession, and annexed to it so many dazzling privileges, which are, however, chiefly of an honorary nature, that the post is an object of competition, and the candidates are so numerous, that there is a difficulty of choice. He requires a certain form, stature, degree of strength and hardiness of constitution, and admits none but such as come up to his standard of human excellence. They are admitted with certain religious ceremonies, and assume obligations, like the knights of ancient military orders, which it is not merely a civil offence, but a crime against the Deity, to violate. These obligations relate to the regulation of the passions, to diet and regimen, and to social conduct. The grand ends in view are to harden the body and strengthen the mind. The means suitable to this end are such as make their provision and maintenance as cheap, and their movements as little encumbered, as possible.

In the first place, their dress consists of one garment, of an elastic stuff, or stuff woven in the stocking-loom. This garment covers the body, the thighs, legs, and feet, and the arms down to the wrist. On the feet are leathern boots, which reach half way up the leg; on the head is a leathern cap, and round the waist is a belt of leather. This dress is made of wool, being of a thick texture in winter, and a thin one in summer.

Their arms are, a heavy musket with two barrels, with a strong bayonet, the weapon being constructed after the best and newest fashion, and having the name and office of the wearer engraved on it. On the front of the cap is likewise his name. The rank and situation of the soldier is conspicuously denoted by the form and finishing of his cap, dress, boots, and arms.

In a belt around his waist are twenty cartridges, a razor, a steel comb, a fine brush, and little implements, or trinkets, or money. They are so disposed as scarcely to be perceptible. His dress fits close to him, and shows the whole outline of his body.

A canvas bag is also attached to his person, which when empty has the graceful form of a short cloak or mantle. On a march, and in actual service, it contains forty pounds of bread, and a small cup of horn to drink with: sometimes one spare garment is added to its contents.

Their provision is a pound and a half of hard biscuit, made of the best rye flour. When stationary, they have, in addition, four ounces of smoke-dried beef. Their drink is only water, and they must cheerfully starve before they accept any other kind of liquor, meat, or bread, than those just described.

They must take but six hours sleep in the twenty-four, and must take it at any moment most convenient. All habits relative to sleep are carefully guarded against: they must be able to watch twenty-four hours with alacrity, and take their six hours sleep at six different times, if necessary, in the course of the day. They must go to sleep in a moment, and awaken at the slight-

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est signal, or even at a pre-appointed time.

They must sleep with their heads on the same level with their bodies, on the bare ground, or, *at best*, on a bare board, and without any additional covering.

When stationary, and it is possible to do it, they must daily, and at all seasons, go through the following corporeal exercises:

First.....Swimming, which must take place, if possible, in deep running water, and must last half an hour at a time.

Secondly.....Running, which must occupy another half hour. To run fast is the object of daily exercise, and to run long, of a periodical half weekly exercise.

Thirdly.....To leap, which requires another half hour.

Fourthly.....To wrestle, which demands the same period.

Fifthly.....To fence, with the gun and bayonet.

Sixthly.....To dance, in which grace and agility are wrought into a system, and numerous ballets or pantomimic dramas are composed by the best masters, for the purpose of improving them. These ballets are plays, in which action and thought are conveyed by look and gesture, and in which gesture is regulated by the sound of music. They are designed not only to improve the body and senses, but to instruct the mind in all that belongs to their profession. They are accordingly adapted to all degrees of power and skill, and form a regular series of exercises, from the easiest and simplest, to the most arduous and complex.

Seventhly.....To play with a ball and racket. Several games at ball are practised by them, some on an easier, and some on a more difficult plan.

These are the seven arts or branches of what may be called their corporeal education. Their [illegible]ever, are not neglected: [illegible]ry, they receive the [illegible] instruction in every [illegible]wledge which can be serviceable to the defence of their country, in the field, and the preservation of its honour and promotion of its happiness at home.

Their education commences at twelve years of age. They are then placed in a college, and subjected to the strictest discipline, till twenty-four, when, if they are duly qualified, they enter upon manhood and its various duties.

They are then formed into a band or regiment, and their exercises are an imitation of all the movements and operations of war. They are bound to obey the emperor's call to fight against the enemies of the German empire.

Their internal government, though its laws are prescribed by the prince, is administered by themselves: that is, by officers of their own election, with the concurrence of the prince. All offences are examined by courts whose members are elected by themselves: that is, they consist of officers who owe their authority to previous election.

The chief military maxims of their institution are:

Never to turn their backs upon an enemy; never to be made prisoner. To either of these events death is to be cheerfully preferred; and if not received from the enemy, must be inflicted by themselves..... This rule admits of no limitation or exception.

When we say to them, that to yield to numbers is not dishonourable; that the end in view may sometimes be best effected by retreat; and that this, if it be to gain an advantage, or preserve a life useful on other occasions, is an argument not of fear but of prudence: ....they answer, that these notions imply that life is more valuable and men more scarce than is really the case. They are taught to deprecate old age and its incurable infirmities as an evil, and not seek it as a good: that to die suddenly and by the sword, in the prime of vigour and health, is highly desirable to those who know that they must some time die, and that what is

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called a natural death is generally painful, lingering, and ignominious; and is particularly acceptable to those who believe that they only change this life for a better. As to survivors, the death of a knight does not make his post vacant: on the contrary, it is instantly filled by one who is eagerly waiting for it, and who is probably more youthful and vigorous than his predecessor. To die early, therefore, is to benefit one's self, the man who succeeds us, and the common cause; the number of the band being limited. These sentiments are instilled into the knight by all the course of his education, by example, and by the most sacred impressions of religious duty. His very nature is thus moulded so as to make him utterly incapable of other views or sentiments.

He must not survive his strength or agility. When disabled by wounds or sickness, even for a short time, from performing the most arduous of his duties, he must embrace death. He must kill himself.

To one who should attempt to show the impolicy of this maxim, the answer is the same as has just been given. They likewise add, that their calling requires them, in any circumstances, to face death; it is best to allow of no exception to those rules, or to make the warrior, in any case, the arbiter of the question when it is right to stand or run away, to yield or contend, to live or die.

Hence, the surgeon, the medicine chest, and the hospital, are no part of their train.

Their period of service is twelve years; promotion from the lowest grade, at which every one must begin his career, is obtained by a probationary period spent in the lower stations, and by accomplishments, both mental and bodily, which are subjected to the severest test.

After twelve years, they must withdraw from the ranks: they may then marry, and may discharge a variety of civil duties.

My author, who was a military character, is vastly taken by this strange system. He takes great pains to acquaint himself with all the minutiæ of their discipline, and points out the effects it has produced.

He tells us, that none of the men are less than six feet high. That their persons are models of strength and proportion; their gesture the combination of agility and grace. That they use a heavy musket with the lightness, quickness, and dexterity that a fencing master displays with the small sword. Hence their attack is irresistible, whether they use this weapon to strike or to force.

They are able to run, with their arms and ammunition, one mile in six minutes; and can travel, without any lasting fatigue, fifty miles in ten hours.

In battle, they are anxious to contend hand in hand, as their superiority is then most likely to show itself. They place little reliance on powder and shot, artillery they totally abjure, and they use the bullet merely because it can be to a certain extent conveniently combined with the other uses of a musket. They do not therefore load themselves with ball or ammunition. They carry none but about their persons, in the longest march.

Horsemanship they likewise despise. Cavalry they deem a superfluous encumbrance in war. They deny that horsemen are by any means equal to the same number of *foot*; and they maintain that any advantages allowed to them on the score of celerity or force is greatly overbalanced by their unmanageableness, the trouble and expence of dressing, equipping, harnessing, and feeding them. The same objection they make to artillery of all kinds. An army of such troops, whatever be its numbers, will move over any roads, and through any country, fifty, or at least forty miles, a day. They need not take into view the state of the country they pass, as to the means of subsistence it possesses. They need not burthen themselves with money to purchase

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meat for themselves or the men or beasts that carry them or follow them: they want only a country that has running water, for they carry a month's provision on their backs, and have no beasts, no waggons, no suttlers, in their train..... Thus, they might pass an uninhabited country twelve hundred miles wide, that was absolutely desert..... They employ no labour to carry tents or baggage of any kind, because they carry all they want upon their shoulders; and ground to lie down upon, or a tree to lean against, is all the lodging they require.

They do not intimidate or harass the villagers or townsmen, by intruding on their houses: they would not enter them, were they supplicated to do so.

To cross rivers they only ask permission to reach the margin, for water is to them as sure a footing, for a few miles, as dry land..... They do not stop to build or master a bridge, for a bridge is neglected even when it is ready to receive them, since, while hours or days are consumed in crossing a narrow bridge, they can pass the stream in a body, and forty thousand may transfer themselves to the opposite side of a river a mile wide in half an hour.

They carry no ovens nor bakers to bake their bread, nor kettles to cook their victuals; all is ready baked and ready cooked. Their knapsack is their waggon and cupboard, and their hands the only implements of cookery or service they want.

What an enormous difference between this apparatus and provision for war, and that which is used in most European armies! What a train of horses, waggons, and useless men and women encumber the motions of an English or a German army! What various departments of bakers, drivers, physicians, and commisaries; what quantities of baggage, of tents, clothing, beds, implements of cookery and housekeeping! How many wain-loads of powder and ball, struggling with crazy wheels, worn-out horses, and crooked muddy roads! How many superfluities of bread, beef fresh and salt, alive and dead, flour which requires a tedious process, and iron plates, and fuel, to make eatable! How many casks even of spirituous liquors are they loaded with!

All these things the miserable wretches who compose such armies deem necessary to their subsistence. Habit, fighting with nature, and reason, and health, and activity, imperiously demand all these encumbering appendages. They cannot sleep, but on beds, and under tents: they cannot eat but what has just gone through the fire, and accompanied with poisonous doses of strong liquor, which impairs their health, and robs them of their understanding.

Almost all military systems have adopted the use of music: first, to convey the intentions of commanders, next to regulate the steps and movements, and thirdly and chiefly, to afford a mechanical impulse and elevation to the spirits. The horrid and infernal nature of war, pursued as a trade, or at the impulse of ambition, needs to be disguised by pride, pomp, and circumstance; and nothing, we well know, inspires ardour more successfully than music.

Our Zeendorf legislator has a strong and effectual hold upon the passions of his soldiers, by means of education and notions of religious duty; but he does not disdain, on the contrary he deems indispensible, the aid of music. He entertains, however, the utmost abhorrence of drums: they are reliques, he says, of ages of ignorance and barbarism, and are equally unsuited to the purposes to which they are applied, by their size, which is cumbrous, their shape, which is awkward, and their sound, which is nothing but a rumbling and monotonous noise. The only instrument he admits is the *fife*, which is varied in size and form, so as to produce a very great compass of music.

This branch of instrumental music his people have carried to a high

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degree of excellence; and all the forms of the flute, clarionet, and hautboy, have been exhausted by their ingenuity. Each company of ten has a musician, though music forms a part of the education of all.

The garment of other soldiers must consist of a dozen pieces, and of as many folds, one within another, of the most costly or unsuitable materials, and in shapes the most awkward, redundant, or incommodious. Their hair must be plaistered with grease and flour, and allowed to grow into a spacious mansion for noisome venom and unwholesome filth. Their heads must be covered with ugly hats, of wool or fur, *dyed black*, and pinched up into the most grotesque shapes imaginable. They must have women to perpetuate a destructive disease among them, and to set them an example of barbarity, or folly, or intemperance. In short, nothing can equal the prodigal waste of money, life, health, strength, and virtue, in a modern army: but, in every circumstance affecting the health, virtue, and military usefulness of the individual, the Zeendorf institutions seem in the highest degree valuable and judicious. What pity that they are confined to a few hundred men and a single small principality!

Thus far my author. Many other observations will occur to a curious reader, on reading this singular account. We are taught by it the practicability, and even the superior wholesomeness, of the simple diet used by this order of men: for though in some respects they perform the functions of common soldiers, they have habits and sentiments worthy of sages and heroes, and are to be considered as an order of knighthood.

Is not the education here described such as ought to be adopted relatively to every class of citizens? And since it is so apparently and eminently calculated to give robust bodies, elegant and powerful gesture, and temperate and sober habits, health and long life, is it not eminently useful as a preparation for any of the higher walks and provinces of social life?

ALDO.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON MODERN LATIN POETRY.

IN the eleventh of Fitzosborne's letters, the author, speaking of "every man who sets up for a poet in a dead language," remarks, that, to express himself with propriety, "he must not only be sure that every *single* word which he uses, is authorised by the best writers, but he must not even venture to throw them out of that particular combination, in which he finds them connected, otherwise he may fall into the most barbarous solecisms. To explain my meaning by an instance from modern language: the French words, *arene* and *rive*, are both to be met with in their approved authors; and yet if a foreigner, unacquainted with the niceties of that language, should take the liberty of bringing these two words together, as in the verse

"Sur la rive du fleuve amassant
de l'arene,"

he would be exposed to the ridicule, not only of the critics, but of the most ordinary mechanic in Paris. For the idiom of the French tongue will not admit *sur la rive du fleuve*, but requires the phrase *sur le bord de la riviere;* and they never say, *amasser de l'arene*, but *du sable*. The same observation may be extended to all languages living or dead."

To this objection the answer is obvious and brief. If these solecisms can be detected, they may be avoided; if it be impossible to detect them, in what respect can they detract from the merit of a composition? *Deer ebus non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*, is an undeniable maxim in poetry as well as law. A new combination, not inconsistent with the laws of universal grammar, can be offensive

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to those only who have been accustomed from earliest childhood to a different mode of expression; and even then it would scarcely excite *ridicule*, except from the most ordinary mechanics.

In order, therefore, to establish the solidity of this objection, we must suppose the poem recited by necromantic art before a party of old Romans.....a circumstance not much to be dreaded in a *christian* country. The works of Lucan, Statius, and Claudian, more frequently than those of Vida or Fracastorius, exhibit words, and combinations of words, unauthorised by the writers of the Augustan age. Admitting the thought and imagery to be poetical, the versification correct and harmonious, and that the new combinations occasion no obscurity, why should we peruse a *modern* Latin poem with less pleasure than the poems of Lucan, Statius, or Claudian?....The many who are competently acquainted with the Latin and Greek, but understand no *living* language except their own, will rejoice that they can read the historical compositions of Orosius, and the exquisite effusions of Flaminius, Buchanan, Politian, Strada, and the jesuits Casimir and Fr. Marsy, without previously wasting the hours "of life's brief day" in acquiring the Italian, Portuguese, French, and Polish languages. I recollect that when I first read Dobson's unrivalled translation of the Paradise Lost, I transported myself, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to the foreign universities, and conceived some unfledged Schiller or Klopstock, devouring with

> "An eager wond'ring and perturb'd delight,"

which would make Virgil and Horace tame and tedious.

The author of Fitzosborne's Letters adds....."an ordinary genius, indeed, may be humbly contented to pursue words through indexes and dictionaries, and tamely borrow phrases from Horace and Virgil; but could the elevated sense of MILTON have ingloriously submitted to lower the force and majesty of the most exalted and nervous sentiments, to the scanty measure of the Roman dialect?" Surely never was a more unlucky example cited. In the scanty measure of the Roman dialect, did Milton discipline his muse, and sing

> "Ex chaos et positi late fundamina mundi."
>
> Ad Patrem.

Scarcely in the Paradise Lost do we recollect a finer instance of his "elevated sense," and original "all-personifying" imagination, than in the following Latin iambics, written while he was at the university, in ridicule of the Platonic tenet of pre-existing forms.

> "Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
> Nature solers finxit humanum genus
> Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
> Unusque, et universus, exemplar Dei?
> Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
> Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
> Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
> Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
> Et (mira!) certo stringitur spatio loci:
> Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
> Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
> Citimumve terris incollit lunæ globum:
> *Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens*
> *Oblivionas torpet ad Lethes aquas:*
> *Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga*
> *Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,*
> *Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput!*"

The contempt with which of late it has been fashionable to treat modern Latin, forms a part in the system of depreciating the general utility of Greek and Roman literature; a system clamorously encouraged by those, whose moral and philosophical whimsies will have the credit of *originality* among us, when we shall have become ignorant that they were reasoned or laughed out of the world some centuries ago.

The influence of habitual associations over our minds is well known. The Latin, being no longer a colloquial language, is, on that account,

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particularly qualified to be a poetical dialect. How much are the Roman poets indebted, for their influence on modern readers, to the circumstance which makes it impossible for us to detect vulgarisms, or colloquialities of terms or phrases, in their style! How much, to take another example, is the language of our Bible indebted, for its magnificence and solemnity, to its remoteness from our present popular dialect and phraseology: an advantage which it did not possess at the period when the translation was first published, and which every new year that passes away encreases.

Latin is the language of the Roman worship, and protestants have declaimed loudly against the folly and impiety of addressing God in a language we do not understand. The catholics vindicate the exclusive use of this language in religious affairs, by other arguments than those which are merely drawn from authority and ancient usage. They say, truly, that these offices are quite intelligible to those who use them, though unacquainted with any other Latin, and that these sounds have a great influence on the imagination, in consequence of being appropriated and sacred to devotional ideas, and not profaned or familiarized by ordinary and popular use. Every enthusiastic votary of Roman literature will see the force of this argument, and acknowledge that the charms of Cicero, and Ovid, and Virgil, and Terence, are, at least in part, owing, not to the intrinsic quality, but to this accidental circumstance, of their language. This is, in a great measure, the true secret of the difficulty of adequately translating the ancient authors into any living tongue.

PHILO-LILLY.

For the Literary Magazine.

KLYOGG.

AN American edition of Dr. Hirzel's "Account of the Rural Socrates," was published some time since in New England, and may be had in most of the towns of the United States. It is the history of a Swiss farmer, known by the name of Klyogg, and while, from the very extraordinary events and characters it exhibits, it attaches the reader as a romance, yet it displays none but real characters and events. To the young and the old, the lovers of industry, virtue, and religion, it will afford amusement and information; and farmers will find the surest and most economical mode of rendering their farms productive. The Swiss clergy, Lavater included, spoke of it in high terms, even from their pulpits. The celebrated Arthur Young recommends it strongly, and translated and published a portion of it in England, but was not possessed of the materials to give the present much enlarged edition of it, the greater part of which was never before translated into English.

The late Mr. Bordley quoted it as an authority. The American reviewers earnestly recommend it to the attention of every lover of mankind, as well as to every farmer.

The celebrated Rousseau, upon receiving the second edition of the early part of Klyogg's history from the author, Dr. Hirzel, gave his opinion in a letter, of which the following is a translation.

Letter from John James Rousseau to Dr. Hirzel.

Nov. 11, 1764.

I receive, sir, with thanks, the second edition of the Rural Socrates, and the kindness with which I am honoured by his worthy historian. However astonishing the hero of your book may be, the author of it is equally so in my eyes. There are more respectable farmers, than there are of learned men, who respect them, and are not afraid to avow it. Happy the country where Klyoggs cultivate the soil, and where Hirzels cultivate letters! There will abundance reign and virtue be

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honoured! Receive, sir, I beseech you, my thanks and salutations.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Miscellaneous Pieces of J. J. Rousseau, vol. 3, 12mo. edition.

The man who doubts the existence of Klyogg, after the evidence offered, may as well deny the existence of Penn, Franklin, or any other dead or distant person.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF ROUSSEAU'S OPINIONS.

ROUSSEAU'S creed was founded upon little circumstances, which are often of much importance in the history of great men. The following information was received by Volney from the late baron Holbach and Mr. Maigeon, member of the National Institute:

When the Academy of Dijon proposed its celebrated question, Diderot was a prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, for his letter, *On the Blind.* Rousseau used to visit him. On one of these visits, he showed Diderot the question, and said, "'Tis a curious subject: I have a great mind to enter the lists." "In what way," said Diderot, "do you mean to take up the question?" "In the obvious way; there can be but one way. Can the arts and sciences be otherwise than favourable to the prosperity of nations?" "That," said Diderot, "will only be to trample on the fallen; to swim with the tide: it would be far more striking to maintain the reverse." Rousseau went away, evidently struck with this thought, wrote his essay accordingly, and the rustic academicians gave him the prize.

Some time after, Holbach and Diderot met him in the Cours de la Reine, and complimented him on the *ingenuity* of his performance. Rousseau made merry with the triumph of his paradox, and laughed at the simplicity of his judges. Some talk followed on the subject, and the weak side of his argument was pointed out. Rousseau grew angry. They met again, and the same topic was revived, but Rousseau, to their great surprise, was now changed, and fiercely maintained, as a truth, what he had formerly treated as a jest. Holbach observing this, "My friend," said he to Diderot, "Rousseau, in his first work, will make man walk on all fours." His prediction was verified.

Such was the origin of that man's opinions, whose motto was "*Vitam impendere vero.*"

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE SEAT OF THE VOICE.

THE stories of the pippin-woman, of Orpheus, of Philomela, and of a Brabancon gentleman, all of whose *heads* spoke after they were cut off, are phenomena which some may possibly explain, and on which they may form a new doctrine concerning the formation of the voice.

For the pippin-woman's *posthumous* exclamation we have the authority of Gay, who, in his excellent poem, entitled *Trivia*, hath thus recorded that memorable event:

"Doll every day had walked these treacherous roads*,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore:
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death.
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies:

* The Thames, when frozen over.

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P'ppins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip, pip, pip, along the ice resounds."

If such authority as this is to be regarded, and some other stories which are founded upon what may be reckoned as good, I shall take for granted, that we have fallen into an error respecting the place where the voice is formed, although we may not, perhaps, be able to fix upon the right place after all. We have heard....perhaps we have heard with our ears, the *ventriloquists*.... It is impossible that such men can lose their voices by simply losing their heads, *their* organs of speech being placed at so great a distance from that part of the body, that I cannot conceive any other method of effectually silencing them, than by embowelling them after the manner of great men. Again, we have not only instances of men speaking with their breasts (I do not mean speaking *from the heart*, for that is a metaphorical expression, and not much understood), but we have a very ingenious solution given of this phenomenon by Rolandus, in that elaborate work, entitled, *Aglossostomographia*. He there says, that if the *mediastinum*, which is naturally a single membrane, be divided into two parts, the speech will seem to come out of the breast. These are great difficulties in our way, when we attempt to fix the place where the voice is formed. Here you have the *abdomen*, and the *pectus*, and I have no doubt that most parts of the body will, at times, appear to be parts of speech, that men may often argue with their elbows and fists, or in a warm debate, take to their heels, a mode of reasoning which I have always found to be conclusive.

Full satisfaction can hardly be expected from me on this important question. All I pretend to do, is to offer some remarks which may be serviceable to those who purpose to consider this question as philosophers or anatomists. Could it be determined, could we exactly say where the voice is formed, it might lead to another discovery, which is a great *desideratum*: I mean, the seat of the soul or mind. Philosophers have debated this point with great warmth, at great length, and with abundance of learning; but, as far as I know, the question is yet undetermined. Some have argued against the brain, because they have known instances of men living in good health, after losing some of their brains. But the force of this argument I never could discover, nay, if pushed as far as it can go, what will it prove, but that man may live in good health, and rise to great preferment and riches, without brains? This, you perceive, is nothing to the present purpose; at best, it is only a *historical* fact, and not an anatomical discovery.

In perusing the labours of those philosophers who have attempted to trace the formation of the voice, and to discover the seat of the soul, we are much interested; light is thrown casually upon subjects which were before obscure; our curiosity is excited, and in some points gratified; we are alternately struck by one or other theory, as it seems most plausible, but *cui bono?* When we leave the stillness of our libraries for the bustle of active life, how easily are all our theories overturned! Alas! in the visible world, we find as many *seats* for the soul as for the body. This man talks loudly in praise of public virtue, and people thinks he talks from the heart. No, he talks from 5000 dollars a year. Another pleads like an angel "trumpet-tongued" for the protection of religion and property. You think you see his very *soul;* and so you might, if you saw the *grant* which is just about to be sealed in his favour. A third is so vociferous in favour of the justice and necessity of war, that I should suppose he spoke from the vigour of a gallant spirit, if I did not see the *commission* peeping out of his pocket.

If the public can derive any hints from what I have taken the liberty to advance, it is heartily welcome to

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them. They are thrown out in a loose manner, for the subject is too grave and important for any thing short of a volume. One thing, however, I must not omit to mention: it appears, from the instance of the pippin-woman, that the head spoke a something, which the person would probably have spoken, if she had not so soon been bereaved of that part of the body. This is the only circumstance which prevents my giving all the credit to these stories which some may think they deserve; and my reason is, if you will allow it to be any reason at all, that the language and sentiments of people before and after the loss of their heads must be essentially different. This is not a notion of mine only. Several very well informed persons have been of the same opinion. I am a little staggered, therefore, to find that Orpheus called on Eurydice, or that the pippin-woman should think of her commodities when she had them no longer to sell. In a word, I am of opinion that the last words of people in this world, will not be the first they use in the next.

A. B.

For the Literary Magazine.

MAXIMS.

HE who, after a loss, immediately, without staying to lament it, sets about repairing it, has that within himself which can controul fortune.

The hardest trial of the heart, is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Him whom, descrying at a distance, you turn out of the way to avoid, you may call your friend or benefactor, but you do not love.

The man who, improving in skill or knowledge, improves in modesty, has an undeniable claim to greatness of mind.

Bravely to contend for a good ...se is noble; silently to suffer for ...eroical.

Would a man of rank estimate his real dignity, let him conceive himself in a state in which all rank is abolished.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries: these are precisely the points in which consists their weakness or knavery.

Who says *hypocritical*, says all that is despicable in morals; who says *affected*, says all that is odious in manners.

Thoroughly to try a man's patience, he must have the labour of years consumed before his eyes in a moment; thoroughly to prove it, he must instantly begin to renew his labour.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity and good temper, amid the insults of a faithless brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

The woman, who rises above sickness and poverty combined, may look down upon the noisy heroism of kings and generals.

Better be moved by false glory than not moved at all.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of *excellence*, as the power of producing what is *pretty good* with ease and rapidity.

MENTOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.

THE BEGUINES.

THIS community is peculiar to the Low Countries, yet seems admirably adapted to the system of modern society, whether among catholics or protestants. The Beguine brings along with her the means of her maintenance, if she possesses them, may regulate her own menage, or join her stock to that of a particular company. The superior presides in matters of general discipline, and all attend upon the stated exercises of devotion: but most of the day is spent in the varied and

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elegant occupations of female hands. Any individual may retire from the sisterhood when she pleases, mingle again with the world, and enter into the married state. The comparative fewness of ladies of easy virtue in several of the Flemish towns has been ascribed, and perhaps justly, to this salutary institution.

—

A FLEMISH PULPIT.

The pulpit of St. Gudule's church, at Brussels, is the curious production of Henry Verbruggen, and is placed in the middle of the nave. At the base are Adam and Eve, big as life, the expelling angel, and death in the rear. Our first parents, though closely pursued, bear upon their shoulders the terrestrial globe, the cavity of which is filled by the preacher. From the globe rises a tree, whose top extends into a canopy, sustaining an angel, and Truth, exhibited as a female genius. Above are the virgin and the infant Jesus, crushing the serpent's head with a cross. The steps on either side appear as if cut from trunks of trees, and are accompanied with carvings of the ostrich, eagle, peacock, parrot, &c.

—

FRIAR JOHN OF LORRAINE.

Duval relates, that he saw in the prison of Nancy friar John, a hermit of Lorraine, who, in imitation of Jesus Christ, abstained from aliment during forty days, or rather from solid food, for it is allowed that he drank water. In one of his paroxysms of insanity, he killed a man, whom he deemed importunate, and had his sentence of death commuted into perpetual confinement. Being seized with an insatiable curiosity to examine the internal structure of his body, and having made a large incision with a piece of glass, he was proceeding to contemplate the viscera, with great composure, when a surgeon luckily interfered, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in healing his wounds.

—

MARIVAUX.

In a walk adjoining to the suburb of Guillotiere, in Lyons, Marivaux had his mysterious interview with a dwarfish old man. One evening, in a coffee-house, when more unfortunate than usual at play, his attention was attracted by the piercing eyes of a dimunitive old man, whose countenance interested him, and seemed to invite to conversation. Perceiving that Marivaux was on the point of addressing him, he made him a respectful bow, and quitted the room. The author of Marianne dogged the stranger to the walk, crossed his path, as if by accident, and saluted him politely, without, however, extorting a single syllable, or preventing his almost immediate disparition. Next day, after having fruitlessly searched for him in various quarters of the town, he met with him on the same spot, mustered up all his resolution, and requested he might be allowed to walk along with him, were it only for a few minutes. "I know you, Monsieur de Marivaux," said the stranger, with a smile; "and you may be assured your attempts to get acquainted with me yesterday passed not unobserved. But all such attempts, at least for the present, are vain." "How, sir," replied Marivaux, a little warmly, "shall I have the honour of being known to you, and you refuse to....." "Nay, be calm," interrupted the other: "I do know you, sir, I knew your father, and, what will surprise you more, I know your errand to Lyons, and the cause of your present chagrin. But reasons, which I am not at liberty to disclose, require that our conversation should end here." "I ask pardon," returned Marivaux, "but since you know me, may I not at least hope....." "Hopes and intre ties are alike vain. Beware even of following me, lest you should in-

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jure both of us, without gratifying your curiosity in the smallest point. Let it suffice that you interest me, and that it will one day depend upon yourself to be convinced of the truth of my assertion. Farewell, then, my dear Marivaux; continue to cultivate literature, and, above all, preserve your honour. Believe me, on the word of a gentleman, whatever my fate may be, I am determined to see you again before you die. Once more, adieu; the people begin to remark us; I may no longer be seen upon the walk." With these words he abruptly broke off, leaving the anxious inquirer petrified with astonishment. To no purpose did he inquire at all the inns, coffee-houses, and places of public resort; nobody had seen or heard of such a person. The entertaining novelist lived forty years after this singular adventure, and maintained, to his last hour, that his disorder could not be pronounced mortal, until the little old gentleman of Lyons should make his appearance.

—

DIANA'S TEMPLE AT AVIGNON.

The following is one of the extraordinary modes by which the monuments of human art and labour are sometimes demolished:

Without the walls of Avignon, and opposite to Bartelasse, once rose a temple, of beautiful marble, to Diana. For some time it was used as a powder magazine, but, being struck with lightning on the 29th of August, 1650, it was blown up, and the shattered fragments dispersed in the town and river.

—

A CRUCIFIX.

In the Maison de Misericorde, at Avignon, is deposited an ivory crucifix, one foot in length, and, except the arms, of one piece. A happy delicacy of execution appears in the features, tongues, nails, and drapery about the waist. A humane jailor furnished his condemned prisoner with the ivory and utensils. The culprit, when dragged to the scaffold, produced this surpassing sample of his skill, and kneeling before it with ardent expressions of devotion, excited the admiration and pity of the multitude, who shouted for his pardon. The vice-legate yielded to their importunate clamours, and the object of his mercy passed the rest of his days free from reproach.

—

RECEIPT FOR PRESERVING BEAUTY.

The beauty of the Avignonnaises is nearly as proverbial as that of the *Lancashire witches*, and would be so with more reason, could the fair citizens use rouge *without abusing it*. Some of the more *modest* prefer a daily *agrement*, which they are confident gives to the complexion *un coloris frais et anime*. The blooming helpmate of an apothecary told me, says a certain traveller, sans facon that she considered hearing mass and taking a lavement as indispensible duties. But *her* advice might be *interested*.

—

THE GASCONS.

Gascony is a vague term, applied to a considerable portion of Guienne, and first employed by Gregory of Tours, derived from the Vascons, a Spanish tribe, who, issuing from their fastnesses in the Pyrennees, occupied these regions towards the close of the sixth century. Poverty, pride, and provincial dialect discriminate their descendants from the herd of Frenchmen. They pronounce most of the quiescent letters, and confound *b* and *v*. Whence Scaliger's bon mot, *Felices, quibus vivere est bibere! E* and *a* are treated with the same want of ceremony, and *e* is honoured with an acute accent. Their vicious turns of phrase have been collected into a dictionary of *Gasconisms*, and another might be composed of their

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Gasconades. But, if the Gascons have foibles and peculiarities, they may, perhaps, justly claim a comparative superiority in respect of quickness of perception and regular deportment.

—

D'APCHON, ARCHBISHOP OF AVIGNON.

This excellent prelate, soon after his installation, being informed that two ladies had been suddenly reduced from affluence to a state of humble retirement, without relinquishing any of those virtues which had diffused a lustre over their better days, honoured them with his first visit, and expressed, in the most handsome and delicate terms, at once his high regard for their character, and the sympathy with which he desired to participate their misfortunes. In the course of conversation, he cast his eye, as if by accident, on a picture of no intrinsic value, but for which he said he would willingly give 2000 crowns. The ladies, overjoyed to find in their humble retreat any object which could interest their august visitor, assured him that they would esteem themselves singularly happy if he would accept of it as a present. By no means, replied d'Apchon, I shall be too fortunate to procure it at any price. In fact, no sooner had he returned home than he sent a polite note and 2000 crowns as the price of the picture. The frigid amateur may smile, and reserve his crowns for pieces of acknowledged merit; but surely the good archbishop of Auch might gaze upon a sorry painting, the memorial of his beneficence, with more exquisite feelings of satisfaction than the pencil of a Reubens or a Titian ever inspired.

Courage is so nearly allied to generosity, that it is seldom found to exist without it. During the night, a fire broke out in a house inhabited by several poor families. With great difficulty all made their escape, except two little boys in the upper story. The archbishop offered a reward, first of 100 louis d'ors, and then of 200, to the person who should bring them down alive. But the danger appeared too imminent to all the by-standers, who remained mute. God forbid, exclaimed the prelate, that we should stand still and see two unfortunate victims perish in the flames. I will mount myself. Having instantly caused two ladders to be joined by ropes, he climbed, with undaunted resolution, rushed through smoke and flames, and, bearing one boy on his shoulders and the other in his arms, descended amid the acclamations of the yet trembling spectators. Painters, painters, what a subject for your canvas!

—

DU MARSAIS, THE FRENCH GRAMMARIAN.

Du Marsais was an acute grammarian, and a *practical* philosopher. The poverty with which he struggled, during the course of a long life, never ruffled his temper, nor made him stoop to an act of baseness. *Monsieur du Marsais*, observed one of his wealthy but niggardly acquaintance, *est un fort honnete homme....il y a quarante ans qu'il est mon ami, il est pauvre, et il ne m'a jamais rien demande.* This unfeeling son of Plutus was probably not aware, that when he pronounced the eulogy of the poor grammarian, he pointed the most exquisite satire against himself. An illiterate gentleman, who likewise wished to compliment Du Marsais, felicitated him on the applause bestowed upon his *History of the Tropes*, remarking that an interesting account of that *people* had long been wanting. Study and affluence seldom go hand in hand. The *historian of the Tropes* was tutor to the son of Law, and had his small property involved in that of the financial quack. Yet, previous to the failure, he had rendered himself serviceable to several persons of rank and fortune, who totally neglected him in his poverty, and impressed on his honest heart the

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melancholy lesson of the littleness of the great. As he happened to pass the corner of a street, he stopped to observe the ludicrous ceremony of burning the effigy of a Swiss protestant before an image of the virgin. All pressed forward to the *glowing* scene, and two women were especially obstreperous for the precedency of paying their homage. *Si vous voulez prier*, said one to the other, *mettez vous a genoux ou vous etes; est ce que la bonne vierge n'est pas par tout?* Du Marsais, who stood at her elbow, begged leave to remind her that omnipresence was an exclusive attribute of Deity, and could not belong to the holy virgin. *Voyez donc*, exclaimed the enraged female, *ce vieux coquin, ce huguenot, ce parpaillot, qui pretend que la bonne vierge n'est pas par tout.* Instantly the mob attacked him as a blasphemer, and, had it not been for the seasonable interference of the guard, would have sacrificed him to their fury. At the age of eighty, he met the approach of death without fear and without regret.

—

MONTESQUIEU.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stept in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again, observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat. "This, sir, is mine," said Robert: "would you sail without the harbour?" "I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor." "Nor am I; yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum." "What! covetous at your age!....your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour." "Alas! sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."... "Well, perhaps I am mistaken: let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus. "I perceive, young man, you are sad; what grieves you thus?" "My father, sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best: my mother and sisters work day and night, I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead, but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage." "Pray, do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?" "His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez, and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles." "Robert....overseer of the royal gardens?" "Yes, sir." "I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis

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they had caused remit to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction; "unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once....and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity."..... "Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him; "no, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not your deliverer, but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his inquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd....but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

—

THE CORK TREE.

The cork tree, (*quercus suber*, Lin.) grew not in Italy in the days of Pliny, but seems to thrive well in tracts little susceptible of culture. When twelve years old, its bark ought to be stripped, to make way for the new one, and the operation is repeated once every eight or ten years, during fair settled weather, usually in the month of July, as rain is very apt to injure the new formed bark. The first and second strippings are of a very inferior quality. The tree continues healthy during a century and a half, if regularly deprived of its outer bark at the end of eight or ten years. I need hardly add, that the cork is flattened and prepared for use by steeping it in water, and placing it over a fire of charcoal. In Barbary, where this tree abounds, they form it into cylindrical bee hives; and, in some parts of Spain, they convert it into roofing and lining for their houses. The Grecian ladies are said to have been the first who employed it for the soles of their slippers, on account of its lightness and resistance of moisture. But its most valuable property, and that which is most neglected, is its buoyancy. Why should not every mariner be furnished with one of the abbe de la Chapelle's jackets, which he calls *scaphandre*, and which enabled him to preserve an erect posture in the deepest parts of the Seine, and, in that position, to fire a pistol and drink a glass of wine?

—

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

At Pisa, in Italy, we meet with the famous *Campanile*, *Torre Pendente*, or famous leaning tower, a beautiful marble cylinder, with its

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eight stories, distinguished by as many colonades. The height from the ground is 188 feet, and the projection of the top over the base about 14 feet. An excellent stair of 195 steps conducts to the platform upon the top, which is surrounded by an iron balustrade, and commands a most enchanting landscape. The name *Campanile* obviously points out the design of the building, namely, a receptacle for the bells of the church, which, in early times, used to be suspended in a tower detached from the main building. The Pisans still dispute whether it owes its inclined position to art or accident. The *torre Garisauda* of Bologna received its pendency from the bad taste of the times, and it is not more astonishing that William of Nuremberg, the planner of the Campanile, should adopt a miserable conceit in a piece of beautiful architecture, than that Milton, the grave and sublime Milton, should do so in a solemn poem. Yet a common mason would feel little hesitation in giving it as his opinion, that this fair fabric was originally erect; and an eye accustomed to observe may remark a tendency in all the towers of Pisa, especially in that of the observatory, to deviate from the perpendicular. This singular circumstance is ascribed to the insecurity of the soil, which is said to be hollow at a little depth, and incident to slight earthquakes.

—

THE VOGES MOUNTAINEERS.

The peasants of these mountains subsist chiefly on the produce of the dairy, and a coarse bread of barley and oats, seldom tasting butcher meat or wine. Their huts, adjected to eminences, or sunk in the earth, are damp and comfortless. A thin partition separates the cattle from the family, and the dung is heaped up before the door. Temperance, exercise, and frequent exposure to the open air, can alone counteract such slovenly habits of life. The strong spirit distilled from the cherry and juniper is sold out of the country. The men are, for the most part, stout, and suffer no restraint from their dress, which is loose and wide. Environed with a bracing air, with grand and extended prospects, remote from the complications and corruptions of crowded societies, limiting his wants and attachments, the moral, like the physical, frame of the mountaineer, assumes a tone of vigour and independence; sentiments and affections are expressed as they arise; a native frankness, an unaffected hospitality, attracts the steps of the wanderer, as he overlooks and pities the cities of the plain. From transient hints and observation, it was not difficult to learn, that the Vogians are of simple manners, impatient of restraint, kind to strangers, and fondly rivetted to the mountains of their fathers.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES.

A HOLLAND merchant, travelling in a diligence in France, after bearing patiently the loquacity of several companions for some time, at length desired them to desist *from interrupting the ride by their conversation.*

—

An Irish trader, who was thought to be a shrewd man, being on a visit to a town in Flanders, his friend, after carrying him about the city to view the curiosities, at length proposed to him to go and see *Castor and Pollux* (these were two celebrated statues). Castor and Pollux! said he, I never heard of that *house* before. I suppose it has been lately established. Do they deal in linens?

—

The motto of the celebrated town of Ostend is—OSTENDE *nobis, domine, misericordiam tuam.* This reminds us of the motto, which a dashing young man of fortune, in

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this city, ordered to be put upon his coach—*Nec caute nec trepide.* A bystander, being asked to translate this motto, replied that it meant NECK or *nothing*.

For the Literary Magazine.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. THE death of Hamilton, as might have been expected, has awakened the genius of American *eloquence*. In many of our principal cities, orations have been delivered by eminent men, commemorating his talents and virtues. Several of these have already been published, and have reached our hands. Perhaps the most remarkable of these, not only for the talents of the speaker, but for the venerable character of the audience before whom it was delivered, is Mr. Mason's, spoken at New York, before the society of Cincinnati. The reputation of the orator is well established, and he has not fallen short on this occasion of the dignity and importance of his theme. The respectable names of Ames and Otis likewise appear in this list, and they have paid a tribute to the memory of this illustrious shade, which, if he still enjoy any sensibility to terrestrial scenes, he will stoop to receive with satisfaction and complacency. Many other orations have been spoken on this solemn occasion, the rumour of which only has reached us.

2. The muse of poetry has not been altogether silent on the same occasion; but, alas, she has lifted, for the most part, a dissonant or feeble voice. The most copious effusion of this nature has appeared in Philadelphia, under the title of the *Hamiltoniad*. The writer is a very young man, and is a still younger poet. Youth is an apology for many defects, and the time may possibly come, when we may congratulate him on the improvement of his genius, and the enlargement of his poetical views.

3. The second volume of the Life of Washington has just appeared. The writer enters now into a scene more interesting to the readers of the present age, and deduces the history of the greater part of the American revolution. Washington, in an early part of this volume, enters on the stage.

4. A pamphlet has appeared, under the title of The Life and military Atchievements of Toussaint Louverture, late General in Chief, &c. This account is drawn up by a Frenchman, we were going to say in English; but had the writer submitted his papers to some one to whom that language is *native*, we should have been justified in saying so. The book is a curious example of English *broken* in the writing; and there is little order and coherence in the narrative, to compensate us for the jargon and *extraism* of the style. Toussaint is *covered* with as much *glory* as the pen of this eulogist can confer; and Le Clerc and Rochambeau, with all their followers, except such as deserted to the blacks, are branded with infamy and execration. This rude narrative, with all its defects, gives us lively ideas of the horrors and atrocities of the St. Domingo wars, and shows us scenes which neither history nor imagination has ever yet exceeded.

5. A volume of valuable law reports has been just published, entitled, Reports of Cases argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, in August and December Terms, 1801, and February Term, 1803, by Wm. Cranch, assistant Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia. Every publication of this kind, which contributes to give form and consistency to our system of national judicature, must be highly prized, not only by the lawyer by profession, but by the true patriot. We earnestly hope Mr. Cranch will be enabled to persevere in his honourable and useful task.

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6. Similar praise is due to Samuel Bayard, esquire, of New York, who has published "An Abstract of those Laws of the United States, which relate chiefly to the duties and authority of the judges of the inferior state courts, and the justices of the peace throughout the union: with an appendix, containing a variety of useful precedents." Mr. Bayard has a name already well established in American literature, and this work, constructed on a more austere model, will add not a little to his well earned reputation.

7. Among the European works lately republished, or now in the press, Pinkerton's Geography, now completed, is probably one of the most extensive, elaborate, and useful. This work has, in Europe, justly been considered as forming an æra in the science of which it treats, and the American edition has been greatly enhanced in value, especially to American readers, by the learned and ingenious labours of Dr. Barton. He has added to the work a mass of information, drawn from his own stores, and from those of his friends, historical, commercial, and domestic, respecting America, more accurate and extensive, than has ever before appeared. The maps, which in the English edition were executed on a new plan, have been imitated with great success, by the artists engaged by the American publishers.

8. A very pleasing specimen of wit and poetry has been republished in New York, with the author's own correction, called "Terrible Tractoration." The writer is a friend to the pretensions of Perkins and his points, and labours to promote the reputation of the tractors by a mock attack upon them. More wit and ingenuity are not to be found in any publication extant of the like nature, and we take pride to ourselves from the thought that the writer is our countryman.

9. The Juvenilia of Mr. Hunt, which has just been published, reflects similar credit on his native country. The maturity of poetical genius, which is betrayed by most of these productions, almost inclines us to question the truth of what the title page asserts, as to the age of the writer. But though we admire these essays, for their singularity on that account, we derive thence but little hope as to the writer's future eminence. Men do not go forward in poetry as they are accustomed to go in other intellectual paths. In science, the earlier we begin our career, and the longer we continue, the greater progress we are likely to make. Not so in poetry. Age may be expected, in some degree, to refine the taste, and enlarge the stores of imagery, but the ultimate exaltation is not proportioned to the height of that point from which we set out. Whether we take wing on the plain, or from the airy summit, we seem prohibited from soaring above the same region, and the humble or late beginnings are followed by as high a flight as the brilliant or early ones. We may venture to predict that Hunt will not reach a higher station than Campbell, Moore, or Bloomfield.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

EUROPEAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE admirers of moral and literary excellence, will receive the highest pleasure from being informed, that there has just appeared, in London, the Life, by the celebrated Mrs. Barbauld, and the entire Correspondence, of SAMUEL RICHARDSON. This correspondence was prepared for the press by the author himself, and the biography was compiled from authentic documents and memorandums. The name of Mrs. Barbauld is justly placed among the most illustrious that have done honour to her sex, and a more congenial subject could not possibly have been afforded to her pen. Richardson has experienced a good fortune, which rarely falls to the lot of de-

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ceased merit. His will appears to have been literally executed at the time he himself prescribed, and by a hand more worthy of his genius than any other which England could at present furnish. The remains of learned men are generally presented to the world either in a different order, or with less completeness, than they themselves had prescribed; and their biographers are men not unfrequently the least qualified for the arduous and delicate employment, among all their survivors. In this instance, the only pen in England which Richardson's sublimed and disembodied intelligence would have selected, is, most probably, that of Letitia Barbauld. This publication is adorned with portraits, likewise by a female artist, and with *fac similies* of the writing of eminent men, Richardson's friends and correspondents.

Mr. Barrow, who sometime ago produced the best specimen of philosophical travels, in his account of southern Africa, which is extant, has just presented to the world the fruit of his observations, during the embassy of M'Cartney to China, to which he was attached. The most ardent expectations of entertainment and instruction may reasonably be expected from this work. It will, no doubt, be a most valuable supplement to sir George Staunton's great work on the same subject.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SOLITARY TUTOR.

WHOE'ER across the Schuylkill's winding tide,
Beyond Gray's Ferry half a mile, has been,
Down in a bridge-built hollow must have spy'd
A neat stone school-house on a sloping green:
There tufted cedars scatter'd round are seen,
And stripling poplars planted in a row;
Some old gray white oaks overhang the scene,
Pleas'd to look down upon the youths below,
Whose noisy noontide sports no care or sorrow know.

On this hand rise the woods in deepning shade,
Resounding with the songs of warblers sweet,
And *there* a waving sign-board hangs display'd
From mansion fair, the thirsty soul's retreat;
There way-worn pilgrims rest their weary feet,
When noontide heats or evening shades prevail:
The WIDOW's fare, still plentiful and neat,
Can nicest guest deliciously regale,
And make his heart rejoice the *sorrel horse* to hail.

Adjoining this, old Vulcan's shop is seen,
Where winds, and fires, and thumping hammers roar,
White-wash'd without, but black enough within....
Emblem of modern patriots many a score.
The restive steed impatient at the door,
Starts at this thundering voice and brawny arm,
While yellow Jem with horse-tail fans him o'er,
Driving aloof the ever buzzing swarm,
Whose shrill blood-sucking pipes his restless fears alarm.

An ever varying scene the road displays,
With horsemen, thundering stage, and stately team,
Now burning with the sun's resplendent rays,
Now lost in clouds of dust the travellers seem,

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And now a lengthen'd pond or miry stream
Deep sink the wheels, and slow they drag along,
Journeying to town, with butter, apples, cream,
Fowls, eggs, and fruit, in many a motley throng,
Coop'd in their little carts their various truck among.

And yonder, nestled in enclust'ring trees,
Where many a rose-bush round the green yard glows,
Wall'd from the road, with seats for shade and ease,
A yellow-fronted cottage sweetly shows:
The towering poplars rise in spiry rows,
And green catalpas, white with branchy flowers;
Her matron arms a weeping willow throws
Wide o'er the dark green grass, and pensive lours,
Midst plumb-trees, pillar'd hops, and honey-suckle bowers.

Here dwells the guardian of these younglings gay,
A strange recluse and solitary wight,
In Britain's isle, on Scottish mountains gray,
His infant eyes first open'd to the light.
His parents saw with partial fond delight
Unfolding genius crown their fostering care,
And talk'd with tears of that enrapturing sight,
When, clad in sable gown, with solemn air,
The walls of God's own house should echo back his pray'r.

Dear smiling Hope! to thy enchanting hand,
What cheering joys, what extasies we owe!
Touch'd by the magic of thy fairy wand,
Before us spread, what heavenly prospects glow!
Thro' Life's rough thorny wild we lab'ring go,
And tho' a thousand disappointments grieve,
Ev'n from the grave's dark verge we forward throw
Our straining, wishful eyes on those we leave,
And with their future fame our sinking hearts relieve.

But soon, too soon these fond illusions fled!
In vain they pointed out that pious height;
By Nature's strong resistless impulse led,
These dull dry doctrines ever would he slight.
Wild Fancy form'd him for fantastic flight;
He lov'd the steep's high summit to explore,
To watch the splendour of the orient bright,
The dark deep forest, and the sea-beat shore,
Where thro' resounding rocks the liquid mountains roar.

When gath'ring clouds the vaults of Heav'n o'erspread,
And op'ning streams of livid light'ning flew,
From some o'erhanging cliff the uproar dread,
Transfix'd in rapt'rous wonder, he would view.
When the red torrent big and bigger grew,
Or deep'ning snows for days obscur'd the air,
Still with the storm his transports would renew,
Roar, pour away! was still his eager pray'r,
While shiv'ring swains around were sinking in despair.

That worldly gift which misers *merit* call,
But wise men *cunning* and the art of trade,
That scheming foresight how to scrape up all,
How pence may *groats*, and shillings *pounds* be made,
As little knew he as the moorland maid
Who ne'er beheld a cottage but her own:
Sour Parsimony's words he seldom weigh'd,
His heart's warm impulse was the guide alone,
When suffering friendship sigh'd, or weeping wretch did moan.

Dear, dear to him Affection's ardent glow,
Alas! from all he lov'd for ever torn,

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E'en now, as Memory's sad reflections flow,
Deep grief o'erwhelms him, and he weeps forlorn;
By hopeless thought, by wasting sorrow worn.
Around on Nature's scenes he turns his eye,
Charm'd with her peaceful eve, her fragrant morn,
Her green magnificence, her gloomiest sky,
That fill th' exulting soul with admiration high.

One charming nymph with transport he adores,
Fair Science, crown'd with many a figur'd sign;
Her smiles, her sweet society implores,
And mixes jocund with th' encircling nine;
While mathematics solves his dark design,
Sweet Music soothes him with her syren strains,
Seraphic Poetry with warmth divine,
Exalts him far above celestial plains,
And Painting's fairy hand his mimic pencil trains.

Adown each side of his sequester'd cot,
Two bubbling streamlets wind their rocky way,
And mingling as they leave this rural spot,
Down thro' a woody vale meandering stray,
Round many a moss-grown rock they dimpling play,
Where laurel thickets clothe the steeps around,
And oaks thick towering quite shut out the day,
And spread a venerable gloom profound,
Made still more sweetly solemn by the riv'let's sound,

Where down smooth glistening rocks it rambling pours,
Till in a pool its silent waters sleep.
A dark brown cliff o'ertopp'd with fern and flowers,
Hangs grimly frowning o'er the glassy deep;
Above thro' ev'ry chink the woodbines creep,
And smooth bark beeches spread their arms around,
Whose roots cling twisted round the rocky steep:

A more sequester'd scene is no where found,
For contemplation deep and silent thought profound.

Here many a tour the lonely tutor takes,
Long known to Solitude, his partner dear,
For rustling woods his empty school forsakes,
At morn, still noon, and silent evening clear.
Wild Nature's scenes amuse his wand'rings here;
The old gray rocks that overhang the stream,
The nodding flow'rs that on their peaks appear,
Plants, birds, and insects are a feast to him,
Howe'er obscure, deform'd, minute, or huge they seem.

Sweet rural scenes! unknown to poet's song,
Where Nature's charms in rich profusion lie,
Birds, fruits, and flowers, an ever pleasing throng,
Deny'd to Britain's bleak and northern sky.
Here Freedom smiles serene with dauntless eye,
And leads the exil'd stranger thro' her groves,
Assists to sweep the forest from on high,
And gives to man the fruitful field he loves,
Where proud imperious lord or tyrant never roves.

In these green solitudes one fav'rite spot
Still draws his slow meanderings that way,
A mossy cliff beside a little grot,
Where two clear springs burst out upon the day.
There overhead the beechen branches play,
And from the rock the clustered columbine,
While deep below the brook is seen to stray,
O'erhung with alders, briar, and mantling vine,
While on th' adjacent banks the glossy laurels shine.

Here Milton's heav'nly themes delight his soul,
Or Goldsmith's simple heart-bewitching lays;

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Now drives with Cook around the frozen pole,
Or follows Bruce with marvel and amaze:
Perhaps Rome's splendour sadly he surveys,
Or Britain's scenes of cruelty and kings;
Thro' Georgia's groves with gentle Bartram's strays,
Or mounts with Newton on archangels' wings,
With manly Smollet laughs, with jovial Dibdin sings.

The air serene, and breathing odours sweet,
The sound of falling streams, and humming bees,
Wild choirs of songsters round his rural seat,
To souls like his have ev'ry pow'r to please.
The shades of night with rising sigh he sees
Obscure the stream and leafy scene around,
And homeward bending thro' the moonlight trees,
The owl salutes him with her trem'lous sound,
And many a flutt'ring bat pursues its mazy round.

Thus peaceful pass his lonely hours away;
Thus, in retirement from his school affairs,
He tastes a bliss unknown to worldlings gay,
A soothing antidote for all his cares.
Adoring Nature's God, he joyous shares
With happy millions Freedom's fairest scene,
His ev'ning hymn some plaintive Scottish airs,
Breath'd from the flute or melting violin,
With life inspiring reels and wanton jigs between.

A. W——N.

Gray's Ferry, Sept. 5th, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ADIEU.

ADIEU to sweet ————, adieu!
The village is look'd for in vain,
The woodland has shut it from view;
Ne'er shall behold it again.

Yet with the dear circle I've left,
Methinks I for ever could stay,
And feel as of something bereft,
So soon to be whirled away.

I've bade the fair Anna farewell,
And surely my eyes must have said,
If they the heart's feelings can tell,
How much I admired the maid.
She brought a lov'd sister to mind,
When sporting the graces of youth;
Like her she seem'd gentle and kind,
Like her she look'd candour and truth.

Maria, so lately unknown,
Too swells the soft sigh at my heart,
Her mind so resembled my own,
I felt it like sorrow to part;
Her countenance open as day,
Her soft and intelligent eye,
Seem'd sweetly, I fancied, to say,
A spirit congenial am I.

And Harriot, whose elegant mien
Led captive the eye as she mov'd,
A place in my heart will retain,
She's found out the way to be lov'd.
Ah, when will fate make me amends?
Ah, when for these tortures atone?
I'm smil'd on a moment by friends,
The next, the sweet vision has flown!

And these are the gambols she plays,
Each day it appears at her will,
A sceptre of iron she sways,
Not a change but what's teeming with ill.
The friends of my youth were convey'd
Far distant, or wrapt in the tomb;
I've wander'd thro' life in the shade,
I'm mantled in Destiny's gloom.

But why those repinings of mind?
A Providence rules over all;
Then give me the portion assign'd,
Or sweetness, or wormwood and gall,
I'll fancy it all for the best,
For all it decrees must be right,
Nor murmur at Heaven's behest,
Though ever encircled by night.

And now, courteous ————, adieu;
The claim on politeness is paid,
So leave us our way to pursue,
And return to your favourite maid.
Return, see the cloud ascends high,
And threatens a torrent of rain,
Loud thunders roll over the sky,
Sharp lightning glares over the plain:

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Return, for the wan of your cheek,
Whence fevers have banish'd the rose,
Tho' youthful, shows nature is weak,
The fluid of life languid flows.
But fear not for us, tho' the hour
The mantle of evening puts on;
We ll trust in the heavenly Power
To guard, as it ever has done.

Though the bosom is fill'd with dismay,
For terror I feel, I must own,
It shall not bewilder our way,
I've learn'd how to journey alone.
The owl and the whip-poor-will's cry
Casts somehow a gloom o'er the heart,
Tho' the cloud that so mantled the sky
Appears to be breaking apart.

Return, courteous youth, and convey
To friends all that's tender and kind,
But language can never pourtray
The feeling imprest on my mind.
May I meet the fair circle of love,
United as now they appear,
In regions, bright regions above,
When ended our pilgrimage here.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE INVITATION.

Written in Fredericktown, Maryland, in the autumn of 1798, at the request of a young lady, on the absence of a gentleman, who had been in the habit of entertaining her with a serenade, to whom she is since happily united.

'TWAS spring, the sweet season congenial with pleasure,
When the notes of a robin first taught me to love,
So tender, so airy, melodious his measure,
Surpassing the thrush's sweet song in the grove.
So soft was the air,
It exceeded compare,
How fatal for me that I heard the sweet strain!
For drooping he has flown,
While his loss I bemoan,
For I fear I shall ne'er see my robin again.

Ah why art thou flown, dear enchanter, and whither,
When none like thy Stella thy notes will admire?
For though 'tis now autumn, ah, fear not the weather,
Return to the grove and accompany my lyre.
Should it prove there too cold,
To my heart I'll thee fold,
And I'll cherish thee there till the winter is o'er:
Come make it thy home,
For why should'st thou roam,
Come live with thy Stella, and wander no more.

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Now first published.

O THOU, by whose expressing art
Her perfect image Nature sees,
In union with the graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please;

In whose creative hand the hues
Stol'n from yon airy rainbow shine;
I bless thy Promethean muse,
And call thee fairest of the nine!

Possessing more than vocal power!
Persuasive more than poet's tongue!
Whose lineage, in a raptur'd hour*,
From Love, the sire of Nature, sprung!

Does Hope her high professions meet?
Is Joy triumphant? Sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own!

But ah, thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Love's absence plants a pang severe,
Or Death inflicts a keener dart.

* Alluding to the supposed origin of painting, from a Corinthian female sketching the shadow of her lover's profile as he lay asleep.

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Then for a beam of joy! to light
On Memory's sad and wakeful eye;
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deepest agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
Ye now the tenderest air repeat
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt!
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near!
Oh hush that strain too deeply felt!
Oh cease that transport too severe!

But thou, severely silent art!
By Heaven and Love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost, of that possest:
For me, thou sweet memorial, shine,
While close and closer to my breast
I hold the idol all divine;

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
Mild o'er the lov'd departed form,
Till Death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of Pow'r,
Or Glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius! yes! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has given,
Where Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore,
For thou canst give us back the dead
Even in the loveliest look they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her perished grace redeems,
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
The mirror of creation seems.

The preceding beautiful lines were written by the poet on seeing the portrait of a deceased sister.

SELECTIONS.

ACCOUNT OF THE SIERRA LEONE COLONY.

THIS colony was established on the coast of Africa, for the purpose of introducing civilization into that barbarous quarter, and to diminish, if not totally abolish, the slave trade. The scheme was set on foot the year before the commencement of the late war. A society was formed, called the Sierra Leone company, and was formally chartered. A capital (on shares of 50*l.* each) of 230,000*l.* was raised; and a factory established on the coast, for carrying on trade with the interior of Africa, for the produce of the country.

In the commencement of this plan, little doubt was entertained of its turning out, at least in a commercial point of view, a profitable speculation. But the introduction into the settlement of about 1200 Nova Scotia negroes, who had sided with Britain in the American war, and had since been settled in Nova Scotia under the protection of government, materially altered the face of affairs. These men had supplicated for removal from that country, as the climate proved ungenial and disagreeable to them. From the moment, however, of their arrival in the new colony, they manifested a ferocious and intractable spirit, totally subversive of order, and of the purposes for which it was established. On one occasion, even the life of the governor was attempted, which, though defeated and punish-

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ed with exemplary severity, the spirit of revolt still existed, and threatened the entire overthrow of the establishment. In October, 1794, a French squadron attacked and captured the settlement; all the property which could be removed was carried off by the rapacious assailants: what could not be removed was destroyed, and every building belonging to the company was burned; nor could the loss there sustained be estimated at less than 52,000*l*. In addition to these heavy calamities, the capture of their ships in consequence of the war, the impossibility of insuring cargoes on account of the unprotected state of the coast of Africa, the difficulty of inducing Europeans to accept official stations at Sierra Leone, the expence of arming vessels for the protection of the trade, and the apprehension of the turbulent spirit of the Nova Scotia negroes, contributed to retard the progress, and defeat the ends of the institution.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, in 1798, the report made to the company states the colony to be in a state of considerable improvement. The seat of government, Freetown, consisted of 300 houses, well built, and regularly laid out, and had several public buildings. One extensive quay had been built by government, and two by private persons: and the government house was strong, and well secured by a pallisade and six pieces of cannon. The inhabitants were about 1200. The heads of families perhaps 300. One half of these were supported by agriculture; some were artisans, about fifteen retail shop-keepers, five and twenty fishermen, from ten to fifteen traded in small vessels of their own, four were employed as school-masters, about fifteen seamen, and twenty labourers, under the company. Some few of the Nova Scotians resided in the factory, and the number of Europeans was between twenty and thirty. A strong proof of the benefits of the plan appeared in the improvement of the condition of the natives immediately connected with the settlement: between 3 and 400 of these were employed as labourers for hire, chiefly on the farms, which were increasing rapidly; some were employed by the Europeans, and some by the Nova Scotians. They were all free men, who came from the neighbouring parts, and were called Grumettas. They received monthly wages, the whole of which was their own. It was usual with them, after working five or six months, to return home for a short period; but their place was supplied, and the above number kept up, by fresh arrivals. The Grumettas were much improved by their connection with the factory; not only was their dress improved, their manners more civilized, but the money which they earned was never employed in the purchase of spirits, as is customary both with the Africans and settlers, but employed in purchasing clothing or articles of European produce.

Freetown was at this period a place of considerable resort; from one to two hundred natives daily visited this settlement for the purpose of exchanging the produce of the country for European commodities. Considerable influence was gained over the natives, and many of their children were sent to the settlement for education.

Shortly after this period, government applied to the company to take the Maroon negroes (now expelled from Jamaica, and equally feeling the unkind influence of Nova Scotia with the negroes who had already petitioned to be removed from thence to a warmer climate) under their protection. To this, from various motives, it agreed, and the Maroons arrived at Sierra Leone in the month of October, 1800, to the number of 350. They were almost immediately employed in quelling an insurrection of the Nova Scotian settlers, who had now broken out into open rebellion. Several of the insurgents were killed in this conflict, many were made prisoners; three were executed by

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martial law, and some were banished. From this circumstance arose the most serious calamity that had yet befallen the colony, and which threatens its total and inevitable destruction. The natives, who had hitherto been on the most friendly terms with the settlers, instigated by the refugee and banished negroes, on the 18th of November (headed by two of the insurgents, who had made their escape after the insurrection of the former year), made a most furious and unprovoked assault upon the unfinished fort, which the governor had thought it advisable to construct around his house. After some loss of men sustained on both sides, the natives, who are the Timmanies, were repulsed, and were forced successively to abandon various commanding posts, where they had assembled, in the neighbourhood of Freetown. Towards the conclusion of the year a truce was concluded, and no further hostilities took place; but apprehensions were entertained that a confederacy was forming, among the neighbouring chiefs, against the settlement, and which would most probably end in the destruction of the institution. To avert as much as possible the impending evils, a detachment from Goree was applied for and obtained, and one of the king's ships was stationed in Sierra Leone river, for the express purpose of defending the colony. No very immediate danger was apprehended; but the necessity of a large European force and a strong fort was deemed indispensably requisite for its protection. The sum which parliament had twice voted for the support of the establishment, was far from being adequate to the annual expence, incurred by its civil and military establishments. The capital of the original proprietors was quite exhausted, and the shares of *50l.* per cent. were sunk as low as *5l.*; indeed were worth nothing.

With this reverse of fortune did the year 1801 close upon this colony of philanthropical experiment; nor have the events which occurred in the ensuing year tended to encrease the confidence of those, who then began to despair of its final success.

On the 11th of April, the natives, in force about 300, attacked with the utmost fury the government fort, just after morning gun had fired. They succeeded in forcing open a gate, after having shot the centinel, and in fixing their flag on the eastern rampart. Twelve or fourteen of them got in without resistance, when they were charged and forced to retreat. They rallied several times, but were at last put to total rout, and pursued for three miles into the country, by the garrison. Their loss was about fifty men, left dead at the fort, or found some days after dead of their wounds, in their line of retreat; that of the colony was twenty-two, killed and wounded. Thus ended this affair, fortunately and honourable in its consequences to the attacked, but which is a melancholy proof of the inveterate hostility of the natives towards the colony.

No common interest has been attached to the well being of this colony; many have been sanguine enough to predict the abolition of slavery, and the civilization of the natives of Africa, as some of the consequences of its establishment; and that immense commercial advantages to the mother country, and of private gain to the projectors of this scheme, were confidently held out. How far these beneficent and golden speculations have answered, the short sketch of the history and present state of the settlement we have given, will sufficiently evince; what future hopes are entertained of their accomplishment, may be gathered from the last report of the directors, which state the surrounding nation of the Timmanies to be "indolent, faithless, and ferocious; their chiefs, rapacious, drunken, and deceitful; and the whole constantly ready to promote any design, however flagitious, which promises to gratify their avarice, or their passions." Nor should it be forgotten,

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that this report further states, the inconsistent, but certainly authentic, fact, that "many of the settlers, and even some of those who went out in the company's employment, embarked in the service of the slave factories, or commenced the trade upon their own accounts"!

SKETCH OF DR. ROBERTSON, THE HISTORIAN.

DR. ROBERTSON was born in 1721, at Borthwick, where his father was then minister, and received the first rudiments of his education at Dalkeith. In 1733, he joined his father's family on their removal to Edinburgh, and, towards the end of the same year, he entered on his course of academical study.

From this period, till the year 1759, when, by the publication of his Scottish history, he fixed a new æra in the literary annals of his country, the habits and occurrences of his life were such as to supply few materials for biography, and the imagination is left to fill up a long interval spent in the silent pursuit of letters, and enlivened by the secret anticipation of future eminence. His genius was not of that forward and irregular growth, which forces itself prematurely on public notice; and it was only a few intimate and discerning friends, who, in the native vigour of his powers, and in the patient culture by which he laboured to improve them, perceived the earnests of a fame that was to last for ever.

The large proportion of Dr. Robertson's life, which he thus devoted to obscurity, will appear the more remarkable, when contrasted with his early and enthusiastic love of study. Some of his oldest commonplace books, still in his son's possession, dated in the years 1735, 1736, and 1737, bear marks of a persevering assiduity, unexampled, perhaps, at so tender an age; and the motto prefixed to all of them (Vita sine literis mors est) attests how soon those views and sentiments were formed, which, to his latest hour, continued to guide and to dignify his ambition. In times such as the present, when literary distinction leads to other rewards, the labours of the studious are often prompted by motives very different from the hope of fame, or the inspiration of genius; but when Dr. Robertson's career commenced, these were the only incitements which existed to animate his exertions. The trade of authorship was unknown in Scotland; and the rank which that country had early acquired, among the learned nations of Europe, had, for many years, been sustained entirely by a small number of eminent men, who distinguished themselves by an honourable and disinterested zeal in the ungainful walks of abstract science.

Dr. Robertson was licensed to preach, by the presbytery of Dalkeith, in 1741, and in 1743 he was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. The income was inconsiderable, not exceeding one hundred pounds a year: but the preferment came to him at a time singularly fortunate, for, not long afterwards, his father and mother died, within a few hours of each other, leaving a family of six daughters and a younger son, in such circumstances as required every aid which his slender funds enabled him to bestow.

Dr. Robertson's conduct in this trying situation, while it bore the most honourable testimony to his disposition, was strongly marked with that manly decision in his plans, and that persevering steadiness in their execution, which were characteristic features of his mind. Undeterred by the magnitude of a charge which must have appeared fatal to the prospects that had hitherto animated his studies, and resolved to sacrifice to a sacred duty all personal considerations, he invited his father's family to Gladsmuir, and continued to educate his sisters under his own roof, till they were settled respectably in the world. Nor did he think himself at liberty, till

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then, to complete a union, which had been long the object of his wishes, and which may be justly numbered among the most fortunate incidents of his life. He remained single till 1751, thirty years of age, when he married his cousin, miss Mary Nisbet, daughter of Mr. Nisbet, one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

While thus engaged, the rebellion of 1745 broke out in Scotland, and afforded him an opportunity of evincing the sincerity of his zeal for the civil and religious liberties of his country, which, forty years afterwards, when called on to employ his eloquence in the national commemoration of the revolution, seemed to rekindle the fires of his youth. His situation as a country clergyman confined, indeed, his patriotic exertions within a narrow sphere; but even here his conduct was guided by a mind superior to the scene in which he acted. On one occasion (when the capital of Scotland was in danger of falling into the hands of the rebels), the state of public affairs appeared so critical, that he thought himself justified in laying aside, for a time, the pacific habits of his profession, and in quitting his parochial residence at Gladsmuir, to join the volunteers of Edinburgh: and when at last it was determined that the city should be surrendered, he was one of the small band who repaired to Haddington, and offered their services to the commander of his majesty's forces.

The duties of his sacred profession were, in the mean time, discharged with a punctuality which secured to him the veneration and attachment of his parishioners: while the eloquence and taste that distinguished him as a preacher drew the attention of the neighbouring clergy, and prepared the way for that influence in the church, which he afterwards attained. A sermon, which he preached in 1755, before the society for propagating christian knowledge, and which was the earliest of all his publications, affords a sufficient proof of the eminence he might have attained in that species of composition, if his genius had not inclined him more strongly to other studies. This sermon, the only one he ever published, has been long ranked, in both parts of the island, among the best models of pulpit eloquence in our language. It has undergone five editions; and is well known in some parts of the continent in the German translation of Mr. Ebeling.

At the age of near forty years, on the first of February, 1759, appeared Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland, which was received by the world with such unbounded applause that, before the end of the month, he was desired by his bookseller to prepare for a second edition.

From this moment the complexion of his fortune was changed. After a long struggle, in an obscure though a happy and hospitable retreat, with a narrow income and an encreasing family, his prospects brightened at once. He saw independence and affluence within his reach; and flattered himself with the hope of giving a still bolder flight to his genius, when no longer depressed by those tender anxieties which so often fall to the lot of men, whose pursuits and habits, while they heighten the endearment of domestic life, withdraw them from the paths of interest and ambition.

In venturing on a step, the success of which was to be so decisive, not only with respect to his fame, but to his future comfort, it is not surprising that he should have felt, in a more than common degree, "that anxiety and diffidence so natural to an author in delivering to the world his first performance." "The time," he observes in his preface, "which I have employed in attempting to render it worthy of the public approbation, it is perhaps prudent to conceal, till it shall be known whether that approbation is ever to be bestowed."

While his History of Scotland was in the press, he removed to Edinburgh, in consequence of a presentation which he had received to

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one of the churches of that city. His preferments now multiplied rapidly. In 1759, he was appointed chaplain of Stirling castle; in 1761, one of the king's chaplains in ordinary for Scotland; and, in 1762, he was chosen principal of the university of Edinburgh. Two years afterwards, the office of king's historiographer for Scotland, with two hundred pounds a year, was revived in his favour.

The success of the History of Scotland determined him to undertake another work, the subject of which gave occasion to a variety of opinions. By some he was advised to write a series of lives, in imitation of Plutarch, by others the history of learning; the history of Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonines, was also pointed out to him; and by the booksellers terms were offered to him for a history of England. All these he declined, and determined on the History of Charles V, which he completed and published in 1769.

After an interval of eight years, he produced the History of America: a work which, by the variety of research and speculation it exhibits, enables us to form a sufficient idea of the manner in which he had employed the intervening period. This work also was received with the applause of all learned and well informed readers.

In consequence of the interruption of Dr. Robertson's plans, produced by the American revolution, he was led to think of some other subject which might, in the mean time, give employment to his studious leisure. A letter, dated July, 1778, to his friend Mr. Waddilove, contains some important imformation with respect to his designs at this period.

"The state of our affairs in North America is not such as to invite me to go on with my history of the new world. I must wait for times of greater tranquility, when I can write, and the public can read, with more impartiality and better information than the present. Every person with whom I conversed in London, confirmed me in my resolution of making a pause for a little, until it shall be known in what manner the ferment will subside. But as it is neither my inclination nor interest to be altogether idle, many of my friends have suggested to me a new subject, the history of Great Britain, from the revolution to the accession of the house of Hanover. It will be some satisfaction to me to enter on a domestic subject, after being engaged so long in foreign ones, where one half of my time and labour was employed in teaching myself to understand manners, and laws, and forms, which I was to explain to others. You know better than any body how much pains I bestowed in studying the constitution, the manners, and the commerce of Spanish America. The review contained in the first volume of Charles V, was founded on researches still more laborious. I shall not be involved in the same painful inquiries, if I undertake the present work.

"I possess already as much knowledge of the British government and laws as usually is possessed by other persons who have been well educated, and have lived in good company. A minute investigation of facts will be the chief object of my attention. With respect to these, I shall be much aided by the original papers published by sir John Dalrymple, and Macpherson, and lately by lord Hardwicke.

"The memoirs of Noailles, concerning the French negociations in Spain, contain very curious information.

"I have got a very valuable collection of papers from the duke of Montague, which belonged to the duke of Shrewsbury; and I am promised the large collection of the duke of Marlborough, which were formerly in the hands of Mr. Mallet. From these, and other materials, I hope to write a history which may be both entertaining and instructive. I know that I shall get upon dangerous ground, and must relate events, concerning which our political fac-

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tions entertain very different sentiments. But I am little alarmed with this. I flatter myself that I have temper enough to judge with impartiality; and if, after examining with candour, I do give offence, there is no man whose situation is more independent."

From a letter of Mr. Gibbon, this prospect appears to have been abandoned before the end of the year 1779. This passage not only serves to ascertain the fact, but suggests a valuable hint with respect to a different historical subject.

"I remember a kind of engagement you had contracted to repeat your visit to London every second year, and I look forward with pleasure to next spring, when your bond will naturally become due. I should almost hope that you would bring with you some fruits of your labour, had I not been informed that you had totally relinquished your design of continuing Mr. Hume's History of England. Notwithstanding the just and deep sense which I must entertain, if the intelligence be true, of our public loss, I have scarcely courage enough to blame you. The want of materials, and the danger of offence, are two formidable obstacles for a historian who wishes to instruct, and who is determined not to betray his readers. But if you leave the narrow limits of our island, there still remain, without returning to the troubled scene of America, many subjects not unworthy of your genius. Will you give me leave, as a vague and indigested hint, to suggest the history of the protestants in France: the events are important in themselves, and intimately connected with the great revolutions of Europe; some of the boldest or most amiable characters of modern times, the admiral Coligny, Henry IV, &c. would be your peculiar heroes; the materials are copious, and authentic, and accessible; and the objects appear to stand at that just distance which excites curiosity without inspiring passion. Excuse the freedom, and weigh the merits, if any, of this proposal."

From this period he seems to have abandoned all thoughts of writing any more for the public, and to have resolved to prosecute his future studies for his private amusement. His circumstances were independent; he was approaching the age of sixty, with a constitution considerably impaired by a sedentary life; and a long application to the compositions he had prepared for the press had interfered with the gratification he might have enjoyed, had he been at liberty to follow the impulse of his own taste. Such a sacrifice must be made by all who devote themselves to letters, whether with a view to emolument or fame; nor would it perhaps be easy to make it, were it not for the prospect (seldom, alas! realized) of earning, by their exertions, that learned and honourable leisure which he was so fortunate as to attain. He retired from the business of the ecclesiastical courts about the same time; and for seven or eight years divided the hours he could spare from his professional duties between the luxury of reading and the conversation of his friends. The activity of his mind, in the mean time, continued unimpaired; and the habits of study he had so long been accustomed to, gave a certain scope and connection even to his historical recreations. To one of these, which, from its accidental connection with some of his former works, engaged his attention more closely than his ordinary pursuits, the public is indebted for a valuable performance, of which the materials seem almost insensibly to have swelled to a volume long after his most intimate friends imagined that he had renounced all thoughts of the press. The disquisition concerning ancient India, which closed his historical labours, took its rise, as he himself informs us, "from the perusal of major Rennell's Memoir for illustrating his map of Indostan. This suggested to him the idea of examining more fully, than he had done in the introductory book to his History of America, into the knowledge which the ancients had of that

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country, and of considering what is certain, what is obscure, and what is fabulous, in the accounts of it which they have handed down to us. In undertaking this inquiry," he adds, "he had originally no other object than his own amusement and instruction; but in carrying it on, and consulting with care the authors of antiquity, some facts, hitherto unobserved, and many which had not been examined with proper attention, occurred; new views opened; his ideas gradually extended, and became more interesting; till at length he imagined that the result of his researches might prove amusing and instructive to others."

In consequence of the various connections with society, a considerable portion of Dr. Robertson's leisure was devoted to conversation and company.

No man enjoyed these with more relish; and few have possessed the same power of adding to their attractions.

A rich stock of miscellaneous information, acquired from books and from an extensive intercourse with the world, with a perfect acquaintance with the topics of the day, and the soundest sagacity and good sense applied to the occurrences of common life, rendered him the most agreeable and instructive of companions. He seldom aimed at wit; but, with his intimate friends, he often indulged a sportive and fanciful species of humour. He delighted in good-natured, characteristical anecdotes of his acquaintance, and added powerfully to their effect by his own enjoyment in relating them. He was remarkably susceptible of the ludicrous; but never did he forget the dignity of his character, or the decorum of his profession; nor did he even lose sight of that classical taste which adorned his compositions. His turn of expression was correct and pure; sometimes, perhaps, inclining more than is expected, in the carelessness of a social hour, to formal and artificial sentences; but it was stamped with his own manner, no less than his premeditated style: it was always the language of a superior and cultivated mind, and embellished every subject on which he spoke. Among strangers, he encreased his exertions to amuse and inform; and the splendid variety of his conversation was commonly the chief circumstance on which they dwelt: and yet his friends enjoyed his society most when in the circle of his intimates, or in the bosom of his family.

His health began to decline in the year 1791. Till then, it had been better than might have been expected from his studious habits; but, about this period, he suddenly showed strong symptoms of jaundice, which gradually undermined his constitution, and terminated at length in a lingering and fatal illness. He had the prospect of death long before him, a prospect deeply afflicting to his family and friends, but of which, without any visible abatement in his spirits, he happily availed himself, to adorn the doctrines which he had long taught, by an example of fortitude and of christian resignation. In the concluding stage of his disorder, he removed from Edinburgh to Grange-house, in the neighbourhood, where he had the advantage of a freer air, and a more quiet situation, and (what he valued more than most men) the pleasure of rural objects, and of a beautiful landscape. While he was able to walk abroad, he commonly passed a part of the day in a small garden, enjoying the simple gratifications it afforded with all his wonted relish. Some who now hear me will long remember, among the trivial yet interesting incidents which marked these last weeks of his memorable life, his daily visits to the fruit trees, which were then in blossom, and the smile with which he, more than once, contrasted the interest he took in their progress, with the event which was to happen before their maturity. At his particular desire, I saw him, for the last time, on the 4th of June, 1793, when his weakness confined him to his couch, and his articulation was already begin-

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ning to fail: and it is in obedience to a request with which he then honoured me, that I have ventured, without consulting my own powers, to offer this tribute to his memory. He died on the 11th of the same month, in the 71st year of his age.

In point of stature, Dr. Robertson was rather above the middle size; and his form, though it did not convey the idea of much activity, announced vigour of body and a healthful constitution. His features were regular and manly, and his eye spoke at once good sense and good humour. He appeared to greatest advantage in his complete clerical dress, and was more remarkable for gravity and dignity in discharging the functions of his public stations, than for ease and grace in private society. His portrait by Reynolds, painted about twenty years ago, is an admirable likeness: and fortunately (for the colours are already much faded) all its spirit is preserved in an excellent mezzotinto. At the request of his colleagues in the university, who were anxious to have some memorial of him placed in the public library, he sat again, a few months before his death, to Mr. Raeburn; at a time when his altered and sickly aspect rendered the task of the artist peculiarly difficult. The picture, however, is not only worthy, in every respect, of Mr. Reaburn's high and deserved reputation, but, to those who were accustomed to see Dr. Robertson, at this interesting period, derives an additional value from an air of languor and feebleness which strongly marked his appearance during his long decline.

MANNERS.

THE following incidents will amuse the observer of national manners, and of the delicate links by which the destinies of men hang together. The female racer will astonish those who form their judgments of foreign manners by their own.

Late intelligence informs us that the French government intends to reduce the number of gambling houses at Paris, as within last week, of twenty-five suicides, eighteen were traced to losses experienced at gaming tables. Instead of sixty-two, as there now are in and near the Palais Royal, there are in future to be only thirty; and instead of permitting persons to play as low as three sous or five sous (three halfpence or two pence halfpenny) at la Roulet or at Biribi, no less sum than twenty sous (ten-pence) will be accepted. This is to prevent the poor from ruining themselves, as many mechanics and day-labourers lost their little all in these dens, and afterwards, in despair, threw themselves into the river, or from their garret windows into the streets. One person of this description, before he threw himself from a sixth story, called out several times to the people walking in the street St. Dominique to be upon their guard: he fell however upon a Mameluke, who did not hear or understand him, and killed him upon the spot, without any other injury to himself than breaking an arm. He was immediately taken to the hospital (Hotel Dieu), but is now, by the order of the prefect of the police, confined in the Bicetre.

THE YORK RACES.

The next York races, are expected to be uncommonly crowded, not merely from a number of fine horses being entered, but from the unprecedented circumstance of a lady riding a match against a gentleman. On Saturday, the last day of the races, Mrs. Thornton, of Thornville Royal, is to ride a match for 500 guineas, and 1000 guineas bye, on her husband's horse Vingarillo, against Mr. Flint's horse, rode by himself, her weight against his. There are many thousand pounds, and still more coarse jokes than pounds, depending on the race.

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DANSOMANIA, IN FRANCE.

The *dansomania*, of both sexes, seems rather to increase than to decrease with the warm weather. Sixty balls were advertised for last Sunday, and for the next sixty-six are announced. Any person walking in the Elysian Fields or on the Boulevards may be convinced that these temples of pleasure are not without worshippers. Besides these, in our walks last Sunday we counted no less than twenty-two gardens, not advertised, where there was fiddling and dancing. Indeed this pleasure is tempting, because it is very cheap. For a bottle of beer, which costs six sous, and two sous to the fiddler, a husband and wife, with their children, may amuse themselves from three o'clock in the afternoon to eleven o'clock at night. As this exercise both diverts the mind and strengthens the body, and Sunday is the only day in the week which the most numerous classes of people can dispose of without injury to themselves or to the state, government encourages as much as possible these innocent amusements on that day. In the garden of Chaumiere, upon the Boulevard Neuf, we observed in the same quadrille, last Sunday, four generations, the great grandsire dancing with his great granddaughter, and the great grandmamma with her great grandson. It was a satisfaction impossible to express, to see persons of so distant ages all enjoying the same pleasures for the present, not remembering past misfortunes nor apprehending future ones. The grave seemed equally distant from the girl of ten and from the great grandmamma of seventy, from the boy who had not seen three lustres and from the great grandsire reaching nearly fourscore. In another quadrille danced four lovers with their mistresses. There again was nothing observed but an emulation who should most enjoy the present moment; not an idea of the past or to come clouded their thoughts; in few words, they were perfectly happy. Let those who are tormented by avarice or ambition frequent these places on a Sunday, they will be cured of their vile passions, if they are not incurable.

BEATIFICATION.

On the 17th July was celebrated at Verona the beatification of sister Vermique Giuliana, late superior of the convent of capuchins of St. Claire. The miracles performed by this female saint are, according to the legend of the faithful, very numerous, and amount to upwards of 300. Lately, the wife of a wine-merchant, whose favourite saint she always had been, experienced the effects of her prayers and presents, by being delivered at once of three strong healthy boys, after a marriage of 18 years, during which she never before had a child. Her husband, in gratitude, has presented this saint with a rich diamond cross; and there is not a wife or a husband in that part of Italy, who desire the sterility of their beds to cease, who does not address prayers and offer sacrifices to her shrine. It is said that three convents, possessing for a long time saints famous for the same qualities, intend to bring suits at Rome against this member of the Paradise, as an intruder or interloper, their convents being entirely deserted by customers.

DUELLING.

IN ridicule of this practice, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following story: A person said to another in a coffee-house.... "Sir, a little further off, sir....you *smell* offensively." "Sir," answered the person addressed, "that is an affront, and you fight me."...." I will fight, if you insist upon it," rejoined the first; "but how will that mend the matter? If you kill me, I shall *smell* too; and if I kill you, you will *smell worse* than you do at *present!*"

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SINGING PARROT.

COLONEL O'KELLY'S celebrated singing parrot died suddenly last year, at its master's house in London. This singular and celebrated bird was one of the three bequests made by his uncle to colonel O'Kelly: the other two were the estate of Cannons, and the famous horse Eclipse. This uncommonly-gifted creature sung a number of songs in perfect time and tune, and, if she ever made a lapse, she would stop, and go over the passage until her ear was perfectly satisfied. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching nearly to rationality. Her age is not known, but it is upwards of thirty years since the late Mr. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol, at the price of 100 guineas. The colonel was repeatedly offered 500 guineas per annum, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of the bird; but this, out of tenderness to the favourite, he constantly refused. The body was yesterday dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brooke, when the muscles of the larynx, which form the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong; but there was no apparent cause for its sudden death.

EASTERN NUPTIALS.

THE following description of the late nuptials of the daughter of the Coorga rajah will give some idea of the magnificence with which in the East they celebrate that rite.

The roads in every direction, for several coss, were illuminated on each side, and ornamented with curious and costly devices. They commenced from the entrance of Nanour, extending to the limits of the Cusbah. Three English gentlemen, captains Foulis, Marriott, and Osborne, attended this splendid ceremony. On their arrival at the palace, they were saluted by twenty-one guns, and ushered into the presence to the notes of soft music, select bands of Hindoostany girls dancing before them. For the space of seven days the rejoicings continued, each successive day varied by amusements created by the happy and inventive genius of the rajah himself, who studied, with his wonted liberality, the accommodation and pleasures of his guests: at the end of the seventh day, the above-mentioned gentlemen took their leave, and were highly complimented by the rajah for the favour of their attendance. On one occasion during the festival, at the grand hunt, attended by the rajah and his company, no less than 18 elks, 14 wild buffaloes, 13 cheetars or spotted tigers, 2 elephants, and 32 wild boars, were slain. The heads of the animals were laid in triumph at the feet of the young amiable bride, who had scarcely attained her fifteenth year. The princess, it is said, possesses very superior accomplishments; certain it is, that the nature has been most kind to her in a lovely animated countenance and a most beautiful and delicate form. Her husband, the Joonday rajah, is about thirty years of age, a well-informed and pleasant character.

CHARACTER OF LORD KENYON.

THE death of lord Kenyon, lord chief justice of England, took place on the 5th of April, 1802. His lordship, after having filled the great law offices which usually precede the high situation he afterwards attained, was appointed, in the year 1788, the successor of the venerable earl of Mansfield (who had presided in the court of king's bench nearly thirty-two years), and thus became a distinguished example of what may be attained by industry, in the exercise of genuine, though not showy talents. Nor did he perhaps, on the whole, however inferior in genius and eloquence, fall far short of his truly great predecessor in his

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magisterial and judicial capacity, His laudable, firm, and successful efforts to keep the channels of the law clear from the base and sordid practices of the unprincipled attornies of his own court; his persevering and ardent zeal in the repression of adultery and seduction, crimes which felt, on all occasions, the rigour due to such breaches of morality and the laws of society, during his long administration of the justice of the country; and the strictness with which he punished gamblers of every class, will long be remembered as conspicuous features of his fourteen years high and honourable discharge of the great public duty committed to his hands. In short, to borrow the words of a distinguished writer, "He was profound in legal disquisition, patient in judicial discrimination, and of the most determined integrity. He never, on any occasion, sacrificed his official to his parliamentary character. The sphere of his particular duty was the great scene of his activity, and though as a lord of parliament he never lessened his character, it was as a judge that he sought to aggrandise it."

THE FRENCH CONCORDAT OR TREATY WITH THE ROMAN SEE.

I. THE catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion, shall be freely exercised in France; the worship shall be public, and subject to those regulations of police which the government may judge necessary for the public tranquillity.

II. A new division is to be made of the French dioceses by the holy see, in concert with the French government.

III. His holiness shall invite the titular French bishops to every sacrifice, even that of their sees, for the sake of peace and unity.

IV. The first consul shall name, within three months after the publication of his holiness's bull, to the archbishopricks and bishopricks of the new division: his holiness shall confer the canonical institution, according to the ancient forms in France before the change of government.

V. VI. and VII. The bishops shall, before their entering on their functions, take from the hands of the first consul, and the inferior clergy from the civil authorities appointed for that purpose, the following oath:

"I swear and promise to God, on the holy Evangelists, to preserve obedience and fidelity to the government established by the constitution of the French republic; I promise also to have no intelligence, to assist at no council, to maintain no connection, either within or without, which shall be contrary to the public tranquillity; and if within my diocese, or elsewhere, I shall learn that any thing is designed for the prejudice of the state, I will make it known to the government."

VIII. The following form of prayer shall be recited at the end of divine service, in all the catholic churches in France:

Domine, salvam fac rempublicam,
Domine, salvos fac consules.

The IXth, Xth, XIth, and XIIth articles give the new bishops the power of appointing the cure; who, however, must be accepted by the government.

XIII. His holiness, for the welfare of the church and the happy establishment of the catholic religion, declares, that neither he nor his successors will disturb in any manner the possessors of *alienated ecclesiastical effects*; but that the property of those effects shall remain unchangeable in their hands or in the hands of their assignees.

The XIVth and XVIth articles place the first consul on the same footing with respect to his holiness as the ancient monarchical government of France.

The XVth permits French catholics to make endowments in favour of churches.

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The XVIIth and last mentions, that when any of the successors of the first consul shall not be a catholic, the rights mentioned in the above articles, and the appointment to bishopricks, shall be regulated by a new convention.

Such were the articles which formed the foundation of the celebrated *concordat.*

CONSTITUTION OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC.

THE constitution consists of 128 articles, and is reduced under fifteen titles.

By the first, the Roman catholic religion is declared to be the religion of the state.

The government of the country is vested in a president, appointed for ten years; or, in his absence, the vice-president, the *consulta* of state, and a legislative council. A legislative body of seventy-five members are to discuss and decide respecting those laws which the legislative council shall propose.

The members of the legislative body, as well as of the *consulta* of state, and of the tribunals of revision and cassation, are to be chosen by three electoral colleges constituted for that purpose.

The first college is of POSSIDENTI, or landed proprietors. This college is to consist of 300 members, having a qualification of a sum equal to 1200 dollars a year.

The second college is of *dotti*, or of the learned. It consists of 200 individuals selected from those who are most distinguished in science, or in the liberal and mechanical arts.

The third college is *di commercanti*, or the tradesman; is to consist of 200, selected from the most skiful merchants and manufacturers.

The seat of the legislation was permanently established at Milan.

These are the only distinguishing features of the constitution of the Italian republic worth recording.

The members of the government are as follow:

Bonaparte, president.
Melzi, vice-president.
Guicciardi, sec. of state.
Spanocchi, grand judge.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE ROBBER.

THE public attention in Germany was, in 1802, much devoted to the famous robber, called Schinderhannes, who was at length taken and delivered up to the French, with several of his associates. A thousand anecdotes are related of this extraordinary man, who is said never to have attacked the poor, but even, on the contrary, to have been their real friend and supporter, robbing the rich, the clergy and Jews in particular, to afford them succour; maintaining amongst his associates, near 200 in number, a severe discipline, and punishing even with death such of them as transgressed their voluntary submission to his controul.

After being all the preceding year the terror of the left bank of the Rhine, and laying under periodical contribution all the country between Mayence and Coblentz, he transferred his gang to the right bank of the river in Franconia, and was at length arrested as a suspicious character on coming into the Runkelischen district one day, at a little market town, in the character of a pedlar, with a horse and cart full of wares, as was frequently his practice upon a reconnoitering scheme: to avoid more minute investigation, he there enlisted with the Austrians, and being sent to the general rendezvous at Frankfort, was recognized and betrayed by an associate.

He then acknowledged himself to be Schinderhannes, and was, at the request of the French minister, delivered up to the republic, and con-

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ducted, with several of his associates apprehended in the interim, particularly one called "Black Jonas," in great notoriety, to Mayence, where he remained a close prisoner, as well as his father and mother, peasants near Rastadt, his mistress, and many others.

His age was only twenty-three, and his conduct, if what is greedily published of him be true, almost modelled on that of Carl Moore, in Schiller's famous play of the Robbers, imitated lately on the English stage under the title of the Red Cross Knights, and which would seem to have electrified and given a wrong impulse to an ardent imagination, which, in better pursuits, might have formed a heroic character.

IRA LANE.

THE following account of the murder of Ira Lane by David Williams, is taken from Canandaigu paper:

The mother of this lad, being a widow, married a second husband with whom she now lives, and with whom David lived, but for whom he had lost all affection, for reasons we do not say are well or ill founded. About the age of 15, David was one day, much against his will, by order of his step-father, detained from school for the purpose of assisting in the business of the farm. On this day, by accident, a log rolled on and injured one leg, that it never could be restored to much use; and since that time, by some other accident, he has been injured in the other, so that he has become a cripple to that degree that he cannot walk a mile in a day. At this misfortune he continually repined, blamed the step-father for keeping him that day from school, whereby he received his wound, and mortified at his appearance among his mates, some of whom, he says, ridiculed him, he became weary of life, and determined to end his misfortunes and his life. For this means, suicide and murder presented themselves to him. The first awhile appeared the most eligible, but it brought to him the horrors of appearing, by his own violence, before God, who would not pardon him, and he was induced to abandon that for the latter, which would offer him a better excuse to God: besides, death by hanging, by other hands than his own, was desirable.

He familiarized this mode by dwelling much on it; he became attached to it as a very pleasing scene to pass through. The consideration of the grief it must occasion to his mother at times almost unbent his resolution; but the idea of its being a sweet revenge on his step-father aroused his resolution to the act, and bore down every other consideration.

Thus determined, the next thing was a subject on whom the deed might be committed. A grown person or a child was the question. The former, he concluded, must be under sin and guilt, therefore, by sudden death, and unpreparedness, his damnation might be chargeable to him, and he be doubly guilty; the latter being more innocent, he might avoid that charge, and resolved on it: but no one in particular occurred to him at any time, until five minutes before the committing of the deed, a period of about six months.

All the morning of the day, and until he executed his plan, he felt an irresistible desire to murder, a desire, as he expresses it, "like one hankering after fruit." Ira, a twin son of Mr. Lane, gathering plumbs alone, and the parents being absent, afforded a favourable opportunity and subject; he instantly seized a musket, fired at and slightly wounded him in the side of the abdomen. He then led the innocent victim into the house, and on to the bed, and took a station to the door. Ira, after a little time, got from the bed, and going for the door, to see if his father was coming, was told by David that his father would come

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by and by, and ordered him to the bed again, and to be still; to which he submitted. Perceiving the wound not mortal, David thought this work but half finished, and the reward only the state prison for life; it must be completed: and he took the axe, went to the bed, struck it twice into Ira's head, and with the third struck his head nearly off.

David often considered of the grief he would bring on his mother, but it never once occurred to him that any would be brought to the parents of the murdered child. His whole intent seems to have been on the main object, *hanging*. He supposed that the perpetration of the murder, when it appeared to him, his situation would recommend to, demand, or excite the mercy and forgiveness of God; and because the crime had been committed under so many palliating circumstances, his appearance before God, occasioned by other hands than his own, by violence, must entitle him to mercy.

His own account admits that the example of a pious mother and brother were uninfluential with him; he had an evil temper; against the indulgence of it he had often been warned, though he never committed any other crime, of any degree, than that which he is to atone with his life. He is distressed for his unhappy mother, laments the sorrow of the bereaved parents, is much concerned for his state, but has no desire to escape his punishment; yet had he not committed the act, and could live innocent as before, he thinks that he would not do the like, and life might yet be desirable to him.

THE FORCED STORY.

Anecdote of Lord Kelly.

LORD KELLY was like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length lord Kelly told him that he should not escape; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumber. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in a pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope. The bell, of course, rang, the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressing the bell, *as I now address your lordship*, 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your *long tongue, and empty head*, I had made my escape."

TAGER TALPIER.

DIED, in Germany, Tager Talpier, ætatis 120. He had buried *ten* wives: his last, the *eleventh*, who is now living, is but twenty-six years of age. By her he had five children, the youngest is five months old: by his other wives he had thirty-one children, all of whom are living, married, and have large families. His memory was very retentive: he could recount a succinct history of Germany, and Europe generally, for more than a hundred years past; and was very loquacious and witty. He never experienced any kind of sickness, was of large stature, and voracious appe-

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tite, and very athletic. He came to his death by attempting to leap over a gate eight feet high; he passed it, but unfortunately fell upon a stone, which wounded his head so severely, as to occasion a mortification and his death.

ANECDOTE.

THE German prince Esterhazy has the largest flocks of sheep possessed by any one person in any part of the world. His highness attended the Woburn sheep-shearing in 1804, when he asked the duke of Bedford, "Of what number his flock consisted?" His grace replied "Six hundred." "What number of shepherds?" The answer was "One." "Probably," says the duke, "your highness may have a flock on your estate?" "Yes," replied the illustrious foreigner, "I have, in Saxony; it consists of a hundred and fifty thousand sheep, and for the due management of which I keep eight hundred shepherds."

PRESIDENT WILLARD.

PRESIDENT WILLARD was born at Scarborough, on the 29th December, 1738. His father, the Rev. Samuel Willard, the minister of a parish in that town, died while his son was a minor. His attachment to a literary life commenced when very young, but during his minority his situation rendered an application to books impracticable. After he was of age, he determined to supply the deficiency of his early education under the tuition of the late venerable preceptor of Dummer academy, who delighted in aiding the genius and talents of his pupils, and in facilitating their advancement to literary eminence. So constant was the application of his pupil, and so judicious the employment of his time, that in eleven months he acquired a competent knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, and was admitted a student of Harvard college, in 1761. While a student, he pursued his studies with unremitted assiduity, in every branch of literature then taught in the university: and when he received the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1765, he was unquestionably the best geometrician, the best astronomer, and the best classical scholar in his class. He had read most of the poets and historians of Greece and Rome; and so familiar was his acquaintance with the language of the former, that he wrote Greek poetry with facility and correctness. Wisely distributing his time among his various studies, none were neglected; and his manuscripts, when an under graduate, were replete with calculations, the result of his progress in the sciences of geometry and astronomy.

In 1767, he was elected a tutor of the university for the Greek department; the duties of which he discharged with uncommon ability; and on the 25th of November, 1768, he was elected a member of the corporation; of which body he was an active and useful member, until the year 1772, when he settled in the ministry at Beverly. He considered the Bible as a sufficient and perfect system of theology; and he assidiously employed his great talents and profound learning in acquiring a correct knowledge of the sacred volume. What he there learned, he seriously and affectionately taught; and he confirmed the truth of his precepts by a life blameless and exemplary. Averse to logical refinements and metaphysical subtleties in framing a system of divinity, his discourses were evangelical and practical, not attempting to teach others the opinions of men as doctrines of the gospel. At Beverly, happy with his people, and respected and beloved by them, he continued until the year 1781, when he removed to Cambridge, and was introduced to the office of president of the university; in which dignified station he remained during his life.

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His attachment to the university, and his unwearied labours in promoting its best interests are too well known to be mentioned; and his success in extending and improving the objects and principles of public instruction, will ensure him the grateful veneration of posterity. To the subordinate governors of the college, he was the companion, the counsellor, and the friend; and to the pupils he was endeared as their instructor, their guide, and their father.

In private life he was cheerful, social, and hospitable; an affectionate husband and parent, and a faithful friend....candid and liberal to others, he was severe only to himself.

As a citizen he loved his country, and was a zealous advocate for her religious and literary institutions, as exhibiting the only rational foundation for a mild, just, and equitable administration of government.

His moral character merits unqualified praise. Perhaps on no man did a sense of moral obligation operate with more force. What he deemed his duty was inflexibly discharged; and in competitition with it, all considerations of ease, interest, and health vanished.

Placed by his office at the head of the clergy, his house and his heart were at all times open to them, and he was the object of their unfeigned attachment and reverence.

To distinguish and employ such uncommon worth and excellence, engaged the attention of various public societies in America and Europe. His own university conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity. The governors of Yale college honoured him with the degree of doctor of laws. He was vice-president of the American academy of arts and sciences; a fellow of the royal society of Gottingen, of the medical society of London, and of the American philosophical society. He was president of the Massachusetts congregational charitable society, incorporated for the purpose of affording relief to the widows and children of deceased ministers; a member of the society for propagating the gospel among the Indians and others in North America, and of the humane society. On these societies he reflected back the honours they had conferred on him.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REVEREND DR. JOHN BLAIR LINN.

The following biographical sketch is extracted from a funeral sermon on the death of Dr. Linn, delivered before the first presbyterian congregation in Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Blair.

IT would be pleasing, especially as custom has sanctioned the practice, to present you with a full and correct detail of his life and character. But I am sensible that neither the time remaining, nor the abilities of the preacher, are sufficient to do that justice to his estimable memory, which both you and the world have a right to demand. At some future day, it is presumed, we shall be favoured with an account more circumstantial and adequate than at present can be afforded: such, however, as from my own knowledge, and from information authentic, I have been able to collect, you will be pleased, in the mean time, with candour to accept.

The Rev. Dr. John Blair Linn was a native of the state of Pennsylvania, and born in Shippensburg, Cumberland county, in the year 1777. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. William Linn, who was formerly settled, for several years, in this state, but who afterwards removed to New York, on a call from the Dutch reformed church, in that city. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. John Blair, who was eminent in his day, as a judicious, zealous, and successful minister of the gospel.

He received the principal part of his education in New York, and took his first degree in Columbia

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college, when he was but 18 years of age; after he had graduated, he engaged in the study of the law, under the direction of the late deservedly celebrated general Hamilton. The study of the law, however, was never agreeable to him; and his religious impressions, which at a much earlier period commenced, at this time returning in force, he became, at length, determinately bent on preparing for the service of the church. And to this service he was not only by inclination impelled, but, from his knowledge of himself, he was persuaded that his talents were more peculiarly adapted. Under this view, having obtained the consent of his father and of general Hamilton, he retired into the country, and prosecuted his studies under the Rev. Dr. Romayne, one of the professors of theology in the reformed Dutch church. And it may not here be amiss to mention, that his motives for leaving New York at this time, as on an interesting occasion I once heard him declare, were wholly of a religious nature. It was in order that, as much as possible, he might abstract himself from the world, and, with the least interruption possible, prepare himself for the solemn employment in view.

He was licensed to preach the gospel by the classis of Albany, in the summer of the year 1798, having little more than completed the twenty-first year of his age. And soon, indeed, it appeared, that he had not misapplied his talents. In a short time after, he received two very respectable and urgent calls for settlement, the one from this church, and the other from the presbyterian church in Elizabeth Town, in the state of New Jersey. After much serious deliberation, he decided in favour of the former; and he thus decided under many fears, on account of his youth and inexperience, of stepping at once into a department so conspicuous, and which required an assemblage of qualifications so various and so high. Beside that he was not a little apprehensive of suffering too much in the comparison, which would unavoidably take place, between him and his learned and venerable colleague, the Rev. Dr. Ewing. He was ordained by the presbytery of Philadelphia, on the 13th of June, 1799, and installed by a committee of the same, in this church, on the 27th of the same month and year.

In the summer of the year 1802, when on a journey to New York, he became suddenly and much indisposed, in consequence of the intense impulse of an ardent sun. The effect of this debilitating stroke was of long continuance, and, in addition to this, he was soon afflicted with a pain in the breast, and an occasional spitting of blood. To obviate these alarming complaints, he took a journey in the beginning of the last summer to Boston; but unhappily without the desired effect. He seldom, indeed, after his return was able to officiate in public. He preached, however, on the sabbath before his death. During this state of bodily weakness and frequent dejection of mind, nothing afflicted him more than the thought of declining for any time, and especially altogether, his beloved ministerial functions. To this, as with due deference to the will of his heavenly Master, he often declared, he preferred a sudden dissolution.

On Thursday, the 30th of August, on retiring at the usual hour, after eating and conversing with the family, though considerably depressed in spirit, he suddenly perceived that some rupture had taken place within: an abscess, with a blood-vessel, had burst; a copious effusion succeeded; he was suffocated ....he died. And he died, in the last words he was able to utter, commending his spirit, as good Stephen of old, to that Saviour, in whose power and merits he firmly believed, and whose divine character and dignity, in a well-known work, he had so recently and ably defended.

His constitution, which was always delicate, seemed, on the whole, to have gradually suffered, through

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the ardour of his mind, in the pursuit of knowledge. Rarely to be found are the youth of his age, whose reading hath been so various and extensive. The ancient poets, orators, and historians, were all familiar to him, before he arrived at the age of twenty. He had the liveliest relish for the beauties of authors, and for the charms of nature; and, had his life and health been continued, he promised to rival the foremost characters of the age, in elegant as well as useful literature.

While engaged in his collegiate studies, in some of his leisure hours succeeding, he prepared and published, unknown to any, except a few of his most intimate companions, two duodecimo volumes of miscellanies, in prose and verse. To this publication he did not set his name: yet, his age considered, they are entitled to no small estimation; and the discerning reader may easily see in them the promising marks of rising excellence.

His taste was remarkably correct; his imagination was warm, fertile, and creative, yet ever responsive to the dictates of sober judgment and approved criticism. From the impulses of a mind, so highly and so beautifully endowed, he was doubtless prompted to the preparation of that poem, which he entitled "*The Powers of Genius;*" a work to which he devoted only his hours of leisure, during the first year or two of his pastoral establishment, and which he never suffered to interfere with the duties of his sacred office. This work, as was said by an elegant encomiast in a neighbouring state, has met with so favourable a reception, that a second edition was called for in less than a year, and a third has since issued from the press in London, with every embellishment that the present advanced state of "literary luxury" can furnish.

Besides this work, and several others of a smaller note, he engaged, and that at a time when his constitution had become yet more feeble, and his health considerably impaired, in a correspondence, or rather as I may say, *adventerous contest*, with Dr. Priestley. "When it was announced," says the afore-mentioned writer, "that he had entered the lists in a character so new to him, with an opponent so well versed in the arts of controversy, and on subjects so important and different, those who entertained the highest respect for his talents, were not without anxiety respecting the result. But he acquitted himself in a manner which gave general satisfaction to the friends of worth, and raised him in the esteem of all classes of readers." And here, it may not be improper to add, that, besides these specimens of talent and genius, I am authorised to mention, that he has left behind him other works in manuscript, which have not received his finishing improvements, which, for the most part, are adapted to his professional character and stile of duty, and with which, though under the many disadvantages of posthumous publications, we may expect hereafter to be favoured. It may also be mentioned, that in the active projections of his mind, and in his zeal for contributing to the benefit of mankind, he had laid plans of literary and professional exertion, which, had he been spared to execute them, would no doubt have raised him to a much greater eminence both as a scholar and as a divine. The performances, which have already been presented to the world, so highly raised his character in the estimation of the trustees of the university of Pennsylvania, that, without the least previous knowledge on his part, they conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity more than a year before his death. An honour so high, at so early an age, conferred in any country, is rare. I mention it as a testimony, strongly marked, of the reputation which he had acquired.

But his first wish was to excel as a christian preacher. In this, as in his other efforts, he happily succeeded. Few young preachers have

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acquitted themselves so much to the acceptation as well of the serious, as the gay; of the cultured, as the less improved class of society. In a letter to a confidential friend, and dated on the very day of his death, he thus expressed himself: "God knows how much it has been my desire and my delight to perform to advantage the duties of my office."

His sermons were written with uncommon facility. *In point of matter*, they were remarkably consistent with, and expressive of, the simple truths of holy revelation. Although he much approved of that excellent summary of doctrine, contained in the Confession of Faith by our church received, he was very remote, in the habits of his mind, from a bigoted attachment to any factitious forms of theological opinion. He was a sincere lover of pure unsophisticated truth; as such he pursued it with avidity; but could never be tempted to impose it on others in any arbritary or adventitious fashion. *In point of spirit*, his discourses were informed with the genuine sentiments of christian charity, piety, and zeal; and they were generally delivered with such pertinent solemnity, fervency, and affection, and with such propriety in elocution and gesture, as rendered them not only pleasing, but deeply impressive and interesting. On the whole, his scriptural erudition, his acquaintance with the sermons and other works of divines, both ancient and modern, his clear and well-informed understanding, his happy and well-disciplined imagination, and, above all, his superior sense of the importance of christian truth, and the interests of the souls of men, together with his ardent desire for their spiritual improvement, were such as to qualify him in an eminent degree for usefulness as a preacher of christian religion. His performances, of course, were generally and even prominently marked with genius, with taste, with order and precision of thought, with doctrinal purity, with devout intention, and with eloquence, the best adapted to the object of his sacred profession.

In the execution of his pastoral duties, he was faithful, affectionate, and punctual. His frequent and indeed daily infirmities, in numerous instances, interfered with the indulgence of his inclinations in this respect. But scarcely at any time could he be prevailed on to spare himself, when called to the chambers of the afflicted, the sick, and the dying. And here, what with his judicious instruction, his well-applied monitions, his tender sympathetic condolences, and his fervent intercessions in their behalf, he generally acquitted himself to the edification and great satisfaction of those concerned.

In his disposition, he appeared to be naturally gentle, humane, and pliant: yet, pliant as he was, he was equally unaccustomed to an easy inconsiderate compliance with the unfounded opinions and inclinations of others, and to an obstinate unyielding adherence to his own.

He was a most respectful and dutiful son; he was a kind and attentive husband; he was an affectionate and indulgent father.

Spirit of the deceased! If from thy blissful station thou canst look down on earthly things; if thou canst behold what christian benevolence, and the memory of thy merits shall perform in behalf of those, thy widowed relict and orphan babes, oh! how would it.....but I forbear; it is not for mortal man to pry into, much less explain, the feelings of immortals. For, the people of his late dearly beloved charge, you will here, I doubt not, feel with me.

As a friend, he was sincere, faithful, and discreet; yet warm, and permanently as well as warmly attached. He well knew how to sacrifice to friendship; and generally judged, with equal liberality and correctness, when and in what measure it became him. He was ever ready to overlook the inattentions, or to forgive the injurious treatment of his fellow men: and was alike disposed to regret and to acknow-

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ledge the offences which might have been imputed to him.

Of this he afforded a very amiable specimen, in the concessions which he made to Dr. Priestley, on account of some expressions, which, on reflection, he perceived to be too acrimonious, and rather unbecoming his years: and what greatly added to his regret, was, that the doctor departed this life before he had received a letter of apology, which had been prepared for conveyance.

Such, my hearers, was the man, the dear, the worthy, and highly accomplished man, whose loss his relatives, his friends, and the world with you deplore.

Such was the instrument which the Lord of the church had raised up and qualified for the service of your faith and heavenly interest: and such was the servant of whom he hath been pleased, in his sovereign pleasure, to dismiss, say rather, to remove into a higher department of service and honour.

A JOHN BULL*ism*.

IT may be worth while to mention, as characteristic of the national feeling and character, a circumstance which occurred, a few days before the general illumination, on account of peace, in London, at the house of Mr. Otto, the French minister at the English court, in Portman-square:

Attracted by the preparations for the magnificent display which afterwards took place, the mob took notice that the word CONCORD was put in coloured lamps over the door: the reading of John Bull, however, was CONQUERED, and his inference, that England was *conquered* by France. Disturbance and riot were about to commence, when Mr. Otto, after some fruitless attempts at explanation, prudently conceded, and substituted the word AMITY. But it did not end here, for some sailors found out that G. R. was not surmounted as usual by a crown: this they peremptorily insisted should be done, and a lamp-formed diadem was immediately put up.

ON THE MODE OF MAKING PARMESAN CHEESE.

By Arthur Young.

THESE cheeses are made entirely of skimmed milk; that of the preceding evening, mixed with the morning's milk: the former stands sixteen or seventeen hours, the latter about six hours. The rennet is formed into balls, and dissolved in the hand in the milk; the preparation is made a secret of, but it is generally known, that the stomach of the calf is dressed with spices and salt. The rennet is put to the milk at twelve o'clock, not in a tub, but in the cauldron or boiler, turned from off the fire-place at ten o'clock; the heat 81½ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, the atmosphere being at the same time at 70. In summer, the whole operation is finished by eight in the morning, as the heat sours the milk if in the middle of the day. At one o'clock the man examines the coagulation, and, finding it complete, he orders his sotto cazaro to work it, with a stick armed with cross wires; this operation is instead of cutting and breaking the curd, in the manner it is done with us, free from the whey. When reduced to such fineness of grain as satisfies the inspector, it is left to subside, till the curd being quite sunk, the whey is nearly clear on the surface; then the cauldron which contains it is turned back again over the fire-hearth, and a quick fire made, to give it the scald rapidly; a small quantity of finely powdered saffron added, the man stirring it all the time with a wired machine, to keep it from burning; he examines it, from time to time, between his fingers and thumb, to mark the moment when the right degree of solidity is attained. The heat is 124

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degrees, but it is often 131. When the dairy-man finds it well granulated by the scalding, he turns it off the fire; and, as soon as a certain degree of subsidence has taken place, empties about three-fourths of the whey, in order to command the curd. He then pours three or four gallons of cold water round the bottom of the cauldron, to cool it enough for handling the curd; then he bends himself into the vessel, in a formidable manner, to view it, resting his feet against the tub of whey, and with his hands loosens the curd at bottom, and works it into one mass, should it not be so already, that it may lie conveniently for him to slide the cloth under it, which he does with much apparent dexterity, so as to inclose the whole in one mass; to enable himself to hoist it out, he turns in the whey, and taking out the curd, rests it for ten minutes in a tub to drain. The vat, in the mean time, is prepared in a broad hoop of willow, with a cord round to tighten it, and widens or contracts at pleasure, according to the size of the cheese. Into this vat the curd is fixed, and the cloth folded over it at top, and tucked in around. This is placed on a table, slightly inclining, to carry off the whey that drains from the cheese: a round plank, three inches thick, shod with iron, like the block-wheel of a barrow, is laid on a cheese, and a stone about thrice the size of a man's head on that, which is all the press used; and there ends the operation.

The cheese of the preceding day was in a hoop, without any cloth, and many others salting in different hoops, for thirty or forty days according to the season: thirty in summer, and forty in winter. When done they are scraped clean, and after that rubbed and turned in the magazine every day, and rubbed with a little lintseed-oil on the coats, to be preserved from insects of all sorts. They are never sold till six months old, and the price ninety livres the 100lb of 28 ounces.

The morning's butter milk is then added to the whey, and heated, and a stronger acid used, for a fresh coagulation, to make whey-cheese, called here mascho pino. Little ones are kept in wooden cases, in the smoke of the chimney.

ON THE ENGLISH NAVY.

By the same.

I HOLD every idea of a great naval force to be founded on very questionable theories. Injurious to other nations in its object, which is that of extending to the most distant parts of the globe the mischievous effects of ambition; and all the horrors that attend the spirit of conquest, when flowing from the worst spirit of foreign commerce. A great navy affords the means of spreading what may to Europe be called a domestic quarrel to the most distant regions of the globe, and involving millions in the ruin of wars, who are in justice as unconcerned in the dispute as they are removed by distance from the natural theatre of it. And whatever commercial necessity, founded upon the worst principles, may be urged in support of it, yet the expence is so enormous, that no nation, it is now well understood, can be formidable both at land and sea at the same time, without making efforts, that throw our own burdens, by means of debts, on our innocent posterity. Hume remarks, that the British fleet, in the height of the war of 1740, cost the nation a greater expence than that of the whole military establishment of the Roman empire, under Augustus, while all that deserved to be called the world, was in obedience to his sceptre; but in the late war, the expence of our fleet amounted to more than the double of what attracted the notice of that agreeable and profound politician, for the naval expence of 1781 arose to 8,603,884 pounds sterling.

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The ambition of statesmen is ready at all times to found upon a great commerce, the necessity of a great navy to protect it; and the next step is the supposed necessity of a great commerce to support the great navy; and very fine arrangements, in political economy, have been the consequence of this mischievous combination. The delusive dream of colonies was one branch of this curious policy, which cost the nation, as sir John Sinclair has calculated, two hundred and eighty millions! Rather than have incurred such an enormous expence, which our powerful navy absolutely induced, would it not have been better had the nation been without commerce, without colonies, without a navy? The same madness has infested the cabinet of France; a great navy is there also considered as essential, because they have in St. Domingo a great colony; thus one nuisance begets another. The present century has been the period of of naval power. It will cease in the next, and then be considered as a system founded on the spirit of commercial rapine.

ORIGIN OF PEBBLES.

COMMON pebbles, it is well known, are usually of a roundish shape, though, in some parts of the country, much more so than in others: in many places, it is difficult to find one which has not this form, and a tolerably smooth surface; yet many, even of those which have the smoothest surface, have evidently been formed from fragments of regular strata, and had they been of their present degree of hardness, when broken off, must have required a very long period, or a great degree of attrition, to wear away their asperities, and bring them to their present state. It is highly probable, therefore, that they were once sufficiently soft, to be easily brought, by the motion of water, into their present form; an operation which fragments of different species of stone are constantly undergoing on all sea coasts, and that, as the facility of removal increased, by their original ruggedness wearing down, they have been gradually carried away to deeper parts of the sea, till, settling in some place, where the effect of the agitation of the surface was insufficient to carry them farther, they have accumulated, in time, to a bed of considerable extent. This account of the formation of pebbles, and perhaps of some other species of fossils, is confirmed by some of them containing impressions of shells, and by the structure of others, which are composed of concentric crusts, including a nucleus of a different colour, and frequently of much greater hardness than the outer part; and by such as are of this structure being seldom found among those that are formed of a more homogeneous substance. In the isle of Sheppey, near Minster, the cliffs are about a hundred feet in height, and are composed of clay and blue marle, pieces of which falling frequently on the shore, are worn smooth and rounded by the motion of the sea, and, after lying there for some time, harden, and become the pyrites or copperas stones. which are gathered by the poor of the island, every spring, for the vitriol works.

That this is the true origin of the pyrites cannot be doubted; as pieces of marle may be observed on the shore, in all the different degrees of hardness, shape, &c. from the rough state in which they fall from the cliffs, till they become complete pyrites; and as there are trees and bushes growing above, it is not at all surprising that these fragments of marle, rolled into form on the shore, frequently inclose a piece of wood. I have even found some hazel nuts so thoroughly impregnated with vitriolic particles, that they appeared converted into perfect pyrites, but still retaining the exact form and lineaments of a nut.

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These instances show the effect of the motion of the sea, in a very short period, which, if long continued, is, doubtless, capable of producing similar effects on much harder substances; and when it is recollected, that this power has been constantly operating for so many ages, on the most extensive scale, it may not appear insufficient to account for the formation of the immense number of pebbles scattered over the earth.

STATE OF THE JEWS.

THE Jews have been singularly unfortunate. They shared the oppression and contumely, which the Christian sects underwent, as soon as the jealousy of the Pagan priests and emperors was excited by the progress of their monotheism: but they in no degree partook of the security or triumphs conquered for the church by Constantine. Their incredulity was considered by orthodox and heretics as of all others the most criminal, nor was it till after the Mahomedan conquests, that they obtained, in part of Asia, along the southern shores of the Mediterranean and in Spain, a resting place for their feet.

In modern Italy, the earliest haunt of reviving literature and philosophy, the first attempts were made to prepare the European mind for the toleration of Judaism. Simone Lazzurato, of Venice, is mentioned as a pleader of their cause. The friends of the Socini were thought to entertain sentiments very favourable to the Jews; but the interference of the inquisition in 1546, to suppress the celebrated club of Vincenza, an event preparatory to the exile and dispersion of all the rational Christians of Italy, defrauded them of rising advocates. In the several Italian republics, the Jews enjoyed only a contemptuous protection. Their fate was somewhat more favourable in Poland, and much more favourable in Holland, where Basnage, and, no doubt, others, wrote of them becomingly.

In Germany, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, a celebrated dramatist, by his philosophical plays, Nathan the Wise, and the Monk of Libanon, attacked the prejudice against Judaism in its fortress, the public mind; while his friend, Moses Mendelsolm, was illustrating the sect, both by his elegant writings and by a well-argued defence of general toleration, published under the title Jerusalem. C. W. Dohm, a Prussian, offered, in 1781, to the German public, two small volumes of Remarks on the Means of Improving the Civil Condition of the Jews, which called forth several pamphlets on the same topic, among which those of Schlotzer and Michaelis, no doubt, deserve consultation.

In France, the prejudices of Voltaire against the Jewish religion, proved a powerful obstacle to the advances of the philosophic party, in an equitable disposition towards its professors. In 1788, however, the academy of Metz proposed as a prize question: Are there means of rendering the Jews in France usefuller and happier? Zalkind Hourwitz, a Polish Jew, M. Thierry, a counsellor of Nanci, and the Abbe Gregoire, shared the prize, but not the public suffrage. The work of the latter, on the moral, physical, and political regeneration of the Jews, has obtained the more impressive publicity. Among his most distinguished coadjutors in obtaining a legal improvement of their condition, the constituting assembly of France numbered Mirabeau, Clermont-tonnerre, and Rabaud.

In Great Britain, the well-intended conduct of the government, under the protectorate of Cromwell, and under the administration of Pelham, were alike defeated by the fanaticism of the people. Mr. Toland's naturalization of the Jews in England, is the best antidote of elder date that has descended to us. Tovey and Ockley have also stored up information on these topics.

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Of late, Priestley's Letters to the Jews, a work, which, probably, under the mask of pursuing their conversion, had for its object to do away the ungrateful prejudices of religionists against their parent-sect, has rendered to them, in the devout world, the same service as Cumberland's comedy of the Jew in the polished. There can scarcely remain any apprehension among thinking men, that the slightest popular odium would now be incurred by any legislature, if it repealed every law which encroaches upon the political equality of this and other sects.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CHARETTE, THE FAMOUS LEADER OF THE VENDEAN WAR.

ON the 9th of March, 1796, at Nantes, the celebrated general Charette, soul of the civil war in France, was executed. Having been taken on the 7th instant, by the adjutant-general Travot, he was instantly conducted to Angers. When he arrived, he was in great pain; he had two contusions in his head, and his fingers were very much hurt. He did not seem to expect that he would be put to death. He was asked, why, after the pacification, he did not remain quiet? He replied, "Because they had not kept the promise which they made me." They said to him, you have made us lose a great many men. "Ah! one cannot make pancakes without breaking eggs." They asked him, if he knew that Stofflet had been shot? "Yes; this was a scoundrel: as for me, I have been taken after my troops were defeated, but still I have been surprised." In fact, two cavaliers, in disguise, went to the house of a peasant, telling him that they had wandered, that the republicans had pursued them, and that they did not know what rout general Charette had taken. The peasant showed them the wood where he was: they flew together to give notice to the detachment which invested the wood: they hunted him like a hare, and surprised Charette, supported by two cavaliers. What gave him most pain was, that he had not fallen in the field of battle. He says it is six months since he quitted his boots.

When Charette was conducted to the head-quarters of the republican army, citizen Hedouville, chief of the etat major, said to him, "Charette, the first and greatest reproach which the republic has to make against you is, the having betrayed her, and having long employed so much talents against her, when you ought to have known, that, having declared in favour of liberty, she could overthrow all factions."..... "General," replied Charette, "it was with reluctance that I fought against the majority of the nation, and it was only the difference of opinion that could have impelled me to do so."

In another private conversation, which he demanded of general Hedouville, and at which general Travot was present, he pretended that proposals of accommodation had been made a few days ago. "I am so much the more astonished," replied general Hedouville, "at what you say, as, after your refusal, a month ago, to accept the proposals made to you, in consequence of the opening made by yourself, through the curate of Rabateliere, you appeared to be unwilling to come to any accommodation, and wrote to Stofflet, that, so far from signing any treaty with the republicans, you would support your party to the last moment. You engaged him even in that letter to print your answer, in order to make known your intentions." "It was a last effort," replied Charette, "which I made to revive my party." "How," rejoined Hedouville, "had you the hope of being able to contend, with advantage, against the will of a great nation?" "Seing that my partizans abandoned me, and that my efforts were useless, I determined no longer to resist the will of the nation, and I

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WITH A PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

DR. FRANKLIN wrote a short abstract of his own life, in the form of an epistolary communication to his son. This account begins with a historical deduction of his family, and ends abruptly at the period of his marriage, and of the first formation of the library of Philadelphia, about the year 1730, when the hero of the tale was about twenty-four years old. This narrative was composed in 1777, and is one of the most amusing, as well as instructive, biographical performances in any language. It is greatly to be regretted, that Franklin laid down the pen here. What a rich fund of curious political information would he have given us, had he continued this memoir to the period of his retirement, in old age, at Philadelphia! had he carried us through the bustling and various scenes attending the revolution, and related his own observations and experience of men and things, while in a public capacity in England and France!

Dr. Steuben, an ingenious young man of Philadelphia, has attempted to continue the narrative to the doctor's death. This performance is not without merit, but its unavoidable deficiencies only augment our regret that Franklin did not continue the narrative with his own pen; or that, if any thing of this kind be still extant, it has not been permitted to see the light.

To attempt to abridge or re-model the doctor's own juvenile story would be an unpardonable presumption. To that, therefore, and to the sketch by Steuben, all those who are desirous of being acquainted with the character of that most extraordinary personage must be referred.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTES OF HOWARD.

FEW men have been more generally, sincerely, and deservedly famous than John Howard. In his favour mankind seemed to have laid aside all the prejudice and envy, which usually influence our opinions of each other, and induce us to deny to them their merited praise. The reason of this is obvious. The labours of Howard excited no one's

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jealousy or competition. Those who pursued mere fame, took very different paths to reach it, and in their course were in no danger of jostling with one, who spent his life in travelling, not from palace to palace, but from jail to jail, and from hospital to hospital, and who went in search, if I may so express myself, not of pleasure but of misery.

The personal habits and deportment of such a man as Howard, are to me objects of far greater curiosity, than those of Cæsar or Bonaparte, or even of Newton or Pallas. I have never, however, been able to meet with any particulars on this head, except those recorded by Mr. Pratt. These indeed are extremely curious, and are entitled to attention, independently of their connection with a name so illustrious. They are exceptions to the truth of the ordinary remark, that the greatest men are commonly distinguished, in their personal and private character, by nothing different from ordinary men.

According to Mr. Pratt, Howard was very singular in many of the common habits of life: for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, to dry ones; and, both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries: nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journies were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride, and where that was hazardous, he would walk: such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let or hindrance to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend! how much bettter would it be for their neighbours and for society, where they half as mad. Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. But indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantic eccentricity by the cold-hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather; and, after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt, to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London: the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock in my room struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes.

Yes, said he, smiling, I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me

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as little injury; and, after a long drought, is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on, has been as often wetted through as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatised by Pope, "who shivered at a breeze." All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgencies from the moment we come into the world; a soft dress and a soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe as it were in fire, avoid a tempest which sweetens the air as we would a blast that putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.

You smile, added Mr. Howard, after a pause, but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny whipster than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen: I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up. If I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. I was politely enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was occasionally troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions, which are of such use to us as social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather; a little too much of either would postpone and frequently prevent, not only my amusements, but my duties; and every one knows that a pleasure or a duty deferred is often destroyed. Procrastination you very justly called the thief of time. And if pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, nor seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like dislocation; and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires were to comfort me and keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage: and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

Every man, continued Mr. Howard, must in these cases be his own physician. He must prescribe for

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and practise on himself. I did this by a very simple, but, as you will think, very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a chearful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or, at best, disinclined to any useful exertions for some hours after dinner; and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen hours on the stretch. You will not wonder that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food and a tea-spoonful of liquor, deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions without any injury to the corporeal; nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself in the first instance from dining upon many dishes to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

In the next place....but I shall tire you.

I entreated him to go on till I either showed by words or actions that I was weary.

He proceeded thus:....My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, and spirits augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If any accident happens I am prepared for it, I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp beds, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.

Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves. For instance, we are for ever giving hot things when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house, last week, in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail full of comfortable things as he called them, which he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with what he called a *racketty* complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comfort, and take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. Cold water! your honour? exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation; why she is in such a *desperatious* pain, that I don't think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her than if I were to pour it against a dead wall. No matter for that, said I, take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labours, dost thou think that Nature would ever carry her the hot comforts you have got in that pail? Nature, your honour! but, with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little; if not, Nature will let them die. Not she, truly; if they are recoverable, she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it she is the best physician in the world, though she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw

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away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass and cold water. Though the poor fellow dared not any longer resist, I could see plainly that he put me down as having lost not only my senses but my humanity. However, the cure did very well; and I am satisfied that if we were to trust more to Nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of the present number. Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers, for example: of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about or rendered worse by misapplication of improper remedies, or by our own violations of the laws of Nature. And the same, I take it, may be said of other disorders.

He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half past one: that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk; that as he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted seven minutes and a half of one, he had exactly time enough still to spare to state the object of his visit to me....which is to thank you very sincerely, said he, taking my hand, for the honour you have done me in your verses. I read them merely as a composition in which the poetical licence had been used to the utmost. Poets, you know, my dear sir, always succeed best in fiction.

You will see, by this conversation, that it was about the time when the English nation had been emulous of commemorating their respect for this great and good man by erecting a statue, towards which I had contributed my mite by devoting to the fund the profits of my little poem called "The Triumph of Benevolence;" and while I am touched very sensibly with even the recollection of the public favour which crowned this little work, I very sincerely attribute a great deal of its success to the popularity of a subject in which every lover of humanity took such an interest.

In reply to Mr. Howard, I assured him that he ought to be, and doubtless was, conscious the liberty allowed a poet was never more unnecessary or less made use of than on the occasion alluded to; and that if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none from having very closely, as his heart could not but at that moment tell him, adhered to truth; and that I assured myself he would admit that truth was the same, whether expressed in prose or verse. I added, it was my earnest hope that there was no ground for an idea that had gone forth, of his refusing the offering of gratitude which his country were preparing for him.

Indeed but there is, answered he with the most lively earnestness. I was never more serious than in my refusal of any and every such offering, and for the simplest reason in the world, namely, my having no manner of claim to it. What I do, have done, or may hereafter do, has been, and will always be, matter of inclination, the gratifying of which always pays itself; and I have no more merit in employing my time and money in the way I am known to do, than another man in other occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a pack of hounds, in social entertainments, in a fine stud of horses, and in many other similar satisfactions, I have made my election of different pursuits; and being fully persuaded a man's own gratifications are always more or less involved in other people's, I feel no desire to change with any man; and yet I can see no manner of pretension whereon to found a statue; besides all which, I have a most unconquerable aversion, and ever had, to have public exhibitions made of me, insomuch that, I protest to you, it has cost me a great deal of trouble, and some money, to make this insignificant form and ugly face escape a

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pack of draughtsmen, painters, &c. that are lying in wait for me.

After noticing some ineffectual attempts to obtain a likeness of him, Mr. Pratt adds:

You will doubtless throw these sallies amongst his singularities, but they are by no means to be stigmatized as affectations. From a very intent observation on Mr. Howard, I am perfectly satisfied, that as he had but few who acted like himself, the proportion of those who felt in the same way the ordinary results of such actions were not greater. That he was insensible to honest praise cannot be supposed, without depriving him of emotions which the most ingenuous modesty may indulge, and which are indeed amongst the most natural pleasures of the human mind; but to court the reputation of benevolence, by suffering the lucre of it to mix with any of his motives, or still worse, to make it as, alas! too many people do, a first great cause of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in those who impute to him such vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly said to "do good and blush to find it fame," it was the late Mr. John Howard.

For the Literary Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

There is no institution of the kind, in North America, which bears any comparison, in importance, value, and extent, to the museum in the city of Philadelphia, the founder and conductor of which is C. W. Peale. The credit due to this gentleman can only be rightly estimated by those who are acquainted with the history of this establishment: the small beginning from which it arose, the indefatigable zeal and industry with which it has been reared to its present state, the skill and ingenuity displayed in its arrangement, are all, in the highest degree, honourable to Mr. Peale, and place him by no means low in the list of those, who have advanced the dignity and reputation of his country.

THIS museum is the property of Charles W. Peale, who began it in 1785. Unceasing industry has raised it to a respectable scale. For ten years it was kept in the Philosophical Hall, where a branch of it still remains; but, in 1802, the legislature of Pennsylvania, influenced by an idea of its increasing utility, granted, for the use of the museum, the greatest part of the state-house, where it is now displayed in a manner better becoming the importance of the institution, and more worthy of the state which gave it birth.

The whole is divided into seven apartments: the lobby, the quadruped room, the long room, the marine room, the mammoth room, the model room, and the antique room.

THE LOBBY

Contains a large electrical apparatus, sufficiently powerful to give a moderate shock, without the Leyden phial; likewise, a Galvanic apparatus.

QUADRUPED ROOM.

This room, which is forty feet long, contains upwards of one hundred and ninety quadrupeds, placed in their natural attitudes: those of the larger kinds, with their names in gilt frames, are placed on pedestals behind wire-netting, the smaller quadrupeds are in glass cases on the opposite side of the room, with numbers which refer to corresponding ones in frames over them, stating the *genera* to which they belong, and their specific names, in Latin, English, and French. The Linnæan classification is generally adopted throughout the animal department.

Among the most remarkable of the quadrupeds, are the grisly bear, from the source of the Missouri; the buffaloe; the great ant-eater, seven feet seven inches from the

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snout to the tip of the tail; the ourang outang; crested porcupine; American ditto; Madagascar bats, measuring four feet from tip to tip, hooded bat, &c.; lama; hyæna; elks; picary; sloths; antelopes; Indian musk. Few museums are so well supplied with quadrupeds, thus naturally mounted and so well preserved; but it is the effect of the proprietor's indefatigable exertions to render his museum complete, and worthy of comparison with many of the most celebrated in Europe.

LONG ROOM.

Linnæus's classification of birds, with the characters of each order and genus, is, for want of space to display it better, exhibited in a gilt frame at the entrance of the long room. All the birds are in glass cases, the insides of which are painted to represent appropriate scenery; mountains, plains, or waters; the birds being placed on branches or artificial rocks, &c. These cases extend the whole length of this room, which is a hundred feet, and are placed twelve feet above the floor, which is the greatest height at which they can appear to advantage.

The first order, *rapacious* birds, begins in the upper row at the head of the room, and extends nearly to the centre; and each succeeding order begins at the left, extending to the right. In frames over each case the *genus* is the first noted, then their species and names in Latin, English, and French, referring to the numbers attached to each species.

There are now in this collection (including many non-descripts) perhaps all the birds belonging to the middle, many of which likewise belong to the northern and southern states; and a considerable number from South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, and the new discovered islands in the south seas. The variety of interesting objects in this department is too great to particularize them: the number exceeds seven hundred and sixty, without counting the duplicates.

On projecting cases, between the windows at the west end of the room, is a classification of four thousand insects in gilt frames. Those species which are too small to be examined with the naked eye are placed in miscroscopic wheels, with the numbers continued from the glass frames; there are also two other compound miscroscopes, of a new construction, adapted to a large collection of curious insects, one for opaque, and the other for transparent subjects, with a catalogue of each.

Projecting between the windows, at the east end of the room, are glass cases containing minerals and fossils arranged, to facilitate their study, according to Kirwan. It is of importance that this department should contain a complete collection of American minerals, accompanied with a description of the quantity and situation where found.

Over the birds, in handsome gilt frames, are two rows of portraits of distinguished personages, painted from the life, by C. W. Peale and his son Rembrandt. This collection was begun in 1779, and contains various characters of distinguished eminence, both natives and foreigners; as Franklin, Priestley, Rittenhouse, Humboldt, &c. Their several names are in frames over each portrait, yet there is a number which refers to a concise account of each person in small frames on the opposite cases. Of seventy persons here pourtrayed, forty are dead. Some portraits of a larger size adorn each end of the room.

In a gallery in the centre, between the windows, is an excellent organ for the use of such visitors as are acquainted with music.

A person attends in this room with Hawkins' ingenious physiognotrace, who draws the profiles of such as chuse to pay the cost of paper, free of other expence*.

* The attendant is allowed to receive six cents for cutting out each set of profiles, from such as chuse to employ him.

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MARINE ROOM.

In the centre of the room, supported on a pedestal, stands the chama, a shell three feet long and one hundred and eighty-five pounds weight; a pair of them are behind the railings.

A railing at each end of the room encloses the larger fishes and amphibious animals, on each of which, in a gilt frame, is the respective name. The smaller animals are displayed in two large glass cases on inclined shelves, with numbers referring to a framed catalogue. The tops of the cases are ornamented with artificial rock-work, supporting marine productions, such as corals, sea-fans, feathers, &c.

Between the windows, projecting six feet into the room, are four glass cases, containing a classical arrangement of shells, corals, spunges, &c.

Against the wall are sundry skins of large snakes, one sixteen feet long (Amboiya), from S. America.

ARTS AND ANTIQUITY.

This part of the museum is in the Philosophical Hall.

MAMMOTH ROOM

Contains the skeleton of the mammoth, which was discovered in Ulster county (New York), in 1801. It is the first put together, and is as valuable as it is stupendous: being an almost perfect skeleton, the bones belonging to one animal, and very few being deficient. It is eleven feet ten inches high, and nineteen feet long. A particular account, by Rembrandt Peale*, of its discovery, with many interesting remarks on it, is in ninety-two gilt frames, hung up in a convenient gallery for viewing the skeleton.

The mammoth is a non-descript, and, as it it called by some, an antediluvian animal, with carnivorous grinders; and although formerly supposed to be a species of elephant, yet differing from it, and from all other animals, in several extraordinary particulars. Since the year 1740, the learned have been gratified with the occasional discovery of various mutilated specimens of similar bones; but it was not until 1801, that C. W. Peale, after great exertion, was enabled to obtain this skeleton. Some bones of the mammoth first gave rise to the museum in 1785, which, sixteen years after, possessed the first entire skeleton.

Here is also a part of the skull of an unknown animal of the ox kind, the pith of the horn measuring twenty-one inches in circumference: probably the horns would have measured from fourteen to sixteen feet from tip to tip. This precious relique belongs to the philosophical society, by request of the donor Dr. Brown, to be placed with the mammoth.

There are various small skeletons in the same room, among others that of a mouse, as an object of contrast with the mammoth.

In frames hung against the wall, are engravings of the whole skeleton, and the detached parts, of an unknown quadruped of the sloth kind, of great size, found in South America, and now in the museum at Madrid. Inside the railing are similar bones found in Virginia.

MODEL ROOM.

Opposite the former room you enter the model room, where there are in glass cases ten wax figures of different nations of Indians, dressed in their proper habiliments: and sundry arms, utensils, &c. of the North American Indians, those of the south sea islands, and other places.

Extending across the room, in front of the windows is a case containing fourteen thousand elegant casts from antique gems: these are part of the collection in the antique room. In the same cases are various Indian and European antiquities, articles of dress, and curiosity,

* Pamphlets of this may be had at the museum.

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&c. Here is the commencement of a collection of models of useful machinery, and a few paintings.

ANTIQUE ROOM

Contains several fine casts from the celebrated statues of antiquity, such as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying gladiators, the Antinous, Meliager, &c. besides busts and basso relievos. We are indebted for these casts to the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of Wm. Loughton Smith, Esq. of South Carolina, who deposits them with Mr. Peale until they become the foundation of an American academy of the fine arts.

A considerable number of other subjects are now in preparation, and only waiting for such an arrangement in the museum as will enable them to be systematically displayed, without which they answer no other end than mere show, enough of which already exists; since the chief value of a museum depends upon an arrangement calculated as much to instruct as amuse.

As this museum, like all others, has necessarily grown into importance by means of a gradual increase from the collection of individual subjects; the same means pursued with unceasing care will ensure its perfection. The proprietor therefore solicits the assistance of gentlemen travelling into foreign countries, into whose hands articles occasionally fall, which are rendered valuable in a collective view, but otherwise lost to the public, and of little value to the possessors.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON VACCINATION.

THE following facts are chiefly extracted from a late work, published in London, by Dr. Thornton, of that city, entitled, "Facts decisive in favour of the Cow-Pox." They are submitted to the consideration of every person, who may think the preservation of human life an object worthy of attention.

The small-pox, we are informed from the best authorities, destroys annually, in Great Britain alone, between forty and fifty thousand souls, or, throughout the habitable globe, twenty millions of people, exclusive of those who perish from the impoverished state of the system, producing those formidable consequences which follow this disease.

Some tolerable notion may be formed of the ravages committed by the small-pox, by examining the bills of mortality, for in London, where the climate is temperate, the disease well known, and the treatment of the sick very ably conducted, two or three thousand, according to baron Dimsdale, annually perish.

So great was the epidemic of the small-pox at Paris, in 1723, says Voltaire, that upwards of twenty thousand perished in that city alone.

In 1768, the abbe Chappe informs us, that this same scourge destroyed, at Naples, sixteen thousand persons in a few weeks.

In Russia, the annual destruction is estimated at two millions, by baron Dimsdale.

In China, says Dr. Clark, where the population is immense, the number who annually die of the small-pox, the most loathsome next to the leprosy of all diseases, is incalculable.

The fatality is still more remarkable among new people, who are wholly ignorant of the means of prevention, and the methods of cure.

The small-pox was first introduced into New Spain, in 1520, by a negro slave who attended Narvarez in his expedition against Cortes. Torribo affirms, that one half of the people in the provinces, visited with this distemper, died. The small-pox was not brought into Peru, for several years after the invasion of the Spaniards; but there too that distemper proved very fatal to the natives.

About fifty years after the discovery of Peru, the small-pox was carried over from Europe to Ame-

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rica, by way of Carthagena, when it overran the continent of the New World, and destroyed upwards of one hundred thousand Indians, in the single province of Quito. This account was found, by M. la Condamine, in an ancient manuscript preserved in the cathedral of that city. This author also observes, that in the Portuguese settlements, bordering upon the river of the Amazons, the small-pox was nearly fatal to all the natives.

Mackenzie, in his voyages through the continent of North America, gives an affecting account of the destruction occasioned among the Indians by the small-pox. The fatal infection, says he, spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed, with its pestilential breath, whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those, who had the melancholy and afflicting opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead, the dying, and such as, to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to disappoint the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence.

In 1767, as we are informed in Cook's Voyages, a soldier introduced the small-pox, for the first time, into Kamtschatka, and twenty thousand perished from that disease, leaving whole villages nearly desolate.

Crantz, in his history of Greenland, says, that the small-pox was first introduced into that frozen region in 1733, when the mortality of this disease was so great, that it almost depopulated the whole country.

Even so late as the year 1793, when the small-pox was conveyed to the Isle of France, in the East Indies, by a Dutch ship, five thousand four hundred perished there with the distemper in six weeks.

From the above statement it is evident, that all the wars throughout the whole globe have never destroyed so many lives as have been swept off by this awful scourge.

To lessen in some degree this destruction of the human race, inoculation was introduced, by which the mortality of the disease was obviated, in as far as it respected those who submitted to the operation.

But as the benefit of inoculation cannot be extended to society, as is observed by a popular writer, by any other means than by making the practice *general*, while it is confined to a *few*, it must prove hurtful to the *whole*. By means of it *the contagion* is spread, and is communicated to many, who might otherwise have never had the disease. Accordingly it is found that more die of the small-pox now than before inoculation was introduced, and this important discovery, by which alone more lives might be saved than by all the other endeavours of the faculty, is in a great measure lost, by its benefits not being extended to the whole community.

Dr. Heberden, in his observations on the increase and decrease of different diseases, observes, that he examined carefully the bills of mortality, and comparing the destruction occasioned by the small-pox in Great Britain, *before* and *since* inoculation, reluctantly was brought to the melancholy conclusion, that at the present period the *proportional increase* of deaths from this disease was as five to four.

Hence it would appear that inoculation has done a great injury to society at large, and the difficulty of extending it *generally*, so as to convert it truly into a public benefit, is attended with almost insuperable objections: for to make a law that inoculation shall be general and periodical, appears both arbitrary and cruel, where security of life cannot be given to all, and is what no government, grounded on the basis of general liberty, would venture to adopt.

But, through the kindness of Providence, the means of obviating all these difficulties and dangers has at length been placed within our power, by the invaluable discovery

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made public by Dr. Jenner, that the cow-pox, which has never been known to prove fatal, secures the constitution from the attacks of either the natural or inoculated small-pox.

After a mature consideration of the above facts, we would venture to ask every person of reflection, whether it is justifiable to continue to inoculate for the small-pox?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE POETRY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

THE study of the Spanish language, which has gained considerable ground lately in America, has owed this increased popularity almost wholly to mercenary motives. Young men seldom learn it with any other view than to extend and improve, by means of it, their connections in mercantile business. They hope to turn an additional penny, by being able to write to a Spanish trader, or converse with him in his native language.

There are, however, many persons, who, though originally incited, or principally actuated, by such views in attending to that language, would be glad to profit by the knowledge of it, in enlarging their literary stores. If it enables them to amuse their leisure, and to gratify their taste, as well as to transact, more advantageously, the business of their compting-house, they will pursue it with much more ardour and satisfaction, than they otherwise would.

The Portuguese language is still commonly supposed to be still more barren of literary entertainment, and those who learn it are still more unlikely to be actuated by any view, except to pecuniary advantage or domestic accommodation. And yet these languages are by no means so destitute of valuable literature, as we are apt to imagine. That the literature of Spain and Portugal is not attended to at present, when the stores of German imagination are open to us, is not to be wondered at; but it is strange, that the same neglect should have prevailed in those earlier periods, when translations were so common, so useful, and so honourable. The best Italian poets were naturalized in England, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; at that time, Spain was in the meridian of its glory, and it might have been imagined, that the fame of Lope de Vega would have reached that island. I believe, however, that, except Fanshaw's version of the Lusiad, no poetical translation, from either the Spanish or Portuguese, appeared in England, till the editor of "*The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*," whose taste and genius equal his erudition, excited some curiosity in the public mind by the beautiful ballad "*Rio verde, Rio verde.*" Mr. Mickle's Lusiad, and Mr. Hayley's account of the Araucana soon followed: the former of which has, perhaps, exceeded the original; and the latter occasioned regret in every reader, that the sketch has never been filled up. Here our acquaintance with Spanish and Portuguese poetry has stopped. We have, indeed, often heard of Lope de Vega, and Hayley has mentioned the Ulysses of Gabriel Pereira de Castro, and the Malaca Conquistada of Francisco de Sa de Menezes, as two poems which the Portuguese themselves esteem only inferior to the Luciad of their great Camoens; we have heard their names indeed, but with their merit, the English reader is utterly unacquainted.

The prose writers of these countries (except the great Cervantes) are, for obvious reasons, less valuable than their poets. Learning has never flourished enough in either of the kingdoms, to form the taste of the inhabitants; and genius and imagination will not atone for the want of taste and erudition in a prose writer. It would be improper to pass them over in silence; but a brief notice will be sufficient.

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Spain and Portugal had reached the meridian of their glory, while the arts were yet in their infancy.

Individual genius will be found then to have flourished most when the community shall have been most flourishing: Athens was then most glorious when Sophocles and Euripides succeeded the aged Æschylus; and Ovid, Horace, and Virgil wrote at the time when Augustus sent forth his decree, that all the world should be taxed. Uniform experience will attest the truth of the observation; why this sympathy should exist, I know not; but poetical genius is certainly a barometer that rises or falls according to the state of the political atmosphere. Bascan, and Garcilasso de la Vega, and Diego de Mendoza fought and conquered for their country, under Charles the Fifth; and their spirits partook of the elevation they had assisted her to obtain; and they were followed in Portugal by Francisco de Sa de Miranda, Antonio Ferreira, and Pedro de Andrade Caminha.

It may, perhaps, raise a smile to assert that the poetry of Spain was purified and corrected, by introducing an Italian taste into the country. At this period, however, such a revolution in literature was effected by such means. Marino soon corrupted the taste of Italy, and Spain soon followed the fascinating faults. Always fond of the extravagant, and mistaking hyperbolism for grandeur, quaintness for wit, and the obscure for the sublime, the Spaniards readily fell in with the fashion of the day; and the satire of Cervantes proved powerless here. The decline of the empire quickly succeeded, and Lope de Vega lived to witness the defeat of that armada, which, with more extravagance and less genius than he usually displayed, he had commanded "to go forth and burn the world."

Spain has never recovered herself since the ruinous reign of Philip the Second. Not content with oppressing the Spaniards by the inquisition, he made them the instrument of oppression abroad; there indeed he failed; but though the liberty of Holland was established, the glory of Spain was destroyed. We may be allowed to regret, that liberty and slavery should be so ill disposed, that a people, the most deserving of freedom, should be degraded under the vilest despotism, while the most worthless race in Europe are free: the Spanish character is capable of all improvement; but to degrade the Dutch, would be impossible.

Affiliated with Spain, by the gentle ties of a Russian-like adoption, Portugal partook of its decline. She shook off her chains indeed, but "the iron had entered her soul;" and that nation, which once excited the wonder, and deserved the admiration of the world, became contemptible to the rest of Europe, and terrible only to its subjects. He who entertains liberal sentiments, if he be obliged to submit his productions to the scrutiny of the inquisition, will write with timidity; and it may safely be asserted, that he who writes timidly, cannot write well. To look for the bold sublimity of genius where men are thus depressed, were as rational as to chain a race horse, and expect him to win the race.

Thus has the tyranny of superstition co-operated with the decline of the country, to check the progress of literature in Spain and Portugal. Yet, during what may be called their Augustan age, such was accomplished. The applause of Cervantes should excite some attention to the productions of the two Leonardos; he who admires the Luciad of Camoens, may wish to form some acquaintance with his epistles and sonnets; and he who has read the Visions of Quevedo, will readily believe, that much genius must exist in the six quarto volumes of the works of this excellent author.

Spain has been wonderfully prolific in poets. In the Parnaso Espanol, is given a list of such only as are mentioned by their more celebrated authors; and this amounts to the astonishing number of five

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hundred and seventy-one, which the editor says, is not a third part of the poets with whom the public are acquainted. The numbers in Portugal are strangely disproportionate; for father Joaoa Bautista de Castro, in his Mappe de Portugal, enumerates only sixty-two epic and lyric writers, and fifteen comic ones. But it is probable, that the greater part of the bards, whose names swell the Spanish list, are remembered no where else, when in the Portuguese account, common sense may for once have checked the vanity so characteristic of the nation.

Mr. Dillon's Letters on the Origin and Progress of Poetry in Spain, will give the reader a good general view of the subject. It did not enter into this gentleman's plan to enlarge on the works of any particular author, or give specimens to the English readers: the few specimens that he has printed, are untranslated, and selected chiefly to show their different metres.

The subject of Portuguese poetry has barely been touched upon by Mr. Dillon; he has only deduced it from the Gallician, and mentioned a very few of their authors; this field may therefore be looked upon as new.

The Spaniards call their nine most favourite authors the nine Spanish muses: they are Garcilaso de la Vega, Don Esteban de Villegas, Quevedo, count Bernardino de Rebolledo, Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, and his brother Bartolome, Father Luis de Leon, Lope de Vega, and don Francisco de Borja y Aragon, prince of Esquilache: many of equal merit are excluded from the list, and, perhaps, some of superior.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN POETRY AND PROSE.

IT is some proof that verse is not essential to poetry, that, among the numerous definitions given of this art by critics, not one distinctly marks the boundaries between poetry and prose, or suggests any reason for confining the productions of the muses within the enclosure of measured lines.

Aristotle makes the essence of poetry consist in imitation: in his Poetics, he describes music, dancing, and poetry, as imitative arts. Horace requires his poet to make his language a copy of life:

——respicere exemplar vitæ.

Vossius defines poetry to be the art of representing actions in metre: Batteaux, calls it the imitation of elegant nature; and Trapp tells us, that poetry is the art of imitating or illustrating, in numbers, every being in nature, and every object of the imagination, for the delight and improvement of mankind. The term *imitation* is here improperly used to express the description of objects by arbitrary signs, which exhibit no copy of nature; and further, this definition must evidently comprehend all verbal delineations of nature, whether in verse or prose. A prose comedy is at least as perfect an imitation of nature as a tragedy in verse; and a well written novel is as accurate a copy of nature as an epic poem.

Some critics have compared their definition of poetry to its *end:* though they have been by no means agreed, whether that end be principally to instruct or to please. Racine, and others, have held, that the primary object of poetry is instruction; and that poetry was, of old, employed as an auxiliary to religion and virtue. A modern critic has, on the contrary, taken much pains to prove that the first object in poetry is to please, and that this is the only kind of literary composition in which use is subordinate to pleasure; and he has hence defined poetry to be: "Such a way, or method, of treating a subject, as is found most pleasing and delightful to us." These definitions, it is evident, make no difference between poetry and

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prose, but in the degree of power, which the former may be supposed to possess above the latter, of conveying instruction, or affording pleasure. Verse can contribute nothing to instruction, except as an aid to the memory; for that of conveying pleasure it doubtless possesses peculiar, but no exclusive advantages.

Johnson tells us that poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. The true poet enables you to feel what you remember to have felt before, and to feel it with a great increase of sensibility: you recognize a familiar image, but meet it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty. This is an admirable description of the power of fine writing, that applies as truly to works of fancy and sentiment in prose as in verse.

Those appear to be most in the right, who have understood it to be the offspring of a vigorous imagination and quick sensibility, and have called it the language of fancy and passion. This was the notion entertained of poetry by Plato, and furnished the chief ground for his exclusion of poets from his republic. Cicero was of the same opinion and said, that "while all other accomplishments must be acquired by instruction and precept, the poet derives sufficient resources from himself, from the native vigour of his mind, and a certain divine impulse." This notion is adopted by Dr. Blair. Hence arises the terms *poetic enthusiasm*, and *poetic inspiration*, and the application of the title *Vates*, both to the poet and the prophet. Little credit is, indeed, given to the modern poet's invocation of the muses; and we now seldom read of Parnassus or of Hippocrene: but poets are still considered as men inspired by the power of imagination, and pouring forth the strong language of fancy and feeling. But it does not follow that they must speak and write in verse. In the rude state of nature, before the art of versification was known, men felt strong passions, and expressed them strongly. Their language would be bold and figurative, vehement and abrupt: sometimes, under the impulse of the gentle and the tender, or the gay and joyous passions, it would flow in a kind of wild and unfettered melody; for under such impressions, melody is natural to man. These effusions of passion and sentiment would be poetry, but they would not assume the regular form of verse. So artificial a production must have been the result of innumerable efforts, and could not reach perfection but in a period of great refinement. "No one can doubt," says Quintilian, "that poetry, at first, flowed without art; and that it was reduced to feet after the ear had discovered, by freqent observation, the regular intervals of melodious sounds."

If the excellencies of poetry be distinctly examined, it will be found that, except measured harmony, none of these are excluded from prose.

Horace and Johnson, and common sense, assert, that truth and nature are the basis of all literary merit: and truth and nature are not the exclusive property of the versifier. The stores of knowledge and sentiment are equally open to the man of sense and knowledge, or to the man of feeling and fancy, whether he expresses his thoughts in verse or in prose. One capable of conceiving a noble, tender, or ingenious sentiment, may be a sublime, pathetic, or witty writer, though he should not choose to give his thoughts a metrical dress. Milton would have written a magnificent fable concerning the loss of Paradise, and Butler a witty tale of Hudibras, had they only used prose.

If it belong to poetry to exhibit exact and lively pictures of men and things; if it be the province of the poet's office to observe the objects best adapted to excite emotions, and represent them with such distinctness and force as to make a vivid impression on the reader's fancy; why may not these effects be

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produced in prose? The same objects lie before the eye, or imagination of the writer; he has access to the same magazine of words; and he has equal scope for the exercise of judgment and taste in the arrangement of his materials.

If it be the privilege of the poet to give ideal existence to objects, and scenes of which no archetype is found in nature; if fiction be the hallowed temple of poetry, this character may be ascribed to poetry in its full extent, without confining it within the narrow bounds of metre. By the aid of memory, and the power of association, to give birth to imaginary beings, to transfer the powers of one being to another, to people any part of the universe with new forms, to call up spectres from the deep, to bring down divinities from heaven, and even to bestow personal existence on abstract ideas; these wonders fancy can perform: and he who possesses this faculty, is a poet, according to the original meaning of the term; for he is, in truth, a creator. But this is not the exclusive privilege of those who have acquired the art of measuring out words in regular feet; and introducing, at fixed intervals, similar sounds. The mechanical task of versifying, and the sublime operation of poetic invention, are by no means conjoined by nature, but admit of an easy separation; fictions of the boldest kind, which have required the highest exertion of genius, have been written in prose as well as in verse.

The metaphorical language, being more powerful than general terms, is best suited to poetry. That excited state of mind, which poetry supposes, naturally prompts a figurative style. But the language of fancy, sentiment, and passion is not peculiar to verse. Whatever is the natural and proper expression of any thought or feeling in metre or rhyme, is its natural and proper expression in prose. All beyond this is a departure from the true principles of taste. An artificial diction improper in prose, is equally improper in verse. This opinion is supported, not only by the general sense of propriety, but by those most perfect models of fine writing, the Greek poets. The language of these great masters is always so consonant to nature, that, thrown out of rhythm, it would become the proper expression of the same sentiment in prose. If modern poetry will not bear the same test, it is because the taste of the moderns has been refined to fastidiousness, which leads them to prefer the meretricious ornaments of art, to the genuine simplicity of nature.

In order to prove that verse is not essential to poetry, examples should be quoted of writings in prose, which possess all the properties of genuine poetry, except its numbers; it would be easy to point out many passages sublimely poetical in the prose parts of the Hebrew scriptures; to refer to many dialogues of Plato, replete with elevated conceptions and poetical diction; to call to the reader's recollection Xenophon's Choice of Hercules, the Table of Cebes, the Metamorphosis of Apuleius, with his beautiful Fable of Cupid and Psyche; many of the productions of Lucian's sportive fancy, and satirical humour, and Cicero's Dream of Scipio, with many passages truly poetical from his orations and philosophical writings, as well as from the works of ancient historians, moralists, and critics: nor would it be less easy, among the moderns, to produce a long list of poetical historians, fabulists, and novelists; to refer to the writings of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Sterne; to lay open the rich poetic stores of the English Ossian; to recal the amusement, which every youthful fancy has received from the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights; to mention the elegant fictions lately produced by the fertile genius of Wieland, and by other German writers; and lastly, to dwell upon the numberless beauties of Fenelon's Telemachus, a work which

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possesses every property of the epic, except versification.

Horace gives the honourable appellation of poet, not to the mere versifier, but to the man who possesses the divine inspiration of genius, and can command a suitable grandeur of expression:

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

He gives, as an example a passage from *Ennius*, in which, when the verse is broken up, that is, when the passage becomes prose, the reader still finds *disjecti membra poetæ*, the limbs of the disjointed poet.

This is not a mere verbal dispute. Its object is to detect an important mistake in the use of words. In confining the name of poet to the composer of verses, the honours of poetry have been confined to this class of writers; and few are aware that all the essential and valuable powers of the poet may be found in one, who does not understand, or is not willing to submit to the mental fatigue of practising, the art of versification. It is not my design to undervalue this art. Though it may not, in these degenerate times, be able to perform all the wonders of Orpheus's lyre, it can still add an irresistible charm to the productions of fancy. Verse is certainly the fairest dress of poetry; and when true genius and correct taste employ it to embellish their productions, the finished piece is deservedly placed in the first class of human productions. But, let not the honour due to that divine enchantress, Poesy, whose sublime conceptions fill the fancy, and delight the heart, be bestowed upon the hand-maid, whose humble office consists alone in melodious arrangement. The mechanical hand, that prepares and mixes the painter's colours, would thus be allowed to steal away the praise from the inventive genius which produced and executed the design. Nor let those, whose works are dictated by a prompt invention, a glowing fancy, and a feeling heart, and chastised by a sound judgment and correct taste, be refused an honourable station among poets, merely because their works are not cast in the mould of verse. Let the exclusive homage which has hitherto been paid to the first class of poets be dismissed with other superstitions; and let the merit of every performance be justly measured, not by the trivial circumstance of having been written in prose or verse, but by the share of judgment, genius, and taste which it manifests.

It then appears, that the terms *poetry* and *prose* are not adverse to each other. *Verse* is the contrary of *prose*; and because poetry speaks the language of fancy, passion, and sentiment, and philosophy speaks the language of reason, these two terms should be considered as contraries, and writing should be divided, not into poetry and prose, but into *poetry* and *philosophy*.

For the Literary Magazine.

CANINE VIRTUES.

THE dog has always excited the admiration and respect of mankind, not merely from their sagacity, but from their moral qualities. There are very few *men* who possess some of the moral qualities in a degree equal to many dogs. In the scale, therefore, of moral, that is, of real merit, the dog is frequently superior to human kind.

In the character of dogs, there is nothing that strikes me more oddly, than that the object of their attachment should be a being so totally unlike themselves as man, and in their affection for whom there is nothing animal or sensual. A community of feelings and pursuits is the usual source of attachment between most animals; but not so with dogs, whose attachment to creatures of their own species, whether founded on the relation of sex or other-

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wise, is infinitely less constant and intense, than their regard for man. When I behold the rapture, the transport which is manifested by dogs, at the sight of their masters, after an unusual separation, I feel emotions of veneration for the animal, which are rarely justified by the conduct of one human being towards another. But even in cases of attachment of man to man, equal to that of dog to man, the latter is the more remarkable, and, if I may say so, meritorious, inasmuch as the affection of the dog is more disinterested and gratuitous.

An exception must, indeed, be admitted to the truth of this observation, in the case of sportsmen and their dogs. There, there is no such dissimilarity of tastes and feelings, between the man and his faithful companion; in fact, they both partake of the same passions and tastes: the only difference between them being that one pursues his object upon two legs, and the other upon four.

The most striking instances of the moral and intellectual merit of dogs I have lately met with, are the following:

A gentleman, who used to spend the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favourite house dog, to some servants, who were placed at board wages. The dog soon found board wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally visited. By a hearty meal, which he received here daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then scampered off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

The following anecdote is an instance of that sagacity and attachment which so justly contribute to make the dog our favourite.

Those valleys, or *glens*, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures, over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession, and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains as, in the space of a few

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minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child: but, owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless research of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts, with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist; and by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning home at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth..... Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON HUMAN MISERY.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
  Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

BURNS.

TO descant on the miseries of man is, and always has been, so favourite a subject, that it seems long since exhausted. The hypochondriac, whose unhappy temper (des-

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troying every slender joy which life affords) has long since put him out of humour with life, with bitterness of soul experiences that "the human race are sons of sorrow born;" and the gloomy cynical philosopher, as well as the best and most impartial men, have to acknowledge the same.

But how often has it been remarked, and, alas! how truly, that unhappy mortals, by their own imprudences, bring upon themselves the most acute miseries. "Remorse, regret, and shame" are, by one single act, committed without reflection, showered upon them: by one single act, the best often lay the foundation for becoming the worst of men. This commencement of the most unbounded depravity often is begun, not from a disposition naturally bad and prone to wickedness, but perhaps from one impetuous passion alone, which, ruling superior to all others, urges the unhappy person whom it controuls to fall into some venial error, which in the eyes of mankind appears the greatest crime. Unacquainted with the circumstances attaching to, and having heard nothing in extenuation of it, the worst conclusions are formed, and he who committed it finds himself shunned by his friends, and almost an outcast from society.

When the world views the character of a man as bad, he soon becomes indifferent to it himself, and he who was calculated to adorn society, to become a benefactor of mankind, and an honour to human nature, sinks gradually to infamy..... Perhaps I am colouring the picture too high; it may be said, that no person who possessed those innate good qualities, in so high a degree, could ever be guilty of any act which could thus degrade him; but observation will, I fear, too fatally confirm the truth of the assertion. For

> Who stumbles, falls, who falls, finds none to save him.
>
> LEWIS' ALPHONSO.

But suppose a man's friends are disposed to view his first false step in the fairest light, and attribute it to impetuous passions, if *he* is a person of feeling, he will place it in the worst. It destroys the confidence with which he should approach society; he reflects that his character is not without a blemish, and he knows not how far the world may extend their prejudices. The ignorant and unfeeling will often reproach him with it, if not openly, with sarcastic hints and unmanly insinuations. Thus disagreeably situated, he flies society, and solitude is by no means calculated to tranquillize his mind. Time, it is said, wears away every evil impression respecting the man whose subsequent good conduct has atoned for his former errors; but he remembers them himself, and will often find the world remembers them also. The reader will, I hope, excuse me for giving the following hacknied, though elegant and appropriate quotation:

> There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
> Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame:
> On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Though it is thus difficult, if not impossible, to retrieve a lost character, it will require a considerable time to destroy one firmly established by the good conduct of a long life. An instance of this kind I myself have witnessed. Mr. —— had by great industry and equitable dealings obtained the reputation of a strictly honest man, whose principles were sound, and in whom the greatest confidence could be placed. When fast progressing to old age, he became, by small and almost imperceptible degrees, embarrassed in his circumstances, and, to extricate himself, contracted a habit of borrowing sums of money from his friends, who without scruple lent it, relying on his firmly established

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character. His difficulties increasing, rendered him at last unable to repay; but he still continued to borrow, and it was only in the lapse of a great length of time that his reputation became so tarnished as to enable him no longer to obtain credit. A gentleman who knew him, (a foreigner) and one not yet well known, who had long viewed this custom of Mr. ——, easily predicted where it would end. One day, in conversation, he gave him, as a striking instance, of the advantages of a well established reputation.... "Though," says he, "his conduct is now by no means honest, his former good name has created so great a respect for him, with his friends, that they cannot yet refuse him assistance, though their ever being repaid appears far from probable. Were I to act as he has done, I should be ruined at once; but his credit is such, that time only can wear it away." Time at length did so, and the small remainder of his life was spent in poverty and wretchedness.

'Tis thus man adds to the many evils he has to endure, in the common course of things, with the most prudent, good, and circumspect. So grievous are human miseries, that most who have gone the round of life, and arrived at old age, will acknowledge they have received so little pleasure on their journey, that they would not wish to live over their lives, were the different scenes of it to be exactly similar to what they had before been. The conclusion to be drawn is apparent. Their days of happiness have been so few, and their days of misery so many, their imprudences so many, and their better deeds so few, that they look back disgusted and disappointed. That such should be our lot, affords the most giddy heedless mortal, in those moments of reflection, which all have at times, a most melancholy picture to dwell on. If any thing is calculated to excite sublime thoughts in the soul, wean it from earth, and wing its flight to heaven, it is the contemplation of the miseries of human life.

FLORIAN.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. III.

HOMER.

A DUTCH critic has attempted to demonstrate, that in the Iliad are shadowed out the siege and destruction of Jericho, and the other cities of Canaan, by Joshua: and another has had the confidence to affirm, that Homer wrote by divine inspiration, and that the Iliad is a prophetical destruction of Jerusalem, of our Saviour's life and sufferings, and of the state of the Christian religion, from its foundation to the time of the restoration. Vide Jac. Hugonis vera hist. Rom. cap. 14, and Merrick's Dissertation.

—

YOUNG.

As a work of genius, Young's "Night Thoughts" is entitled to no small degree of admiration; and many of its striking sentences, concerning the abuse of time, the vanity of frivolous pursuits, the uncertainty of human enjoyments, and the nothingness of temporal existence compared to eternal, are well worthy of being impressed upon the memory. No writer, perhaps, ever surpassed Young in the strength and brilliancy which he imparts to those sentiments, which are fundamental to his design. He presents them in every possible shape, enforces them by every imaginable argument; sometimes compresses them into a maxim, sometimes expands them into a sentence of rhetoric; sets them off by contrast, and illustrates them by similitude. The work abounds with instances of antithesis;

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they often occupy several successive lines; and while some strike with the force of lightning, others idly gleam like a meteor. It is the same with his other figures: some are almost unrivalled in sublimity; many are to be admired for their novelty and ingenuity; many are amusing only by their extravagance. It was the author's aim to say every thing wittily; no wonder, therefore, that he has often strayed into the paths of false wit. It is one of his characteristics to run a thought quite out of breath, so that what was striking at the commencement, is rendered flat and tiresome by amplification. Indeed, without this talent of amplifying, he could never have produced a work of the length of the Night Thoughts, from so small a stock of fundamental ideas. See Dr. Aikin's Letters.

His Satires are getting out of date; yet they are full of strong distiches. We cannot but regret that he did not direct his attention to the composition of epigrams. He wrote but one, and that against Voltaire. The following couplets are selected from his Satires:

PEDANTRY.

To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied:
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

NOBILITY.

Men should press forward in Fame's glorious race;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

BUILDING.

The man, who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home, from which to run away.

BOOK-HUNTING.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But finds, at length, it has reduc'd his rent;
He sells....the terms are brought him by the clerk;
Lorenzo signs the bargain....with his mark.

—

In an ancient volume, entitled, "A Short Memorial and Chronicle of Things Past, concerning my Father, Myself, my Wives, and Children," may be found some rules for the preservation of health, which may be of use to others besides their author.

"Late supping I forbear;
Wine and women I forswear;
My neck and feet I keep from cold;
No marvel then tho' I be old;
I am a willow, not an oak;
I chide, but never hurt with stroke.

"This was the answer of my godfather, William Paulett, knight, lord St. John, earl of Wiltshire, marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer of England, being demanded by an inward friend how he had lived in the times of king Edward the 4th, king Richard the 3d, king Henry the 7th, king Henry the 8th, king Edward the 6th, queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, in all times of his life increasing in greatness of honour and preferment. He died 10th of March, 1572, at the age of ninety-seven, and saw 107 persons descended from him."

—

Christopher, or, as he was familiarly styled, Kit, Smart, possessed great wit and sprightliness in conversation, which would readily flow into extemporary verses. The following spondaic, on the three university bedels, who all happened to be fat men, is an expressive effusion of this kind:

Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

Three bedels sound, with paunches fat and round:

and is equal to Joshua Barnes' version of

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Three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Τρεις χυαμοι χυανοι εν χυτριδι χυανη.

—

SUBLIME OBJECTS.

The largest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth is a tree. The trees that conduce to the sublime in scenery are the oak, the ash, the elm, and the beech. How beautiful an object is here described:

——— A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still cull'd with relics of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head.

—

ROPALIC VERSES.

Dr. Browne, from whom some critics have imagined Dr. Johnson derived some of the peculiarities of his style, in his "Cymbals of the Hebrews," speaks of ropalic or gradual verses: that is, of verses in which every word of a line contains one syllable more than the preceding. The following specimen is derived from a "learned language." I have not been able to meet with an example of this species of verse, in our own tongue; indeed, I should be ashamed if I had been very industrious in the research:

O Deus, æternæ stationis conciliator.
AUSONIUS.

—

GIBBON'S STYLE.

Gibbon's is the style of a mind more anxious to dazzle than to enlighten; which substitutes harshness and inversion for energy; periphrastic obscurity for varied elegance; and which thinks itself profound, when its meaning perplexes or escapes the reader, from the imperfection or obscurity of the expression. But it is also the style of a mind habituated to reflection; comprehensive, and often original, in its views; of an imagination luxurious, not, perhaps, so much from nature as from care and cultivation; and it exhibits a command of that language, which is completely unmanageable in the hands of one who has not been so richly gifted by nature, nor so carefully exercised in study. The defects of Mr. Gibbon's style are easily copied, and the copy generally surpasses the original.

—

LAWYERS.

A proclamation was issued in the twentieth year of James the first, in which the voters for members of parliament are directed "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seeke reputation by stirring needless questions." A more favourable disposition towards the professors of this "honourable science," appears to have been entertained by Aleyn, in his History, printed in London, 1638.

——A prating lawyer (one of those which cloud
That honour'd science) did their conduct take;
He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd
Thought it had been all gospel that he spake.
At length these fools that common error saw,
A lawyer on their side, but not the law.

—

EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUX.

In a lively epigram, Swift has delineated the "manners of modern young men." I feel humbled at reflecting how little our young men have progressed in the noble science of killing time. The following possesses as much truth now, as it did in the time of queen Anne.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chattering nonsense all day long;
Humming half an opera song;
Chusing baubles, rings, and jewels,
Writing verses, fighting duels;
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation;

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Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And tho' no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

—

LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

Prior, in the dedication of his poems, says of the style of the great duke of Dorset, "every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author." The resemblance is so strong, that we cannot hesitate to ascribe the honour of the idea to Roscommon:

The sterling bullion of one English line,
Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole volumes shine.

The whole of the dedication, however, is elegantly written; and though it may appear, at first, great flattery, yet, when we consider that the praise is bestowed on his *dead* patron, and that patron the duke of Dorset, whose character is so justly famous, we can no longer think it flattery, but truth and gratitude.

—

ANCIENT TRAGEDY.

In the infancy of the tragic art in England, the bowl and the dagger were considered as instruments of a sublime pathos, and the "*die all*," and "die nobly," of the exquisite and affecting tragedy of Fielding, were frequently realized in popular dramas. Thomas Goff, who wrote several tragedies, in the reign of James I, concludes the first part of his SELINUS, EMPEROR OF THE TURKS, with the pleasing intelligence of a second, in these lines:

If this part, gentles! do like you well,
The second part shall greater MURTHERS tell.

The following specimens are remarkable. The king, in the play, exclaims,

By all the ancient gods of Rome and Greece,
I love my daughter better than my niece:
If any one should ask the reason why,
I'd tell them....Nature makes the stronger tye.

Call up my guards....call them up every one,
If you don't call all, you'd as good call none.

—

EPIGRAM ON A POET'S WAISTCOAT.

The following parody is irresistably ludicrous. The original, I presume, is familiar to every one. It was written by Richard Owen Cambridge, "on meeting an author very shabbily dressed, in an old velvet waistcoat, on which he had sewed embroidery of a later date.

Three waistcoats in three distant ages born,
The bard with faded lustre did adorn;
The first in velvet's figur'd pride surpass'd;
The next in 'broidery; in both the last.
His purse and fancy could no further go,
To make a third he join'd the other two.

—

AN OLD MAID.

The following parody was repeated by an impudent wit of my acquaintance, as we passed the door of a respectable lady of the holy sisterhood:

Noting her flippancy, to myself I said,
An if a man did wish to hear a tale,
Secrets of families, or affairs of state,
Here lived an oily tongue could tell it him.

—

BURNS.

Burns passed his early youth in all the severities of day-labour, on the banks of the Ayr, which is immortalized in his song, and which, to use the words of Addison,

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In the sweet description murmurs still.

Yet in this most cheerless of human conditions, the buds of genius expanded; nor was the current of his mind obstructed by want of the means of education, or his fancy chilled by a most narrow and circumscribed poverty. In the intervals of labour he found a solace in his muse, who, in strains sweet as those which Smollet breathed over his native Leven, had already sung the beauties of the Ayr, and the nymphs which dwell upon its banks. Burns was a man of an ardent sensibility, which was swelled to an overflowing height by the books first put into his hands. His whole soul was absorbed in tenderness for the other sex; his heart was touchwood itself, catching flame from the slightest spark, and blazing in a moment. He describes his agitations in the language of a poet, and seems, like the shepherd of Virgil, to have found Love to be an inhabitant of the rocks.

Burns appears to most advantage in his pastoral style. His poetry is every where marked with the character of his birth and original station in life. His versification, no less than his thoughts, is sometimes rude even to coarseness; and whatever of harmony may be found in his poems, is rather of natural talent, than the effect of art or imitation of superior models. As an example of this, the following lines may be produced, which are as sweet and wild as they are rude:

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it whimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,
Whyles in a well it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Beneath the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

With a taste which is not the least circumstance of wonder in his life, he not only avoids the coarser part of the phraseology of his country, and selects the better, but attains to an elegance of the English language, which can be rivalled by few of our modern poets. Of this his "Lass of Ballochmyle" is a brilliant example. Some of the stanzas of this piece are of such exquisite beauty, having every image of pastoral life, and every thought expressed with equal force and delicacy, the scenery interesting, the sentiments touching, and the language correctly pure, that I cannot forbear selecting some part of it.

'Twas e'en, the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearlies hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glade the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Upon this stanza there can be but one opinion. With a force stronger than all the rules of criticism, it makes its appeal to the heart; and to judge of its excellence, the reader has only to consider its effect upon himself.

It is an observation of painters, that perfect solitude is a quality so contrary to the true beauty of landscape, that no scene can be pleasing, however rich in other imagery, unless adorned by something of animate nature. This rule did not escape the taste and learning of Milton: in his similes, all of which are celebrated for their excellence in what may be called the picturesque of poetry, he never violates this rule of avoiding still life. What Milton was taught by learning, Burns possessed from natural taste.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

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It may be remarked, that all the poems of Burns contain, for the most part, such incidents for their subjects, as were either, at least, natural, or exact representations of the scenes in which he lived, and the occurrences with which he himself had met. He has nothing of that extravagance, which we may justly call *the chivalry of poets*; he never labours to celebrate a Chloe or a Phyllis, beings that exist but in the imagination of the poet; he never talks of darts and flames, or any of the classical artillery of love. Whether from ignorance or contempt, he seems to know nothing of Hymen, Cupid, and all the dramatis personæ of the modern songsters. His scene of action is neither the "velvet green of Idalia," "the empurpled margin of Helicon," or "the clouded summit of Parnassus;" his lovers never converse but by the "*burn side*;" they never wander but through "*corn riggs*," nor make their mutual confessions but on the "*braes* of Ballochmyle," the Tweed, or Yarrow. His *laddies* have nothing of the love-sick swains of Arcadia, but their harmony. In a word, his language is still that of the plough-tail, though his notes, like those of the wild lark, which might hover over him, whilst employed in his original station, have that sweetness and melody, that

Heav'n, well pleas'd, might stoop to hear.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

A COTTON MANUFACTORY.

To the Editor, &c.

THE vast portion of the British population which are employed in manufactures, makes the situation and management of such establishments objects of considerable curiosity to those who delight in contemplating human nature in its various forms. The common notion is, that whatever good effect such establishments have, upon the riches and prosperity of those, for whose profit they are conducted, or of the nation collectively, yet they are productive of vice and misery to those who perform the labour. I shall not presume to decide whether this be generally the case or not; but certainly there are many examples of manufacturers, who conduct business on a vast scale, in a manner by no means injurious to the health or morals of those whom they employ.

The following particulars, in the management of a great cotton manufactory, in Scotland, belonging to Mr. Dale, will serve as a confirmation of my last remark.

The spinning room, and all the other rooms, are of the whole extent of the building, without any subdivision, and are from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet long; from twenty-six to thirty feet wide, and all of them in height ten feet from floor to floor, or nine feet clear of the beams.

The spinning rooms contain each about two thousand spindles.

Ventilation is greatly promoted by the rapid motion of many parts of the machinery; fresh air is introduced by regularly opening the windows at top, on both sides of the house. To increase the circulation of this still more, air-holes, six inches square, on a level with the floor, are opened below every other window, through the walls, at the distance of fourteen feet from each other; but these are only of advantage in summer, as the cold in winter precludes the use of them. The means of purification in use are, washing the walls and ceilings of the rooms, at least once a year, with new slacked lime, weekly washings of the floors and machinery, with scalding water, and frequent and constant brushings of the walls, ceiling, and floor.

The greatest number of persons in any one room is seventy-five, in some there are only fifty.

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The hours of labour are eleven and a half each day, viz. from six o'clock in the morning, to seven o'clock at night, with half an hour of intermission, at nine o'clock, for breakfast, and a whole hour, at two, for dinner.

Seven is the hour of supper; in half an hour after, at most, and as much sooner as possible, the teaching commences, and continues till nine o'clock. The schools at present are attended by five hundred and seven scholars, in instructing whom sixteen teachers are employed, thirteen in teaching to read, two to write, and one to figure, besides a person who teaches sewing, and another who occasionally teaches church-music. The mode of teaching is as follows: the course is divided into eight classes, according to the progress of the scholars: to each of these classes one or more teachers are assigned as the numbers in that stage of advancement may require. To the teachers is specified, in writing, how far they are respectively to carry forward their scholars; which so soon as they have accomplished, the scholars are transferred to the next higher class, and the teacher receives a small premium for every one so qualified.

In the first, or latter class, there are sixty-five scholars; in the second, eighty-two; in the third, seventy-six; in the fourth, sixty-five; in the fifth, forty-four; in the sixth, forty-four; in the seventh, fifty-one; and in the eighth, eighty. The eighth, or highest class, are all good readers, and employ the half of their time each night in writing. Such as stand in no further need of instructions in reading, of whom there are about twelve boys and twelve girls, employ the remainder of their time after writing, in learning arithmetic and sewing, except on occasional nights appointed for revising their reading.

In their respective classes, the teachers promote emulation in the usual way, by making the top of the class the post of honour; which is still farther kept up by the distribution of small rewards every half year to such as, from an account taken once a fortnight, appear to have been most frequently uppermost. On Sundays, that part of the children who cannot go to church, from want of accommodation, are kept busy at school; and in the evenings, after public worship, the usual teachers spend regularly three hours in giving religious instruction, by causing the scriptures to be read, catechising, &c*. Besides these night schools, there are two day schools, for children too young for work, which, as well as the night ones (excepting the providing their own books), are entirely free of expence to the scholars.

The time of hiring differs with the different descriptions of children. Those who agree for a stipulated weekly wage, and who generally are such as live with their parents, are commonly engaged for four years; while such as are received from the workhouse in Edinburgh, or who are otherwise without friends to take charge of them, and who, in lieu of wages, are maintained and educated, are bound four, five, six, or seven years, according to their age, or generally till they have completed their fifteenth year. The mode of hiring is generally by contract of the parents, or curators of the children in their behalf.

The supply of workers for the mills comes, either from the native inhabitants of the place, from families who have been collected about the works from the neighbouring parishes, and more distant parts of the country, or, lastly, from Edinburgh and Glasgow, by the number of destitute children these places constantly afford.

When fever, or any other epidemical disorder appears in the board-

* There is accommodation at church for only one hundred and fifty children; they all go to it in rotation.

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ing-house, where that description of workers who do not receive their wages in money are accommodated, the means used to prevent the spreading of the infection are, the immediate removal of the sick to a detached part of the house, and a frequent sprinkling and fumigating of the bed-rooms with vinegar. Typhous fever has not appeared there for years, but has during that time been in the village, though never general; yet in no case, so far as circumstances afforded the means of judging, did it appear to originate in the mills, or even to be communicated by the intercourse the workers have there with each other.

The greatest part of the workers are lodged in their parents' houses in the village, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mills, or in the town of Lanark, one mile distant; the principal part of their food, as is usual in the country, consists of oatmeal.

Those who get their maintenance in lieu of wages, are lodged all together in one house. They consist, at present, of three hundred and ninety-six boys and girls. There are six sleeping apartments for them, and three children are allowed to each bed. The ceilings and walls of the apartments are white-washed twice a year with hot lime, and the floors washed once a week with scalding water and sand. The children sleep in wooden-bottomed beds, on bed-ticks filled with straw, which is in general changed once a month; a sheet covers the bed-ticks, and above that are one or two pairs of blankets, and a bed-cover, as the season requires. The bed-rooms are carefully swept, and the windows thrown open every morning, in which state they remain through the day. Of late, cast-iron bed-steads have been introduced in place of wooden ones. The upper body-clothing in use in summer, both for boys and girls, is entirely of cotton, which, as they have spare suits to change with, are washed once a fortnight. In winter the boys are dressed in woollen cloth; and they, as well as the girls, have complete dress suits for Sundays. Their linens are changed once a week. For a few months in summer, both boys and girls go without shoes and stockings. The provisions are dressed in cast-iron boilers, and consist of oatmeal porridge for breakfast and supper, and milk with it in its season. In winter, its substitute is a composition of molasses fermented with some new beer, which is called swats. For dinner, the whole of them have every day, in all seasons, barley broth made from fresh beef. The beef itself is divided amongst one half of the children, in quantities of about seven ounces English to each; the other half are served with cheese, in quantities of about five ounces English to each; so that they have alternately beef or cheese for dinner, excepting now and then a dinner of herrings in winter, and fresh butter in summer. To the beef and cheese is added a plentiful allowance of potatoes or barley bread, of which last they have also an allowance every morning before going to work.

As far as observation has extended, the workers, when too big for spinning, are as stout and robust as others. The male part of them are fit for any trades; a great many, since the commencement of the war, have gone into the army and navy, and others are occasionally going away as apprentices to smiths, joiners, &c. but especially to weavers, for which last trade, from the expertness they acquire in handling yarn, they are particularly well fitted, and of course are taken as apprentices on better terms. The females very generally leave the mills, and go to private family service, when about sixteen years of age. Were they disposed to continue at the mills, these afford abundant employment for them, at reeling, picking, &c., as well as to many more young men than ever remain at them.

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For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. IX.

1. A VERY valuable work has been for some time published, entitled "The Journal of Andrew Ellicott, late commissioner on behalf of the United States, during part of the year 1796, the years 1797, 1798, 1799, and part of the year 1800, for determining the boundary between the United States and the possessions of his catholic majesty in America; containing occasional remarks on the situation, soil, rivers, natural productions, and diseases of the different countries on the Ohio, the Mississippi from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulph of Mexico, the whole of West Florida, and part of East Florida; to which is added, an appendix, containing all the astronomical observations made use of, for determining the boundary, with many others, made in different parts of the country, for settling the geographical positions of some important points, with maps of the boundary on a large scale; likewise a great number of thermometrical observations made at different times and places."

The title of this work sufficiently explains the subject, and the reader will not be disappointed in the expectations it is calculated to excite. A more valuable work than this, on the geographical and meteorological circumstances of our country, has not appeared since the revolution, and, besides the scientific information it conveys, there are a great number of interesting and amusing incidents, introduced into the "Journal," sufficient to reward the perusal of those to whom the science it contains is less acceptable. Mr. Ellicott's name was already high among the astronomers and philosophers of the United States, and this work has raised it to a much more considerable height.

2. A press has lately been established in this city called the Classic Press. The principal design of the proprietors is to republish the Greek and Roman classics. Hitherto these works have been imported from Europe, and none in America had spirit, enterprise, and erudition enough to attempt supplying our seminaries of classical education with these indispensible manuals. We ardently wish success to the present laudable but arduous undertaking, and so far as we can judge of the merits of this press by an examination of their "Virgil," the only one we have had an opportunity of examining, to such success they are fully entitled.

3. The classic press has also produced a correct and elegant edition of Miss Seward's Life of the late Dr. Darwin, by which the admirers of the fair biographer will be considerably gratified. In one of his characters, that of poet, Miss Seward has displayed Darwin in judicious colours. The botanist, physiologist, and physician, in which characters Darwin shone with most lustre, will, we hope, be pourtrayed by some congenial spirit, in some future publication.

4. A new and improved edition of that useful and valuable work, Noah Webster's Spelling-book, has lately been published by Jacob Johnson. The first edition of this spelling-book was recommended by the presidents of universities and colleges, and other literary men, as much superior to other books of a like kind. The original copy was so much approved, that it has been and is still used in most of the eastern states, to the exclusion of all others, and more than two millions of copies have already been sold in the United States. As the first patent right has now expired, the author has with great care and attention revised the work, retrenched some parts, corrected many errors, which had crept into the book through the negligence of printers, and added some very valuable tables and lessons, which are not found in any other spelling-book.

5. Benjamin Johnson has lately added to the list of spelling-books,

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a work, entitled, "The Art of Spelling facilitated; being a system of pronunciation of the English language, for the use of schools, as well as of foreigners, and others, who would wish to become acquainted with the practice of the difficult accentuation and orthography of our language. By Stephen M. Day, master of friends' school at Haddonfield." This work is entitled to a respectable rank among productions of the same kind, and the author deserves praise for his efforts to improve the system of infantile instruction.

6. Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, in one thin quarto volume, a work, entitled, Valerian, a Narrative Poem: founded on some events in early christian history, and designed, in part, to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations. By the Rev. John Blair Linn, D. D. late pastor of the first presbyterian church in Philadelphia. To which will be prefixed, some account of the life and character of the author, with a silouette, or shaded profile, of him.

The poem now offered to the public was composed by the author a considerable period before his death. He suffered it, however, to remain by him, till frequent revision and correction should bring it nearer to his own conceptions of excellence. He accordingly reviewed it repeatedly and carefully, and submitted it to the judgment of his friends. Corrections and additions were made to it from time to time, and some passages were written two days before his death.

The author is already well known to the literary world as a poet. His merit has received the most flattering attestations, even beyond the Atlantic, and there is reason to believe that his reputation will be enhanced by the present performance. He had hitherto expatiated chiefly in the field of didactic poetry, and this was the first considerable attempt at poetical narration.

The subject and purpose of this poem are strictly consonant to the character and profession of the author, it being built upon a memorable incident in the early history of the christian religion, and being expressly designed to promote the cause of christian piety. This end he has endeavoured to accomplish, by combining the charms of verse and the attractions of narrative, with the truths and interests of religion.

An early and unlooked-for event has snatched away the author, in the flower of his age, from the enjoyment of a well-earned fame, and from all his prospects of future reputation and usefulness. He is not living, to derive either profit or pleasure from the success of the present work, and those, by whom it is encouraged, will not have the satisfaction to reflect, that they have done good to the writer himself. To generous minds, however, it will be no weak inducement, that they are able, by this means, to honour his memory, and especially to obviate some of the ill effects of his irreparable loss to his widow and his orphans: to whose use, it may not be improper to mention, the profits of the present publication are designed to be applied.

7. A sermon, occasioned by the death of Alexander Hamilton, has been published by Mr. Abercrombie. Besides an eloquent and instructive descant on the usual topics, suggested by every fresh instance of mortality, and especially by the death of Hamilton, the author of this sermon has presented his readers with much valuable information on the subject of the immortality of the soul, as to the prevalence of that opinion among ancient and modern, civilized and rude nations, and on the history of duelling. We are irresistably tempted to insert the following note, with some retrenchments, from this sermon, because the information it contains is curious and authentic:

"Philip the fair, king of France, in the thirteenth century, appears to have been the first monarch who

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endeavoured to suppress this pernicious and fatal practice, which then existed under the appellation of *judicial combat*. The military spirit of the times, however, would not permit him to proceed further than a *regulation* of that mode of contest by which it was declared, that nothing was to be brought to that bloody issue, which could be determined by any other means. Henry II, who succeeded Francis I, in 1547, published an edict, prohibiting, under the severest penalties, the decision of controversy by duelling..... During the reign of Henry IV, of France, the illustrious Sully exerted all his influence with that monarch, totally to abolish so ferocious a practice: accordingly, an edict, for the severe punishment of duelling, was published, at Blois, in the year 1602, and this edict was renewed, with additional severities, in 1609. The purport of it was as follows:....Both challenger and challenged, with their seconds, are made guilty of læse majesty, and are to be punished with death, and confiscation of goods. All the great officers and magistrates of France, military and civil, are required to publish and execute this edict in their several jurisdictions, and are empowered to judge the differences which occasion duels. If the complainer of any affront refuse to accept the satisfaction these officers appoint, or the offender refuse to comply with it, he is to be imprisoned.

"As modern duels began and were first indulged in France, so in no place have there been so many and so severe edicts against them, to which the government there has been forced by the continual mischiefs which happened from them, and the great disposition of the people towards them, which then was so great, than Mons. Montaigne says, he believes, if three Frenchmen were put into the Lybian desert, they would not be a month there without fighting; and Mons. Hardouin de Perefix, bishop of Rhodes, observes, in his life of Henry IV, that the madness of duels seized the spirits of the nobility and gentry so much, that they lost more blood by their own hands, in times of peace, than had been shed by their enemies in battle.

"In the reign of Louis XIII, no less than three edicts were issued declaratory against duels. In the year 1679, Louis XIV issued that famous proclamation, which effected more than all his predecessors could obtain, and which contributed, in so great a degree, to the suppression of all regular and outrageous duels in France. Two points seem more especially to have contributed to give stability to this edict, viz. the solemn agreement entered into by so many of the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom, that they would never fight a duel, under any pretence whatsoever, and the firmness of the king, in refusing all solicitations on behalf of the offenders.

"The challenger and challenged, if they accept, are, by this edict, declared liable to heavy fines, imprisonments, and confiscations, even if they proceed not to the combat; and also seconds the same. But if fighting follows, the combatants are both to be put to death without pardon; all their estates, real and personal, to be forfeited; and their bodies not to be allowed christian burial. If one fall in the combat, the process against his body and memory to be the same.

"Augustus, king of Poland, in 1712, published a severe edict against duelling. In England, the great sir Francis Bacon as strenuously exerted himself against duelling, in the court of James I, as Sully did in that of Henry IV, and prohibitory proclamations were accordingly issued by that monarch.

"In the year 1654, Cromwell's parliament passed an ordinance for preventing and punishing duels, and all provocations thereto, in which it was declared, that if any person should challenge, or cause to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he should be committed to prison, without bail, for six months, and give

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security for his good behaviour for one whole year after. Persons challenged, not discovering it in twenty-four hours, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, where death should ensue, to be adjudged murder..... Fighting a duel upon preceding challenge, being a second, or assisting therein, though death should not ensue thereupon, to be banished for life, within one month after conviction, and, in case of return, to suffer death. Persons using provoking words or gestures, to be indicted; and, if convicted, to be fined, bound to good behaviour, and to make reparation to the party injured, according to his quality and the nature of the offence.

"The high-spirited cavaliers, at the time of the restoration, revived that disposition for duelling, which had, in some degree, become dormant. Charles II therefore issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas it is become too frequent, especially with persons of quality, under a vain pretence of honour, to take upon them to be the revengers of their private quarrels, by duel and single combat, which ought not to be, upon any pretence or provocation whatsoever: we, considering that the sin of murder is detestable before God, and this way of prosecuting satisfaction scandalous to the christian religion, and a manifest violation of our laws and authority, out of our pious care to prevent unchristian and rash effusion of blood, do, by this our royal proclamation, strictly charge and command all our loving subjects, of what quality soever, that they do not, either by themselves or by others, by message, word, writing, or other ways or means, challenge, or cause to be challenged, any person or persons to fight in combat, or single duel, nor carry, accept, or conceal any such challenge or appointment, nor actually fight any such duel, with any of our subjects or others, or as a second, or otherwise accompany or become assistant therein. And we do hereby....to the intent that all persons may take care to prevent the dangers they may incur, by acting or assisting in any such duel....declare our royal pleasure, that we will not grant our pardon to any person or persons that shall fight, or be any way aiding or concerned in any duel, where any person shall be slain, or die of his wounds received therein, but will leave all such persons to the utmost rigour and severity of the laws: and further, that we will not suffer or endure any persons to be or remain in our court, who shall presume to intercede in the behalf of any person or persons that shall offend contrary to this our proclamation. And for the better avoiding all such duels, we do hereby straightly charge and command all persons whatsoever, who shall receive or know of any challenge sent or delivered as aforesaid, that they do forthwith give notice thereof to some of our privy council, or otherwise, to some justice of peace near the place, where such offence shall be committed, upon pain of our highest displeasure, and being left to be proceeded against according to the strictest rigour and severity of our laws.

"A bill against duelling was brought into the house of commons, in the year 1713, on the recommendation of queen Anne, who, in her speech from the throne, told the parliament, the impious practice of duelling requires some speedy and effectual remedy.

"Such were some of the efforts made by the civil power, in different countries, and at different times, to suppress this barbarous and bloody practice; but their inefficiency generally arose from the elevated station of the combatants (duelling being chiefly practised by the higher and most polished orders in society), and their consequent influence in obtaining pardons, which were so frequently and easily procured, as to render the laws on that head nugatory.

"Nor was ecclesiastical authority wanting, to discountenance and abolish so shameful an outrage against

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the most essential principles of civilization and religion.

"The church, at various periods, issued her canons, and fulminated her decrees, against an act so diametrically opposed to the dictates of reason, and the precepts of christianity. The council of Trent passed a very strict canon against all manner of duelling, declaring it to be a detestable custom, introduced by the devil for the destruction both of body and soul; inhibiting the duel throughout the christian world, as most unbecoming christians, excommunicating not only all those who fought themselves, but all their associates, and even the spectators of the battle; confiscating all their goods, and denying christian burial to those who were killed in a duel, as being self-murderers in fact. All advisers, supporters, witnesses, or those in any shape concerned, are likewise to be excommunicated. Princes, also, who connive at duels, are to be deprived of all temporal power, jurisdiction and dominion over the places, where they have permitted a duel to be fought."

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

HOPE.

IF, when dark clouds obscure the sky,
And in the air sharp lightnings fly,
And thunders roll around,
While from the clouds the torrents pour,
And furious winds contending roar,
When "earthquakes rock the ground;"

When hoarsely-roaring billows roll,
And fill with awe th' astonish'd soul,
The tempest 's hush'd to rest,
The parting clouds to view display
The glorious regent of the day,
What transports fill the breast!

Thus, when the soul 's oppress'd with pain,
Corroding Sorrow holds the rein,
And triumphs in her sway,
If Hope's bright rays shine in the mind,
The sorrowing suff'rers comfort find,
Despondence flies away;

Each sad idea disappears,
The smile is mingled with our tears,
Hope gilds each future scene;
Bids cheering, happier prospects rise
In view, to cheer the sufferer's eyes;
She makes his soul serene.

O Hope! in glories bright array'd,
Celestial, ever-blooming maid,
Be thou my constant friend:
If sickness, sorrow, pain, and care,
And every woe, I'm doomed to bear,
O, still my steps attend.

When terrors cloud life's varying day,
And in my bosom shed dismay,
Do thou my breast inspire,
To brighter scenes to stretch my view,
And with unwearied steps pursue
The good that I desire.

When my last hour approaches near,
Illume my soul, dispel my fear,
Bid glorious prospects rise;
Paint to my view that blissful shore,
Where sorrow can distress no more,
Nor fill with tears our eyes;

Where everlasting joy shall reign;
And happiness, unmix'd with pain,
Forever fill the soul;
Where storms shall ne'er disturb the scene,
And universal love shall reign,
While ceaseless ages roll.

VALVERDI.

February 1, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

A THOUGHT.

THE eager youth his future life surveys,
His ardent eye sees countless joys in store;

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He counts, with pleasure, many happy days,
Nor sees the woes he may perhaps deplore:

Forgets that though the morning's op'ning ray
Breaks bright and glorious on the rapt'ur'd sight,
Yet clouds and storms oft overshade the day,
And shroud the heavens in the gloom of night:

Forgets that perils croud, and toil attends
The devious path that leads to happiness;
That foes, full oft, assume the garb of friends,
Obstruct his way, and joy in his distress:

If worth is his, that Envy rears her head,
Attacks his merit, and obscures his fame;
That base Deceit the secret toil will spread,
And ills the blushing muse forbids me name.

He sees not Disappointment's sable hand,
Prepar'd his ardent, brightest hopes to blast;
He sees not, in the back-ground, Sickness stand,
Nor that the solemn hour of death must come at last.

VALVERDI.

For the Literary Magazine.

EVENING....A SKETCH.

NOW in the west fast sinks the orb of light,
While o'er all nature fall the shades of night,
From the green fields retire the grazing train,
And from his labour hastes the weary swain;
No more their strains the aerial songsters sing,
No more with various sounds the vallies ring;
Along the ground extends the lengthened shades,
And scarce a sound the list'ning ear invades;
A pleasing calmness o'er all nature reigns,
While night descends upon the fading plains;
The winds are hushed, and scarce the gentle gale
On wings etherial fans the silent vale,
Scarce curls the polish'd surface of the streams,
Which glitter 'neath fair Luna's silver beams.

I love to watch the sun's last parting ray,
When ev'ning closes on declining day;
The pensive calm that penetrates the soul,
Hushes the passions by its mild controul,
All angry thoughts, and rude desires destroys,
And pure delight inspires, and blameless joys.

VALVERDI.

July 7th, 1804.

SELECTED.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

DR. JOHN BLAIR LINN.

By a Young Lady of Philadelphia.

O THOU! whose ardent genius rose sublime,
Spite of corporeal ills that cross'd thy way,
Snatch'd the wing'd hours of never-ling'ring time,
And dimm'd the radiance of thy morning ray!

O thou! whose modest virtue sought the shade,
And from the plaudits of the world retired;
Whose peace e'en Slander dar'd not to invade;
Alike belov'd, respected, and admir'd.

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O thou! whose mild theology, combin'd
With eloquence resistless, gently stole,
And fix'd conviction in the wav'ring mind,
And rais'd with heav'nly hope the sinking soul;

Lamented LINN!—could faith and goodness save,
(Refin'd by learning, and by genius fir'd)
Their blest possessor from the early grave,
Then had'st thou liv'd till Time itself expir'd!

Sudden and awful was thy final scene;
No guilty fears thy parting soul opprest;
Thy life was spotless, and thy death serene;
Thy last faint accents were to Heav'n addrest.

Yet while thy friends deplore thy early doom,
And sympathising strangers with them mourn,
Immortal Fame shall bid thy mem'ry bloom,
And wind the laurel round thy sacred urn.

Yes! thy sweet strains shall live, Columbia's boast,
Their deathless fame shall flourish ever green;
E'en now it spreads o'er Europe's classic coast,
Tho' vast Atlantic rolls his waves between!

Yes! those sweet strains thy honor'd name shall save,
Tho' thy frail form to kindred dust is giv'n;
The hand that trac'd them moulders in the grave,
The soul that breath'd them lives in yon bright heaven!

Yet, what's the wreath by shining Science woo'd,
The fairest wreath that genius can demand,
To THAT which crowns the pious and the good—
Celestial roses from an angel's hand!

And such, O sainted spirit, such is thine!
The heav'nly meed of mortal virtue this!
Raptures, which seraphs only can define,
Eternal glory! and eternal bliss!

SELECTIONS.

A SKETCH OF THE WAR OF ST. DOMINGO, FROM THE INVASION OF LECLERC TO THE DEATH OF TOUSSAINT.

IN the ready acquiescence of the French government to the preliminaries, which formed the foundation of the treaty of Amiens, it appeared, that the most powerful inducement for such eager acquiescence was the recovery of St. Domingo. A fleet had been for a long time collected at Brest, and a considerable army assembled near it. Though Ireland was held out as the object of the expedition, yet it had been observed, before the preliminaries were signed, that it was to this army the French government sent all the West India refugees and black troops then in France. Hence it is probable, that this fleet and army were assembled, merely as a menace during war, and for the purpose of invading St. Domingo, as soon as the British government should sign such a peace as France required. Early in October, 1801, the preliminaries were signed between the French and English; and without waiting till a definitive treaty could be signed, the French government, with wonderful activity, equipped at Rochefort, Toulon, Havre, and Flushing, armaments to co-operate with the grand equipment at Brest, of which admi-

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ral Villaret Joyeuse was the naval commander, and general Leclerc the commander of the land forces, as captain-general of St. Domingo. The solicitude for the recovery of that colony, the activity in fitting out the expedition, and the possible loss of the whole French navy incurred by it, are not to be wondered at, when the importance of the island is considered, the character and power of *Toussaint L'Ouverture* who then governed it, and the great difficulties which the nature of the country, and its numerous and armed population, would oppose to an invading army. The value of St. Domingo is beyond calculation. That part of it which belonged to France before the war, about one third of the island, and the least fertile, was more productive than all the British West India islands together: the value of its annual exports were above 7,000,000*l.* sterling, which employed 1640 ships, and 26,770 seamen. When to this possession should be added the Spanish part of the island, it would be a moderate calculation to state the future value of the whole, at three times the value which the French part alone possessed before the war. Even when the whole should be brought to the state in which the French part was formerly, it would not then be half peopled or half cultivated. It was clear that if France could only hold St. Domingo as a colony, she need hardly wish for more foreign possessions, as that alone would be worth all the colonies which the other European states possess, both for intrinsic value and the number of ships and seamen it would employ in time of peace, which would at once lay the foundation of a commerce and a navy, superior to that of any other nation. These considerations were naturally among the principal objects of the government: the expedition therefore for St. Domingo, long preparing, was equipped in a short time after the signing of the preliminaries allowed a chance to the French fleet of making the passage, without being obstructed by the English. Such being the views of the French, at the time of signing the preliminaries, it is proper to enquire into the state of the island at that time, and the character of those who possessed it.

St. Domingo had suffered more than the mother country, by the excesses which the wild notions of liberty had given rise to in the commencement of the French revolution. There were three classes of men in the island: the whites, mulattoes, and the blacks. Notwithstanding the levelling sentiments which then prevailed in the French army, the garrisons of St. Domingo at first sided with the two former classes, who were the proprietors, against the claims of the blacks. The whites and the mulattoes afterwards quarrelled among themselves, and the French garrisons were too feeble to interfere, with success, in settling their broils. At length, when the continuance of the war in Europe put it out of the power of France to send any reinforcements to St. Domingo, and the island appeared likely to become an English colony, the republican troops were obliged to call in the aid of the blacks to repel the English. In order to make of slaves enthusiastic soldiers, no less a promise than that of liberty was held out to them. It was for liberty that they stood with fidelity to their posts, bravely met the dangers of battle, and without assistance from the mother country, defended the colony against the power of Great Britain, the proud mistress of the seas. Among this race of negroes, formerly so despised, were immediately found characters suited to the vast parts which they were called upon to act; generals capable of conducting armies with consummate skill; statesmen of no common or bounded views; some who, at the schools at the Cape, and the other towns, had learned in their youth, from European masters, those sciences and that knowledge in which Europe so much excels; others who, with little or no educa-

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tion, drew from the resources of their own minds, the power of filling the most important stations with decency. Of this number, if fortune were always constant to merit, in *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, not only the poet, but historian, would have seen "hands which the rod of empire might have swayed." The ascendancy of his genius entitled him to the chief command among his countrymen, and when the course of events had made him for years supreme in the island, he "bore his faculties so meekly," acted with so much justice to foreign merchants, and showed so strong a desire to raise the race of his fellow negro citizens, not only in political rank but in moral character, that the eyes of the world were turned upon him, as one of the founders of empires. He was considered as the *Washington* of St. Domingo, and the man fated to be the principal instrument of restoring the negro race to independence. Viewed in this light, he was undoubtedly the most interesting of all the characters which appeared on the great stage of political events at that time. For several years before, the whole weight of the government of St. Domingo had been sustained by him; he had subdued or tranquillized every party that opposed him, and had at length drawn up a constitution for that country, such as, in his judgment, promised to secure its happiness and independence. In forming this constitution, he was considered, by the first consul, as having committed an open act of rebellion against him, as sovereign of the mother country; but in justice to *Toussaint*, it must be recollected, that France had abandoned the island to the blacks, and that they, not knowing of the private negotiacions between Hawkesbury and Otto, naturally considered the war would be of much longer duration, and therefore ventured to make a constitution for themselves, without consulting the great constitution-maker of Europe: this was their great offence; and no sooner did they hear of the preliminaries being signed, than they saw on their coasts an immense fleet and army, destined to occupy the island as masters, and possibly to reduce them to the state of slavery, from which they had purchased their emancipation by their blood, and by their courageous defence of the colony. Toussaint had just suppressed an insurrection, which must have been the most afflicting to his feelings as a man, inasmuch as it was headed by his nephew, *Moyse*, in whom he had reposed entire confidence. From the protection that the humanity of Toussaint afforded to the whites, a party was formed against him, who cried out that he had abandoned and sold the blacks to the whites. When this party, with *Moyse* at their head, was subdued, Toussaint turned his attention to secure the independence and interests of the island by negociations with America and England. The negociation with the government of Jamaica appeared in the greatest state of forwardness, when it was abruptly broken off, in consequence of the news arriving at Jamaica of the conclusion of the preliminary treaty, and almost immediately after Toussaint learned that a great fleet and army was on its passage to St. Domingo. He then complained most bitterly of the want of good faith in the English, who, he said, had, without any provocation on his part, coalesced with France to ruin him; and, indeed, when it is considered how easily England could have prevented the sailing of the expedition if she had thought proper, this supposition appeared to have some foundation. It was only in January, 1802, that it was known at St. Domingo that peace had been concluded with England, and before the month had expired the French armament appeared before their ports; there was therefore very little time to make any preparations, or hardly time for the blacks to form an opinion whether the French came as friends or foes. The French force that pre-

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sented itself before St. Domingo was probably the most formidable armament which had ever sailed at one time to the western hemisphere; twenty-five sail of the line entered the ports of St. Domingo, but five sail being Spanish, were to proceed immediately to the Havannah; three of the remainder were merely armed *en flute*, and the number of troops was sixteen thousand men; six sail more were daily expected, three of which were Batavian, and were to proceed to their own ports, and these vessels were to bring about five or six thousand additional troops. When the squadrons of Gantheaume and Linois arrived, very shortly after, we cannot estimate the force at less than 25,000 troops, and twenty-six sail of the line, with a proportion of frigates: this force, great as it was, was to be followed by reinforcements.

They had been detained, by contrary winds, in Brest harbour, till the 14th of December, on which day they sailed, and in forty-six days made Cape Samanah, the nearest port of St. Domingo; there they were joined by a division which sailed from Rochefort, and also by some ships from Ferrol, commanded by Gravina. A part of the squadron was sent thence with the division of Kerveyseau, to possess the city of St. Domingo, and the Spanish part of the island, while the main body proceeded to Cape Francois, before which harbour they presented themselves on the 3d of February. A small squadron was detached to take possession of Port au Prince, which was confided to Boudet, while the army under Leclerc and Rochambeau prepared to take possession of the Cape and all the important positions in the north of the island. The French were by no means certain whether Toussaint meant to resist or not; their operations, however, were so calculated, as to overcome any resistance they could find. While the grand fleet lay before the port, the first debarkation was made on the 3d of February, in the bay of Mansenille, about twenty-five miles east of the Cape. This army was commanded by Rochambeau and Brunet. On their landing, a tumultuous assemblage of blacks made a show of resistance, crying, "No whites, no whites." They were, however, soon dispersed, and Brunet entered with the fugitives into the forts of Ance and Bouque, which, after a desperate resistance, were carried by the French troops. A French fleet, in the mean time, entered the roads of Fort Dauphin; but though the blacks kept up a cannonade for some time, they were obliged to evacuate it on the near approach of the French troops, supported by the fire of the squadron. In this manner fell Fort Dauphin, the first important post of which the French got possession. Here Rochambeau found 150 pieces of cannon, a magazine of provisions, and an impregnable position.

The army of Leclerc waited for the news of this first debarkation: when, in the evening of the 4th, the Syrene frigate brought intelligence of its success, the grand army was without delay landed about thirty miles westward of the Cape, between Margot and Lime. The town was evidently no longer tenable: while blocked up, on the eastern side, by Rochambeau, Leclerc was marching on it from the west, and the fleet presented itself abreast of the harbour, and began to cannonade Fort Piccolet, and the batteries which defended the entrance into the roads. This cannonade was however briskly returned by the blacks in the forts, and Christophe, who commanded there, did not evacuate the town, without exerting every possible resistance; but when 20,000 veteran troops, supported by an immense number of ships of war, were preparing an immediate attack, it was in vain to attempt any longer to defend it: he, however, let the French commanders know, that he should certainly burn the town, if they persevered in their hostile measures. The French generals, partly aware of that event, had hastened their march, in such a man-

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ner as to make it impossible for him to carry his threats into complete execution. Though he caused fire to be set to part of the town, he was obliged to evacuate it, and the French entered it, before the fire had done considerable mischief: a great part of the rich plantations in the neighbourhood were also preserved, by the precipitate retreat which the rapid advance of the French troops obliged Christophe to make.

In those first operations of the war, which gave the French possession of Cape Francois, Fort Dauphin, and some of the most important points in the colony, it does not appear that any degree of courage or skill, in the blacks, could have made effectual resistance. A town not completely fortified nor strongly garrisoned, could not pretend to resist effectually a force of 20,000 veterans, and twenty ships of the line: the blacks, however, showed a considerable degree of spirit; Leclerc confessed that the forts of Ance and Bouque made a desperate resistance to Rochambeau's division, and Fort Piccolet, and the others which defended the entrance of the harbour, were not to be silenced by the whole French fleet, until they had also been threatened on the land side. The orders which were issued by Christophe to the commander of Fort Dauphin, and all those in his district, were to sink, if they could, all the French vessels, to defend themselves to the last extremity, and, if obliged to retreat, to burn every thing behind them: this was the plan he himself professed that he would act upon; and in answer to the summons of the French, he replied, that he would receive no orders but from Toussaint, and, if he was obliged to retire, he should certainly burn the town of the Cape. The French, notwithstanding their own atrocities, affected to consider this as a most barbarous resolution: to an impartial observer it must however appear, that it was impossible for Christophe to have acted a more spirited, soldier-like, and patriotic part, which was not the effect of passion, but the cool determination which he had previously formed, and let the French know of, before they landed. The blacks fought for liberty: they suspected, with good reason, that whatever specious proclamations the French might issue, they came to reduce them again to slavery. Under these circumstances, were Christophe the most enlightened chief that ever led an army, he would probably have given the same directions to burn in the retreat every house that could give shelter to a Frenchman, and lay waste all those plantations which might tempt their avarice. His retreat was in the mountains, where the invaders could be opposed with the greatest advantage.

While the main body of the French had thus begun the campaign with success, on the northern part of the island, the divisions marched to the other points were also successful beyond what they could have expected. The Spanish part of the island was given up without a shot. Clervaux, a mulatto, who commanded the northern part, was induced by citizen Nonvicke, bishop of the French part, to betray his trust, and drive away the brother of Toussaint, who had been appointed governor of the whole of the Spanish territory. Laplume, who commanded in the southern district, acted a similar part, and the French general Kervelegan entered the city of St. Domingo without opposition. The Spanish settlers rejoiced in the change, as it appeared to them the recovery of their property and negroes. In the southern districts of the ancient French part, the invaders were also successful: the division of Boudet landed almost without opposition, and carried by storm the works and town of Port au Prince, although defended by 4000 blacks: Humbert succeeded in taking Port au Paix; and, in the course of four or five days, all the principal posts of the island were in possession of the French, who had now gained the

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power of acting either offensively or defensively, accordingly as circumstances might incline them.

Toussaint himself appears to have been in the interior of the country at the time of the invasion, and therefore, notwithstanding the resistance made by Christophe at the Cape, a proposal was sent to him by the French, offering him the station of lieutenant-general of the island, if he would submit. This proposal was accompanied by the proclamation of Bonaparte, expressing a sense of the obligations France was under to him for his services, and the personal esteem the consul had conceived for him; the great reluctance he should feel in being obliged to treat him as a rebel, and the pleasure he should have in being at liberty to bestow that great national recompense on him, which his former services deserved. At the same time that this message was sent, the children of Toussaint, who had been educated in France, and whom he had not seen for a number of years, were sent to him. Notwithstanding those flattering offers, Toussaint would not confide in them: he sent word to Leclerc that he was ready to obey any orders he should receive from him, and sent him back his children as hostages. Leclerc then ordered him to come alone to the Cape, in which case he repeated his promise of making him his lieutenant-general. Toussaint hesitated, and endeavoured to gain time; on which the French proclaimed him a rebel, and put Christophe and him out of the protection of the law. The most important part of the campaign was now to begin, and the French armies prepared to advance from all points upon the posts held by Toussaint and his generals in the interior of the country: the French had a secure retreat in the strong towns should they be defeated, and they had good reason to calculate on victory, as their army was composed of veteran troops, whereas Toussaint's was principally composed of an ill armed and worse disciplined militia; he had, it is true, a black army of the line, but they scarcely amounted to ten thousand men. On the 16th of February, Toussaint was proclaimed a rebel, and on the 18th, the army began its march to attack him. On the 17th it had received a reinforcement of two thousand five hundred troops, by the arrival of Gantheaume's squadron: Linois arrived about the same time, at the harbour of St. Domingo; in entering which he lost two ships of the line, the Dessaix and the Genavre. The troops which came in the last squadron were, however, not in the immediate scene of action; but the two thousand five hundred which Gantheaume brought were sufficient to garrison the different posts in the north of the island, while the grand army advanced into the interior to attack Toussaint. That general, as we have seen, having no reason to know that peace had been concluded between France and England, or that a French expedition was prepared for St. Domingo, till about three weeks before they actually landed, his preparations of defence were therefore by no means in that state of forwardness that they would have been in, if he had had sufficient notice of the danger; but, with a courage worthy of the character he had hitherto sustained, he preferred every chance which fortune could present in war, or every risk of defeat, rather than surrender that trust which his fellow blacks had reposed in him. The compliments and promises of the first consul made no impression on him; he had therefore sent back his children, and prepared, as well as the short time would allow him, for a battle. This contest appeared very unequal: on his side there was no reason to hope for success, except in the strength of his posts, and the enthusiasm of his followers. The French were superior in numbers as well as discipline.

On the 13th of February, the following divisions commenced their march from the Cape: Desfourneaux's advanced to Limbe, a town about twenty miles distant; the di-

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vision of Hardy took the post of the Mornets, while Rochambeau advanced before the left, from Fort Dauphin. The first day's march the French army advanced about twenty miles into the country, after several partial engagements with the natives, who gave them considerable annoyance by firing upon them from the woods which skirted the valleys through which their march lay: the second day the French divisions advanced about twenty miles further into the country, notwithstanding the partial attacks they sustained, and the natural difficulty of the country through which they passed. Rochambeau's division possessed themselves of St. Raphael, Hardy's of Dorden, and Desfourneaux took a post near Plaisance: on the third day he possessed himself of Plaisance without opposition, as Dumesnil, who commanded that district, refused to obey the orders of Toussaint, to destroy every thing in the retreat, and not only submitted, but joined the French army, with two hundred cavalry and three hundred infantry. This defection was a serious loss to Toussaint's feeble army. Hardy's division, after making themselves masters of a Morne (which general Leclerc states as the most formidable post he had ever seen) carried the town of Marmalade with fixed bayonets, although defended by Christophe himself, at the head of twelve hundred black troops of the line, and an equal number of common labourers. The division of Rochambeau advanced to St. Michael without resistance. The main force of the French army had thus, in the course of three days, advanced about fifty miles into the interior of the country, after overcoming every obstacle which presented itself to them. They had now arrived within twenty or thirty miles of the strong posts defended by Toussaint himself. The plan of the French had been to drive the blacks from every part of the island to this central spot, and when their retreat was cut off, to make a grand attack with all the divisions of their army. If this plan had perfectly succeeded, they might, in one day, have destroyed the whole of the black troops. The other divisions of the French, however, were not so successful. Humbert, who marched from Port au Paix to drive back the black general Maurepas, was repulsed by him with considerable loss. Debelle then, at the head of three or four thousand men, advanced against Maurepas, but was himself obliged to retreat also. Leclerc does not state the loss of the French upon this occasion, but it must have been considerable. In the south, Boudet marched from Port au Prince to attack the black general Dessalines, who was posted at the *Croix de Bouquets*. Dessalines set fire to the town on the approach of the French, and making a feint to retreat to the Grand Morne, took a wide circuit round the French, and made himself master of Leogane, driving a small detachment of French out of it. This unexpected movement of Dessalines quite disconcerted the plan prescribed to Boudet; if he marched to join the grand army, he left Dessalines in his rear, who might effect a junction with Laplume, who commanded the southern district of the Spanish part, and of whose submission the account had not been then received. Boudet was therefore obliged to stay at Port au Prince, and Debelle was kept completely checked by Maurepas. On the 22d of February, being the fifth day from that when the army began its march from the Cape, the division of Hardy defeated Christophe a second time at Ennery, which he attempted to defend with one thousand black troops, and about an equal number of cultivators. On the 23d, the three divisions of Desfourneaux, Hoche, and Rochambeau united, after driving some detached bodies of the blacks before them, and on the next attacked Toussaint in his strong post of the Ravine de Couleure.

The force of Toussaint consisted, according to Leclerc, of fifteen hun-

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dred grenadiers, twelve hundred picked men from the battalion, and four hundred dragoons, together with two thousand armed cultivators, in the woods, that commanded the ravine, making in the whole three thousand one hundred regulars, and two thousand irregulars. The post was described as formidably strong, notwithstanding which the division of Rochambeau attacked his intrenchments, and after a combat, man to man, in which he allows Toussaint's troops to have fought with great courage and obstinacy, they were at length defeated by the French, with the loss of eight hundred men killed. Toussaint retreated in some disorder to the Petite Riviere. This first defeat appeared in a great measure decisive of the fate of Toussaint; his adherents were dispirited, and deserted him in considerable numbers. Two days after, *Leclerc* hearing, as he delicately expressed it, that Debelle was not able to force the posts of the black general Maurepas, after leaving a sufficient body to watch and pursue Toussaint, he marched himself with a strong body of troops against Maurepas; but that general hearing of the defeat of Toussaint, and seeing himself on the point of being surrounded, capitulated to Debelle, on the condition that he and his officers were to retain their rank and situation in the army.

The affairs of Toussaint appeared now completely desperate; but the black general Dessalines, in the southern part of the island, by a variety of movements, combined with skill, and executed with boldness, contrived completely to outmanœuvre the French general Boudet, and even to require the great body of the French army to be sent against him. Toussaint was therefore enabled, by this powerful diversion, to make another grand attempt to recover the island: by forming a junction with the remains of Christophe's force, he suddenly attacked Desfourneaux's division at Plaisance, but was repulsed; he then turned off to the right, forced the posts of Dendon and Marmalade, raised again the blacks of the northern district, and actually attacked the Cape.

It was not, however, to be expected, that a fortified town would surrender to the first attack; and though the French kept the strong towns, the blacks were again masters of the country in the northern district, and a faint gleam of hope appeared still to remain: but the divisions from Havre and Flushing arrived in the mean time, bringing a reinforcement of 5,500 veterans. Toussaint being then unable to keep the field, was obliged once more to retire to his strong posts in the interior, with as many of his partizans as he could persuade to follow him.

All hope was now lost: Dessalines was at length overpowered in the south, and obliged to submit. Christophe, seeing that all was lost, was obliged also to negociate with Leclerc, for his personal safety, and at length, when almost surrounded by French columns, he reluctantly surrendered, and the army which he commanded was united to the French army. Toussaint then informed Leclerc, that "he saw he was now waging a war without any hope of success, and consequently without any object; but that, notwithstanding the force of the French army, he was still strong enough to ravage and destroy the country, and sell dearly a life that had once been useful to France." Leclerc confessed that those observations made a serious impression on his mind; he therefore received his submission, and promised pardon.

On this promise, Toussaint, in obedience to the orders of Leclerc, repaired alone to the Cape, from whence he was sent to a plantation at Gonaive, and Dessalines to St. Marc.

The war being thus finished, in passing the different events of it in review, it must be admitted, that the blacks fought with a great deal of courage, and that their principal generals displayed very consider-

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able military talents. Maurepas in the north, and Dessalines in the south, completely outgeneraled Debelle and Boudet, and did not submit till the main body of the French army had marched against them. Christophe was acknowledged, by the French, to have conducted himself with great bravery in his different battles with Hardy; and Toussaint added to his former military fame, not only by his able choice of posts, but by that bold stroke by which, after his defeat, he endeavoured to recover the northern part of the island, and had very nearly succeeded in the attempt: had this blow succeeded, it would have been considered a most masterly piece of generalship; its failure appeared to be solely owing to the sudden arrival of 5,500 troops from France to the feeble garrison of the Cape.

Although this attempt was not crowned with success, it equally showed in Toussaint a great mind, firm in its purpose, not to be cast down by ill success, and knowing perfectly well how to take advantage of any circumstances which fortune might throw in his way.

From the very obstinate resistance made by Maurepas in the north, and Dessalines in the south, it seems extremely probable, that, if Clervaux and Laplume had been faithful to the trust reposed in them by Toussaint, the campaign would have terminated in favour of the blacks; if Toussaint had been enabled to defend his posts but for thirty days longer, the season would be past for the operations of the French army, who could not pretend to make a summer campaign in the interior of St. Domingo.

Fortune however declared against him; and all Europe knows, and history will record to future ages, to the eternal disgrace of Bonaparte and his government, that the promise of pardon so solemnly given was violated, and that, under pretence of a conspiracy, Toussaint was arrested, and sent over to Brest, where it was first intended to bring him to a mock trial; but afterwards it was judged more expedient to send him to a prison in the interior of France, from which he never was released, but was, in a few months after he arrived in France, reported to be dead. The manner of his death the French government have never thought it was necessary to explain, and therefore it is almost clear, *that he was murdered in his prison.*

His countrymen in St. Domingo were justly exasperated at this treachery to their former chief, and saw with pleasure the ravages which the climate and the yellow fever made in the French army. The moment that army was weakened by disease, they again burst out into insurrection under their old leaders. Christophe threw aside the rank which Leclerc had given him in the French army, to join the cause of his country.

A long war succeeded, marked by more atrocities than any which has occurred in modern times. The French, bent on the extermination of the blacks, invented new methods for their destruction. Thousands of them were thrown into the sea, or many were suffocated with the fumes of burning brimstone, and the most ingenious tortures were practised upon them. The blacks, in retaliation, put to death all the whites who fell into their hands, but it does not appear that they tortured their prisoners as their enemies had done. The fate of that island was quite doubtful in the end of the year 1802. On the issue of this war perhaps depends not only the future state of the West Indies, but *perhaps of Africa*, to which the negro race will always look up with affection as to their mother country. If a civilized nation of blacks can exist in St. Domingo, that nation must have a trade and intercourse with Africa, superior to that which any European nation can have; but it would be romantic speculation to suppose, that the light which Europe has thrown upon St. Domingo may be reflected back into

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the very heart of their native soil, and compensate, at some future day, for all the injuries that the race of blacks have hitherto endured from their white brethren.

THE EGYPTIAN MAMALUKES.

WHILE the English were in Egypt, their army was joined by a troop of Mamalukes. They appeared to be about 1200 in number, every individual superbly mounted, richly dressed, and attended by a servant on foot, carrying a long stick in his hand. But the magnificence of the beys or chiefs was beyond any thing that can be conceived. They were lodged in spacious tents, divided into several apartments, the insides lined with rich stuffs, and the bottom covered with beautiful Turkey carpets.

Nothing can equal the grand and splendid appearance of this cavalry. Their horses are well made, strong, sleek, and plump, very sure-footed, and stately in their attitudes, and having altogether the most beautiful appearance. The magnificence of the trappings, with which they are covered, is amazing, and the saddles and housings glitter with gold and silver, almost dazzling the eyes of the astonished spectator. Indeed, a Mamaluke may be said to carry all his wealth about him: his horse, sword, and pistols, beautifully wrought and inlaid with silver, are worth very great sums, and constitute the chief part of his riches.

These horses, as well as all those to be found in Egypt, have only two paces; the walk, in which they step out well, and a full gallop. They are accustomed to stop dead short, when going full speed: this is effected by the means of the most severe bit in the world, which throws back the horse upon his haunches; but this practice very soon ruins their legs, and it is seldom they can hold out against it for any length of time.

The Mamalukes, taken as light troops, or as individual horsemen, are equal, and perhaps superior, to any in the world; but without tactics, and never acting in a body, they cannot be expected to succeed against European troops. Their desperate courage, and singular dexterity in managing their horses, were often experienced by the French, and never shone more conspicuous than at the celebrated battle of Embabeh, where they repeatedly charged the solid square of the French, and where so many of them fell victims to their ill-judged bravery.

These Mamalukes were so richly dressed and accoutred, that the French soldiers actually fished up the bodies of those who were drowned in the Nile, by which they obtained very considerable booty.

From the time of the conquest of Egypt by Amrou, one of the generals of Omar, the first calif, till the eighth century, this country was governed by the lieutenants of the califs, and by sultans of the race of the Fatamites and Aioubites.

The head of the latter family was that Saladin, who acquired so much fame against the crusaders. It was one of his weak successors, who was first obliged to commit his castles to a guard of foreigners, which originally consisted of young slaves..... These had been purchased by the merchants from the Moguls, who were at that time overrunning the greater part of Asia, under Genghis Khan.

This guard, called Mamalukes (i. e. in Arabic, slaves), was, at one time divided into two corps. One thousand had the care of the river, and lived on an island near Cairo; the other corps, which was more numerous, had the charge of the garrisons.

It was the last sultan of the Aioubite race, in the eighth century, who so gallantly opposed Saint Lewis, and took him prisoner, but lost his throne and his life on the field of battle. The Mamalukes, by this time very numerous, were go-

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verned by twenty-four beys, who had engrossed all the principal offices of the state; and being discontented with Touran-Shah, whom they suspected of some designs unfavourable to them, assassinated him at the beginning of his reign, in the year 1250, and put Azzedin Bey, one of their own body, into his place.

From this time there was nothing but a continued scene of treachery and murder; whoever aspired to be sultan formed a party, and, after having murdered his rival, waited for a favourable opportunity to seize the reins of government.

Whoever assassinated the sultan was generally proclaimed in his place; and sometimes two or three reigned at the same time in Syria, Upper Egypt, and Cairo, who were continually at war, till the most daring and enterprising had destroyed the others.

These dissensions continued till sultan Selim the second, surnamed the great, taking advantage of the divisions among the beys, conquered Egypt. Finding it more easy to vanquish them than to make them submit to a despotic government, he did not attempt to give them new laws, but was content with delegating the power of sultan to a bey, who, by basely betraying his former master, had been of service to Selim; and quitted the country six months after his first entry into Cairo, leaving the Mamalukes still masters of it.

Soliman, the legislator, the successor of Selim, who raised the Turkish empire to its highest splendour and greatest power, gave a constitution, not only to Egypt, but to all the different provinces composing that heterogeneous mass of empire. He found it, in the first place, necessary to establish a counterpoise for the power and influence of the Mamalukes; to effect which, he established the corps odjacklis, or militia, composed of natives of Egypt, and into which a Mamaluke was on no account to be admitted. To these corps he gave great ...ers; to the Mamalukes he left nothing but honorary titles, a little military authority, and a few villages for their different officers.

He established a pacha, as his representative, who was at the head of the government, and who had the nomination of the different officers of state. The beys had indeed the choice of a successor, to fill up any vacancies among themselves, but they were obliged to present the person so chosen to the pacha in full divan, to be invested with the dignity by him.

The pacha of Egypt was often the road to the great office of vizirate, and was sometimes an honourable retreat for a disgraced vizier. He could be formally deposed by the corps of militia in the divan, and made to settle his accounts before he left the country. The reasons for his being so were transmitted to Constantinople, where he was always replaced; and indeed it rarely happened that a pacha died in his situation, as they were so frequently changed.

The divan, which assembled twice a week to deliberate on all the affairs of state, was composed of the twenty-four beys, the principal officers of the militia, and the great lawyers. The pacha was the president of this assembly.

The tribute paid to the Porte was 50,000*l.* beside a quantity of rice, corn, &c.

In this manner the government went on, without any event of importance, being nothing more than constant intrigues, sometimes between the Mamalukes, and the pacha, to repress the aspiring ambition of some chiefs of the militia.

This wise constitution lasted till the middle of the present century, when a variety of causes conspired to overturn it. The beys were then beginning to take the lead in all affairs, and the pachas were merely cyphers, scarcely possessing the shadow of their ancient authority.

About the year 1748, a pacha of a more determined cast was appointed, who, finding it impossible to assert his superiority, without striking

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some great blow, took a resolution to destroy the beys at once by assassination.

Accordingly, as they were coming to take their places at the divan, seventeen of them were murdered, the rest escaped.

Such a daring and open act of barbarity had not the desired effect; for the indignation of all classes against the pacha ran so high, that he was obliged to quit his situation, and save his life by escaping to Constantinople.

At that period, Ibrahim Caya, a determined and ambitious man of the Mamaluke race, had gotten by intrigue into the corps of militia, in which he held a very high situation. He aspired to be elected Sheick el Belled, or chief of the Mamalukes, and to restore them to their original ascendancy; and played his cards so well, that in a few years he had insinuated all the Mamalukes of his party into the militia, which gave him such an ascendancy, that he easily kept the remainder quiet. Had he lived, he would in all probability have succeeded in making himself sultan of Egypt, independent of the Porte; but he was poisoned by an emissary of the court of Constantinople, who hoped, by destroying this aspiring chief, to regain their authority, which was so completely shaken.

Ali Bey the great, a man of more talents, with equal ambition and intrepidity, succeeded Ibrahim. He was the first Mamaluke who openly declared the bold design of freeing Egypt for ever from the nominal authority of the court of Constantinople. Throwing off the mask entirely, he assumed perfect independence: but what he gained by force, he lost by treachery.

Ismael Bey and Mahomed Bey conspired against him, and drove him into Syria, where he took refuge with the celebrated Dahir, who had rendered himself master of Syria, and laughed at all the feeble efforts of the Porte to reduce him.

Ali Bey, having received some small assistance from the Russians and from Dahir, crossed the desert to meet his opponents. A battle was fought near Salahieh, in which Ali was wounded by one of his own party, supposed to have been Mourad Bey, and was in consequence taken prisoner. He was treated with great respect, and carried to Cairo, where he died a few days afterward.

Ali Bey was born in Anatolia, a province of the Turkish empire. He was brought young into Egypt, where he was purchased in the same manner as the other Mamalukes, and raised himself, by his enterprising and ambitious spirit, to that situation, which made the Porte tremble for the remains of its power in Egypt. Mourad Bey, as chief of the faction of Ali, soon set up for himself, and drove his opponents from Cairo for some time; but they regained possession of the capital, and kept it, till they both died natural deaths. Mahomed Bey died first, at Acre, after having taken the town. At the death of Ismael, Mourad Bey again assumed the government, though Ibrahim Bey nominally shared it with him.

There was never a Sheick el Belled whose reign was of longer duration. From the year 1776 to 1801, a few interruptions excepted, he retained possession of the supreme power. For this continuance in the exercise of his sovereignty, in a country where authority seldom remains long in the same hands, he was indebted to his unbounded liberality and great courage.

At the arrival of the French army in Egypt, Ibrahim Bey, in a dastardly manner, made his escape to Syria, where he remained with a few Mamalukes, who had associated themselves to his fate, till the vizier lately returned. But Mourad Bey gallantly fought them as long as he could, and was on his way to join the English, when the plague cut him off. The Mamalukes certainly made a very noble defence under this chief, by which their numbers were much reduced. They

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are, however, by no means annihilated, and will always derive strength from the aversion which the natives have for the Turks.

The Turkish pacha at Cairo is now fortifying himself in that city, in order to resist any attempts of the victorious beys, who are masters of all Upper Egypt, and extend their power even as far as the pyramids. The pacha's troops have been defeated by them in several engagements.

The Turkish forces at present in Egypt consist in 3000 men at Damietta, 2000 at Rosetta, and 20,000 at Cairo.

During all the revolutions among the Mamalukes that have taken place during the last sixty years, the pacha was nothing more than an empty representative of the authority which the court of Constantinople anciently exercised in Egypt, the whole power being in the hands of the Sheick el Belled..... The functions of the pacha were confined to receiving and transmitting the miri or tribute to the grand seignior, whenever the beys thought proper to pay it. It was useless for him to dispute the will of the all-powerful beys, and accordingly he never made any hesitation at obeying their orders..... Without troops, and without any means of enforcing his authority, how could he do otherwise?

Mourad Bey possesses great qualities and great vices. To a bravery that knew no bounds, he joined an extraordinary bodily strength: impetuous and extremely violent, his passions often led him to acts of cruelty; he was liberal to prodigality, and greedily rapacious; intrepid, active, and dextrous, bold in enterprise and cool in action: had Mourad enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, he might have been a good as well as a great man.

The nominal place of chief of the Mamalukes, was at this time possessed by Ibrahim Bey, who had been with the grand vizier's army for some time; but from his want of spirit and enterprise, he had very little influence over them. He took great pains to give no jealousy to the vizier, wishing to keep in his favour, though he did not possess his confidence. His object was to be nominated Sheick el Belled, after the subjection of Egypt. Osman Bey Tambourgi* was the person looked upon as their chief, having been nominated by Mourad Bey on his death-bed. He was of a violent temper; but of no extraordinary talents. Mahomed Bey Elfi, so surnamed from the number of sequins for which he was purchased, Elfi signifying a thousand, had however the most extensive influence. He is gifted with great abilities, joined to the utmost prudence; is of an open and liberal disposition, and of the greatest personal courage.

One particular trait will stamp his character; at the death of Mourad, all the beys looked up to him, and wished to appoint him chief, in opposition to the desire expressed by Mourad; but he declined ac-

* Osman Bey Tambourgi, in open defiance of the pledged Ottoman faith, and through the perfidious policy of that court, was assassinated in the month of October, 1801, when going in the capoutan pacha's barge to dine on board sir Richard Bickerton's ship, in the harbour of Alexandria. Osman Bey Ascar, Mahomed Bey Mafice, and the black Caya Bey, the confidant of Mourad Bey, also shared the same fate. Osman Bey Berdici was very severely wounded, but fortunately recovered. The survivors were taken on board the capoutan bey's ship, the Sultan Selim.

Immediately upon the above transaction being made known to lord Hutchinson, he ordered brigadier-general Stuart, at the head of his regiment, and with guns and lighted matches, to proceed to the Turkish camp, on the eastward of Alexandria, and to insist upon the bodies of the beys being given up to the British. This, after some hesitation, was acceded to by the capoutan pacha, and the remaining beys were liberated the next day, and sent to Alexandria, where the bodies of those who had been slain were buried by the British army, with all possible military honours.

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cepting it, thinking they were weak enough, without quarrelling among themselves.

Osman Bey Berdici was said to be an ambitious and able man, but not so prudent as Mahomed. He had, however, a great deal of influence and a strong party.

But the chief counsellor of the Mamalukes, who transacted all their business, was a black, who had been Mourad Bey's confidant. It is supposed, that it was he who persuaded Mourad to nominate Osman Bey Tambourgi as his successor, in order that he might still keep the management of their affairs as Caya Bey. He was a remarkably shrewd, insinuating character, and was employed in all the negociations both with the French and English.

To be a Mamaluke, it was indispensibly necessary to have been a slave: and even the child of a Mamaluke could not hold any employment among them. The beys, kiachefs, and other officers among the Mamalukes, purchased these slaves from merchants, who brought them to Egypt. They were of all nations and countries, some Germans and Russians, but chiefly Georgians, Circassians, and from the other parts of Mount Caucasus. After having served their masters with fidelity, they were made free, and then had the right of buying slaves. The power and influence of the beys were proportionate to the number of Mamalukes that composed their household.

Mamalukes, while slaves, cannot wear a beard, which is always the indisputable proof of their freedom. Beside the twenty-four beys, they were governed by a certain number of kiachefs, an employ subordinate to that of a bey. Their revenues consisted in those villages which were their individual property, and in the extortions and fines which they exacted from the unfortunate inhabitants.

The Mamalukes are a brave and generous race, but are cruel and revengeful. They are also addicted to the most detestable and unnatural of crimes, which is extremely prevalent in most parts of the Turkish empire.

ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, IN 1801.

THE present vizier is about sixty-six years of age. He has had the misfortune to lose an eye, but has been able to retain his situation, the second in the empire, ever since the year 1799, notwithstanding the unfortunate battle of Heliopolis, and the intrigues of his enemies. For this he is indebted, not so much to his own abilities, as to the powerful protection of the caya (i. e. superintendant of the household) of the sultan, the sultan's mother, who possesses the utmost influence at Constantinople. Still he has every thing to fear from the ascendancy of the capoutan pacha, who is rather his rival than his personal enemy. But Turkish rivalry cannot be dignified with the name of emulation, and there can be little doubt but the pacha would rejoice in the disgrace of this minister.

Though the vizier is totally unacquainted with European politics, and indeed with every kind of European knowledge, he is pretty well versed in oriental literature, particularly Persian. He is by no means a man of bright talents; yet he has had sufficient good sense to accomplish the very difficult task of keeping his army in some degree of subordination.

One of the most prominent traits of his character is an inclination to attribute every circumstance to the course of fate, which, whether it conduct to good or evil, he thinks irresistible, and any effort to stem its torrent he considers as impotent, if not impious. Under this impression, when surrounded at Jaffa by Albanian revolters, who, in his own tent, presenting their muskets, threatened him with death, if not

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immediately paid, his answer was, Pecke (i. e. very well.) One of his greatest faults is allowing too much influence to his favourites, who are all rapacious in the greatest degree, and who carry on their depredations in his name, relying on his partiality for their justification. One of his favourites, formerly his cook, is the present pacha of Jerusalem; and is one of those supposed to have been concerned in the murder of general Kleber.

The following anecdote will place his temper in its most amiable point of view:

His highness was always, and is to this day, very fond of throwing a kind of inoffensive lance, called gyritt, at which he is very expert. This feat consists in riding up full speed against your adversary, and darting at him a slender staff of a hard heavy wood, about six or seven feet long, with all your force, which he does his utmost to avoid, by bending himself close over his horse's neck. The riders, as well as their horses, are wonderfully trained to this exercise.

At one of these displays of adroitness, an attendant of the vizier, with whom he was playing, threw his gyritt at him, which unfortunately struck him full in the eye, and caused its total loss. The vizier, convinced that the stroke was unintentional, sent for the man, who, fearing the loss of his head, had absconded. With fear and trembling, he obeyed the summons, when he was ordered a thousand gold sequins, accompanied with an injunction from the vizier never again to appear in his sight, lest, being reminded of the cause of his misfortune, he might not, at all times, be able to command his temper.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eye, his highness is a very good looking man of his age. His figure is prepossessing, and a venerable white beard, of which he takes the utmost care, gives him the appearance of a warrior of old. The capoutan pacha has displayed his military qualifications, which have obtained him high renown in this country, but which dwindle away, when put in competition with the talents of a European commander.

An ambition spurning the idea of a rival, prodigal generosity, activity indefatigable, great penetration, a marked predeliction for every thing European, and a desire to better the condition of every one immediately about him, are the best and most prominent features in his character; but to his education in the seraglio he owes the opposite and dark side of his character, profound dissimulation, and a deep spirit of intrigue.

He has great interest at Constantinople, derived from his own abilities, and from his relationship to the sultan, one of whose sisters is his wife. He is violent in his hatred to the person who has sufficient penetration to develope his character or his views; but as his animosity increases, he puts on a semblance of friendship more attractive, and the mask of kindness never falls off, till his enemy is enticed into the snare.

Still he is the only man now among the Turks who possesses enlarged ideas in politics. He has been able to place the Turkish navy on a footing far more respectable than when he was put at its head; and there is not one Turkish commander, except himself, who has disciplined his troops with any degree of regularity. He has now under his orders two very good regiments, those of Abdallah and Soliman Aga, commanded, indeed, by Germans, but owing much of their regularity to his own superintendence.

The capoutan pacha has the utmost contempt for the vizier, which he does not endeavour to conceal. He took great pains to keep his army separate, and always wished that the prowess of his troops should be compared with that of the vizier's forces. His pride told him, that he could not lose by the comparison.

The vivacity of his mind inclines him rather to the French than to the English; and should he succeed in his views of being appointed vi-

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zier, to which situation his talents and ambition lead him, his first act would probably be to consolidate an amicable treaty with France, and endeavour to establish a regular and well disciplined army in the Turkish empire, by introducing European officers. He will probably succeed in many of his plans, unless continual fatigue, excess in opium, or intrigues, cut him off in the midst of his career.

There is one person in whom he reposes the utmost confidence, and whom on all occasions he consults. This is Isaak Bey, a man of deep and low cunning, who has been at Paris, and is a complete Frenchman. He will most likely succeed his patron, the capoutan pacha, in his situation.

Isaak Bey possesses extremely insinuating manners, and is a very abject flatterer. His stay in France having enlarged his ideas, he attempted, by his writings, to reform many parts of the Mahometan religion; at which, as may well be supposed, the mufti took great offence, and got him proscribed. Isaak Bey saved himself by flight, and took refuge with his present master, who has granted him his full protection and friendship.

The reis effendi, or principal secretary of the empire, is well known in England, when he was secretary to the Turkish embassy. His knowledge of European manners and politeness procured him the greatest advantages in the intercourse with the English army. He is a great favourite of the grand vizier, over whom he has a powerful ascendancy. He possesses very good talents, is cunning, extremely avaricious, and supposed to favour the French, for whom he has a great predilection.

The reason of the chief officers of the Ottoman empire, civil as well as military, accompanying the army, is, that the Porte, or court, is always supposed to be with it, and all orders of the sultan are deemed to be issued by him from his stirrup. Such was the case in former wars, when the conquering sultans commanded their armies in person.

OF THE EXTERIOR APPEARANCE AND BODILY CONSTITUTION OF THE LAPLANDERS.

THE children of the Laplanders are remarkably fat and chubby, which appears not only in their faces, but other parts of their bodies. This disposition to increase in flesh, however, is less perceptible as they grow up. The Laplander is of a swarthy and dark complexion, his hair is black and short, his mouth wide, and his cheeks hollow, with a chin somewhat long and pointed: his eyes are weak and watery, which in some degree proceeds from the constant smoke he endures whilst at home, in his tent or hut; and may likewise be attributed to the snows which, during winter, are constantly driving in his face, whilst he is abroad and engaged in hunting upon the mountains, which afford him no object to fix upon but what is glaring with whiteness. That this weakness of the eyes proceeds from these causes, and especially the latter, is highly probable, from the circumstance that a man often loses his sight for several days after his return from hunting.

The Laplanders have been represented by some authors as being overgrown with shaggy hair, like wild beasts. Others have given them but one eye: but these are fables which those authors seem to have borrowed from Herodotus and Pliny, and in no way applicable either to the Laplanders, or any race of people upon the face of the earth. Others again have asserted, with a greater appearance of truth and justice, that they had from nature an offensive smell. It must indeed be acknowledged, that there is a certain unsavoury rankness which attends the Laplander, more than is commonly found with the inhabi-

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tants of other countries: but this is not so much to be imputed to his natural temperament as to his mode of life, dwelling as he does in a hut or tent, in the midst of a constant smoke, and clothed in a dress which has imbibed quantities of dirt, grease, and train-oil.

The Laplanders are for the most part short in stature, but they possess a tolerable share of bodily strength. They are certainly a very hardy race of people, and are able to undergo great labour, and actually support themselves under the extraordinary severity of their climate with a wonderful degree of patience and fortitude. In proof of this our missionary mentions the instance of a woman who crossed mountains of ice and snow in the month of December, five days after her delivery of a child, in order to attend the prayers of what is commonly called churching. The mountain Laplanders, and those of the sea-coast, or the maritime Laplanders, are equally objects of admiration in this respect, that they are able to breathe amidst the suffocating smoke of their tents and huts, when the only aperture by which the smoke can pass is closed in order to keep out the weather; and as it has been observed that the Laplanders are by nature and from habit able to endure great hardships, and sustain excessive labour with patience, so it has been long since remarked, that the most simple medicaments, which are elsewhere but little esteemed, have sufficient efficacy to restore them to health, unless their disorders are of a very violent nature. This truth is established by long experience, and seems as if Providence, in compensation for their inability to procure extraordinary assistance, permitted the same effects to be produced by the most common means. They set a high value on spices, and no present is more acceptable to a Laplander, than that which either consists of tobacco, pepper, ginger, and the like, let the quantity be ever so small.

They possess a degree of agility which is really wonderful, and their bodies are supple and pliant beyond conception. It is surprising what a number of them are able to stow themselves within a space which we should not imagine would hold one half, or even one third of that quantity. They will sit in the closest contact with each other, their bodies supported by their heels, or their entire weight bearing upon the toes. The American Indians, or savages as they are termed, use the same posture, and the ingenious historical painter, who has represented the treaty of the great Penn with the Indians at the settlement of that flourishing colony which now bears his name, has not omitted to embellish his picture with the figure of an Indian in this extraordinary attitude.

The Laplanders descend the steep sides of a mountain, when covered with snow and ice, with incredible velocity. They make use of a particular kind of snow shoe, differing greatly from that which bears the same name in the northern parts of America: it is a piece of wood of some length, curved before, and turning upwards behind, to the middle of which the foot is fastened; and whereas the snow shoe is calculated for security to prevent a man from sinking into the snow; this wooden shoe or skate, called in the Danish tongue *skie*, answers the purpose both of security and expedition. Accordingly the Laplander slides along with such great swiftness, that the air whistles in his ears, and his hair becomes erect with the motion; and yet so dexterous is he in the management of his body, that be his impulse ever so violent, he can take up his cap, if he chances to let it fall, or any thing else that happens to lie in his way, without stopping his course. The children, as soon as they are able to walk, climb up the sides of the mountains, and exercise themselves in the use of these skates.

When they travel with their reindeer, the celerity of their pace can

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only be conceived when seen: they drive with equal expedition up the top of mountains and down them, insomuch, that the vibration of the reins upon the backs of the rein-deer is scarcely perceptible to the eye. The Laplanders on the coast are exceedingly skilful in the management of their boats. Our good missionary supposes this extraordinary agility of the Laplanders to proceed in a great measure from the train-oil, which from their birth constitutes a principal part of their food. But the fact is, that from their infancy they are practised in feats of activity and bodily exertion: they learn to ascend the mountains, to carry heavy loads of timber, to hunt the wild, and to follow the tame rein-deer for considerable distances. In this manner they also become inured to suffering every degree of heat and cold with patience. It is chiefly by the exercise of hunting that they are rendered swift of foot, and their agility is favoured by the smallness of their stature. They are content with little, and have minds incapable of being affected by those passions which prey upon and destroy the bodies of a great part of mankind. They sleep equally on both sides, and do not accustom themselves to retire to rest betwixt two feather-beds, as their more civilized neighbours do. Their avocations do not disturb the natural flow of their animal spirit, nor do they weaken the body by the labours of the mind: it must of necessity follow, that they are strong, healthy, and active.

Some of the Laplanders are very expert in carving in wood or horn, though they use no other tool than a common knife; with this they make many little utensils, such as cups, spoons, &c. Their sledges are of their own construction, and so artificially put together, that not a drop of wet can penetrate them. The women are very skilful in ornamenting belts with tinsel wire; and some of them, like the men, excel in carving upon wood or horn. These people are very dexterous in the pursuits of the chase. Their only weapons were formerly bows and arrows; but they now make use of fire-arms, and are become good marksmen.

The missionary records, as a principal virtue of the natives of Lapland, their great attention to the duties of religion, and their serious devotion when assembled at divine service. He speaks of the patience with which they sit bare-headed in the severest frosts, for three hours together, to hear the word of God delivered to them under tents, which are by no means sufficiently secured against the current of an extreme cold air. It appears, that at the commencement, and during the earlier part, of the last century, the Laplanders were immersed in the darkness of paganism, and without the least tincture of letters. It was Frederick the fourth, king of Denmark, who ascended the throne in 1619, that first begun to introduce the light of the gospel amongst them. For this purpose he established a religious mission, which has been continued by his son, Christian the sixth, Frederick the fifth, his grandson, and Christian the seventh, the present sovereign, his great grandson. They are now, as Mr. Lean* tells us, well instructed in the christian religion, and have the New Testament in their own tongue. The missionary mentions with rapture the names of some Laplanders who could repeat by rote the whole Catechism, and large portions of the Gospel, with a part of the Psalms, both in the Lapland and Danish tongues; particularly a venerable old man of seventy years of age, who was able to recite a great part of the Catechism, though he never knew a letter in his life, nor had ever committed any thing to memory before. This instance of the power of memory does not appear at all incredible. The Arabs, and other pastoral tribes, who are in the habit of amusing their leisure by telling and listening

* The missionary.

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to tales, will remember them though very long, and rehearse them with great fidelity, after one hearing. It is conjectured, by Julius Cæsar, that one of the chief reasons why the ancient Druids did not commit their instructions to writing was, that their pupils might impress them better on their memories. It was the opinion of Socrates, as appears from the Phædo of Plato, that knowledge was more easily gained, and longer retained, when delivered by word of mouth, than when communicated in writing. It would seem that the ear is less distracted than the eye; that the intenseness of the mind is greater in hearing than seeing. The missionary adds his fervent wish, that his fellow-labourers in this vineyard of divine truth, would qualify themselves for the work, by acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Lapland tongue, so as to preach and pray in it to the Laplanders, as not many of the men have a knowledge of the Danish language, further than the use of a few words and phrases, which occur in the course of traffic; and of the women not one is the least acquainted with it.

The Laplanders hold the missionaries sent amongst them in the greatest esteem, and show them much respect. They salute them with great reverence when they meet them, and give them precedence upon all occasions. They make them frequent presents of what are reckoned in Lapland peculiar dainties, such as frozen rein-deer's milk, with the tongue and marrow of that animal. They are very attentive to keeping holy the sabbath day; they abstain from cursing and swearing, which are common vices among the inhabitants of Norway, and they lead a religious and moral life. Whoredom and adultery are sins rarely committed, and the crime of theft is little or not at all known amongst them: so that locks or bolts, for the security of property in Lapland, are entirely unnecessary. Norway swarms with beggars, but begging is unknown amongst the Laplanders. If any one, from age or infirmity, should chance to be in want, he finds his necessities amply and instantly supplied, and charity appears unsolicited, with open hands. The missionary, however, admits, that the Laplanders are not entirely exempt from those vices which ever prevail more or less amongst mankind in a state of society. They cannot resist the temptation of ebriety, and yield to the allurements of avarice. They will get drunk, like the men of other countries, when strong liquor comes in their way; and cannot avoid cheating, like other dealers, when they can do it without danger of detection. The skins of the rein-deer, are more or less valuable, according to the season in which they are killed. If the animal be slain in the spring, his hide is found perforated by an insect which buries itself in it, and lays there its eggs; but it is otherwise with the rein-deer killed in the winter. To defraud the purchaser, by trying to obtain the same price for a defective skin as for a perfect one, the Laplander artfully closes up the holes in the skin; and, in order to impose upon the credulous trader, will not scruple to warrant it free from defect, and asserts that the beast was killed in autumn; though he well knows the case to be quite the reverse: that the skin is full of holes, and the deer was killed in spring, or in the worst season.

ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER OF CONTRACTING OF MARRIAGES AMONG THE FINS.

NOTHING could be more curious than to describe the odd and fantastic customs of the northern nations, and the gross indelicacies practised among them on certain occasions: but I shall confine my remarks to their marriages. The peasants of the province of Savolaxa, in Finland, have a very singular mode of making love. When

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a young man feels an attachment for a young woman, he commissions some aged dame to acquaint the object of his love with his passion, and at the same time he sends her some presents. The old woman chuses, as the proper moment for executing her commission, that, when the girl is preparing to go to rest. While she is putting off her clothes, the woman takes an opportunity of getting into her presence, and bestowing many praises upon the lover. When the girl has heard all she has to say, the dame slips some present, perhaps a handkerchief, or riband, or some piece of money, into her bosom. If the girl does not wish to have any correspondence with her admirer, she gives back the present to the mediatrix, who immediately conveys the unpleasing intelligence to her employer. It is to be observed, however, that this first refusal of the presents is not deemed a decisive proof of dislike. The lover does not yet despair of softening the heart of his mistress: by a repetition of his attempts he may still hope to accomplish his object. The positive mark of an invincible disapprobation and rejection, and after which there is no longer any further use in negociation, or room for hope, is, when the young woman, instead of giving the box, containing the present, back to the ambassadress with her hands, she unlooses the cincture that keeps her dress close to her waist, and lets it fall between her breast and her shift down to the ground. But if, on the contrary, she retains the present, then the young people consider themselves as engaged to each other, and nothing but the marriage ceremony is wanting in order to constitute them husband and wife.

On the wedding day, some peasant among their neighbours, with the title of speaker, or orator, does the honours of the feast. This orator is generally a person who is not only endowed with a natural talent for speaking, but is also an *improvisatore;* for he is expected to make extempore verses suitable to the occasion, or any incidental circumstances: but the most curious and interesting ceremony of all, is that which takes place on the day after the marriage. All the guests being assembled, as on the day of the ceremony, the new married man is obliged to declare, whether or no he found his bride a virgin. If he answers in the affirmative, the orator, either in prose or verse, celebrates the happiness of the young couple on the preceding night, and drinks to their health out of a clean, well-scoured, and bright cup. If in the negative, there is on the table a dirty and mean vessel, out of which he is obliged to drink. In the bottom of this utensil is a hole, out of which the liquor runs, and is spilt on the ground at one end, whilst it is emptied by the orator at the other. He after this makes some remarks, and gives some counsel, of no very pleasing nature, to the bride. When the orator has finished his harangue, in either of these cases, he takes up a pair of the bridegroom's breeches, which are at hand for the purpose, and thumps the bride with them lustily (but not on her head or the upper part of her body), saying, at the same time, "Be fruitful, woman, and don't fail of producing heirs to your husband!"

It is a general observation, and which admits of no exception, that in proportion as tribes or societies of men are rude and simple in their manners, they are indelicate on the subject of that passion which unites the sexes. That *pudor circa res venereas*, which Grotius held to be a universal sentiment, and characteristic of the human species, in Otaheite has no existence. There was a custom, which prevailed, not a century ago, in some parts of Scotland, and which, according to tradition, was once general, almost as gross as that of the Finlanders. On the day after the wedding, when the marriage feast was continued, as in Finland, it was customary for the bridegroom, creeping on all fours, to receive on his back a large pannier full of stones, which he was

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obliged to carry until the bride, in token that she was no longer a maiden, came and relieved him of the heavy load, by throwing the pannier on the ground.

In one parish in Finland (one of these parishes, it is to be observed, is equal in extent to a whole province of most other countries), it is the custom for young women to wear, suspended at their girdles, the case or sheath of a knife, as a sign that they are unmarried, and would have no objection to a husband. When a young man becomes enamoured with any of those damsels, his manner of courting her is, to purchase, or cause to be made, a knife in the exact form of the sheath, and to take an opportunity of slipping it into the sheath slily, without the girl's perceiving it. If the girl, on finding the knife in the sheath, keep it, it is a favourable symptom; if not, it is a refusal.

In the parish of Kenir, before the day appointed or proposed for the marriage ceremony, the young people sleep together for a whole week, but without quite undressing; and this is called *the week of the breeches*. It will, no doubt, be immediately recollected, that this is an exact counterpart to the *bundling* of the Anglo-Americans. If, in consequence of the familiarities that pass during the "week of the breeches," their love be strengthened, they marry; but if, on the other hand, their mutual affections be lessened, the marriage does not take place.

MANNERS AND CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT INHABITANTS OF EGYPT.

EGYPT is inhabited by several races of people, all differing greatly in their manners, customs, and religion. Of these the first are the Mamalukes, who, though they constitute but a very inconsiderable part of the population, are the rulers and proprietors of the country, and on them all the rest are more or less dependent.

Next are the Bedouin Arabs, constant wanderers in the desert, never inhabiting the same place for any length of time, and living by continual pillage and warfare.

They form no general community among themselves, each tribe having its own cheik or chief, to whom the greatest deference and the strictest obedience are paid. From these numerous petty societies, and their divided interests, arise never-ending quarrels and dissensions. Hospitality is among them a duty, of which they are most sacred observers; and an Arab in danger from any other persons, will not hesitate to throw himself in the power of his professed enemy, secure of meeting with safety and protection.... They are, however, false, dissembling, revengeful, and cunning, and, though actually brave, will not scruple, in a dastardly manner, to assassinate their enemy.

The Bedouins are all furnished with horses, capable of undergoing the greatest fatigue in their excursions over the deserts, during which their food is very scanty, and water, always scarce, is sometimes not to be found. Their dress is very light, consisting of nothing more than a loose frock and a turban; their weapons are a long gun and a dagger.

The third class are the Fellahs, who are the farmers and husbandmen of the country. They inhabit the villages, and cultivate the lands, all of which are the property of the Mamalukes, by whom these people are kept in the most abject slavery. When a Fellah has succeeded in amassing a small sum, by dint of economy and hard labour, he dares not make use of it, and is afraid to let it appear by any improvement in his lands or way of living, as it would most undoubtedly expose him to the extortions and pillage of his proprietor, or endanger his life by the rapacity of his neighbours.... Hence it follows, that, when this is

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the case, the money is buried under ground, and the wretched Fellah, like the miser of more civilized countries, has no other satisfaction but that of knowing where his riches are concealed.

At his decease, the secret commonly dies with him, and the money is lost. Thus considerable sums disappear, and never again return into circulation.

The current coins in Egypt are those of Turkey, and Spanish dollars, at the rate of one hundred and fifty parats to the dollar. The ignorance of the people, in the Turkish dominions in general, is so great, that it is with the utmost difficulty they can be prevailed on to receive in payment any European coin, either of gold or silver, except the Spanish dollar, and its subdivisions; and these only when stamped with the two pillars.

The tyrannical proprietors of the lands and villages exact the greater part of the produce, and by repeated impositions, contributions, &c. often oblige the Fellahs to abandon their houses, and take refuge among the inhabitants of the desert.

Numerous villages, totally deserted, are seen all over Egypt; sad examples of these vexations. The rest of the villages are striking pictures of the misery of their inhabitants. The houses are the most wretched mud hovels possible to be conceived, without windows, and with scarcely a door. Most of them are built upon eminences, to secure them from the overflowing of the Nile; and many are enclosed by a mud wall, flanked with small towers, to defend them from the predatory excursions of the Bedouin Arabs. These form citadels, into which they retire with their cattle and all their goods; and in them they are as secure from the enemy they dread, as in the most impregnable fortress.

Few of the villages are without a public school, where the children are instructed in reading the Koran. This is the only book they have, and as the art of printing is scarcely known in the Turkish dominions, their copies are always manuscripts.

The last are the Cophts, or christian inhabitants of Egypt, who are of the Greek communion. The Cophtic patriarch is the head of the church of Abyssinia, whither he sends a bishop, as his deputy, to govern the clergy of that country.

Great numbers of the Cophts inhabit the towns, where, on account of their possessing superior knowledge to any other class, though the sphere of their acquirements is very confined, they are employed as agents, by the chiefs and principal people of the country.

In Upper Egypt, where they are very numerous, they inhabit the villages, and cultivate lands, in the same manner as the Fellahs in Lower Egypt.

Besides these four classes, which constitute the chief population of the country, there are several others, as Turks, Greeks, Jews, &c. that are settled in the towns, and follow different employments.

The number of inhabitants of all descriptions, though no exact enumeration has ever been made, nor indeed is any thing like it practicable, is generally estimated at about three millions.

PORTRAIT OF BURNS, THE POET.

From Dr. Currie's edition of his Works.

BURNS was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead, shaded with black curling hair, indicated extensive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed, and his countenance uncommonly interesting and expressive. His mode of dressing, which was often slovenly, and a certain fulness and bend in his shoulders, characteristic

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of his original profession, disguised in some degree the natural symmetry and elegance of his form.

The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a first view, his physiognomy had a certain air of coarseness, mingled, however, with an expression of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy. There appeared in his first manner and address perfect ease and self-possession, but a stern and almost supercilious elevation, not indeed incompatible with openness and affability, which, however, bespoke a mind conscious of superior talents. Strangers that supposed themselves approaching an Ayrshire peasant, who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themselves speedily overawed by the presence of a man who bore himself with dignity, and who possessed a singular power of correcting forwardness, and of repelling intrusion. But though jealous of the respect due to himself, Burns never enforced it where he saw it was willingly paid; and though inaccessible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advance of kindness and of benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of good-will, of pity, or of tenderness; and as the various emotions succeeded each other in his mind, assumed with equal ease the expression of the broadest humour, of the most extravagant mirth, of the deepest melancholy, or of the most sublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily corresponded with the expression of his features, and with the feelings of his mind. When to these endowments are added a rapid and distinct apprehension, a most powerful understanding, and a happy command of language....of strength as well as brilliancy of expression....we shall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his conversation....for the sorcery which in his social parties he seemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women this sorcery was more especially apparent. Their presence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his bosom, and awoke his happiest feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy as well as the tenderness of his heart; and by restraining the vehemence and the exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners the impression of taste, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they seldom possessed.

This influence was doubtless reciprocal. A Scottish lady, accustomed to the best society, declared with characteristic *naivete*, that no man's conversation ever carried her so completely off her feet as that of Burns; and an English lady, familiarly acquainted with several of the most distinguished characters of the present times, assured the editor, that in the happiest of his social hours, there was a charm about Burns, which she had never seen equalled. This charm arose not more from the power than the versatility of his genius. No langour could be felt in the society of a man who passed, at pleasure, from grave to gay, from the ludicrous to the pathetic, from the simple to the sublime; who wielded all his faculties with equal strength and ease, and never failed to impress the offspring of his fancy with the stamp of his understanding.

This indeed is to represent Burns in his happiest phasis. In large and mixed parties he was often silent and dark, sometimes fierce and overbearing; he was jealous of the proud man's scorn, jealous to an extreme of the insolence of wealth, and prone to avenge, even on its innocent possessor, the partiality of fortune. By nature kind, brave, sincere, and in a singular degree compassionate, he was, on the other hand, proud, irascible, and vindictive. His virtues and his failings had their origin in the extraordinary sensibility of his mind, and equally partook of the chills and glows of sentiment. His friendships were liable to interruption from jealousy or disgust, and

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his enmities died away under the influence of pity or self-accusation. His understanding was equal to the other powers of his mind, and his deliberate opinions were singularly candid and just; but like other men of great and irregular genius, the opinions which he delivered in conversation were often the offspring of temporary feelings, and widely different from the calm decisions of his judgment. This was not merely true respecting the characters of others, but in regard to some of the most important points of human speculation.

On no subject did he give a more striking proof of the strength of his understanding, than in the correct estimate he formed of himself. He knew his own failings; he predicted their consequence; the melancholy foreboding was never long absent from his mind; yet his passions carried him down the stream of error, and swept him over the precipice he saw directly in his course. The fatal defect in his character lay in the comparative weakness of his volition, that superior faculty of the mind, which, governing the conduct according to the dictates of the understanding, alone entitles it to be denominated rational; which is the parent of fortitude, patience, and self-denial; which, by regulating and combining human exertions, may be said to have effected all that is great in the works of man, in literature, in science, or on the face of nature. The occupations of a poet are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual controul, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion, as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities; to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order; and, by indulgence, to increase that sensibility, which, in the present form of our existence, is scarcely compatible with peace or happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!

Though men of genius are generally prone to indolence, with them indolence and unhappiness are in a more especial manner allied. The unbidden splendours of imagination may indeed at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the realities of life into deeper shade. In bestowing great talents, nature seems very generally to have imposed on the possessor the necessity of exertion, if he would escape wretchedness. Better for him than sloth, toils the most painful, or adventures the most hazardous. Happier to him than idleness, were the condition of the peasant, earning with incessant labour his scanty food; or that of the sailor, though hanging on the yard-arm, and wrestling with the hurricane.

These observations might be amply illustrated by the biography of men of genius of every denomination, and more especially by the biography of the poets. Of this last description of men, few seem to have enjoyed the usual portion of happiness that falls to the lot of humanity, those excepted who have cultivated poetry as an elegant amusement in the hours of relaxation from other occupations, or the small number who have engaged with success in the greater or more arduous attempts of the muse, in which all the faculties of the mind have been fully and permanently employed..... Even taste, virtue, and comparative independence, do not seem capable of bestowing on men of genius peace and tranquillity, without such occupation as may give regular and healthful exercise to the faculties of body and mind. The amiable Shenstone has left us the records of his imprudence, of his indolence, and of his unhappiness, amidst the shades of the Leasowes; and the virtues, the learning, and the genius of Gray, equal to the loftiest attempts of the epic muse, failed to

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procure him in the academic bowers of Cambridge that tranquillity and that respect, which less fastidiousness of taste, and greater constancy and vigour of exertion, would have doubtless obtained.

It is more necessary that men of genius should be aware of the importance of self-command, and of exertion, because their indolence is peculiarly exposed, not merely to unhappiness, but to diseases of mind, and to errors of conduct, which are generally fatal. This interesting subject deserves a particular investigation; but we must content ourselves with one or two cursory remarks. Relief is sometimes sought from the melancholy of indolence in practices, which for a time sooth and gratify the sensations, but which in the end involve the sufferer in darker gloom. To command the external circumstances by which happiness is affected, is not in human power: but there are various substances in nature which operate on the system of the nerves, so as to give a fictitious gaiety to the ideas of imagination, and to alter the effect of the external impressions which we receive. Opium is chiefly employed for this purpose by the disciples of Mahomet and the inhabitants of Asia; but alkohol, the principle of intoxication in vinous and spirituous liquors, is preferred in Europe, and is universally used in the christian world. Under the various wounds to which indolent sensibility is exposed, and under the gloomy apprehensions respecting futurity, to which it is so often a prey, how strong is the temptation to have recourse to an antidote by which the pain of these wounds is suspended, by which the heart is exhilirated, ideas of hope and of happiness are excited in the mind, and the forms of external nature clothed with new beauty!

It is the more necessary for men of genius to be on their guard against the habitual use of wine, because it is apt to steal on them insensibly; and because the temptation to excess usually presents itself to them in their social hours, when they are alive only to warm and generous emotions, and when prudence and moderation are often contemned as selfishness and timidity.

It is the more necessary for them to guard against excess in the use of wine, because on them its effects are, physically and morally, in an especial manner injurious. In proportion to its stimulating influence on the system (on which the pleasurable sensations depend), is the debility that ensues; a debility that destroys digestion, and terminates in habitual fever, dropsy, jaundice, paralysis, or insanity. As the strength of the body decays, the volition fails; in proportion as the sensations are soothed and gratified, the sensibility encreases; and morbid sensibility is the parent of indolence, because, while it impairs the regulating power of the mind, it exaggerates all the obstacles to exertion. Activity, perseverance, and self-command, become more and more difficult, and the great purposes of utility, patriotism, or of honourable ambition, which had occupied the imagination, die away in fruitless resolutions, or in feeble efforts.

ACCOUNT OF THE PEARL OYSTER, AND PEARL FISHERY, ON THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

THERE is, perhaps, no spectacle which Ceylon affords more striking, than the bay of Condatchy, during the pearl fishery. This desert spot is then converted into a scene, which exceeds in novelty and variety almost every thing I ever witnessed. Thousands of people, of different colour, countries, casts and occupations, continually passing and repassing, in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazar, or market-place, before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks,

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some of them laden with riches; the anxious, expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all kinds, natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.

The bay of Condatchy is the most central rendezvous for the boats employed in the fishery. The banks, where it is carried on, extend several miles along the coast from Manaar southward, off Arippo, Condatchy, and Pomparipo. The principal bank is opposite Condatchy, and lies out at sea about twenty miles. The first step, previous to the commencement of the fishery, is to have the different oyster-banks surveyed, the state of the oysters ascertained, and a report made on the subject to government; if it has been found that the quantity is sufficient, and that they are arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up to sale to the highest bidder, and are usually purchased by a black merchant. This, however, is not always the course pursued: government sometimes judges it more advantageous to fish the banks on its own account, and dispose of the pearls afterwards to the merchants. When this plan is adopted, boats are hired for the season on account of government, from different quarters; the price varies considerably, according to circumstances; but is usually from 500 to 800 pagodas for each boat. There are, however, no stated prices, and the best bargain possible is made for each boat separately. The Dutch generally followed this last system, the banks were fished on government account, and the pearls disposed of in different parts of India, or sent to Europe. When this plan was pursued, the governor and council of Ceylon claimed a certain per cent. on the value of the pearls; or, if the fishing of the banks was disposed of, by public sale, they bargained for a stipulated sum to themselves, over and above what was paid on account of government. The pretence on which they founded their claims for this perquisite, was their trouble in surveying and valuing the banks.

As neither the season, nor the convenience of persons attending, would permit the whole of the banks to be fished in one year, they are divided in three or four different portions, which are fished one portion annually in succession. The different portions are completely distinct, and are set up separately to sale, each in the year in which it is to be fished. By this means a sufficient interval is given to the oysters to attain their proper growth; and as the portion first used has generally recovered its maturity by the time the last portion has been fished, the fishery becomes almost regularly annual. The oysters are supposed to attain their complete state of maturity in seven years; for if left too long, I am told that the pearl gets so large and so disagreeable to the fish, that it vomits and throws it out of the shell.

The fishing season commences in February, and ends about the beginning of April. The period allowed to the merchant to fish the bank is six weeks, or two months at the utmost; but there are several interruptions, which prevent the fishing days from exceeding more than about thirty. If it happens to be a very bad season, and many stormy days intervene, during the period allotted, the purchaser of the fishery is often allowed a few days more as a favour. One consider-

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able interruption proceeds from the number and diversity of holidays observed by the divers of different sects and nations who are employed. Many of the divers are of a black race, known by the name of Maravas, and inhabiting the opposite coast of Tutucoreen; these people, although of the Malabar cast, are Roman catholics, and leave off work on Sundays to attend prayers at the chapel of Aripo. But if many stormy days, or Hindoo and Mahomedan festivals (which are never neglected on any account by the natives), occur to interrupt the regular course of fishing, the farmer is sometimes desirous that the catholic Maravas should make up the lost time by working on Sundays; but this he cannot compel them to do without an order from the chief officer of government, who is appointed to superintend the fishery.

The boats and domes employed in the fishery do not belong to Ceylon, but are brought from different ports of the continent: particularly Tutucoreen, Caracal, and Negapatam, on the Coromandel coast, and Cotang, a small place on the Malabar coast, between Cape Comorin and Anjengo. The divers from Cotang are accounted the best, and are only rivalled by the Lubbahs, who remain on the island of Manaar for the purpose of being trained in this art. Previous to the commencement of the fishery all the boats rendezvous at Condatchy; and it is here they are numbered and contracted for.

During the season, all the boats regularly sail and return together. A signal gun is fired at Aripo, about ten o'clock at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land breeze. They reach the banks before day-break, and after sun-rise commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied, till the sea breeze, which arises about noon, warns them to return to the bay. As soon as they appear within sight, another gun is fired, and the colours hoisted, to inform the anxious owners of their return. When the boats come to land, their cargoes are immediately taken out, as it is necessary to have them completely unloaded before night. Whatever may have been the success of their boats, the owners seldom wear the look of disappointment; for, although they may have been unsuccessful one day, they look with the most complete assurance of better fortune to the next, as the brahmans and conjurers, whom they implicitly trust, in defiance of all experience, understand too well the liberality of a man in hopes of good fortune, not to promise them all they can desire.

Each of the boats carries twenty men, with a *tindal*, or chief boatman, who acts as pilot. Ten of the men row, and assist the divers in re-ascending. The other ten are divers: they go down into the sea by five at a time; when the first five come up, the other five go down; and by this method of alternately diving, they give each other time to recruit themselves for a fresh plunge.

In order to accelerate the descent of the divers, large stones are employed: five of these are brought in each boat for the purpose; they are of a reddish granite, common in this country, and of a pyramidical shape, round at top and bottom, with a hole perforated through the smaller ends, sufficient to admit a rope. Some of the divers use a stone shaped like a half-moon, which they fasten round the belly when they mean to descend, and thus keep their feet free.

These people are accustomed to dive from their very infancy, and fearlessly descend to the bottom, in from four to ten fathom water, in search of the oysters. The diver, when he is about to plunge, seizes the rope, to which one of the stones we have described is attached, with the toes of his right foot, while he takes hold of a bag of net work with those of his left, it being customary among all the Indians to use their toes in working or holding, as well as their fingers; and such is the power of habit, that they can

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pick up even the smallest thing from the ground with their toes, as nimbly as a European could with his fingers. The diver, thus prepared, seizes another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with the left, plunges into the water, and, by the assistance of the stone, speedily reaches the bottom. He then hangs the net round his neck, and with much dexterity, and all possible dispatch, collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water, which is usually about two minutes. He then resumes his former position, makes a signal to those above, by pulling the rope in his right hand, and is immediately, by this means, drawn up and brought into the boat, leaving the stone to be pulled up afterwards, by the rope attached to it.

The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from their mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood. But this does not hinder them from going down again in their turn. They will often make from forty to fifty plunges in one day, and at each plunge bring up about a hundred oysters. Some rub their bodies over with oil, and stuff their ears and noses, to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precaution whatever. Although the usual time of remaining under water does not much exceed two minutes, yet there are instances known of divers who could remain four and even five minutes, which was the case with a Caffree boy. The longest instance ever known, was that of a diver who came from Anjengo, in 1797, and who absolutely remained under water full six minutes.

This business of a diver, which appears so extraordinary and full of danger to a European, becomes quite familiar to an Indian, owing to the natural suppleness of his limbs, and his habits from his infancy. His chief terror and risk arises from falling in with the ground-shark while at the bottom. This animal is a common and terrible inhabitant of the seas in these latitudes, and is a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous Indian. Some of the divers, however, are so skilful as to avoid the shark, even when they remain under water for a considerable time. But the terrors of this foe are so continually before their eyes, and the uncertainty of escaping him so great, that these superstitious people seek for safety in supernatural means. Before they begin diving, the priest, or conjurer, is always consulted, and whatever he says to them is received with the most implicit confidence. The preparations which he enjoins them consist of certain ceremonies, according to the cast and sect to which they belong, and on the exact performance of these they lay the greatest stress. Their belief in the efficacy of these superstitious rites can never be removed, however different the event may be from the predictions of their deluders: government, therefore, wisely gives way to their prejudices, and always keeps in pay some conjurers, to attend the divers and remove their fears: for though these people are so skilful, and so much masters of their art, yet they will not, on any account, descend till the conjurer has performed his ceremonies. His advices are religiously observed, and generally have a tendency to preserve the health of the devotee. The diver is usually enjoined to abstain from eating before he goes to plunge, and to bathe himself in fresh water, immediately after his return from the labours of the day.

The conjurors are known in the Malabar language by the name of *Pillal Karras*, or *binder of sharks*. During the time of the fishery they stand on the shore from the morning till the boats return in the afternoon, all the while muttering and mumbling prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies to which

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no one, not even themselves, I believe, can attach any meaning. All that time it is necessary for them to abstain from food or drink, otherwise their prayers would be of no avail. These acts of abstinence, however, they sometimes dispense with, and regale themselves with toddy, a species of liquor distilled from the palm-tree, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions.

Some of the conjurers frequently go in the boats with the divers, who are greatly delighted at the idea of having their protectors along with them; but, in my opinion, this fancied protection renders the divers more liable to accidents, as it induces them to venture too much, and without proper precautions, in full confidence of the infallible power of their guardians. It must not, however, be imagined, that these conjurers are altogether dupes of their own arts, or that they accompany their votaries to the fishery merely from an anxious care for their safety; their principal purpose in going thither is, if possible, to filch a valuable pearl. As this is the case, it is evident that the superintendant of the fishery must look upon their voyages with a jealous eye: such, however, is the devoted attachment of their votaries, that he is obliged to pass it over in silence, or at least to conceal his suspicions of their real intentions. He must also never hint a doubt of their power over the sharks, as this might render the divers scrupulous of committing themselves to the deep, or indeed deter them from fishing at all. The conjurers reap here a rich harvest; for, besides being paid by the government, they get money and presents of all sorts from the black merchants, and those successful in fishing up the oysters.

The address of these fellows in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into the possession of the English, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives the most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them, "that an old witch who owed him a grudge, had just come from Cotang, on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration, which for the time rendered his spells fruitless; that this came to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened, but that he would now show his superiority over his antagonist, by enchanting the sharks and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season." Fortunately for the conjurer, the event answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishery of that year. Whether this was owing to the prayers and charms of the conjurer, I leave my readers to decide: but certainly it was firmly believed to be the case by the Indian divers, and he was afterwards held by them in the highest esteem and veneration. His merits, however, in this transaction might be disputed, for there are many seasons in which no such accidents occur at all. The appearance of a single shark is indeed sufficient to spread dismay among the whole body of divers; for as soon as one of them sees a shark, he instantly gives the alarm to his companions, who as quickly communicate it to the other boats; a panic speedily seizes the whole, and they often return to the bay, without fishing any more that day. The sharks which create all this alarm, sometimes turn out to be nothing more than a sharp stone on which the diver chances to alight. As false alarms excited in this manner prove very injurious to the progress of the fishery, every means is employed to ascertain whether they are well or ill founded; and if the latter be the case, the authors of them are punished.

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These false alarms occurred more than once in the course of the last two or three seasons.

The divers are paid differently, according to their private agreement with the boat-owners. They are paid either in money, or with a proportion of the oysters caught, which they take the chance of opening on their own account; the latter is the method most commonly adopted. The agreements with the people who hire out the boats are conducted much in the same manner. They contract either to receive a certain sum for the use of their boats, or pay the chief farmer of the banks a certain sum for permission to fish on their own account. Some of those who pursue the latter plan are very successful and become rich; while others are great losers by the speculation. Oyster lotteries are carried on here to a great extent; they consist of purchasing a quantity of oysters unopened, and running the chance of either finding or not finding pearls in them. The European officers and gentlemen, who attend here upon duty, or through curiosity, are particularly fond of these lotteries, and very frequently make purchases of this sort.

The boat-owners and merchants are very apt to lose many of the best pearls while the boats are on their return to their bay from the banks; as the oysters, when alive, and left for some time undisturbed, frequently open their shells of their own accord; a pearl may then be easily discovered, and the oyster prevented, by means of a bit of grass or soft wood, from again closing the shell, till an opportunity offers of picking out the pearl. Those fellows who are employed to search among the fish also commit many depredations, and even swallow the pearls to conceal them; when this is suspected, the plan followed by the merchants is to lock the fellows up, and give them strong emetics and purgatives, which have frequently the effect of discovering the stolen goods.

As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits dug in the ground, to the depth of about two feet, or in small square places, cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them to prevent the oysters touching the earth, and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened, without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as, at that time, to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls; it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl, though commonly found in the shell, is not unfrequently contained in the body of the fish itself.

The stench occasioned by the oysters being left to putrefy is intolerable, and remains for a long time after the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosphere for several miles round Condatchy, and renders the neighbourhood of that country extremely unpleasant till the monsoons and violent south-west winds set in and purify the air. The noisome smell, however, is not able to overcome the hope of gain; for months after the fishing season, numbers of people are to be seen earnestly searching and poring over the sands and places where the oysters have been laid to putrefy; and some are now and then fortunate enough to find a pearl that amply compensates their trouble in searching after them. In 1797, while Mr. Andrews was collector, a cooly, or common fellow of the lowest cast, got by accident the most valuable pearl seen that season, and sold it to Mr. Andrews for a large sum.

The pearls found at this fishery are of a whiter colour than those got in the gulph of Ormus, on the Arabian coast, but in other respects

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are not accounted so pure, or of such an excellent quality; for though the white pearls are more esteemed in Europe, the natives prefer those of a yellowish or golden cast.

Off Tutucoreen, which lies on the Coromandel coast, nearly opposite to Condatchy, there is another fishery; but the pearls found there are much inferior to those two species I have mentioned, being tainted with a blue or greyish tinge.

ACCOUNT OF THE NILE AND CLIMATE OF EGYPT.

THE Nile is undoubtedly the most astonishing river in the world; without it, Egypt, surrounded on every side with natural obstacles, separated on the east from Syria by moving sands, skirted on the south and west by immense tracts of deserts, would be as uninhabitable as the dreary wastes of Libya. It is navigable for boats of considerable burden as far as the cataracts, and is a very convenient mode of communication from one extremity of the country to the other. The prevailing winds generally serve to sail up; and in coming down the current is of the greatest advantage, especially during the overflowing, when a large germe will go down from Cairo to Rosetta, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, in less than forty hours, without sail or oar to assist its way.

It is the great, and indeed the only source of wealth to the country; and is the most pleasant and expeditious manner of travelling, particularly when it is considered, that there are no inns in the country, except a few miserable caravanseries, disgusting to a European, where you must sleep upon dirty carpets, covered with vermin, lying promiscuously with Turks, Arabs, &c.

Only that part of the country, which the Nile overflows, is inhabited; as is clearly perceptible by the narrow and contracted space of cultivation on each border, and by the numerous villages built only along its banks.

The annual rising and falling of this river and their causes, have been so often and so correctly stated by able travellers, that it would be as presumptuous as unnecessary to say any thing concerning them. As the waters retire, they leave behind them a rich black mould, very thick, and equal to the richest soil, which is sown as soon as left dry. The chief productions that I remarked along the banks, were rice, wheat, barley, Indian corn, pumpkins, cucumbers, and fields of the finest and most luxuriant clover.

The principal fruits throughout Egypt are the musk and water melons, small apricots, grapes, oranges, pomegranates, citrons, a few plantains about Rosetta, and millions of dates. The last-mentioned fruit is the potatoe of this country, the poor people living almost entirely upon it.

The date tree grows in large woods, thrives almost every where, and a sandy soil agrees perfectly well with it. The peninsula of Aboukir, at our arrival, and great part of the sandy country between Aboukir and Rosetta were covered with them. Numerous advantages are derived from this tree, every part of which is made to serve some purpose. The fruit is very wholesome and palatable food, and the French made very tolerable brandy from it. The leaves are converted into ropes for the germes and other boats; the trunk of the tree makes bad fuel, and is used also in the construction of their wretched houses.

Wherever the date tree is found, as far as our experience informs us, water may be procured by sinking wells.

Although the Nile is not a rapid river, yet during the time of its overflowing, the force of the current is amazingly great. When it is at its height, the water is of a reddish brown colour, and nearly as thick as mud, so that it is almost impossible to make use of it for drinking, before it has been purified. For this

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purpose large jars are filled with the water, the inside of them having been previously rubbed round with bitter almonds, or beans, and in these it will very soon settle, and become quite clear. Women, very carefully muffled up, are constantly seen on the banks, filling these jars with water.

At Rosetta and Cairo are sold abundance of earthen bottles, named alkarras, which are very useful for cooling the water. These are made of a white clay, and baked in the sun. They are so porous, that the water is constantly exuding through them, and, by its evaporation from the external surface, produces such a degree of cold, as to render the water within of a very grateful temperature. All our fleet on the coast made use of no other water than that of the Nile, which was found extremely fit for every purpose. Crocodiles are far less numerous in Egypt than is commonly imagined. None are to be found in Lower Egypt, it very seldom happening that any came down as far as Cairo. As you go up the Nile, it is said they become more common. The French had one at Cairo, brought from Upper Egypt, which was eighteen feet long.

There is no country in the world where the climate is more regular than in Egypt. The sky is almost always beautifully clear and serene, and after seven or eight in the morning, not a single fleeting cloud is seen to intercept the burning rays of the sun.

It seldom or never rains in the interior parts; but on the sea coast, and near Alexandria, it rains frequently in the winter time. The showers, however, are short, though heavy, and are immediately succeeded by a fine blue sky. Soon after the landing of the English army, we had several smart showers, which, while they lasted, fell with great force upon our tents; and in the night of the 28th of April, we had a very severe thunder storm, accompanied with a great deal of rain.

But it does not rain often; the heavy dews, which fall during the night, make up in part for the want of moisture. We always perceived the effects of them in the morning, when, as soon as the sun appeared above the horizon, our tents began to smoke, as copiously as if a great quantity of rain had fallen. Many a time, in a common soldier's round tent, have I felt the small drizzle of the dew piercing through the canvas.

The nights in March, April, and May, we found very damp and chilly, and no covering was then thought too much.

During the whole campaign, we enjoyed the greatest advantage from the very clear and bright nights; and we were seldom deprived of the benefit of a fine moon, here scarcely ever overclouded, and shining with extreme lustre.

The heat during the months of May, June, July, and August, we found generally, near Alexandria, to vary between 80 and 85, and it rarely exceeded 88 degrees. A cool refreshing breeze sprung up regularly about seven in the morning, which, near the sea, was excessively pleasant, and rendered the heat very supportable, that would otherwise have been intense.

During our stay in Egypt, we had occasion to observe the constancy of the winds, which prevail on the coast. In April, May, June, and July, they blew from the north-west; in August and September, they still kept in the same quarter, only varying occasionally to due north. In the day time, we almost always enjoyed a fresh breeze, which, towards sunset, lulled gradually, till it sunk into a calm. To this unquestionably we must ascribe, in great measure, the health of the troops before Alexandria, for it certainly purified as well as cooled the air, and thus removed two powerful causes of sickness and disease.

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ACCOUNT OF THE OPHTHALMIA IN EGYPT.

THE disease frequently came on very suddenly, ushered in with a sensation, as though dust, or some other irritating extraneous matter, had fallen into the eye. Heat and pain soon followed. Sometimes the complaint was confined to one eye, at others it attacked both at once. Inflammation and swelling of the eyelids quickly ensued, accompanied with an increased flow of tears. In a few hours, the tumefaction had completely closed the lids, and in the morning, after sleep, a purulent or thick matter glued them together.

The apparent causes of the disease are, the application of heat and light, irritation from particles of sand or dust, and the occasional exposure to night air.

While in Egypt, I was frequently induced to believe, that the mounds of rubbish which numerously surround Cairo, Alexandria, &c. furnished a peculiar cause for the frequency and severity of this disease in that neighbourhood; seeing that these mounds are formed of various kinds of rubbish, ruins, &c. among which is much old mortar (i. e. lime and sand, or mud), which might operate, in a mechanical manner, upon the tender and delicate membranes of the eye, and hence prove a source of disease. This rubbish is, by its exposure to a scorching sun, reduced into a fine subtle powder, which is easily acted upon by the least puff of wind, and driven into the atmosphere, to the annoyance and inconvenience of every one. Those who have been near these places during a kampsin, have painfully experienced the truth of this observation; since on these days when the wind blows briskly, there is a general haziness of atmosphere, from the fine particles of dust suspended in the air. Cairo and Alexandria are particularly exposed to the baneful effects of these accumulations, which overhang and surround the above places. Some difficulty attends their removal at Cairo; seeing that the inhabitants cannot spread the rubbish over the land, as it would in time heighten the surface of the country so much, as to deprive them of the benefit of the inundation of the Nile. At Alexandria this would be more practicable. Stone-masons, and persons employed in the making of lime, are particularly subject to ophthalmy and pulmonary complaints, from the irritation excited by the particles of lime and of stone upon the tender and delicate membranes of the eye and lungs.

The nitrous particles in the air have been by several numbered among the causes of ophthalmia in Egypt. Although the earth in many places is highly charged or impregnated with nitrate of potash, yet I see no reason to attribute the prevalence of the disease to this cause. Some circumstances have recently occurred among the troops on their return to England from Egypt, which have given rise to an opinion that the disease is infectious. Notwithstanding I must confess that nothing came within my particular observation to confirm such an opinion, still I shall relate a circumstance which occurred while we were at Jaffa, in Syria.

The New Adventure transport, on board of which were the women and children of the detachments of the mission, was sent, in the month of August, 1800, with dispatches to Cyprus, destined for Constantinople. While they remained at Cyprus, which was for a few days only, the women and children went on shore. They were suddenly and severely attacked with a inflammation of the eyes, with which none of the sailors on board were affected. The medical man to whom they applied for relief at Larnica, in the above island, mentioned, that the disease was then prevalent, and that he considered it to be infectious. Upon their return to Jaffa, I went on board, and found several of them then suffering from the disorder, with much pain, in-

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flammation, and swelling of the eyelids, and with small ulcerations upon the tarci. The disease yielded to the saturnine lotion, blisters, stimulating ointment, and laudanum.

For my own part, I never met with any other incident to support the opinion of the contagious nature of ophthalmia either in Egypt or in Syria. It appears to me, that from the strong glare of light and heat to which the eyes are exposed during the summer months, a local predisposing debility in the vessels of these organs is induced, to a sufficient degree to excite ophthalmia, upon the application or insertion of an irritating substance within the eye, such as particles of sand, lime, &c. unless these are speedily removed.

I am induced to think that I preserved my own eyes, and those of others from this malady, by an attentive and frequent ablution of them with cold water, particularly after the daily exposure to the solar rays and dust, during our march through the desert.

The exposure to night cold, during the fall of the great dews, I am inclined to believe operates as an exciting cause to the disease. The ponderous turbans and shawls usually worn on the heads of the mussulmen, afford no protection to the eyes, but leave them exposed to the full action of dust, light, and heat, which subject them more particularly to ocular inflammations. Indeed, the disease is at all times very common among them.

The vizier himself suffered occasional attacks of ophthalmy, which were removed by a collyrium made with the acetite of lead, water, and vinegar, and the use of a shade of green silk, &c.

The general intentions of cure in the treatment of ophthalmia were, the resolution of the inflammation, the removal of the consequences which frequently occurred from inflammation, and the induction of such a state of the eye as to prevent the return of ophthalmia, where there was a disposition to its attacks.

The remedies which I adopted were a weak solution of the acetite of lead, water, and vinegar, combined with gentle aperients. The eyes were kept shaded as much as possible from the stimulus of heat and light.

If the first, or primary symptoms, such as pain, redness, and swelling, were not soon relieved, blisters to the temples were applied, which frequently lessened the tumefaction. The vessels of the eyelids were found loaded with blood, the inflammation assuming a deep crimson colour. Relief having been procured, the application of stimulants was then of infinite service.

The nug. hydrargyr. nit. lowered in the proportion of one part to three of ung. ceræ, inserted into the eyes with a hair pencil, and the tinct. opii dropt in after the use of the ointment, night and morning, were of the greatest benefit, and in a great variety of cases soon effected a cure. This was not, however, always the case: for where the disease was more severe, and resisted the first treatment, the tunica adnata became more or less inflamed, and the pain more intense. In such cases the gorged vessels of the adnata and those of the lids were divided, and this was repeated as often as circumstances seemed to require, without any inconvenience attending the operation. The patients were repeatedly purged, and blisters applied to the temples, behind the ears, to the nape of the neck, &c. Leeches could not be procured in the country, and indeed such was our want of them at Cairo, that the vizier was obliged to send to Jerusalem for a small supply. If head-ach, or deeply seated pain within the eye, harassed the patient, and was connected with an increase of general vascular action, as with pyrexia, in such like cases, general evacuations, as bleeding and copious purging, were adopted, and usefully employed. The shaving of the fore part of the head, and cold water and vinegar frequently applied to diminish the force of circu-

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lation in the vessels, particularly in the neighbourhood of the diseased part, were also found serviceable.

In many recent cases, small and painful ulcerations formed upon the edges of the lids. In such cases the stimulating ointment of nitrated mercury, and tinct. opii, were extremely beneficial, and speedily effected a cure. But in neglected, and in obstinate cases, opacities of the cornea frequently ensued, which reduced the patient to a partial, temporary, or absolute blindness. Some melancholy cases happened, in which the eye completely suppurated and wasted away. In recent opacities, the ointment and laudanum were very useful. Although I found these remedies the most efficacious in removing the disease, yet I could not employ them very generally among the Ottomans, who do not comprehend the utility of remedies which give pain. It is true that there were exceptions to this remark among such of the Turks as entertained fewer prejudices, and who, possessing a greater degree of confidence, submitted to the stimulants and profited by them.

The collyrium, composed of the acetite of lead, water, and vinegar, alone cured great numbers of the Ottomans: indeed, this wash became so celebrated among them, that I was obliged to furnish the interpreter of the vizier with a quantity of the acetite of lead, with directions to make the collyrium for the use of his highness and others, on their return to Constantinople from Cairo.

In the early part of my practice, I hesitated to apply the stimulants until the primary symptoms were sensibly alleviated: after three, four, or six days, when observing a peculiar fulness and relaxed state of the internal membrane of the eyelids, from the distended state of the vessels, and which was in many cases accompanied with small ulcerations of the tarci, this condition of the parts constituting the secondary stage of the disease, indicated and prompted me to apply stimulants earlier, and with much benefit.

A gaping, or an inversion of the eyelids, occasionally occurred in some violent, tedious, and obstinate cases of ophthalmy, producing deformity, and a temporary deprivation of sight, from the great relaxation and elongation of the internal surface of the palpebra. The most remarkable case of it which I saw, happened to a soldier at Giza, belonging to the Indian army. The internal membrane of the upper lid formed a flap of at least two thirds of an inch in depth, hanging down, and completely closing the eye. Various astringent collyriums were used to diminish and restrain its growth.

Irritability and weakness of the eye were relieved by astringent collyriums of vitriolated zinc, alum, &c. Frequent ablutions of cold water, and vinegar and water, and protecting the eye from strong light, were found of advantage.

The shunning of the night air, the wearing of broad-brimmed hats, or shades, in order to protect the eyes from the solar rays, and frequent ablutions with cold water, constitute an essential part of the means of prevention of this disease.

The Egyptians, &c. draw blood from the temples, by scarifying the parts. They have likewise remedies which they occasionally employ in this disease.

They take, for example, equal quantities of powdered galls and crude antimony, and mix these ingredients with vinegar, into the consistence of a paste, with which they anoint the eyes.

Antimony is one of the common pigments of the women to blacken their eyelids and eyebrows.

Another celebrated remedy with them is a collyrium, composed of equal parts of chizmeh powdered, sugar candy, and alum mixed with vinegar.

The French practitioners make mention of a species of ophthalmy, depending upon a bilious state of the stomach; likewise another spe-

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cies, accompanied with a spasmodic affection of the globe of the eye. I do not recollect to have met with either of these descriptions of ophthalmia in the country.

THE INDIGO-PLANT, AND PREPARATION OF INDIGO.

INDIGO is a precipitated fecula, dried and reduced into a solid mass, light, brittle, and of a deep azure colour. This substance is of great utility in the arts. Great use is made of it in dyeing, painting, bleaching, and other processes of different manufactures.

The vegetable which produces this colouring fecula is termed the indigo-plant, *indigo-fera*. It is a polypetal plant, of the family of the leguminous, and has much resemblance to the *galegas*.

There are twenty-seven species of the indigo. It will be sufficient to direct our attention to the most interesting species, that which yields the best indigo. It is termed *indigo-franc*, *indio-fera anil*. It is indigenous in America, and is cultivated with success in the southern parts of that country, and in the Antilles. In these islands is found a variety of the best species of indigo, which grows to twice the height of the indigo-franc. It is termed the wild indigo-plant, or maron.

In the Antilles, where fine indigo is prepared, the seed of the indigo-franc is purposely mixed with that of the indigo-maron, in order to obtain more considerable and better product.

Though indigo has been manufactured during nearly a century, its preparation is still so imperfect, that, even with the best manufacturer, generally ten, fifteen, and even twenty-five tubs fail, out of a hundred which he undertakes..... Sometimes, owing to inexperience, or the contrarities of temperature, a much larger number of tubs fail, and ruin the proprietor, who reckons upon large profits: hence, in part, arises the high price of indigo.

But should the proprietor of indigo-plants be secured, by means of a certain process, against the danger of losing the fruits of his expense and labour, he would then be able to sell his indigo at a cheaper rate.

In order to obtain this colouring substance, the indigo-plant is cut when it is arrived at its maturity. The whole is put to macerate in a basin of brick-work, which is termed the tub. Its dimensions are generally twelve feet.

To complete the maceration requires from fifteen to thirty, and even thirty-six hours, according to the temperature of the atmosphere; it is also necessary to consider the quality of the plant, the nature of the soil, and of the water in which it is immersed.

The first indication that the maceration begins to approach its ultimate point, is the sinking of the scum, which elevates itself in the space of about half a foot, which has been left empty in the tub. When this scum has become a kind of crust of a copper-blue colour, the plants will soon be sufficiently macerated. However, this indication is insufficient, and often even fallacious. There is, indeed, another indication, on which greater reliance is placed: it consists in drawing off a small quantity of the water, by a cock placed at the lower part of the tub. It is received into a silver cup, and if the fecula precipitates itself to the bottom of the cup, the plants have attained their due degree of maceration.

Such was the process most generally practised: but it too often gave rise to error. To avoid this we have a sure means, which consists in accurately observing the water contained in the cup: five or six minutes after it has been poured into it, it forms round the sides of the cup a ring or edge of fecula, which at first is of a green colour, and afterwards becomes blue. As long as the maceration is imperfect,

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this ring detaches itself with difficulty from the sides of the cup. But at last it is seen to precipitate and concentrate itself at the bottom of the vessel, always towards the centre, under the water, which has become limpid, with a yellowish tinge.

These appearances indicate the success of this first operation. The water is then drawn off into a second tub, placed beneath the first. Its use is for beating the water, still charged with the fecula. In order that it may separate quickly, it is agitated. This operation is performed either by the hands, or by means of a mill. It is of consequence not to agitate it too long: excessive agitation mixes anew the fecula with the water, from which it does not separate any more, and the tub fails. Instead of indigo, we obtain nothing but muddy water.

This latter inconvenience may easily be obviated by a little attention: when we have discovered that the fecula is sufficiently united, we draw off the water into a third and smaller tub. We then find the bottom of the *batterie* covered with a very liquid blue paste; this is received into bags of coarse linen cloth, of the form of inverted cones, which suffer the watery part to run off. These bags are afterwards emptied upon tables in the drying rooms, where this blue paste is kneaded; and after it has acquired a denser consistence, it is spread out and cut into small squares, that it may dry the sooner. The manufacture of the indigo is now completed, and it is soon after sufficiently dry to be introduced into commerce.

Experience has shown that this process has never failed of complete success; of this, more than fifteen hundred tubs of indigo, manufactured in different parts of St. Domingo, have furnished proof.

GRETNA GREEN.

AFTER we cross the confines of that dun, dreary bog, known by the name of Solway Moss, comes, far and wide, upon the eye, and wearies patience itself with its irksome and extensive sameness, till relief surprises the traveller scarcely less than the fugitive lover, in the sudden appearance of Gretna Green.

That which first strikes the eye, is a small portion of the village, newly built, projecting forward on the brow of an elevated hill, and just peeping out of the tufted groves, which envelop the rest in their shades. There is something in the "coup d'œil" of this Paphian retreat, now about a mile before us, singularly calculated to flatter the imagination, which adventurers, posting hither in the cause of love, may be supposed to possess in no inferior degree. The advanced position of those introductory habitations, expresses such an air of invitation and welcome to the woody asylum beyond them, as I confess, impressed myself, a mere traveller, impatient of nothing but a disagreeable road, with very pleasing ideas.

Though sanguine anticipation is commonly obliged to make many abatements on closing with its object, fewer were requisite on our arrival at Gretna-hall, (the name of our inn) than experience justifies in similar cases. Whether, in a moral view, the case of those fond beings, who desert the warm protection of their homes, and the wise councils of parental foresight, in their hasty sacrifices at Hymen's Caledonian altar, may not too frequently verify the foregoing observation, must be left to their own feelings and confession. Suffice it to say for ourselves, on the account of our inn at least, and the entertainment it afforded, both were excellent. To a lawn of some acres, bordered with lofty fir-trees, in front of our inn, formerly the mansion of a gentleman, the village of Gretna owes the additional appellation of "Green."

Whilst I am casting a look over this celebrated spot, with which are associated the ideas of a thousand love-adventures, here brought to

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that crisis, which generally determines, for life, the happiness or misery of the parties engaged in them, I cannot help thinking, that some of our superior novelists would not be ill-employed in possessing themselves of the leading characters and events, which have distinguished the more remarkable of these rash connections. A judicious collection of materials from this abundant source of action, the romance of real life, represented under fictitious names, and comprised in short tales, would furnish no contemptible fund of instruction for young persons in this age of liberty and adventurous experiment. It might tend also to bring to decision, the true merits of that act of parliament, which many, perhaps unjustly, have conceived as owing its origin more to an aristocratic spirit jealously guarding its own advantages and distinctions than to motives of public good.

The most recent adventure, occasioned by the restrictions of this law, was concluded at Gretna, not many weeks ago, and is still a subject of conversation. I mean the elopement of miss Th.... with captain B.... This incident is too new, at present, for the purpose here recommended. When time has mellowed it, the subject will be interesting, and, well handled, may become pregnant with moral instruction.

You will not be displeased with the story of two old gentlemen who, some years ago, met at an inn on the north road, the one in pursuit of his son, the other of his daughter, both some miles before them on the wing to Gretna Green. The two fathers, equally averse to the union of the young people, mutually vented their regrets and reproaches at this unexpected interview; each accusing the other of wanting that vigilance or authority over his own child, which might have prevented their thoughtless expedition. After some time spent in this unseasonable altercation, they recollected, that, since their own arrival, the lovers had proceeded some miles in addition to those, which they had already advanced before them. Each demanding a post-chaise to continue the pursuit, the landlord informed them, that he had only one at their service. As time was equally precious to both, our travellers agreed to share the carriage betwixt them. You will easily imagine what "agreeable companions" they were in a post-chaise. Considerations of economy however, and the opportunity of continuing their mutual reproaches, reconciled them to one carriage for the rest of their journey. On they trundled for some successive posts; ill humour and high words increasing with every turn of their wheels. When they arrived at Longtown, their last station to Gretna Green, neither carriage nor horses were to be procured. The lovers, two hours before, had engaged the only one in the town, and meant to detain it for their return. The horses, which had brought the old gentlemen to Longtown, had been obliged to come the two last posts without stopping, and were so entirely jaded and fatigued, as to need both refreshment and rest before they could be driven on farther. The travellers scarcely less exhausted, and compelled to continue some time where they were, consented to make the best use of it in recruiting their strength and spirits by recourse to the larder and a bottle of wine. The serious business of the moment diverted their thoughts from contumelious reflections. It the interval of silence, which almost necessarily took place, whilst the organs of speech were engaged in mastication, they began, after a little calculation, to perceive, that it would be impossible for them to overtake the young people before Vulcan had forged their hymeneal chain. The refreshment of food and wine had now somewhat cheered their hearts; a better humour succeeded to unavailing reproach; they coolly discussed the circumstances of the case, and at last shaking hands concluded with a resolution of staying where

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they were, to give their blessing to the happy pair on their return.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TEA TREE.

THE Chinese all agree there is but one sort or species of the tea tree: and that the difference in tea arises from the soil and manner of curing.

Chow-qua, who has been eight times in the bohea country, and who has remained there from four to six months each time, says, that many people, among the tea-leaves, especially at Ankoy, near Amoy, put leaves of other trees; but that of these, there are but two or three trees, the leaves of which will serve that purpose; and they may easily be known, especially when opened by hot water, because they are not indented as tea-leaves are.

He says, that bohea may be cured as hyson, and hyson as bohea, and so of all other sorts; but that experience has shown, the teas are cured as best suits the qualities they have from the soils where they grow; so that bohea will make bad hyson, and hyson, though very dear in the country where it grows, bad bohea. However, in the province of Tohyen, which may be called the bohea province, there has since a few years some tea been made after the hyson manner, which has been sold at Canton as such.

The bohea country, in the province of Tohyen, is very hilly, and since some years, greatly enlarged; the length of it is four or five days journey, or as much again as it formerly was. The extent of the soil that produces the best bohea tea is not more than forty li, or about twelve miles; in circumference it is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty li. Not only the hills in this country are planted with tea trees, but the vallies also; the hills, however, are reckoned to produce the best tea; on them grow congo, peko, and souchong; in the vallies or flat parts of the country, bohea.

As to the true souchong, the whole place does not yield three peculs: Youngshaw says, not more than thirty catty. The value of it on the spot is one and a half, or two tales the catty; about ten or twelve shillings the pound. What is sold to Europeans for souchong is only the first sort of congo; and the congo they buy is only the first sort of bohea. Upon a hill planted with tea trees, only one shall produce leaves good enough to be called souchong; and of those only the best and youngest are taken; the others make congo of the several sorts, and bohea.

There are four or five gatherings of bohea tea in a year, according to to the demand there is for it; but three, or at most four gatherings, are reckoned proper; the others only hurt the next year's crop. Of souchong, there can be but one gathering: viz. of the first and youngest leaves; all others make inferior tea.

The first gathering is called tow-tchune, the second eurl, or gee-tchune, the third san-tchune. If the first leaves are not gathered, they grow large and rank, and are not supplied by the second leaves, which only come in their room or place, and so on.

The first gathering is reckoned fat or oily, the second less so, the third hardly at all so, yet the leaves look young. The first gathering is from about the middle of April to the end of May; the second from about the middle of June till the middle of July; the third from about the beginning of August to the latter end of September. Tea is never gathered in winter. The first gathering or leaf, when brought to Canton, commonly stands the merchants in

11½ tales the pecul,
the 2d 11 or less,
the 3d 9.

The method of curing bohea tea of these three growths is, according to Chow-qua, thus:

When the leaves are gathered, they are put into large flat baskets,

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to dry, and these are put on shelves or planks, in the air or wind, or in the sun, if not too intense, from morning until noon, at which time the leaves begin to throw out a smell; then they are tatched *; this is done by throwing each time about half a catty of leaves into the tatche, and stirring them quick with the hand twice, the tatche being very hot, and then taking them out, with a small short broom, if the hand is not sufficient. When taken out, the leaves are again put into the large flat baskets, and there rubbed by men's hands to roll them; after which they are tatched in larger quantities, and over a cooler or slower fire, and then put into baskets over a charcoal fire, as is practised on some occasions at Canton. When the tea is fired enough, which a person of skill directs, it is spread on a table, and picked or separated from the too large, yellow, unrolled, broken, or bad leaves.

Youngshaw says, bohea tea is gathered, sunned in baskets, rolled with the hand, and then tatched, which completes it.

Another says, it is gathered, then put in sieves, or baskets, about a catty in each, and these put in the air, till the leaves wither, or give, after which they are put into a close place out of the air, to prevent their growing red, until the evening, or for some hours; the smell then comes out of them. They are after this tatched a little, then rolled, and then tatched again; and about a catty is tatched at one time.

Congo, says Chow-qua, is tatched twice, as is souchong; but Youngshaw says, souchong and congo are not tatched, but only fired two or three times: the latter is most probable, and yet the former may be true; for as tatching seems to give the green colour to the leaves of the tea trees, so we may observe something of that greenness in the leaves of congo and souchong teas. Youngshaw further says, that the leaves of souchong, congo, hyson, and fine singlo trees, are beat with flat sticks or bamboos, after they have been withered by the sun or air, and have acquired toughness enough to keep them from breaking, to force out of them a raw or harsh smell.

Souchong is made from the leaves of trees three years old, and where the soil is very good; of older, when not so good, congo is made. The leaves of older trees make bohea. The tea trees last many years.... When tea trees grow old and die, that is, when the bodies of the trees fail, the roots produce new sprouts.

Peko is made from the leaves of trees three years old, and from the tenderest of them, gathered just after they have been in bloom; when the small leaves that grow between the two first, that have appeared, and which altogether make a sprig, are downy and white, and resemble young hair or down. Trees of four, five, and six years old may still make peko; but after that they degenerate into bohea, if they grow on the plains, and into congo if they grow on the hills.

Lintsessin seems to be made from very young leaves rolled up, and stalks of the tree; the leaves are gathered before they are full blown: this tea is never tatched, but only fired. Were the leaves suffered to remain on the trees, until they were blown, they might be cured as peko; if longer, as congo and bohea. This tea is in no esteem with the Chinese; it is only cured to please the sight; the leaves are gathered too young to have any flavour.

Tea trees are not manured, but the ground on which they grow is kept very clean and free from weeds. Tea is not gathered by the single leaf, but often by sprigs. Tea in general is gathered by men; however, women and children also gather tea. Tea is gathered from morning till night, when the dew is on the leaves as well as when it is off.

Ho-fung tea is so called from the country where it grows, which is

* Tatche is a flat pan of cast iron.

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twelve easy days' journey from Canton. This tea is cured after the manner of bohea, only in a more careless or slovenly way, on account of its little value, and with wood instead of charcoal fire, which is not so proper, and adds to the natural bad smell the tea has, from the soil where it grows.

Leoo-ching (or Lootsia), the name of a place eight days' journey from Canton; it may produce about 1000 peculs of tea in a year. This tea is cured as bohea, or as green, as the market requires, but is most commonly made to imitate singlo, which suits it best.

Honan tea grows opposite to Canton; it is cured in April or May for the Canton market, that is, for the use of the inhabitants of Canton, especially the women, and not for foreigners. There is but little of it, about 200 peculs. The worst sort of it remains flat, and looks yellow: it is tatched once to dry it, but not rolled, and is worth three candarines the catty. The best sort is tatched once, and rolled with the hand, and tatched again: it is worth twelve candarines the catty. These teas are not, like the bohea, after they are tatched, put over a charcoal fire. The water of Honan tea is reddish.

Ankoy tea is so called from the country that produces it, which is about twenty-four days' journey from Canton. When gathered, the leaves are put into flat baskets to dry, like the bohea; they are then tatched, and afterwards rubbed with hands and feet to roll them, then put in the sun to dry, and sold for three or four candarines the catty. If this tea is intended for Europeans, it is packed in large baskets, like bohea baskets, and these are heated by a charcoal fire in a hot-house, as is often practised in Canton. Bohea tea is sometimes sent to Ankoy, to be there mixed with that country tea, and then forwarded to Canton.

The worst sort of Ankoy is not tatched, but Ankoy congo, as it is called, is cured with care, like good bohea or congo: this sort is generally packed in small chests. There is also Ankoy peka; but the smell of all these teas is much inferior to those of the bohea country. However, Ankoy congo, of the first sort, is generally dearer at Canton than the inferior growths of bohea.

As tatching the tea makes it sweat, as the Chinese term it, or throw out an oil, the tatche in time becomes dirty, and must be washed.

If bohea is tatched only twice, it will be reckoned slovenly cured, and the water of the tea will not be green but yellow; so that fine bohea tea must be cured as congo; the coarse is not so much regarded.

The ordinary tea used by common people in tea countries is passed through boiling water before it is tatched, notwithstanding which it remains very strong and bitter.... This, father Lefebure says, he has often seen. Tea is also sometimes kept in the steam of boiling water, which is called, by some authors, a vapour bath.

Singlo and hyson teas are cured in the following manner: when the leaves are gathered, they are directly tatched, and then very much rubbed by men's hands to roll them; after which they are spread to divide them, for the leaves in rolling are apt to stick together; they are then tatched very dry, and afterwards spread on tables to be picked; this is done by girls or women, who, according to their skill, can pick from one to four catty each day. Then they are tatched again, and afterwards tossed in flat baskets, to clear them from dust; they are then again spread on tables and picked, and then tatched for a fourth time, and laid in parcels, which parcels are again tatched by ten catties at a time, and when done put hot into baskets for the purpose, where they are kept till it suits the owner to pack them in chests or tubs; before which the tea is again tatched, and then put hot into the chests or tubs, and pressed in them by hand. When the tea is hot it does not break, which it is apt to do when it is cold.

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Singlo tea being more dusty than hyson tea, it is twice tossed in baskets, hyson only once.

It appears that it is necessary to tatche these teas, whenever they contract any moisture; so that if the seller is obliged to keep his tea any time, especially in damp weather, he must tatche it to give it a crispness before he can sell it.

It is to be observed that the quantity of leaves tatched, increases with the times of tatching; at first only half or three quarters of a catty of leaves are put into the tatches.

Tunkey singlo tea is the best, which is owing to the soil; it grows near the hyson country. Ordinary singlo tea is neither so often tatched or picked as the above-described.

There are two gatherings of the singlo tea; the first in April and May, the second in June; each gathering is divided into three or more sorts; the leaves of the first are large, fine, fat, and clean: of this sort there may be collected from a pecul, from forty to fifty-five catties, usually forty-five. The second sort is picked next, and what then remains is the third or worst sort.

Tunkey, like other singlo tea, is made into two or three sorts; the best is sometimes sold for hyson of an inferior growth.

Of hyson there are also two gatherings, and each gathering is distinguished into two or more sorts; but as great care is taken in gathering it, sixty catties may be chosen from one pecul, when only forty-five catties can be chosen from singlo.

Hyson skin, as it is called, has its name from being compared to the skin or peel of the hyson tea, a sort of cover to it, consequently not so good; it consists of the largest leaves, unhandsome leaves, bad coloured, and flat leaves, that are amongst the hyson tree. This tea is known in London by the name of bloom tea.

Gomi, or gobee, and ootsien, are also leaves picked from the hyson leaves. Those called gomi are small and very much twisted, so that they appear like bits of wire. The ootsien are more like little balls.

There are many different growths of singlo and hyson teas, and also some difference in the manner of curing them, according to the skill or fancy of the curer; this occasions difference of quality in the teas, as does also a good or bad season: a rainy season, for instance, makes the leaves yellow; a cold season nips the trees and makes the leaves poor.

Bing tea is so called from the man who first made that tea; it grows four days' journey from the hyson country. The leaves of bing are long and thin, those of singlo are short and thick.

The tricks in tea are innumerable. In the bohea country, when tea is dear (and probably they use the same method in all tea countries), they gather the coarse old leaves, pass them through boiling water, then cure them as other leaves are cured; after which they pound them, and mix them with other teas, putting five or six catties of this tea dust to ninety-five catties of tea.

To make Bohea Tea Green.

For this purpose coarse Ankoy tea is generally taken: the leaves should be large. (Ankoy is no other than the tea tree from the bohea country, propagated at Ankoy.) Take ten catties of this tree, spread it, and sweat the leaves by throwing water over them, either hot or cold, or tea water. When the leaves are a little opened, and somewhat dry, put them into a hot tatche, together with a small quantity of powdered chico, a fat stone, and tatche them well, then sift the tea, and it is done. If it happens not to be green enough, tatche it again; it is the frequent tatching that gives the green colour to the tea leaves.

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To make Green Bohea.

First water it to open the leaves, then put them in the sun to dry a little, then tatche them once, and proceed to cure them as bohea leaves, over a charcoal fire. This is seldom done, because it is seldom worth doing, green tea being generally the dearest; moreover, green tea does not make so good bohea as bohea does green.

Hoping tea, already described, and which is of the bohea kind, after being cured as bohea, is sometimes altered to green, and becomes like the leoo-ching, before-mentioned, and is sold at Canton to foreigners for singlo.

It is to be observed, that all these worked up teas, as they may be called, and teas of improper growths, are more commonly mixed with true teas for the European market than sold separate by themselves; so that the proportions in which they are mixed make combinations without end. The differences to be observed in teas arise from the soils; the methods of curing, owing to the skill of the curer, sometimes to his caprice; neglect in the curing; using bad fires; wood, and that green, instead of charcoal; sometimes straw or broom for bad teas; and to the seasons, which should not be too wet or too dry, too cold or too hot. The Chinese also sell at Canton all sorts of old teas for new, after they have prepared them for that purpose, either by tatching or firing, and mixing them with new teas.

Clean singlo tea is called pi-cha, or skin tea. A custom formerly prevailed to put fifteen or eighteen catties of very bad singlo tea into the middle of a chest, which was covered on all sides by good tea: and this was done by the means of four pieces of board nailed to each other, making four sides, or a well for the chest, whereon good tea was spread, and also within two inches of the top, was drawn out. The good tea was called pi-cha, skin tea, or the skin or covering to the bad, which the Chinese called the belly. This method of packing singlo tea has long since been discontinued.

The bohea country is about twenty-five easy days' journey from Canton. The singlo about forty. The hyson much the same.

Bohea usually comes to Canton at the cost of 9 to 11 tales the pecul.

Singlo and second hyson, 14 to 18.

Hyson 30 to 38.

Congo, peko, and souchong, very various.

To these prices must be added the charges of warehouse room, packing, the duties on exportation, and the seller's profit, in a country where money is often two per cent. per month, and seldom less than 20 per cent. per ann.

Bohea, *Voo-yee*, the name of the country.

Congo, or *cong-foo*, great or much care or trouble in the making or gathering the leaves.

Peko, *pe-how*, white first leaf.

Souchong, *se-ow-chong*, small good thing.

Lee-oo-ching, the name of a place.

Hoping, ditto.

Honan, ditto.

Ankoy, ditto.

Song-lo, ditto.

Hyson, *he-tchune*, name of the first crop of this tea.

Bing-min, name of the man who first made this tea.

Estimate of the Quantity of Tea made in China in a Year, taken in 1756.

Singlo	50,000	peculs.
Hyson	4,000	
Lock-ann, small bushels	20,000	not exported, bohea sort.
Mo-i-shan	2,000	not exported.
Bing-ba	2,000	
Phow-ge-ba	2,000	lumps, bohea sort.
Bohea, including congo, peko, and souchong.	120,000 to 130,000	

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Ankoy, bohea, and green sorts.	50,000	
Openg	15,000	
Ing-aan	400	bohea sort.
Cow-low, made either in bohea, or singlo	2,000	
Loot-sien	2,000	true sort.
	279,400	

Loot-sien, true sort, is what really grows in the Loot-sien country. Some tea is planted near Loot-sien, that passes for that tea, and that is the case in all the countries.

Besides the teas before enumerated, many other teas are planted, as in the Honan country, and the quantities they produce cannot be easily ascertained; but, upon the whole, it is reckoned, that in ten parts, not above three are exported.

In one hundred Chinese, it is reckoned, forty only can afford to drink tea; the others drink water only. Many, when they have boiled their rice, put water into the tatche in which the rice was boiled, to which some grains always adhere; the water loosens them, and is browned by the rice: that water they drink instead of tea.

The tea sent into Tartary is mostly green, perhaps in the proportion of seven to two.

Old bohea is reckoned good by the Chinese; in a fever they use it to cause perspiration, and put into it a little black or coarse sugar, with a little ginger.

Old hyson, one or two cups made strong, removes obstructions in the stomach, caused by overeating or indigestion. It is to be used, if a weight is felt, some hours after eating, and it will remove it.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

I CAME to this country at about the age of sixteen, and having always had a strong propensity to literary pursuits, by a course of steady and laborious exertions I was able, at the age of nineteen, to qualify myself for the degree of bachelor of arts, in the college of New York, and to lay a foundation by preparatory study for the future profession of the law. The American revolution supervened. My principles led me to take part in it. At nineteen I entered into the American army, as captain of artillery, and shortly after I became by his invitation aid-de-camp to general Washington; in which station I served till the commencement of that campaign, which ended with the siege of York Town, Virginia, and the capture of lord Cornwallis's army. This campaign I made at the head of a corps of light infantry, with which I was present at the siege of York, and engaged in some interesting operations. At the period of the peace with Great Britain, I found myself a member of congress, by appointment of the legislature of this state. After the peace I settled in the city of New York, in the practice of the law, and was in a very lucrative course of practice, when the derangement of our public affairs by the feebleness of the general confederation, drew me again reluctantly into public life. I became a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of the United States, and having taken part in this measure, I conceived myself to be under an obligation to lend my aid towards putting the machine in motion. Hence I did not hesitate to accept the offer of president Washington, to undertake the office of secretary of the treasury. In that office I met with many intrinsic difficulties, and many artificial ones, proceeding from passions not very worthy, but common to human nature, and which act with peculiar force in republics. The object, however, was effectual, of establishing public credit, and introducing order into the finances.

Public office in this country has few attractions. The pecuniary emolument is so inconsiderable, as to amount to a sacrifice to any man

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who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession. The opportunity of doing good, from the jealousy of power and the spirit of faction, is too small in any station to warrant a long continuance of private sacrifices. The enterprises of party had so far succeeded, as materially to weaken the necessary influence and energy of the executive authority, and so far diminished the power of doing good in that department, as greatly to take away the motives which a virtuous man might have for making such sacrifices. The prospect was even bad, for gratifying in future the love of fame, if that passion was to be the spring of action. The union of these motives, with the reflections of prudence, in relation to a growing family, determined me, as soon as my plan had attained a certain maturity, to withdraw from office. This I did in the year 1795, by resignation, when I resumed the profession of the law, (as counsellor) in New York, under every advantage I could desire. It is a pleasing reflection to me, that since the commencement of my connection with general Washington to the present time, I have possessed a flattering share of his confidence and friendship. In the year 1780, I married the second daughter of general Schuyler, a gentleman of one of the best families of this country, of large fortune, and of no less personal and public consequence. It is impossible to be happier than I am in a wife, and I have eight children, the eldest a son, somewhat passed seventeen, who all promise well as far as their years permit, and promise me much satisfaction. Though I have been too much in public life to be wealthy, my situation is extremely comfortable, and leaves me nothing to wish but a continuance of health. With this blessing, the profits of my profession, and other prospects, authorise an expectation of such addition to my resources as will render the eve of life easy and agreeable, so far as may depend on this consideration.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN NOVEMBER.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

ODES of Anacreon, translated into English verse, with notes. By Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple.—Maxwell, 2 dollars 50 cents.

The Works of Robert Burns; with an account of his life, and criticism on his writings, 3 vols.—Fairbairn, Philadelphia, 3 dollars.

Dubrouo's Anecdotes of the Heroic Conduct of Women, during the French Revolution.—S. Butler, Baltimore, 1 dollar.

The Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal, collected and arranged by Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. professor of Materia Medica, Natural History, and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania. Part 1. Vol. 1.—Conrad & Co. 1 dollar.

An Epitome of Book-keeping, by double entry, designed for the use of youth and senior school-boys. —Portland.

A Defence of the Legislatures of New England, or, the Rights of New England vindicated.—Boston.

British Influence on the Affairs of the United States proved and explained.—Young and Milns, Boston.

Miscellaneous Poems, by Susannah Rowson.—Boston.

Kett's Elements of General Knowledge, 2 vols. 8vo.—Boston.

The Stranger in France, or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris.—Hartford, 1 dollar.

Volume fourth of Robinson's Admiralty Reports.—Humphreys.

IN THE PRESS.

Johnson's Octavo Dictionary.—J. Johnson.

A revised edition of Modern Chivalry, containing the Adventures of a Captain and Teague O'Regan his servant. By H. H. Brackenridge, 2 vols.—Conrad & Co.

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THE

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AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 15 DECEMBER, 1804. VOL. II.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN JAY.

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THE

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No. 15. DECEMBER, 1804. VOL. II.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

SKETCH OF JOHN JAY.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

JOHN JAY is well known to be one of the most illustrious characters in the American revolution. He is descended from one of those French protestants, whom the revocation of Henry the fourth's edict compelled to seek a refuge in foreign countries. These exiles spread themselves throughout all the protestant parts of Europe, and a little colony, somewhat more adventurous than their brethren, sought an asylum among the forests and morasses of the new world in the west. They settled on the shore of Long Island sound, where their language and manners are far from being quite extinct, even at this day.

Mr. Jay was trained to the law, that profession which constitutes, in America, the surest road to political eminence, and whose members generally took the lead in the opposition made to the claims of Great Britain by her colonies. Mr. Jay was equally conspicuous for his zeal and his abilities. His talents, however, were exerted in the diplomatic, rather than in the legislative field. As the revolution was chiefly indebted for its successful establishment to the countenance and aid of foreign powers, the statesmen and patriots of America were as usefully and arduously employed at foreign courts, in the service of their country, as in the domestic legislature. Mr. Jay resided at the court of Spain several years, till the end of the war, as the representative and advocate of the new states, and his conduct in that capacity has secured him the highest praise.

An unfortunate difference which arose between Mr. Jay, while in Spain, and a young man, by name Littlepage, whom, at the entreaties of the youth's friends, he took under his guardianship, occasioned an appeal to the public, on some points of his private conduct, after his return home. The issue of this controversy was highly favourable to Mr. Jay, and showed that he was capable of a right decision in points of social conduct extremely delicate. Littlepage was a young man of brilliant parts, and contrived to involve his patron in difficulties, from which nothing but a great deal of moral rectitude, as well as a most perspicacious judgment, could have extricated him.

After serving his country at home, for a few years, John Jay was selected by Washington as ambassador to

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England. He was charged with the important task of obtaining redress and compensation for the wrongs which our commerce had incurred from the British cruizers, and of securing our rights from future violation by a permanent commercial treaty. Every one knows the violent debates, not only in our legislative bodies, but among the people at large, which retarded the ratification of this treaty. As on all great national questions, these controversies were long and violent, and the merits of the treaty-maker were as loudly extolled by one party, as they were vehemently denied by the other. These altercations have long since given way to other disputes; time has allayed the fever of party rage, and experience has settled the merits of Mr. Jay's conduct on that occasion. Nobody ever questioned the uprightness of the ambassador's intentions, and, whether ultimate effects have justified his friends or his enemies in their prognostics, most certain it is, that the true interests of his country constituted the only object of his labours.

After his return from this embassy, he was chosen governor of his native state, New York, in which post, or in one still higher, he would probably have now been found, if the balance of political parties had not since changed its position. He has for some years lived in peaceful and modest retirement, and is said to be, at present, engaged in a literary undertaking of great weight and importance. If a feeble and obscure voice could have any influence over the employment of his time, it would be exerted to persuade him to throw the light of his own recorded experience on the momentous history of the revolution, in which he was so important and illustrious an actor.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

AMONG the many sayings which mankind have received as true, there is none will bear the test of experience better than this: "Man is an imitative being." We are, indeed, at all times, imitating, or wishing to imitate, the actions, the dress, or the manners of others. Nor is this desire confined to any nation, to any rank, or to any condition; it is equally prevalent among the inhabitants of Siberia as among those of Otaheite; the wealthy, the indigent, the nobleman, the peasant, the wise, and the ignorant all yield, in some degree, to its influence: the whole, or, to use a more qualified expression, the greatest part of our conduct and actions consist but of one continued series of imitations, and there are few indeed who are willing to expose themselves to

> ——— "the world's dread laugh,
> Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

by acting purely from a conviction of the perfect propriety of their actions, considered independently of public opinion. We are influenced by the example of others, even when we are insensible of its power, or know that, by yielding to it, we are prostrating at the feet of fashion our reason, our principles, or our virtue.

To some this may appear strange, and some will not hesitate to declare it false, yet, generally speaking, it is a most sacred truth: a truth which every accurate observer of human conduct will acknowledge, and no considerate man will deny without investigation, and it requires the utmost firmness, and the most steady virtue, to overcome the delusion, or counteract its effects.

Even when we are sensible that the rules we have laid down for our own conduct are just, when we have prepared the way we mean to travel, we are unwilling to begin our journey, in defiance of public opinion, or without companions; or, if we do, should Satire attempt to wound us with her arrows, should Vanity strut contemptuously across our path, or Ridicule point at us with her finger, even while consci-

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ous rectitude supports us, and sober reason confirms our resolutions, still we are apt to swerve from the path which Deliberation has pointed out, and Virtue approved.

These reflections were excited by the following incident:

Standing, some time ago, in —— street, in conversation with several gentlemen, an old decrepid man presented himself to ask charity. To describe his figure is not quite in my power. His countenance possessed no feature which made it remarkable; it might once have been interesting to many, to me it was still so: it might have once been handsome, but sorrow and age had marked it with indelible furrows, and time had scattered his snows with profusion on his wrinkled temples.

He said he had been a soldier; he had fought and been wounded at the unfortunate battle of Brandywine; he had since that time subsisted by labour, but age had unnerved his arm, and the effects of his wounds rendered him no longer capable of enduring fatigues. He was now begging, or endeavouring to beg, a sufficient sum to bear his expences to Washington, where he intended to solicit a pension from government.

At the name of a soldier my heart warms with emotion. When I see before me an aged and distressed veteran, my imagination paints the time when he stood in the ranks of war, defending the liberty of his country, and shielding it from the oppressive arm of an unjust and deluded prince; I contrast his present with his former condition; I fancy I feel his distresses, and my hand involuntarily enters my pocket, to draw forth the scanty pittance I can give for his relief. I know not why it is so. I have never been a soldier. At that time, when every patriot's arm was raised in the defence of our country, the distinctions of liberty and slavery were unknown to me; infancy excluded all cares of this nature from my bosom: yet there is something so interesting in beholding one who has escaped with life from all the perils of a long protracted war, that forcibly arrests our attention, and excites our regard.

VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GLEANER.

HOW TO PRESERVE POTATOES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

PUT water in a pot over the fire; when the water boils, dip in an osier basket, or cabbage net, full of potatoes. After being completely immersed during four seconds, withdraw the basket, or net, and renew the operation with the remainder of the potatoes, taking care to keep the water boiling as before. The potatoes are then to be placed on boards, and exposed to the sun, and a current of air, in order to dry them as quickly as possible. After this, they are to be removed to a garret, or any other apartment, where they are to be kept dry, and turned frequently.

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CONDORCET'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.

Of Condorcet's posthumous work, entitled, "*Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progres de l'Esprit Humain*," three thousand copies were distributed throughout France, at the public expence, under the directorial government.

—

DUTCH TRANSLATION OF OVID.

Holland, which is not supposed to sacrifice frequently to the graces, has, since its revolution, produced a translation of one of the most elegant poets of the Augustan age, into the vernacular tongue. Ovid's Art

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of Love, in Low Dutch, must, of course, be a treat to the critics! The title, which does not promise much melody, is as follows: *Ovid's Kunst zu Lieben, in der versart der Originals uebersezt van Friderich Karl van Strombek.*

—

PHILOSOPHICAL LANGUAGE.

The necessity of a new idiom, for expressing the new ideas that arise in the arts and sciences, is self-evident. Linnæus obtained this for natural history; Lavoisier and Fourcroy attempted the same, with success, in botany; and Vicq d'Azyr followed their foot-steps, so far as respects anatomy. Werner has given a *nomenclature* to mineralogy, which has been adopted throughout Germany, and Berthout and Stuve, the disciples of this great master, have presented the French nation with a systematic vocabulary of that language.

—

PERKINS.

Fuller, in his Holy State, says of a certain Perkins, that "he was an excellent chirurgeon at joynting of a broken soul; and would pronounce the word 'Damn' with such an emphasis, as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after." He was lame of the right hand; and Hugh Holland, in his Icones, saith of him:

Dextera quantumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
Pollebas mirâ *dexteritate* tamen.

Tho' Nature thee of thy *right* hand bereft,
Right well thou *writest* with thy hand that's *left*.

—

STEREOTYPE PRINTING.

The practice of stereotype printing, adopted in Paris by Didot, appears to be one of the most considerable improvements connected with literature that has been made since the invention of moveable types. Those who confound the block-printing with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and the moveable types are thus converted to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expence of a solid page does not exceed that of re-setting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power which they give of taking off as many impressions at any one time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand will never be out of print. Didot was enabled to sell at Paris neat editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and Lady Montague's Letters, as low as fifteen cents per copy.

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THE HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

The horse without hair, which has been so long exhibited in Germany as of a peculiar breed in the island of Cyprus, and of which a very particular account may be found in the Journal de Physique, and other periodical journals of the continent, turns out at last to be a real German horse, of which the following is the history, according to a notice of G. F. Sebald, in the Berlin Magazine. This animal, of the common breed of the country, was formerly furnished with hair, and belonged to a coach-owner, of Ho-

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henloe-Oehtingen, in Franconia, by whom it was sold to a neighbouring peasant, in whose possession it continued, while the change by which it has become so celebrated was going on. Being ill of the botts, his master mixed with his food for a whole year the leaves and young shoots of savine. Soon after the commencement of this regimen, the horse changed his rough coat, and became covered with fine shining hairs. Encouraged by this, the peasant pushed his new medicine with vigour, and in a short time the new hair fell off. A coat not less sleek than the former, however, soon succeeded; but this in a few months fell off like the other, and the animal remained naked. A third effort was made by nature, but in vain; and the horse became irreparably deprived of hair, except on the mane, the fetlock joints, and the tail. The peasant, ashamed of the subject of his experiment, sold him; his new master plucked out the few hairs that were left, and disposing of him to an ingenious Italian, he was led about as a show from town to town, by the name of the wonderful horse from the island of Cyprus. The zoologists eagerly adopted this clumsy fraud, and, but for the ill-timed discovery of the luckless subject of the Franconian's experiment, it might have occupied a distinguished place in the Systema Naturæ.

—

GREATHEAD'S LIFE-BOAT.

Its form is that of a long spheriod, thirty feet in length, by twelve feet over; either end pointed, and thus calculated to row both ways, an oar serving the purpose of the helm; about eighteen inches below the gunwale a strong lining of cork covers the whole of the inside, which gives the boat such a buoyancy as enables it to live in any water. The crew usually consists of twenty men, and the capacity of the boat enables it to receive about ten more. Mr. Henry Greathead was the original constructor, a native of, and a ship-carpenter at, South Shields.

—

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK AND ALEXANDER.

The Russian and Prussian sovereigns had an interview, in 1802, at Memel. As they were one day walking on the quay of Memel, they got into conversation with an English captain of a vessel then in the port: after the conversation had lasted some time, the king told the English captain, that that was the emperor of Russia; the captain, a good deal astonished, changed from the familiar tone into a very respectful one. The emperor then told him, This is the king of Prussia. "O! your servant gentlemen," said the English captain, "don't think to play upon me: so good bye to you, Mr. Emperor and Mr. King!" Saying this, he turned on his heel, and left them in high dudgeon.

For the Literary Magazine.

ST. DOMINGO.

WHEN I first heard of the black chief of St. Domingo bestowing on himself the title of emperor of Hayti, I could not help smiling. I thought, at first, it was the device of some wag, who wanted to ridicule the ambition of Bonaparte, but it turned out to be a specimen of that miserable and childish spirit of imitation, which some think characteristic of the negro race.

The affairs of St. Domingo constitute an extraordinary picture. A sovereign and independent nation of blacks, endowed with the language and many of the arts, especially the military art, of the most refined nation of the earth, presents itself to our view, in an island separated by a wide ocean from their native or original country. A mob of slaves

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have contrived to expel their masters from the finest spot on the globe, and to form themselves into a political body, probably not less than twelve or fifteen times more numerous than any other community of their colour. In Africa, there are doubtless many millions of negroes, but the largest *community* of them probably does not exceed a few thousands; whereas, at the breaking out of the revolution, the negro population of St. Domingo somewhat exceeded 600,000: so that, if the denominations of empire or emperor are justified by comparative importance, Hayti and its chief are more entitled to these splendid titles, by their superiority to all other black nations, than France and its new emperor are, by their pre-eminence above other European nations.

What, says the inquisitive mind, is to be the future destiny of Hayti? Should it be, in future, left to itself, or should it be able to resist the external efforts made to subdue it? The blacks are wholly unacquainted with the arts of government. They are, by education and condition at least, a lawless and ferocious race, who will bow to nothing but a stern and sanguinary despotism. For a time, at least, we can expect nothing but a series of bloody revolutions, in which one military adventurer shall rise upon the ruins of another, till, at length, some breathing interval will occur long enough to furnish the hereditary principle room to operate, and to engage the affections and obedience of the people to some ope fortunate family.

That the blacks of St. Domingo will be left to themselves is, however, by no means probable. They will, no doubt, remain unmolested till the conclusion of the present war in Europe; but *then*, it is easy to forsee, that the whole power of France will be bent to the recovery of this valuable colony. Revenge, pride, interest, every motive that usually governs individuals or nations, will combine to stimulate the efforts of the French towards this quarter. We are, indeed, assured, that an army of fifty thousand men have already been selected, and that marshal Bernadotte, one of the greatest military characters in France, has been already nominated for this expedition, which will proceed to its destined point the moment that the wars in Europe are brought to an end. The consequences are sufficiently obvious. The struggle will be obstinate and destructive, but the growing superiority of numbers, on the side of the invaders, will render the ultimate event sure. The blacks will be reduced to a miserable remnant, who will be lost and confounded with the helpless multitude annually imported from Africa, to supply the previous waste.

The interest of the European colonists is such, that we cannot expect that the French designs upon St. Domingo will meet with any interruption from their neighbours. Such, at least, will be the notions of the British government. A common politician would be inclined to suppose, that the British power in the West Indies would be more endangered by the re-establishment of their great rivals in St. Domingo, than by the independence of the Hayti empire. The wealth and population of all the British isles bear a slender proportion to those of St. Domingo, after a conquest and a peace of a few years, while the latter has over the former the important advantage which attends one compact realm over scattered and disjoined provinces. Against the French, even during peace, a great naval and military establishment must be maintained, which will, by no means, be necessary against the blacks.

Should Hayti continue independent, or should it regain independence at any future period, its history will be a curious chapter in *the book of great contingency*, and such as, I believe, has no parallel in the former history of mankind. A fertile island, in America, inhabited by a race of negroes, derived from a

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stock in the heart of Africa, who have been raised, by the very slavery of their ancestors, to a similitude in manners, religion, arts, and language with the most potent and refined of the christian or European nations, is the grand outline of this history.

What, indeed, will become of the posterity of the negroes now residing in North and South America?.... Their present servile condition cannot possibly continue for ever, but the race must necessarily continue, and they cannot fail to go on multiplying to an indefinite extent. They must gradually become personally free, but, no doubt, will, for ages to come, constitute the lowest class of that society to which they belong. They are so distributed throughout the two continents, that no separate community can possibly be generated by their separate interests. Their situation in the islands is somewhat different; and it is by no means impossible, that they may all, at some remote period, become, what St. Domingo has already become, sovereign nations or communities of negroes, by whom the whites shall be tolerated, at one time, as useful guests, and persecuted, at another, as detested enemies.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPLINES.

THIS word is the technical translation of the French *cheville*. When there is a gap, chink, or rift, in the wainscot, which a carpenter is employed to fill up, he cuts a lath to the length of the aperture, planes it to the right width, and inserts it. Such inserted bits of wood, contrived to fit a given vacancy, are called *splines* or *chevilles;* and those hemistichs, and shorter portions of lines, which are inserted by poets merely to eke out the metre, or to provide the requisite rhyme, are, by analogy, called, among the French critics, *chevilles*. Why may not we call them *splines?* It is one of the most important secrets of versification to shape one's *splines* dexterously, and in a workman-like manner; to make the after-insertions appear like a part of the original conception; to inlay epithets and dovetail hemistichs together, without the appearance of thwarting the grain, or interrupting the veins of the wood.

For the Literary Magazine.

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON.

RICHARDSON and Fielding were cotemporaries, and adopted the same kind of composition: that is to say, fictitious biography. The limits of this sphere are extremely wide and comprehensive; and it is somewhat remarkable, that two writers of the same language, period, and nation, and who both painted from the scene of life before them, should betake themselves to the opposite limits of this sphere; should select objects, characters, and incidents, as remote as possible from each other, in every circumstance but that of living at the same period, and (as to some of them) being natives of the same country.

Richardson was truly an original writer: not only his characters and incidents, but his mode of telling his story, was without any previous example. Fielding and Smollet professed themselves the imitators, one of Cervantes, and the other of Le Sage. They both, however, bore a nearer resemblance, in the plan and structure of their tales, to the latter than the former.

Fielding's characters are such as we daily meet with. They are composed of these ordinary and motley materials, which make up the characters of the great bulk of mankind. The principal characters of Richardson are such as we seldom or never meet with: but it does not follow that the fable of one

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is probable, and that of the other improbable. The *natural* and *probable*, with all the credit belonging to these epithets, belong at least as much to Richardson as to Fielding: but Richardson's characters are rare, merely because moral and intellectual excellence is rare; while Fielding's are common, merely because vicious, and stupid, and mixed characters are common. This difference, however, has produced the difference which has taken place in the popularity of the respective authors. The bulk of readers will always read and relish Fielding, because he describes scenes and characters familiar and intelligible to themselves, and into which they can fully enter. They cannot, on the contrary, sympathise with, and even comprehend high moral and intellectual excellence, and hence reject Richardson as unnatural, insipid, or unmeaning.

Richardson, however, has all that Fielding possesses, as well as all that he wants. All sorts of scenes and characters are to be found in his works, but his principal characters are raised above vulgar sympathy and comprehension, either by their intellectual or moral excellence. Fielding's mode of telling his story humours the superficial and impatient taste of common readers, to whom the voluminous letters and dialogues of Richardson, though so amply and eloquently unfolding all the workings of the human heart and understanding, are tedious and redundant.

Fielding is most in his element when in the kitchen of an inn, or the parlour of an alehouse. He is awkward and uncouth in the drawing-room. Profligate footmen or lying chambermaids appear to be the only companions to his taste, and with whom he finds himself most at ease. A drinking or boxing match is a favourite theme for his descriptive powers. He depicts profligate and vulgar scenes and characters with an air of gaiety and cordiality, and like one who was himself a-kin to the actors. If he ascends to men and women of rank and virtue, he describes them as their valets would describe them. An air of vulgarity and coarseness is spread over them, which reduces them all to the same level, and though his stories, considered as to their general texture, may be termed moral, the spirit of his descriptions renders them much otherwise. They tend to familiarize, and produce a kind of cordial and intimate acquaintance between us and characters which, on the whole, are vulgar and vicious.

The tendency of Richardson's tales, and the spirit of his descriptions, are directly opposite to those of Fielding. They are universally acknowledged to be the most powerful teachers of virtue and generosity that are extant. And yet their efficacy must, of course, be limited to those who read and relish them. His principal characters are distinguished by the elevation of their rank and education, and the unacquainted reader would naturally suppose that the author had passed his life in the company of nobles and princes. All the sentiments and habits, either good or bad, belonging to what are called the higher classes of society, appear to be familiar and congenial to him: but, what makes the wonder is, that he can paint the stupid, low, and uncultivated classes of society, their habits, prejudices, and sentiments, with at least as much variety, truth, and energy, as his rival has displayed.

It is not much to be wondered at, that men of taste and genius so opposite should be averse to each other. Fielding took the trouble of modelling one of his tales, Joseph Andrews, into a kind of satire on Richardson's Pamela. A most unlucky and ridiculous attempt, and the only thing wanting to convince us, that as Fielding was incapable of producing, so he was incapable of understanding, the productions of Richardson. I mean not by this to condemn Joseph Andrews as a fable or tale, but merely as a satire.

It may be thought a trifling point of resemblance between these cele-

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brated writers that each of them produced three principal works. The same may be said of Smollet and of Miss Burney. Their works equalled the number of the graces, but not of the muses.

For the Literary Magazine.

INTRODUCTION OF THE KINE POCK INTO INDIA.

A RECENT and important discovery in Europe has been propagated with speed to another hemisphere, and circulated through the medium of the press by either a Gentoo or Mahomedan printer. From Asia inoculation was derived to Europe, and Europe returns the benefit to Asia with large increase. Thus the progress of science binds the nations of the earth together in the soft chains of mutual advantage —one effort for the relief of human distress.

It is to the liberal views of an enlightened philosopher and statesman, that the world is indebted for this happy event: than which there is nothing of a more merciful nature, in the whole history of medical, or political institutions. That philosopher and statesman is Jonathan Duncan, Esq. governor of Bombay, justly renowned for his successful endeavours to extend the interests of the British nation, by uniting them with those of the Asiatic tribes, whose lot it has been to fall under their dominion.

It was to his zealous interposition that the Indian world is chiefly indebted for the blessings of vaccination. The governor judged the most likely way to secure so desirable an object would be, to engage his majesty's minister at Constantinople to co-operate with him by directing virus to be forwarded, from time to time, to Bombay by the way of Bagdad and Bussorah.

Mr. Duncan's correspondence with lord Elgin, minister at Constantinople, commenced in March, 1801. His lordship replied, July 31st, declaring his readiness to pay early attention to the governor's wishes, and in a particular manner to his desire of receiving the cow-pox matter. The difficulty of conveying the infection had rendered several attempts he had made to bring it to Constantinople that spring abortive. But he had directed that some should be sent to him by every post from Vienna. Lord Elgin wrote again to the governor, September 8, 1801, inclosing a quill of vaccine matter, together with a book on the subject published at Vienna, and announcing that he had fairly established the vaccine inoculation at Constantinople. As a proof of its mildness, he mentions that he had inoculated his child on the 6th of September, though only born 31st of August.

After many unsuccessful attempts the vaccine inoculation was established at Bagdad; from whence it was communicated to Bussorah; and from thence to Bombay. This blessing refused to be communicated from Europe by water-carriage, and chose a progress by land....from Vienna, *via* Constantinople, to Bussorah; from whence it passed, by a short passage of three weeks, to Bombay; and from thence to all parts of India. From Mr. Milne, at Bussorah, the surgeons at Bombay received supplies of virus carefully put up in different ways. Between twenty or thirty subjects were inoculated at this place, with the threads impregnated with the virus, in various modes and by different surgeons; only one instance of success occurred in all those inoculated. Anna Dustholl, the child of a female servant belonging to captain Hardie, was inoculated by Dr. Helenus Scott on the 14th of June, with complete success. Anna was about three years of age, healthy and certainly never had the small-pox. "She was remarkably good-tempered, and to her quietness and patience in suffering the operation, its success is in some measure to be attributed." On the 22d day of June,

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the 8th day of the disease, five children were inoculated with virus from the pustule. These subjects were all affected in the same way; and as the local and constitutional symptoms were similar in all of them, every medical man who examined the pustule, was decidedly of opinion, that the disease they had produced was genuine. The physicians at Bombay had it now in their power to communicate the benefit of this discovery to every part of India, perhaps to China, and the whole eastern world. Nor do they seem, under the influence of the excellent governor, the great patron of vaccination in the east, to have spared any pains by which one of the greatest evils that has afflicted humanity, may be, in a great degree, diminished, or even extinguished. Dr. Scott, in particular, has been unwearied and constant in his exertions for the diffusion of so heavenly a blessing. The zealous efforts of Dr. Anderson, physician general at Fort St. George, are also eminently distinguished. The interest occasioned by the account of the introduction of vaccine inoculation at Bombay, was at Madras great and general. And Dr. Anderson was at the pains of circulating, through the medium of the Madras Gazette, all the reports that were transmitted to him from Bombay on this subject. As inoculation from the cow-pox was introduced from Bombay at Madras, so from Madras this merciful discovery proceeded, in a northerly direction to the presidency of Bengal.

The governor general in council, November, 1802, after liberal applause bestowed on those through whose diligence the introduction of Dr. Jenner's discovery at Bengal was promoted, ordered, that a notification should be prepared and published in the Persian, Hindevy, Bengalese, and Shanscrit languages, giving

1. A succinct history of the discovery, in which the curious, and to the Hindoos very interesting, circumstance, that this wonderful preventive was originally procured from the body of the cow, should be *emphatically* remarked.

2. An explanation of the important and essential advantages which vaccination possesses over the small-pox inoculation, and,

Lastly, An earnest exhortation to the natives of these provinces to lose no time in availing themselves of this inestimable benefit, scarcely inferior to any that was ever communicated by one nation to another.

The propriety of *emphatically* remarking the source from whence the preventive alluded to was derived, will appear manifest at once, when we reflect on the prejudices of the Hindoos, and, we believe, of the Persians too, in favour of the cow.

For a more particular account of the steps by which vaccine inoculation has been established in India, we must refer to the collections published by Dr. Keir. Suffice it to say, that the inhabitants of that country, of all ranks, descriptions, and religions, place the utmost confidence in its efficacy. It may be necessary, however, to add, that the vaccine inoculation is found to possess, throughout India, the same wonderful powers in shielding the human constitution from the small-pox, that it does in Europe.

Dr. Keir having traced, from authentic documents, the introduction of the cow-pox into India, describes the disease, as it has appeared to the medical board at Bombay, in its various stages, the symptoms attending its progress, and the means of distinguishing the true disease from the spurious.

In a letter dated March 23d, 1803, from the governor of Bombay, Mr. Duncan says, "It affords a very comfortable reflection, that we have been at last able, through your assistance, and that of lord Elgin, to propagate the vaccine disease throughout India, as well as experimentally to ascertain, that it is of the very best kind, and perfectly secures those who have had it from the small-pox; by which the lives of millions yet unborn, may, and

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must, indeed, be saved; and if our influence in India has ever entailed evils on the natives, this one act of kindness on our part, ought to be viewed as no inconsiderable or inadequate compensation."

But it is almost certain that the aversion of the Gentoos to the customs of Europe, and their strong antipathy to every thing foreign, would have rejected it, if it had not been recommended by a veneration for that sacred animal from which it sprung! Never was there a more conspicuous proof and example of the mysterious manner in which all human incidents and events are interwoven as causes and effects in the general and reticulated system; how light may spring out of darkness, knowledge from ignorance and superstition, and good be educed from evil. In like manner, the Romish superstition promoted the arts of statuary, sculpture, and painting.

For the Literary Magazine.

PEDIGREE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE basis of the English language is a dialect of the Gothic: hence all words of Saxon origin have a national physiognomy about them; the air of natives. These when forgotten may freely be revived; when wanted, may freely be made use of. The old French words, on the contrary, which, from the Norman conquest, till the establishment of protestantism, were so lavishly and indiscriminately used by all professional men, and almost all authors, are not congenial with our language, nor akin to the primitive stock of terms: when once obsolete, they will seldom bear to be revived. Protestantism banished the Norman English, and restored the ancient vulgar dialect to the rank of a national language, by introducing it both into worship and literature. We have since taken many words directly from the Latin and Greek; but we have banished more French words than we have invited. In attempting to form a sort of English *Gaulois*, which, by its antiquated yet pleasing simplicity, seems to be the proper dress, the natural *costume* of tales of chivalry, attention should be paid to this irresistible tendency of our language. Not all the words in the glossary to Chaucer can be restored: the Saxon terms have the best chance: of the French only the technical may be retained; the names of pieces of dress and armour, now in use no more. The modern Latin terms of the language must studiously be avoided, although familiar; they are like new purple patches on an old garment, which disguise its fashion and reveal its shabbiness.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. YOUNG.

TILL the publication of Richardson's correspondence, we knew little or nothing of Dr. Young but as a poet. There is, indeed, some prose of his extant, but that quaint, studied, and terse style, which seems to be required by the nature of poetry, appears to little advantage in prose. We expect, when language is unshackled by number and rhyme, that it should flow with simplicity and ease. So far from being anxious to express our thoughts in the fewest possible words, or to reduce our expressions to any one numerical standard, the beauty of prosaic composition seems occasionally to require a prodigality of words, and always a total exemption from metrical arrangement.

The principal and most popular work, in prose, of Dr. Young is *The Centaur not Fabulous:* a title, the meaning of which might justly be proposed, to ordinary readers, as an excellent riddle. This performance is indebted for its fame chiefly to the wisdom it is designed to convey. It

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pourtrays the *latter end* of the profligate and infidel, and exhibits, in vivid colours, the horror and despair of a *too late* repentance. The picture, however, is drawn with a stiff and unnatural pencil. It is wholly destitute of pathos and simplicity, and, in these respects, bears a striking resemblance to the Night Thoughts: a work which abounds with energies of thought, fancy, and expression, but possesses not an atom of genuine sensibility.

With these impressions of the intellectual character of Dr. Young, I was not a little surprised, on opening a volume of Mrs. Barbauld's late publication, to find, in his letters to Richardson, a vein of epistolary elegance, spirit, and ease, very little consistent with the genius of his other compositions. Passages may be selected from these letters, which are models of ingenious compliment and didactic wisdom; and none of Richardson's friends appear to have so justly and completely entered into his views, or so thoroughly comprehended the excellence of his tales. In the two following sentences, an objection against the character of Lovelace is obviated with great force, and the second sentence contains an image of uncommon splendour and dignity.

"Be not concerned about Lovelace: 'tis the likeness, not the morality of a character we call for. A sign-post angel can by no means come into competition with the devils of Michel Angelo."

The following arguments, in defence of the plan of Clarissa, are equally just and original:

"Does Lovelace more than a proud, bold, graceless heart, long indulged in vice, would naturally do? No. Is it contrary to the common method of Providence to permit the best to suffer most? No. When the best do *so* suffer, does it not most deeply affect the human heart? Yes. And is it not your business to affect the human heart, as deeply as you can? Yes.

"Your critics censure from ignonce, or envy, or affectation of a delicate concern and high zeal for virtue, or from such a degree of infidelity as suffers not their thoughts to accompany Clarissa any further than her grave. Did they look further, the pain they complain of would be removed. They would find her an object of envy as well as pity, and the *distressed* would be more than outweighed by the *triumphant* Clarissa, and thus would they be reconciled to a story, at which their short-sighted tenderness for virtue pretends to take offence.

"Believe me, christians of taste will applaud your plan; and they who, themselves, would act the part of Lovelace, will find the greatest fault with it."

In another letter, alluding to the sudden death of his next door neighbour, he exclaims:

"What has man to do but to know the vanity, and shun the vexation, of human life? Evils fly so near and so thick about us, that I'm half persuaded we should aim at little more than negative good here, and positive in another scene. Escape here, and enjoyment hereafter."

Let us hear and admire the morality of the following pages:

"Hope is quartered on the middle of life, and fear on the latter end of it; and hope is ever inspiring pleasant dreams, and fear hideous ones; and if any good arises beyond our hope, we have such a diffidence of its stay, that the apprehension of losing it destroys the pleasure of possessing it. It adds to our fears rather than increases our joys..... What shall we do in such a case? Why, since the things of this life, from their mixture, defectiveness, and brief duration, are unable to satisfy, we must aid their *natural* by *moral* pleasure. We must season them with a spice of religion, to make them more palatable. We must consider that 'tis God's will that we should be pleased with them. And thus the *thinness* of the natural pleasure, by our sense of joining *an obedience to Heaven* to it, will become much more substantial

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and satisfactory. We shall find great account in considering content not only as a prudence, but as a *duty* too.

"Religion is all; and, happy for us, it is all-sufficient too in our last extremities: a full proof of which I will steal from yourself. So all-sufficient is religion, that you could not draw, in Clarissa, the strongest object of pity, without giving us in it (thanks to religion) an object of envy too."

The following ideas of lunacy, if not new, are just and striking. Speaking of a young person so unfortunate, he says:

"But we know not what we pity. She is dead to us, and in another state of existence. We are in the world of reason; she is in the kingdom of imagination: nor can we more judge of her happiness or misery, than we can judge of the joy or sorrow of one asleep. Those that sleep are, for a time, in the kingdom of imagination also, and she, as they, suffers or enjoys, according to the texture of the dreams that prevail."

Speaking of his own retirement, where there were wells of chalybeate water, he says, very beautifully:

"This place will be as salutary to Clarissa as to yourself; for amid your multiplicity of business, how you can sufficiently attend to her charms is to me astonishing. We are told, indeed, that Venus rose from the sea; but I don't remember that it was the sea in a storm, which seems to be no unapt resemblance to your London life."

Can there be a more delicate vein of compliment or criticism than is conveyed in the following passages?

"Your Clarissa is, I find, the virgin mother of several pieces, which, like beautiful suckers, rise from her immortal root. I rejoice at it, for the noblest compositions need such aids, as the multitude is swayed more by others' judgment than their own. How long was Paradise Lost an obscure book?..... Authors give works their merit, but readers give them their fame; and it is their fame which gives them that salutary influence with mankind, which every estimable writer proposes to himself. Suppose, in the title-page of the *Night Thoughts*, you should say, *published by the author of Clarissa.*"

To the few who estimate Richardson as he deserves, the following compliments, on the publication of Grandison, will be applauded as true, while all must admire them as eloquent compliments.

"Joy to you, my dear sir, and joy to the world! you have done great things for it. And I shall venture to affirm, that no one shall read you without either great benefit or great guilt.

"Shall I tell you what I think? You would not let me, if you knew what I was about to say. When the pulpit fails, other expedients are necessary. I look on you as an instrument of Providence, adjusted to the peculiar exigencies of the times, in which all would be fine gentlemen, and only know not what the character requires. While they read perhaps from pure vanity, they do not read in vain, and are betrayed into benefit, while they aim at nothing but amusement. I speak not this at a venture: I am so happy as already to have had proofs of what I say.

"And as I look on you as an instrument of Providence, I likewise regard you as a sure heir of a double immortality: with our language one indeed may cease, but the failure of the heavens and the earth will put no period to the other. Happy is the man whose head has secured him one immortality, and whose heart entitles him to the other!"

For the Literary Magazine.

A FRAGMENT.

HUSH, said a child, who was striving to quiet his little sister, hush, somebody is at the door.

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It was the abode of a widow, whose husband had fallen a victim to the then prevailing epidemic..... The tap was gentle; the voice was more so....it was the voice of philanthropy, of heavenly commiseration, and sweeter did it sound in my ear, than the most mellifluous tone of a well-tuned instrument under the fingers of a connoisseur in the enchanting art; and as exquisitely did it operate on the finer feelings of my soul.

Who can that benevolent person be? said I, mentally, while I held a bank-note in my hand of considerable value, which the child had been desired to give his mother, who lay ill in an adjoining room, and was then asleep. Was the deed such as to cast a shade over the character so necessarily dear to man, night should hold it enveloped in its sable folds for ever; but an action so capable of reflecting lustre on the human heart, certainly ought to be unmantled and told before the midday sun. Nor was it idle curiosity which prompted me to follow this secret dispenser of charity, under covert of the evening, until the door of Humanitus opened, when wonder ceased to operate in any other manner than in not having recollected a voice so wont to soothe the poor and heavy hearted, so familiar to all the children of wretchedness, within his sphere of action.

Yet the coffer of Humanitus abounds not with that shining metal, so treasured by some, and idolized by the fashionable, who know not how to dispense with the superfluities of life. Blest with the virtues of his pious ancestors, and possessing an amiable and intelligent companion, Contentment hovers over his dwelling, and ever-smiling Concord is its inestimable inmate: but, if not silenced by Philanthropy, Prudence might often whisper council foreign from the feelings of his beneficent heart. * * *

* * * * *

Such, reader, was Humanitus. But the bosom of Humanitus is no more in unison with the offspring of calamity. The frost of apathy has succeeded that glow of warmth in his heart, darkness has enmantled his form, and already has the moisture of the grave crept over him.

* * * * *

SABINA.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES OF LITERATURE.

WHAT ARE ARIANS, SOCINIANS, NECESSARIANS, AND MATERIALISTS?

THESE are names of which most persons are familiar with the sound, but with the meaning of which few have any accurate acquaintance. Many of our readers, therefore, will be pleased with the following plain and short definitions of them:

The arians are so called from Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria, in the fourth century. Their doctrine is, that there is but one God, who is alone unbegotten, and that he begat his only son Jesus Christ, before eternal ages, by whom he made *the ages* and *the world!*

They considered him as the first-begotten, and the only begotten son of God, before all creation, and formation of worlds, either visible or invisible. This was their capital doctrine. Of the Holy Ghost they believed, that he *proceeded* from the Father and the Son, but was not co-eternal with the Father, nor equal with the Son. These doctrines, sometimes called the eusebian, from Eusebius, stand opposed to that of a trinity in unity, or the athanasian doctrine, which is, that there are three persons in the godhead, all unbegotten, uncreated, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and that these three are but one God. This latter is the doctrine of the church of England.

The socinians are so called from Socinus, a learned Pole, who flour-

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ished in the 16th century: they maintain that God is but one in the strictest sense of the word, *ipsa Unitas*; and that Jesus Christ, though sent into the world for an extraordinary purpose, as a great prophet, was but a mere man; —*merus homo*. Socinus's writings, with those of his brethren, containing a body of scriptural criticism, are published under the form of *Opera Fratrum Polonorum*. They oppose both the arian and trinitarian hypothesis.

The necessarian holds, that "man is a necessary agent, all his actions being determined by the causes that preceded them, so that not one past action could have possibly come to pass, nor one future action can possibly not come to pass, or be otherwise than it shall be."

The materialists suppose, that man is not a complex being, composed of two distinct substances, body and spirit, but of one substance, body, or matter; mind being, according to them, the effect of a peculiar organization of matter. Dr. Hartley is the great modern authority on these two last doctrines.

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SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S RELIGION.

Half the world is governed by authority and example. The socinians are accustomed to quote the example of sir Isaac Newton, in behalf of their own tenets; but it is evident that bare authority is nothing, or, if it has any intrinsic weight, it is relatively nothing, since on almost all opinions authority on both sides may be produced, and the equally loaded scales will be as much in equilibrio as if neither had any thing in it.

The unity of God was the foundation of Newton's theology. This idea he brought with him to the explication of the christian doctrines. He became, therefore, a unitarian, or, in the strictest sense of the word, a socinian.

The pains which he took to prove 1 John, v. 7, THE THREE HEAVENLY WITNESSES as the text is called, a spurious passage, would naturally lead trinitarians to suppose, that he, at least, was not orthodox.

A person of strict probity and respectability, who lived on terms of the greatest intimacy with sir Isaac, assures us, that he *was* a socinian; and expressed his fears, that Dr. Clarke, who had embraced the arian hypothesis, would injure the cause of christianity. The person was Hopton Haynes, assay-master at the mint, at the time that Newton was warden.

Newton was also, in his private judgment, a baptist, though not practically so: this he declared to a man of veracity, his deputy Lucasian professor, William Whiston, as may be seen in Whiston's Memoirs, written by himself.

Newton, therefore, though not an open oppugner of the church, was a silent dissenter; a philosopher, who had a creed of his own, with which he did not perplex the theological world.

—

INTERPRETATIONS OF PROPHECY.

The weakness and arrogance of the human understanding are manifested in nothing more than in the infinitely various and contradictory expositions of the scriptural prophecies, and especially of the book of *Revelations*, which have been given, at different times, by learned men. To ingenious and endless conjectures of grave students, on this subject, we may add the opinion of the whimsical but learned William Whiston, who published *An Essay on the Revelations*, in which he conceived some prophecy fulfilled by the victories of prince Eugene. What could Whiston do less than dedicate his essay to the prince, and present him with a copy? And what could the noble Eugene do less than thank him for the compliment? The prince, however, professed, modestly enough, not to have been aware that he had the honour

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of being known to St. John. The best part of the story is, that he made Whiston a present of fifteen guineas.

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THE SEAT OF EXCELLENCE.

Vitruvius asserts, that it is necessary for an architect to be conversant in all human learning; he even intimates, that he must be familiar with the laws of the country in which he erects an edifice....*or it may be built upon land to which there is not a good title!* This is carrying it too far; yet, for attaining a high rank in what is properly denominated a polite art, something more than mere mechanical skill will be found useful and advantageous. Rubens was highly accomplished in every branch of classical literature, which qualified him so eminently to excel in his allegorical and emblematical compositions, particularly in that grand series in the Luxembourg gallery, which describe the life of Mary de Medicis. By his learning, politeness, and various acquirements, he obtained the confidence and protection of monarchs. By the king of Spain he was employed in a ministerial capacity; and by the king and nobility of England liberally patronized, and treated with the highest respect. On the whole, his works, which are still the most distinguished ornaments of many convents, churches, and palaces throughout Europe, evince a mind fraught with information, while they have given additional importance to the arts; his amiable manners and literary accomplishments have exalted the character of an artist to a higher rank than it had hitherto attained.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is in the recollection of most of us, united to his professional talents, an elegance of diction, which enabled him, in his lectures, to describe those arts he so well understood, in terms that would have done honour to the man who devoted his whole life to literature; and he added to all, a suavity which endeared him to all his friends. The following observations, which he made in one of his lectures, are well worthy of consideration and imitation:

"My success and continual improvement in my art (if I may be allowed the expression), may be ascribed to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy.

"I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature: by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve his art.

"My principal labour was employed on the whole together, and I was never weary of changing and trying different modes and different effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which at first was the effort of my whole mind; and my reward was threefold....the satisfaction resulting from acting on this just principle, improvement in my art, and the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence."

—

THE GERMAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

An intimate acquaintance with the works of German artists, will raise the character of that school to rather a higher scale than it has hitherto obtained. For their taste in the disposition of their figures, or that general air which attracts and fascinates the eye at first glance, they are not entitled to much praise....but in their minute attention to every feature of the face, to

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every hair upon the beard, or appearance of hair upon the chin, to every spot on the nails, or vein on the hand, they were what one of our eloquent auctioneers would call *unique!* In their draperies, they distinguished the various qualities of silk and satin, or linen and woollen, with an exact precision, and the trimming of a fur cloak they painted with a floskiness, that it would seem as if breathing upon it would give it motion.

If this will not entitle them to the praise of genius, no one will refuse them the meed of industry; and though we cannot say too little about the fertility of their imaginations, it is not easy to say too much of the dexterity of their pencils.

In this school of patient persevering industry, *Balthazar Denner* holds the first rank. He was born at Hamburg, 1686, and is well known by his laboured portraits of old men and women, which characterize him as a most minute imitator of nature. But as it was said by his contemporaries that he could not delineate the head of a young female with equal fidelity, he painted this portrait of his own daughter, in the character of a Magdalen, to refute the assertion. It is believed to be the only portrait of a young person that he ever produced, and he preserved it as his *chef-d'œuvre*, in his own possession, until his death, which happened in 1749.

The original does not appear to have had any portion of beauty, and her father had not taste enough to give her any portion of grace; so that this picture has no other attraction than a finishing which is in a degree magical. The tincture and softness of the skin, the veins under the skin, the humidity of the lips, a little chapped by a cold, and the liquid fluid flowing in the eye, are absolute deceptions. The whole is so astonishingly like nature, that, were it not for the accompaniments, it might be passed by without attention as a female figure looking through a frame.

THE OIL OF ARACHIS.

The arachis, of the family of lentils, is now generally cultivated, in some of the departments of France, for the sake of the valuable oil which it produces. An ounce of the oil of this plant, with a wick three-twentieths of an inch in diameter, burned nine hours and a half nearly. An ounce of olive-oil, under similar circumstances, lasted only eight hours. It is a most excellent substitute for olive-oil, for all domestic purposes, and it is preferable to all other kinds for the manufacture of soap. The seed weighs nearly half its weight in oil.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NILE AND ST. DOMINGO CROCODILE.

The maxim laid down by Buffon, "that no species of animal in the torrid zone had been primitively placed in both continents," was lately supposed to have failed, in the case of the crocodile, which, by some officers of the French staff, was said to be of the same species at St. Domingo and in the Nile. To ascertain the fact, M. Geoffroy has compared the crocodile of St. Domingo, sent home by M. Leclerc, with one which he himself brought from Egypt, and he observes, that

"The crocodile of St. Domingo resembles that of the Nile, in regard to all those characters which serve to distinguish the latter from the caiman; it, however, has the jaws narrower and longer; the breadth of them is to the length as three to six. In the crocodile of the Nile, the ratio is that of four to six. The body of the crocodile of St. Domingo is also proportionably longer, and the tail consists of three bands more, twenty in one, and seventeen in the other. The first two of the lower teeth are so long, that they pierce the upper jaw from one side to the other; whereas they are smaller in that of the Nile, and

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form for themselves only two small cavities in which they are received. The fourth tooth of the lower jaw of the former can scarcely be distinguished from the two neighbouring ones, while in the other crocodile these fourth teeth are much larger. The plates which cover the back are much fewer in number, and more unequally distributed in the crocodile of St. Domingo; the ridges of each are only really prominent in the exterior row, all those of the middle are almost entirely effaced: on the other hand, in the crocodile of the Nile, every plate and ridge has the same form, the same prominency, and the same respective arrangement. In a word, all the scales, even those which cover the extremities, are perfectly square in the crocodile of St. Domingo, and round or hexagonal in that of the Nile."

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A SUBSTITUTE FOR BREWER'S YEAST.

Take six pounds of malt, and three gallons of boiling water, mash them together, cover the mixture, let it stand three hours; then draw the liquor off, and put two pounds of brown sugar to each gallon of liquor; stir it well till the sugar is dissolved; then put it in a cask just large enough to contain it, and cover the bung-hole with brown paper; let it stand four days kept to a blood-warm heat. Prepare the same quantity of malt and boiling water as before, but without sugar, mix it all together and let it stand forty-eight hours, when it will be fit for use. This is called by the patentee *the fermentation.*

To make twenty-six gallons of *the substitute.* Put twenty-six ounces of hops to as many gallons of water; boil it full two hours, so as to reduce the liquor to sixteen gallons. Take this, and mash it with the malt, when the liquor is at 190 degrees; it must now stand two hours and a half, and be strained; ten gallons of boiled water, at the same heat, is to be mashed with the malt, strained and cooled. Take the first liquor when blood-warm, and put to it four quarts of the fermentation: mix it well, and let it stand ten hours. Take the remaining ten gallons of the liquor, and put it with the sixteen gallons of liquor, let it stand six hours, and then it is fit for use, in the same manner, and for the same purposes, which brewer's yeast is made use of.

The advantages attending this invention are, that the substitute for yeast will keep sweet and good longer than brewer's yeast, may be made and used in all weathers and climates, and is the means of making bread more white and lighter than brewer's yeast. Two gallons are sufficient for twelve bushels of bread, and it must be kept cooler than brewer's yeast throughout the whole process.

—

AMBERGRIS.

The following are the results of an analysis of ambergis:

1. Ambergris is a compound substance, which burns and entirely evaporates, when placed on red-hot coals.

2. By distilling it alone, we obtain an acidulous fluid, an oil partly soluble in alcohol, and of an empyreumatic smell.

3. By sublimation, or the process of Scheele, benzoic acid is extracted from it.

4. Water does not act upon it.

5. By means of nitric acid, we may separate from it a matter analagous to resin, mixed with adipose-wax, or fatty matter.

6. Concentrated sulphuric, muriatic, and oxigenated muriatic acids reduce it to carbone, without dissolving it.

7. With alkalis it forms a saponaceous compound.

8. The fixed and volatile oils, ether, and alcohol are the proper solvents of ambergris.

9. And with alcohol we obtain a separation of its constituent parts, in the following proportions:

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Adipose-wax, or fatty matter	2,016 grammes.
Resin -	1,167 ———
Benzoic acid	0,425 ———
Coally matter	0,212 ———
	3,820

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CAVERN NEAR NICE.

In the territory of Falcien, a village distant two leagues from Nice, an immense cavern has lately been discovered. The entrance is very narrow; but in the interior of the cavern, of which neither the extent nor depth has been fully explored, there are large halls resembling temples, adorned with columns formed by the crystallization of the water. A single hall would contain 400 persons. Very little light is necessary, as the reflection from the walls produces a magnificent illumination.

—

NEW ZEALAND FLAX, OR ALOE-PITTE.

It appears that the strength of the fibres of the aloe-pitte being 7, that of the common flax will be represented by 11 3-4; of hemp by 16 1-2; of the New Zealand flax by 23 5-4; and of silk by 34. With respect to stretching before they break, the proportions are different: for if the extensibility of the fibres of the aloe-pitte be equal to 2 1-2, that of flax is found to be 1-3; of hemp 1; of the flax of New Zealand 1 1-2; and of silk 5. This flax might be cultivated in the southern provinces of France, Europe, and North America.

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CAST IRON BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

The arch of this elegant structure is the flattest segment ever built on a large scale, being the segment of a circle of 2,522 feet diameter, the chord or span 180, and the versed sine or height 16 feet; it springs from abutments stone built on piles, and is 27 feet 2 inches in breadth; it consists of 6 ribs, placed 5 feet asunder, kept in their position by perforated cross-bars, placed horizontally at the the top and bottom of each arch-piece, quite across the bridge; each of the ribs is composed of 39 arch pieces, 4 feet 7 1-4 inches long at top, and 4 feet 6 3-8 inches at bottom, 4 feet deep, and 4 1-4 inches thick; they are cast hollow, for the purpose of introducing dowels 4 1-2 inches wide, and 2 inches thick; through these dowels, and also the arch pieces, are cast holes, into which wedges are driven, which bring the parts into close contact and very considerably lessen the shoot or thrust of the arch. The spondrils are filled up with circles, which diminish from the abutments to the centre: the whole is covered with plates 1 inch thick, and 2 feet broad, on the ends of which rest the pannels, on which the ballustrade is placed. The whole weight of iron is 270 tons, of which the covering plates weigh 100: the bridge was cast by the Walkers of Rotherham, on an improved plan, for the invention of which his majesty has been graciously pleased to grant his royal letters patent to Mr. T. Wilson, engineer, of Wearmouth-bridge, under whose direction the whole iron-work was thrown across the river Thames, and completed in less than six months.

The first day the bridge was opened for public use, the commissioners had the pleasure of seeing 160 fat oxen, 10 horses, and a great number of people upon the bridge, at the same time, without producing the least effect upon it; although the trotting of a horse makes it vibrate. The king and royal family passed over in the first four coaches, drawn by four horses each.

—

GRAY'S FRAGMENT.

It is too great an indulgence to an author to suppose, as is common-

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ly done, that he *could* have finished all his fragments with the same spirit that he has commenced them, had he not been prevented; for it may easily happen, that he has exhausted the most obvious and brilliant ideas offered by his subject, and, to borrow a sportsman's metaphor, has run himself to a fault. This appears to have been the case with Gray, as the defect occurs at the conclusion, and shows a vacuity in his train of thought. Having advanced the position, that national manners will be influenced by the circumstances of soil and situations, and happily illustrated it by the example of a race of mountaineers, whom necessary hardships render both courageous to defend their own property, and disposed to pillage their richer neighbours; he proceeds to a contrasted scene, and gives, in a fine style of poetical painting, a sketch of Egypt under an inundation.

What wonder, in the sultry climes that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings;

a noble exordium! but what is the sequel?

If, with advent'rous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide!

That is to say, What wonder, if, when a country is all under water, the inhabitants should use boats and floats for their conveyance!.....No wonder, certainly! the wonder would be if they should go from place to place in any other mode. But what has this to do with manners or character, and how is it a counterpart of the preceding instance? If, indeed, such a circumstance had made them a commercial and maritime people, the parallel would have been a good one; but this was little the case with the native Egyptians at any period, as they have always been most distinguished as cultivators of the land. The poet mistook a mere incident of rural economy for a trait of character; and has made from his splendid premises what Shakespeare terms "a most lame and impotent conclusion!"

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SIR KENELM DIGBY.

The celebrated sir Kenelm Digby, having read the writings of Descartes, travelled into Holland for the direct purpose of a personal interview with that ingenious philosopher. Having fallen, by chance, into his company, at Egmond, without knowing each other, they conversed for some time together..... Descartes, who had read some of sir Kenelm's works, exclaimed, on some observation made by the latter, "If I mistake not, sir, you are the celebrated Digby, whose studies have done so much honour to your nation." "And if I mistake not," replied the other, "you are Descartes, whose writings have shed such lustre on your country." They were reciprocally charmed with the conversation of each other. The British knight, in the course of the evening, said he thought the French philosopher would devote his enquiries to better uses, if he could discover the means of prolonging life, instead of wasting the precious moments of it in philosophic speculations, that might be swallowed up in the next fashionable system..... Descartes paused, and assured him, that he had meditated, for some time, on that very subject, and that, if he was as successful in his progress as in his outset, he hoped to arrive at the secret of rendering man *immortal* in his present state; at least he was certain to recal the longevity of the patriarchs. It is not generally known, that Descartes flattered himself that he had discovered this *arcanum*, and that the

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abbe Picot, his disciple and martyr, was so fully assured of it, that he could not believe his *master* had paid the debt of nature, when that event was announced.

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DESCARTES.

Descartes having passed into Sweden, at the invitation of queen Christiana, was attacked with a fever, accompanied by an inflammation of the lungs. Chanut, the French ambassador, who had triumphed over a similar malady, wished that our patient should be treated in a like manner; but Descartes would not accede, and obstinately refused to be bled, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, spare French blood!" He consented at last, however, but it was too late, and he died, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

—

VOITURE.

Voiture was not less famed for his generosity than his wit. Balzac sent to him one day for the loan of 400 crowns, which he readily lent, and at the bottom of the promissory note for that sum he wrote the following lines: "I promise to pay M. Balzac the sum of 800 crowns, for the pleasure that he has afforded me of lending him 400." He returned this note by the servant that came for the money. When Balzac read it, he exclaimed, "This note does him more honour than all the letters for which he is so justly and universally admired."

—

WILLIAM NOY,

Attorney-general to Charles the first, was a very great lawyer, though he rendered himself obnoxious to the popular party, by the assistance he gave to the crown, in the affair of ship money. His body being opened after his decease, his heart was found shrivelled like a leather penny purse, nor were his lungs right, which caused several conjectures by the puritans. But that which was most observable, after his death, was his will, dated 3d June, 1634, at which all the world wondered, because the maker was accounted a great clerk in the law; for, after he had bequeathed to his son Humphrey a hundred marks per annum, to be paid out of his tenements in the hundred of Pyder, in Cornwall, he concludes thus, "& *reliqua omnia*, &c. and the rest of all my lands, goods, &c. I leave to my son Edward Noy, whom I make my executor, to be consumed and scattered about, *nec de eo melius speravi*," &c. But Edward lived not long to enjoy the estate, for, within two years after, he was slain in a duel, in France, by one captain Byron, who escaped scot-free, and had his pardon. In the place of William Noy succeeded sir John Banks; and the next year, sir Robert Heath, being removed from the chief justiceship of the king's bench, for bribery, sir John Finch came into play, whereupon these verses were made:

Noy's flood is gone,
The *Banks* appear;
Heath is shorn down,
And *Finch* sings there.

—

LAY PREACHING.

This irregular practice was once publicly allowed. Sir Thomas More, after he was called to the bar, for a considerable time read a public lecture out of St. Austin, *de Civitate Dei*, in the church of St. Laurence Jewry. Richard Taverner, clerk of the signet, though a layman, obtained, in 1552, a special licence from Edward VI, to preach in any place of his dominions; and the more for this reason, saith Wood, because the scarcity and slackness of preachers was so great, that some of the king's chaplains were appointed to ride circuit about the kingdom, to preach to the people, especially against popery. I have

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been informed, saith the Oxford antiquary, that he preached before the king at court, and in some public places in the kingdom, wearing a velvet bonnet, or round cap, a damask gown, and a chain of gold about his neck; in which habit he was seen and heard preaching several times in St. Mary's church, Oxford, in the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. But what sort of edification his hearers must have received from his exhortations, may be seen in the following specimen of his oratorical talents, in 1569, at which time he was high sheriff of Oxfordshire; in which office he appeared in St. Mary's pulpit with his sword by his side, and a chain of gold about his neck. Thus he began: "Arriving at the mount of St. Mary's in the stony stage* where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biskets baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation."

However ridiculous this preacher's exordium appears, yet some *grave divines* in the following century did not come short of him in the metaphorical style of oratory.

Dr. Arrowsmith, in a sermon before the house of commons, January 25, 1642, has the following flowers of rhetoric: "'Tis a spiritual affection, that hath the Holy Ghost for its father, Faith for its mother, Prayer for its midwife, the Word for its nurse, Sincerity for its keeper, and Trembling for its handmaid."

Dr. Spurstow, in a fast sermon, before the same assembly, elegantly observes, that "*the fresh remembrance of sin, is like a flea in an issue, that keeps it open and makes it run.*"

A PUN OUT OF ORDER.

Dr. Wykes, in the reign of Charles I, was a man of more *wit* than *wisdom*. When the king was in these parts during the civil wars, he was attended by the doctor, who, being mounted on a handsome horse, his majesty said, "Doctor, you have a pretty nag under you, I pray how old is he?" To which he returned this answer...."If it please your majesty, he is now in the second year of his *rein*." The good king did not relish this jest, and gave him such an answer as he deserved, which was this...."Go, you are a fool."

* St. Mary's pulpit was then of fine carved stone, but afterwards removed for one of wood.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. X.

[The following notices are taken, with some variations, from the Monthly Anthology, or Boston Review, a periodical work, of considerable merit, published at Boston.]

1. COLLECTIONS of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1792, have been published at Boston. The design of the Massachusetts Historical Society, instituted in the year 1792, is to collect and preserve materials for a history of America. Under its direction nine volumes have been published, which are monuments of the judgment and laborious curiosity of the members. These volumes contain a copious fund of information, and abound with matter profitable and delightful, calculated to amuse the antiquarian, and to gratify the curious inquirer into the history of our country.

Whoever expects to find in these volumes a well digested relation of facts, or even a series of original papers, ranged with chronological order, will be disappointed. When the society commenced their labours, their materials were few; they produced such as they possessed, and therefore the reader finds, that the first volume commences with a number of interesting original papers re-

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lative to the expedition to Cape Breton, in 1745.

This volume contains accounts of the five principal nations or tribes of Indians, who inhabited New England, and of others living within the limits of New York, and on the borders of the river St. Lawrence.

On the origin and history of the Indians, with the species of government which was exercised over them, by the first settlers, we find, in this volume, much interesting information from Gookin's "Historical Collections of the Indians in New England." Mr. Gookin was active in promoting the welfare of that unfortunate race. He gives a particular account of the propagation of the gospel among them, and of the establishment of the corporation, at London, for that purpose, and of their endeavours to effect the object of their institution.

We find in this volume several original pieces relative to the ancient condition of New England. We cannot omit noticing that of the celebrated Mr. Higgeson, the first settled minister of Salem. It was written in the year 1629, and is entitled, "A short and true description of the commodities and discommodities of New England." He professes to give an account of the country, "in the consideration of the four elements, earth, water, aire, and fire." In apostolick gravity of style, he declares his regard for veracity in his relation.

"Master Higgeson's" relation is a curious piece of antiquity, and well worth preservation.

Several documents relative to the American revolution are interspersed throughout this volume.

"Comptroller Weare's Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of ————." The author of this letter, containing "Observations on the British Colonies on the Continent of America," was well acquainted with their geographical situation and advantages. It is written with the spirit of an Englishman, attached to the exclusive glory of his country, and who would, for that object, even have annihilated the political freedom of the colonies. He describes the rapidity of their growth, and the ample means which they possessed, to vindicate their emancipation from their European mother. He is jealous, lest the people, "accustomed to more than British liberty, should think of setting up for themselves;" and regretting that "some rational principles of subordination as well as of liberty" had not been inserted into their charters, he recommends that those pernicious instruments, "pregnant with mischief," should be vacated. This letter was written about the year 1760, and expresses the sentiments of that large body of politicians, both in Europe and America, who wished that the aspiring spirit of the colonies should be restrained by coercive measures.

"The letter of an Old English Merchant to the Earl of Sandwich, in 1775," is written with great spirit. He vindicates the courage of the Americans, and their conduct at the siege of Louisburg, from aspersions cast upon them by that nobleman in the house of lords. The good conduct of the New Englanders was honourably noticed by sir Peter Warren, commander of the naval forces in that enterprise, and is according to the truth of history.

We notice likewise "the account of the examination of Dr. Benjamin Church, written by himself, whilst he was in prison, at Cambridge, November, 1775." He was charged with holding a treacherous correspondence with the enemy. The evidence of his guilt consisted in a letter, written in cyphers, containing a state of the army, stores, &c. He defends himself with ingenuity, and pretends that, in writing the letter, he assumed the character of a royalist, the more effectually to serve the common cause. He was at that period condemned as a traitor. Dr. Church was a flaming patriot at the commencement of the revolution.

The records of the American re-

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volution ought to be sacredly preserved. That event we justly consider as the noblest monument of our national glory. We hope that it will not in future time reproach the degeneracy of posterity.

The reader of this volume will be pleased with the letter of Dr. Tenney of New Hampshire, and now a member of congress from that state, written "on the Dark Day, May 19, 1780." He imputes that extraordinary natural event "to two strata of clouds, which were condensed by two strong currents of wind, blowing in different directions." His theory is founded on observations, which were made at the time, and is ingeniously defended by philosophical calculation.

The geographer of our country may from this source extract some useful information. In the "Topographical Description of the Dutch Colony of Surinam," by George Henry Apthorp, are some judicious remarks on the slave trade. On this subject, we hope to be excused for observing, in this place, that no necessity can authorise, nor ingenuity justify, or even palliate, the conduct of those, who merchandize "in the souls of men."

"A General Description of the County of Middlesex," by James Winthrop, Esq. What this gentleman has written on this subject, inspires a wish, that he had written more.

The reader will also here find "A short Account of the Settlement of Dorchester, in 1630;" "Particulars relating to Worcester;" "An Account of the Coast of Labrador;" topographical descriptions of Concord, Georgetown, and Brookfield, interspersed with historical and biographical notices; and "A letter from a gentleman on his return from Niagara." The first literary institution in America is introduced in a short piece, entitled, "New England's First Fruits," containing some account of the establishment of Harvard college, the exercises of the students, and of the second public commencement, in the year 1643.

A work of so much utility as the "Historical Collections," and prepared by some of our best citizens, should not be permitted to languish in solitude, confined to a few private libraries, and inaccessible to the community.

We notice, with pleasure, that proposals have lately been issued, by Hall and Hiller, of Boston, for publishing a new edition of this work. Some of the first volumes were originally printed in numbers, and from this circumstance it has probably arisen, that a complete set of the work is hardly extant, except in the library of the society, or in the hands of the members. The five last volumes were published by Hall and Hiller; but, owing to the above unfortunate circumstance, few have purchased, because none wish to own an imperfect set of the work. This edition is to be printed with a type and on paper of quality similar to those volumes; and the publishers intend, as appears by their proposals, to accomodate those subscribers, who, being in possession of part of the work, wish only to complete their sets. The claim of every work of this kind on the public patronage depends on the utility of the design, and the skill of the execution. It must be admitted, that this work does honour to the literature of the country, and has added to the stock of historical and other useful knowledge. We hope that our countrymen will encourage the publication, and evince in this manner, since it is the only mode in which they can demonstrate, their gratitude to the patriotic endeavours of the society.

2. "The truth and excellence of the Christian Religion exhibited. In two parts. Part I, containing sketches of the lives of eminent laymen, who have written in defence of the christian religion. Part II, containing extracts from their writings. By Hannah Adams."

The value of this work may be estimated by its effect on the class of readers for which it seems principally intended. The humble chris-

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tian will find, with delight, that the consolations of the faith which he professes have been felt and acknowledged by all that is great and venerable in literature and science. We would not, however, intimate, that this work will be read with advantage only by the unlettered. Every one will find much remote information collected and condensed, and, where the style depends on the author, expressed in a manner neat, perspicuous, and pleasing.

In the following pages, says the author, the reader is presented with the outlines of the lives of those eminent laymen, who have distinguished themselves by their zealous exertions in defence of the christian religion. The account commences soon after the important æra of the reformation, when there was a general freedom of religious inquiry; and many of the great men, who are the subjects of these biographical sketches, lived at a time when the deists exerted all the force of sophistry, and delusive reasoning, to overturn the sacred edifice of revealed religion. The narrow limits of this work will not admit of giving a particular narration of the various incidents of their lives, or a discriminating characteristic of their peculiar virtues and defects. The principal object is to exhibit one prominent trait by which they were distinguished, namely, their full conviction of the truth of christianity; notwithstanding they might differ widely from each other in their views of particular doctrines.

We find, in general, that this design is well executed. The authorities cited are usually the best, and they are collected with attention and accuracy.

In the second part, we find the prominent evidences of christianity, collected and digested with much judgment. Though we do not think that her plan admits of placing them in their strongest light, yet we believe no rational man can read her selection, and remain an unbeliever. We should have been pleased to observe the author depart from her general design to admit an extract from Paley's Horæ Paulinæ, as the argument from undesigned coincidences infidelity has neither attempted to resist nor elude.

It may be said with justice of this performance, that it is written with a degree of purity, which we rarely see equalled, and an appearance of good intention, which we never see exceeded. The ingenuity and judgment which is displayed in collecting, from sources so various and remote, all that is most valuable for her purpose, should not pass without commendation. Though her work is necessarily an abstract, the author has been remarkably successful in avoiding the dryness and monotony of an abridgment. She will have an additional claim on the liberality of the public, when it is known, that the emolument arising from her labours is devoted to the honourable service of alleviating the infirmities of an aged parent.

We may safely give to the performance we have reviewed the praise of having contributed "to give ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth:" a praise which to to have in any degree deserved, even wisdom and learning may justly be proud.

For the Literary Magazine.

GOODNESS OF THE AMERICAN CLIMATE.

To the Editor, &c.

CONVERSING lately with a gentleman of learning and experience, on the bad repute in which the climate of America is generally held in Europe, he declared himself of an opposite opinion to that of many of our peevish visitors, and said it could easily be proved, that, in moderation and salubrity, the climate of the eastern hemisphere by no means exceeded our own. Some time afterward, he favoured me with the following memoran-

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dums, tending to prove the truth of his assertion. They are given by him under the name of

RECOLLECTIONS.

Summer climates of countries nearly in the same range.

PORTUGAL.

Fahrenheit's thermometer frequently at 96 degrees; has been at 104. Vegetation stops, as in winter; every thing burnt up. This about Lisbon. In the neighbourhood of Oporto, customary to sit up all night, sleep all day.—*Link's Travels.*

SPAIN.

Waited several months for the healthy season in the southern provinces, to pass through with safety. —*Townsend's Travels.*

In Andalusia, no rains betwixt February and November. The heats, from intensity and continuance, produce great debility, with fevers.—*Croker.*

Carried his army, in the war of the succession, into summer quarters. This customary in Spain.—*Parliamentary Debates, Earl of Galway's Defence.*

The army of Edward the black prince perished with summer diseases in the country about Valladolid....supposing great heats.—*Godwin's Life of Chaucer.*

FRANCE.

Volney has frequently said, when here, that the climate of southern France, meaning the summer climate, was not so good as that of Pennsylvania.

Infinitude of common flies, a serious objection to a residence in the south of France. This supposes great heats.—*Young's Tour.*

Mr. Walker, late French consul, has said, that leathern stockings are worn at Marseilles, against flies and mosquitoes.

ITALY.

Register, kept at Nice, indicates 83 degrees as the medium heat from the middle of June till the end of August.—*Smollet's Travels.*

Wheat harvest in the Milanese a week earlier than that in Pennsylvania. If not cut immediately when ripe, scatters out very soon. Both signs of heat. Thermometer above 90 degrees for considerable time.—*Songa's Letter to Young, in the Annals.*

In the kingdom of Naples, the country people build on the highest spots, going to a distance to work those grounds on the level, to avoid the *mal'aria*, unwholesome air, no doubt produced by heat.—*Swinburne.*

ASIA MINOR.

Set out, in May, on the sea coast, when the thermometer had been stationary at 82 degrees, to proceed to Sardis, when suddenly rising to 92, and standing there a considerable time, the journey was broke up, and he returned by very short stages towards Smyrna.—*Chandler.*

At Smyrna heat frequently at 104 degrees. The north wind like a furnace; while blowing, houses shut up.

Early in May, no verdure on the route to Constantinople. Pasturage all gone.

Heats dangerous to those not early accustomed to them.—*Hunter.*

NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE.

August heats, but one day under 80 degrees; the rest is so much above as to leave a medium of 83 at least. —*Witman.*

PERSIA.

Thermometer at 111 degrees. Waited till fallen to 99, to set out on return towards Europe.—*Olivier.*

NORTHERN CHINA.

At Pekin, heats greater than at

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Philadelphia. Both in the same parralel.—*Van Brahm.*

PHILADELPHIA.

But a few days together above 90 degrees, not often; then suddenly brought down by rains. Medium at three o'clock, not more than 79, by twenty years' observations, from the best London instruments.

These sudden checks are mistakenly thought hurtful to health, but they are the best preservatives against debility, which is occasioned more by the continuance than the intensity of heat.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

AN ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

AS wont, my Ellen, I employ the hour,
The noiseless hour, when sleeps the world around,
In tracing o'er the past. Sad mem'ry's pow'r
On ev'ry thought seems to inflict a wound.
Still I recal thy image to my mind:
Recal it! said I; does it e'er depart?
Ah no! time holds it closer still entwin'd
Around each tendril of my faithful heart,
Nor can that heart to thee admit a change.
I see thee still where'er my visions range,
That was thy seat, and there thy head reclin'd,
When sorrow's hand press'd heavy on thy mind.
And while I listen to the ev'ning breeze,
That fans the foliage of the poplar trees,
Enwrapt by fancy I believe thee near,
In cadence sweet thy voice salutes my ear;
I hear thee still, in every fervent strain,
Exclaim, None virtue ever lov'd in vain.
On friendship next the panegyric string
With heavenly sweetness soars on downy wing;
The tones awake soft sympathies divine,
That magic tie, which bound thy heart to mine.
But o'er the scene a mantle dark is thrown,
When round I look, and find myself alone,
For separation holds thee far away,
While I by fate am here compell'd to stay:
Nor whispers hope that I shall ever see
The friend whom worth has so endear'd to me.
A stranger, Ellen, passed my cottage by;
I thought it thee, and gaz'd with eager eye;
So great the semblance, air and form the same,
My lips had almost fram'd my Ellen's name.
The eye convinc'd me, and the eye alone,
It was not thine, for there no kindness shone.
My heart, elate with joy, to Heaven it hied,
But soon its glowing raptures sunk and died.
Such deep regrets will never reach me here,
With my sole hope that I to thee am dear;
Within thy heart there's plenteous room, I know,
For all that's thine, for me and all my woe.
Yet if 'tis all delusion, hide me, pray,
From the most gloomy, sorrow-darken'd day,
Which would enwrap me, could I once suspect
Aught in thy heart like coldness or neglect.
My own, alas! is credulous and weak,
Too apt to trust, or foreign anguish seek;
But to confide is friendship's fav'rite part,
Nor is indifference lurking in thy heart.
That nature form'd it in a mould with mine,

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Was once a sentence (mem'ry says) of thine;
But sure a step-dame she has proved to me,
And lavish'd all a parent's love on thee:
Assign'd thee strength and energy of mind,
To me naught but a feeling heart assign'd;
Nor need I say that's often cause of ill,
When thou hast prov'd it, and I prove it still;
For, since my infant feet first learn'd to go,
I've too familiar, Ellen, been with woe.
Disease that rankled in a parent's breast,
Me, yet a witless child, deprived of rest;
The icy horrors brought by each new day,
Ushering the glows which wore his frame away,
I watch'd with aching heart and anxious eye,
'Till doom'd to see him faint, to faint and die.
To paint the pang then lab'ring at my heart
Surpasses far my poor enfeebled art:
Nor wonder that I yet dwell on the scene,
When many a long, long year doth intervene,
For the impression made by his last groan
Will be eras'd by death's cold hand alone.
And ere twelve transient moons had shed their light
My heart again envelop'd was in night:
The gentle ....., amiable and good,
Himself a pastor, had my sponsor stood,
And wound himself, with soft affection's art,
Around each fibre of my little heart,
And now was called to prove European skies,
Was torn away amid my tears and sighs.
Nor passive stood I; for my arms fast clung
Around his knees, and on his garments hung.
But soon, ah me! th' unequal strife was o'er,
I sicken'd, fell, and fainted on the floor.
'Twas thus a child I, Ellen, learn'd to know
The ruthless pang that still attends on woe;
And say, my friend, for I appeal to thee,
Is feeling aught but mental agony?
Of finer feelings let them boast who may,
Give me a heart of apathy or steel;
Give me a heart which will not wear away;
Give me a heart that has not learn'd to feel:
But thou and thine no more would then be dear,
So will I prize the sorrow-brooding tear.
If not by friendship, O say, by what name
Am I to call this ever steady flame,
That binds the circle treasur'd in thy heart
Around my own, as though they were a part?
When vernal suns are genial, soft, and kind,
I feel the zephyrs which around you play;
Or blows December's loud impetuous wind,
I see you warm, nor chide the wint'ry day.
How many flutter thro' the world's wide scene,
And find their pathway one Elysian green!
Whom fortune flatters, and the gay caress,
Yet know they not the treasure I possess.
Then why should I 'gainst destiny repine,
While one true friend, one faithful friend is mine?
Tho' with the presence of that friend no more
I should be blest, as I have been before,
Yet they who've prov'd, and they alone, can tell
The death-like feeling of a last farewel.
How little oft do promises avail!
I meant in verse thy verse thy thirtieth May to hail,
And as the riper June would soon appear,
To wish its bounties thine, with heart sincere:
Yet no poor verse had my poor genius penn'd,
Or worthy of the flow'ry May or friend.
Then summer was to have produc'd the lay,
But summer somehow too has pass'd away.

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But long, my Ellen, tho' thy June has come,
May spring smile round thee in perpetual bloom!
And may the Power that's resident above
Shield thee and thine with true paternal love!

ELIZA.

For the Literary Magazine.

TO CLARA.

WITH thrilling voice and speaking eye,
" I'll be your friend," did Clara cry.
Heard I? or did some wistful muse
The inlets of my soul abuse?
No witching dream did Fancy send,
'Twas Clara said, " I'll be your friend."

Is thine the generous breast that knows
What rights the name of friend bestows?
What I must ask, and she demand,
That holds me by that sacred band?

Ah! more than thy o'er-cautious heart
Will e'er to wretch like me impart,
Though naught her tenderest lessons teach
Can go beyond thy dues, or reach:
Though all I hold by gift divine,
Whene'er thou will'st to take, is thine.

January 3, 1801.

SELECTED.

TO ROMEO.

YES, 'tis forever done! Those sullen gates
Are closed, which ope no more. Earth on her breast
Receives the blooming sacrifice: and Heaven
Hails the bright seraph to immortal joys.
The curtain falls on this terrestrial scene....
Yet trust me, Romeo, Time's destructive hand,
Which rocks the tow'ring column to its base,
O'erturns the lofty monumental pile,
Ne'er from our bleeding bosoms shall erase
The sweet remembrance of his generous worth,
Long as the vital current knows its course.

Forgive us, Heavenly spirit! Oh! forgive
These selfish tears, these deep impassioned sighs,
That mourn thy glorious change. Oh! censure not
Those narrow views, that fain would still delay
Thy beatific splendour.....drag thee down
To earthly woes, and strip thy angel brows
Of their immortal amaranthine wreath:
Not impious such our prayers: we mourn our loss,
Not thine eternal gain, thy bright reward.
Thou'st reached the goal before us; we lament
Our weary ling'ring in this vale of tears.
Our solitary steps, Oh! deign to cheer
With thy ethereal presence; whisper still
In our abstracted intellectual ear
The kind behests of Heaven: support our souls,
With more than human strength, in Virtue's cause,
And soothe our efforts with celestial peace.

Me strongest ties detain. May I be spared
For his dear sake, whom each endearing name
United binds still closer to my heart,
The lover, friend, and husband: smiling babes,
Whose cherub graces claim my fondest love,
And ask the culture of maternal care;
Content for these to keep the stormy seas,
And trust my bark to that unerring guide,
My faithful compass and my polar star,
To gain the peaceful haven. Ah! meanwhile
May some faint dawn of heavenly goodness; some
Celestial bud of Paradise, adorn
My humble head and make my passport there....

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Thy flight, too, Romeo, I would fain delay,
Not to allure thy soul to low pursuits,
The painted bubbles of the fleeting hour:
Bear witness, Heaven! that not for this my prayers
Would chain thy presence to this lower scene,
But to exalt thy merits....to prepare
A heavenly palm to grace thy victor brows,
And join thy efforts to the noble few
Who *breast* the downward torrent. Thinly strewn
The sacred plants of Virtue, much they droop
And wither in this cold unfriendly clime.
Oh! may thy fostering hand, thy kindly smile,
Protect their shrinking blossoms: nobly rear
To largest growth, beneath inclement skies,
Till the imperial mandate hence transplant
And bid them bloom anew in Eden's groves.
But should thy purpose waver; should gay Hope,
On azure pinions wafted to the skies,
Forsake thee, think on Henry's final hour;
Trace in thy soul his calm triumphant exit;
Let his example guide thy erring steps,
And loudly preach, *Be virtuous and be happy!*

STELLA.

SELECTIONS.

CROSSING-THE-LINE PENALTY.

MOST readers have heard of some strange, uncouth ceremonies, that have been immemorially practised upon persons who cross *the line*, at sea, for the first time, by their veteran companions. The following law case will explain the particulars of such a ceremony:

An action was tried, in 1802, at Bombay, brought by lieutenant Castleton Maw, against Messrs. Learmouth and Raymond, officers of the ship Soleby Castle, for an assault. It appeared that in crossing the line, in the passage to Bombay, the usual ceremony performed by Neptune and his attendant deities took place, which consists of shaving and ducking all those who have not before crossed the line. This lieutenant Maw firmly resisted, and made many offers to give an equivalent, either in money or spirits, to be excused from suffering such an indignity. After making repeated offers to the men, on condition of their not molesting him, and finding them contemptuously rejected, he shut himself up in his cabin, the door of which he barricadoed with trunks and boxes, the best way he was able, using the further precaution of lowering the port, to prevent intrusion from without.

After remaining some time in this state of imprisonment, without light or air, and that under the line, and during the hottest part of the day, the party, whose characters had all been cast before hand, came to his door, and, with oaths and imprecations, insisted on immediate admission. This he resolutely refused to grant, but with the same breath again entreated them to take his money, and leave him unmolested; a proposal on his part which was strongly seconded by Mr. Patterson, the fourth mate of the ship, with the additional assurance, that he, their officer, would be answerable for the plaintiff's supplying all of them with spirits, on the ship's arrival at Bombay.

Neither to be won by intreaties, however, nor intimidated by threats, the gang immediately began attempting to force open the door, but not succeeding in this so easily as they expected, they all, with one

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accord, went on deck, as if on purpose for further orders, and fresh instructions. Mr. Raymond accordingly, the third mate, desired some of them to go below, and to take the door off the hinges, and suggested, that others might make their way in at the port.

While one party went with the carpenter for the first of these purposes, a sailor of the name of Edwards was let down the side of the ship, brandishing a naked cutlass in one hand, while he held a bludgeon in the other. By the assistance of the latter weapon, the plaintiff's port, which he was not sailor enough to know how to fasten properly, was lifted up, and Edwards stretching the arm which held the cutlass into the cabin, made thrusts therewith in every direction, which Mr. Maw for some time parried with his sword; and though he could, at this period, with great ease, have either stabbed or shot his assailant, he abstained from doing him any injury. Indeed the pistols with which he had armed himself, and which he now fired off, in hopes of protecting himself from further outrage, were loaded with powder only. No sooner, however, were they both discharged, than Edwards made a leap into the cabin, his associates at the same instant rushing in at the door.

The whole armed gang now pressed round the plaintiff, and after wresting the sword from the only hand he had to hold one, tore and dragged him upon deck. There he clung for some time to the post of the cuddy door, and seeing no hopes of protection, but the contrary, from the first and third mate, who were upon deck, called out in the loudest and most anxious manner for the captain of the ship, who, from the unfortunate circumstance of the door of his apartment being shut at the moment, joined to the great noise which prevailed without, heard nothing, as he afterwards declared, of this appeal to his protection, which otherwise, there could be no doubt, from his disapprobation of the proceedings when informed of them, would not have been made in vain.

Such was now the agitation of the plaintiff's mind, that he actually made an attempt to escape from further outrage, by throwing himself overboard, and would have effected his fatal purpose, if it had not been for the active humanity of his friend, Mr. Patterson. But neither the pain he had already undergone, nor his evidently preferring death itself to further indignity, had the effect of procuring him any respite or release. He was torn from his hold, dragged along the quarter-deck to the waist, and forcibly fixed in a boat, half full of filthy water, which had been placed there for the business of the day. His eyes being bandaged with a dirty napkin, a nauseous composition of tar and pitch was rubbed over his face, and taken off again by the means of a rusty hoop, serving the purpose of a razor. He was then pushed back with violence into the boat, and there held struggling for some seconds, with his head beneath the water.

In consequence of this treatment, the plaintiff kept his bed the whole remaining part of the day, and next morning, finding his sores and bruises still extremely painful, had recourse to the surgeon of the ship for assistance, who informed the court in what state he found him.

The counsel on the part of the defendants considered the whole as a joke, and spoke in mitigation of damages.

The jury thought these *jokes* rather too severe, and the court awarded 400 rupees damages.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE VINE IN FRANCE.

By Arthur Young.

IT is a question which I have heard often started in conversation, whether it be nationally more advantageous that wine should be, as

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in France, the common beverage, or beer, as in England? How it should ever become a question I cannot understand. We are, of necessity, obliged to have recourse to our best lands to supply our drink; the French, under a good government, would have all their's from their worst soils. The sands of Sologne, which are passed in the way from Blois to Chambord, &c. are as bad as ours in Suffolk and Norfolk, which feed only rabbits. The French sands, by means of vines, yield 8l. or 9l. sterling an acre, and those of Suffolk not so many shillings. Through nine-tenths of England, the land that yields wheat in every rotation, yields also barley. If our hills, rocks, sands, and chalky declivities gave us our liquor, could we not apply these richer soils to something better than beer? Could we not, by means of rotations, that made potatoes, tares, beans, and artificial grasses the preparatives for wheat alternately, contrive to raise infinitely more bread, beef, and mutton, if barley did not of necessity come in for an attention equal to what we give to wheat? Wheat, rye, barley, and oats exhaust, every other crop we raise, either actually or consequentially, ameliorates..... Would it be no advantage to strike out one of these exhausters, and substitute an improver? Would it be no advantage to feed all the horses of Britain on beans instead of oats? Your populousness may be proportioned to your quantity of bread, mutton, and beef. With one-fourth of your land under barley, can you have as much bread, mutton, and beef, as if you were not under the necessity of having any barley at all? How few agricultural combinations must there be in a mind that can entertain doubts on such questions?

There is a common idea that wine is not a wholesome beverage. I take this to be a vulgar error: bad wine, or wine kept till sharp and acid, may be unwholesome; but so is bad beer, or beer kept till acid: but this has nothing to do with the question. If the lower people be forced, through poverty, to drink bad liquor, the complaint ought not to be that wine is unwholesome, but that a bad government is unwholesome: the beer drinkers, under such a government, will not have much to boast. There may be more strength and vigour of body among the common people of England than among the same class in France: if this be true, it proves nothing against wine. Are the French poor as well fed as ours? Do they eat an equal quantity of animal flesh? Were they as free? These common prejudices, for or against certain liquors, are usually built on very insufficient observation.

But the enemies of vineyards recur to the charge; the vine provinces are the poorest of the kingdom; and you always see misery among the poor proportioned to the quantity of vines. This is the main hinge on which the argument turns; it is an observation that has been made to me a thousand times in France, and conversation never touches on the subject but you are sure to hear it repeated. There is some truth in it as a fact....there is none as an argument.

There is usually a considerable population in vine provinces; and doubtless it is not surprising, that where there is a great population there should be many poor, under a bad government. But there is another reason much more satisfactory, which arises not at all from the nature of the culture, but from the abuse of it.

It is the smallness of the property into which vineyards are usually divided: a circumstance carried to such excess, that the misery flowing from it can hardly be imagined by those who are whirled through France in a post-chaise. The nature of the culture depending almost entirely on manual labour, and demanding no other capital than the possession of the land and a pair of arms; no carts, no ploughs, no cattle, necessarily leads the poor people to this species of property; and

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the universal practice of dividing it between the children, multiplies these little farms to such a degree, that a family depends on a spot of land for support that cannot possibly yield it; this weakens the application to other industry, rivets the children to a spot from which they ought to emigrate, and gives them a flattering interest in a piece of land, that tempts them to remain when better interests call them elsewhere. The consequence is, their labouring as much as they can for their richer neighbours; their own little vineyards are then neglected; and that culture, which, to a more able proprietor, is decisively advantageous, becomes ruinous to insufficient funds. But a misfortune, greater even than this, is the uncertainty of the crop; to a man of proper capital, and who consequently regards only the average of seven years, this is of no account; but to the poor proprietor, who lives from hand to mouth, it is fatal; he cannot see half a year's labour lost by hail, frost, cold, or other inclemencies of the season, without seeing, at the same time, his children in want of bread; before the ample produce comes, which certainly will come on the average account, he finds himself in the hospital.

ANTIDOTES TO POISON.

IT is well known, that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed by the people themselves to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily for humanity and science, relieved by the most important communication from Don Pedro d'Orbies y Vangas, through the medium of count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

Don Pedro is a native of Santa-Fé, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave who possessed the power of charming the most venomous of the American serpents. After the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced, by a reward, to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant, called *vejuco du guaco*, and having bruised them, in the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls of the juice to drink; then making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast, after which he informed him that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands several times one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal.

Encouraged by this first attempt, two domestics, being in like manner prepared by the guaco-juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent, equally venomous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterwards bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no farther injury than a slight local inflammation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands with absolute impunity, employing no further preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco-juice.

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The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not as yet been admitted into any botanical system, but is amply described in a memoir by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fé. It is of the compound-flowered or syngenesious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistill, with a deeply divided summit. The corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each calix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and feathered: the root is fibrous, perennial; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but, when old, becomes pentagonal: leaves are heart-shaped, opposite, of a dark green mixed with violet, velvetty on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets, and in shady places, in the vice-royalty of Santa Fé.

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE late lord Lyttleton was born at seven months, and the midwife, supposing the infant dead, threw him into the cradle, and it was not till some time after that he engaged the attention of one of the attendants, by showing signs of life. Thus was the world likely to have been deprived of a character that reflected honour on humanity.

His lordship was always of a tender constitution, and it was with the greatest regularity and sobriety that his life was preserved to the age of sixty-four. During his last illness, he was several days insensible: however, a few hours before his death, he recovered the entire use of all his faculties. His fortitude, resignation, and piety were those of a good man and a christian. Of his daughter-in-law he took a most affectionate leave, recommending to her, in the strongest terms, that she never would forget her duty to God, for at that moment he would not exchange the pleasing consolation of a good conscience for the possession of the universe. All his domestics, even the lowest, were called up to him, and received his blessing; at the same time was added his thanks for their services.

As a christian, a gentleman, and a man of learning, he was an honour to his country, and has left an example for the nobility of this and future ages.

OPTICAL QUERIES.

1. WHAT is the cause of the lateral radiations which seem to adhere to a candle viewed with winking eyes? I answer, the most conspicuous radiations are those which, diverging from below, form each with a vertical line, an angle of about seven degrees; this angle is equal to that which the edges of the eyelids when closed make with a horizontal line; and the radiations are evidently caused by the reflection of light from those flattened edges. The lateral radiations are produced by the light reflected from the edges of the lateral parts of the pupillary margin of the uvea, while its superior and inferior portions are covered by the eyelids. The whole uvea being hidden before the total close of the eyelids, these horizontal radiations vanish before the perpendicular ones.

2. Some having inquired, Whence arises that luminous cross, which seems to proceed from the image of a candle in a looking-glass? This is produced by the direction of the friction by which the glass is polished; the scratches placed in a horizontal direction, exhibiting the perpendicular part of the cross, and the vertical scratches the horizontal part, in a manner that may be easily conceived.

3. Why do sparks appear to be emitted when the eye is rubbed or compressed in the dark? When a broadish pressure, as that of the

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finger, is made on the opaque part of the eye in the dark, an orbicular spectrum appears on the part opposite to that which is pressed; the light of the disc is faint, that of the circumference much stronger; but when a narrow surface is applied, as that of a pin's head, or of the nail, the image is narrow and bright. This is evidently occasioned by the irritation of the retina at the part touched, referred by the mind to the place from whence light coming through the pupil would fall on this spot; the irritation is greatest where the flexure is greatest, viz. at the circumference, and sometimes at the centre, of the depressed part. But in the presence of light, whether the eye be open or closed, the circumference only will be luminous, and the disc dark; and if the eye be viewing any object at the part where the image appears, that object will be totally invisible. Hence it follows, that the tension and compression of the retina destroys all the irritation, except that which is produced by its flexure: and this is so slight on the disc, that the apparent light there is fainter than that of the rays arriving at all other parts through the eyelids. This experiment demostrates a truth, which may be inferred from many other arguments, and is indeed almost an axiom, viz. that the supposed rectification of the inverted image on the retina does not depend on the direction of the incident rays. Newton, in his sixteenth query, has described this phantom as of pavonian colours, but I can distinguish no other than white; and it seems most natural that this, being the compound or average of all existing sensations of light, should be produced when nothing determines to any particular colour. This average seems to resemble the middle form, which sir Joshua Reynolds has elegantly insisted on in his discourses: so that perhaps some principles of beautiful contrast of colours may be drawn from hence, it being probable that those colours which together approach near to white light will have the most pleasing effect in apposition. It must be observed, that the sensation of light from pressure of the eye subsides almost instantly after the motion of pressure has ceased, so that the cause of the irritation of the retina is a change, and not a difference of form; and therefore the sensation of light appears to depend immediately on a minute motion of some part of the optic nerve.

If the anterior part of the eye be repeatedly pressed, so as to occasion some degree of pain, and a continued pressure be then made on the sclerotica, while an interrupted pressure is made on the cornea; we shall frequently be able to observe an appearance of luminous lines, branched, and somewhat connected with each other, drawing from every part of the field of view, towards a centre a little exterior and superior to the axis of the eye. This centre corresponds to the insertion of the optic nerve, and the appearance of lines is probably occasioned by that motion of the retina which is produced by the sudden return of the circulating fluid, into the veins accompanying the ramifications of the arteria centralis, after having been detained by the pressure which is now intermitted. As such an obstruction and such a re-admission must require particular circumstances, in order to be effected in a sensible degree, it may naturally be supposed that this experiment will not always easily succeed.

CREBILLON.

THIS celebrated tragedy writer was brought up amongst the jesuits, who, with all their numerous imperfections, were ever, by D'Alembert's own confession, excellent instructors of youth, as they attended no less to the forming of their moral than their intellectual character. They kept a secret register, no less of the disposition than of the understandings of their pupils. Crebillon

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was thus described by it: "Puer valdé ingeniosus, sed grandis nebulo."...."A very ingenious, but a very wicked boy."

Our foolish pedagogues are contented in general if they can flog a little Latin and Greek into the heads of their pupils, without at all attending to form their hearts. At a great school, however, the boys do that for one another, which the master perhaps never thinks of: and, indeed, when one considers what little effect mere lessons of cold and dry morality can have upon young minds, there is the less reason to regret this omission. Were it not, indeed, for practical instructors of conduct and morality, which boys afford to each other, a young man would return from a school as ignorant of what he is to practice in life, as if he had been immured in a convent.

The late excellent provost of Eton, Dr. Barnard, when he was master of Eton school, was, perhaps, in most respects, one of the best instructors of youth Britain ever had to boast. He had great sagacity in finding out the characters of his scholars, and great power of ridicule in exposing their foibles, and in making them ashamed of their vices. Children, says La Fontaine, not having their understanding warped by the prejudices of education or of society, have a sagacity much more penetrating and much more formidable than is generally supposed in finding out what is ridiculous or vicious, no less in their master than in their comrades. They know, adds he, how to discriminate and appreciate each other, with an exquisiteness of taste that has occasionally indisposed their masters against them, for being more acute and discerning than themselves. From these circumstances, a young man, brought up at a public school, is not only likely to be more wise, but to be more virtuous, than another who has received a private education. The mind of the one has been more opened by the collisions with those of his colleagues, than the other can possibly have been by the solitary didactic precepts of his pedagogue. The one has found out, by experience, what is honoured or detestable, what is virtuous or vicious; the other has merely been told it, and when he comes into the world is like a physician who had studied the theory of diseases in books, but has never seen a sick room.

A most excellent and indefatigable president of a very extensive seminary of education in England says, that even when he has found a young man, brought up in a private manner, to have had more learning than another, brought up in a more public manner, he has always found him less able to know what to do with it than the other, who has been educated in one of the conservatories, if we may so call them, with which the environs of London abound: these conservatories, in which they are coddled like plants in a hot-house, which collapse and fade when they are exposed to the open air.

In one of Crebillon's tragedies, he makes a father drink his son's blood upon the stage. The tragedy is that of Alrée and Thyeste. To this play the people of Paris used to flock in crowds. The French seem, after this, to have no right to accuse the English of barbarity and ferocity, in permitting Macbeth upon their stage; and, indeed, after the late real massacres and ferocities of the citizens of that metropolis, they may fairly vie in cruelty with any barbarous nation that has yet appeared upon the face of the earth.

Crebillon, at a very advanced age, and in great pecuniary distress, wrote his tragedy of Cataline..... Whilst he was composing it, he was taken ill, and was very near dying: the physician, who but too well knew the miserable situation of his patient, insisted upon having the manuscript tragedy in hand for his fees. Crebillon, with some humour,

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whilst this request was making, cried out from his bed, in one of the lines of his own tragedy of Rhadomistus,

"Ah, doit on heriter de ceux qu'on assassine!"
"Shall he that murders me become my heir?
Forbid it Heaven!"

Crebillon had began a tragedy upon the history of Oliver Cromwell. The French ministry forbade him to go on with it, and some of the scenes are assimilated to his tragedy of Cataline.

TO MAKE CORDAGE LAST.

CORDAGE, exposed to great heat, as it must in hot climates, frequently becomes useless in two or three years, and sometimes less, from a species of destruction, called by seamen the dry rot, because the rope, looking well to the eye, and no way injured by moisture, is found to have its yarns quite rotten. Ropes exposed to water, soon lose the tar with which they are covered; which quickly takes place in warm climates, and shallow water; when that element becomes considerably more heated than it is in the ocean in the same latitude, and its effect is quickly shown upon a new cable, as the part lying under water is soon covered with a slime arising from the solution of the tar. The first of those disorders (the dry rot) is owing to a superabundant acid which is disengaged from the tar when exposed to heat.

The other defect in ropes prepared with common tar, arises from that substance containing a mucilage or gum, along with its resinous matter, which latter is insoluble in water. The remedy for both these evils is effected during the necessary inspissation of tar to that state in which it is used in the manufacture of ropes. The common process is by boiling the tar, till it has thrown off so much of its essential oil as to come to the state in which it is wanted; instead of which, we ought to boil the tar in water, two or three times, until it nearly attains the necessary inspissation. In the first boiling, the same as in distillation, it throws off with the steam its superabundant acid, and parts with much of its mucilage to the water; and by a second process it is rendered fit for use. Seamen, accustomed to hot climates, experience that tarred ropes, although sufficiently pliable whilst there, become rigid on their return to cold countries; which sometimes occasions the loss of sails by the breaking of the ropes which form their borders. These ropes, which are called bolt-ropes, ought to be prepared with inspissated gross oils, mixed, if requisite, with a small quantity of resin. We may also prepare crane-ropes in the same manner, so as to prevent their receiving injury from the weather, and yet keep them always pliable.

The cause of the rigidity of tarred ropes, after exposure to heat, is the dissipation of the essential oil of the tar. To prevent this inconvenience, purified tar should be more inspissated than if used by itself, and a due proportion of tallow, suet, whale-oil, rape-oil, or other fixed oil, be mixed with the tar, and the oils should previously be deprived of their mucilage after the same process as the tar.

A GAME FOR TEACHING CHILDREN MUSIC.

THIS apparatus consists of an oblong square box, which, when opened, presents two faces or tables, and of various dice, pins, counters, &c. contained within that box. By the means of this box with its dice, counters, and pins, six different games of amusement may be played. These games are contrived to familiarize to the young mind all the musical keys or modulations of the signatures, common and uncom-

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mon, the chords and discords, with their revolutions, and the most useful rules of thorough bass.

The box resembles in its form the size and figure of a backgammon table. When opened, it presents on the face of one of its halves, at each end, two musical staves or systems of five lines each. These staves have holes to receive pins of turned ivory and wood, representing the sharps and flats which belong to the different keys. Under the staves are two drawers; one of which contains dice, pins, &c. to be used in playing with sharps; the other the dice, pins, &c. which are to be used in playing with flats. Between the drawers, and under the same side of the opened box, are lodged two dice-boxes to be used in the game.

The other face of the table is of one piece. It has, at each end, a delineation of the clavier or finger-touches of a piano-forte; and, in every one of these, a small hole. Over these are two musical staves, on which all the notes of the natural scale are written in crotchets..... Each crotchet has, in its head, a hole to receive a pin: and immediately below each is another hole to receive a pin with the mark on its head of *a* sharp, flat, or natural. A drawer below contains the apparatus appropriated to this table, consisting of dice, counters, &c. particularly marked for the intended game.

With this apparatus and these tables, a series of games are played, the chances of which conduct the players through so many improving exercises in the knowledge of the fundamental principles of *musical composition.*

VARIETIES.

GENIUS, blest term, of meaning wide,
How oft, how strangely misapplied!

What mother does not see it in her son? and what philosopher meets with it six times in a century?

It is an observation of Machiavel's, that the more democratic any state is, by the fewer persons it is governed.

—

There is nothing in general of which persons are so liberal as of their advice. It costs them infinitely less than any thing else that they can give. When, however, it is accompanied with liberality in superior matters, it shows that it is not given merely to exhibit some fancied superiority of intellect.

—

A fool, says the Italian proverb, sees more in his own house, than a wise man in the house of another. This may be, perhaps, the reason that a fool's affairs are in general so wretchedly managed.

—

The *omnis* is always the *nullus homo.* A man who pretends to know every thing never knows any thing. A man of general information, as he is called, has, in reality, never any upon a particular subject.

—

The following concise and whimsical account of England was given, some years since, by count Oxensteirn, after his departure from London: "England is really the queen of the isles; the metropolis and arsenal of Neptune; it is the treasury of Europe; the kingdom of Bacchus; the school of Epicurus; the academy of Venus; the country of Mars; the recess of Minerva; the support of Holland; the scourge of France; the purgatory of those who are advocates for slavery; and the paradise of those who are lovers of liberty."

—

"Politics," says the elegant and ingenious Mr. Grenville, in his Maxims, "is the food of sense exposed to the hunger of folly." And indeed it seems to be devoured with so voracious an appetite, that no

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good assimilation or chylification of it takes place in the body politic, in consequence of it. The appetite is great, the digestion imperfect.

—

"No one," says Aristotle, "can govern well, unless he has himself submitted to have been governed."

—

"No one," says Plato, in his second Alcibiades, "ever pretends to make shoes, without having served an apprenticeship to the business of shoe-making. Yet," says that great philosopher, "no man appears to despair of his talents in the art of government, though he has never applied his thoughts to that most difficult of all arts, till the instant in which he commences his nice and difficult occupation."

—

Solomon has long ago said, that there was nothing new under the sun. The present French system of equality was tried by the anabaptists of Munster, in the year 1534, under the auspices of John of Leyden, a taylor, of Holland, and Knipperdoling, his worthy colleague. In the year 1535, however, the bishop took possession of his town, and executed the leaders of this system. The anabaptists, however, called in the aid of religion to stimulate the efforts of their followers, and did not, as in the case of our wise neighbours, worship merely *entes rationes*, abstract ideas. They, indeed, revered one in their adoration of reason, of half a line from Horace,

Insanire docent ratione.———

They teach the world to worship reason,
That is, sacrilege and treason.

—

Under every government, one or a few must govern, and never the many. As Goldsmith says, "Those that think must govern those who act." There never was a more complete democracy than that of Athens, yet was it not always moulded at will by one wise or one artful man? Was it not successively in the hands of Peneles, Alcibiades, Cleon, &c.? And was there not always a perpetual squabble for this very high privilege? Is it not then better to have recourse to hereditary governors, who succeed of course without contest, and without dispute, than to those whose election is always a source of disquiet and confusion; who laugh in their sleeve at the people who are duped by their pretensions, and who in general suffer at last by the many-headed monster, whom they imagined they had been able to tame, and to keep in chains of their own making?

—

Bussy de Rabutine says, very comically, of love attachments in persons of a certain age, that love is like the small-pox; the later you have it in life, in general, the more violent and dangerous it is. Ovid says prettily,

Turpe senex miles. Turpe senilis amor.

Grey hairs but ill become the soldier's arms,
Nor with more credit yield to beauty's charms.

—

There is no virtue, perhaps, that, with respect to the advantages arising from it to others, may be so well supplied by a vice as generosity. Vanity almost alone will often perform all its functions.

—

"Diseur des bon mots, mauvais caractere," says the excellent Pascal. The rage of saying bright things is as bad a disease as the mind can be affected with. Some one asked why his friend was an infidel. "He is an infidel," replied he, "because he imagines that there are more lively things to be said against religion than in favour of it." Some poet says,

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For after he to wit who makes pretence,
Loses his mind's credit at his soul's expence.

—

Hypocondrioscisme, ou la maladie sans maladie, as Sauvages terms it, very often arises from want of occupation, or from want of energy in the mind. A patient of this kind had often tired the celebrated M. de Cherac, physician to the regent duke of Orleans. Cherac having exhausted all the powers of the pharmacopoeia to no purpose, and suspecting that his malady arose more from defect of stimulus in his mind than from want of health in his body, said, "My good friend, the only advice I can now give you is to go upon the highway, rob the first person you can meet, and fly to the justice, to prevent your being broke upon the wheel, if you think it worth while."

GARNERIN'S DESCENT IN ENGLAND IN A PARACHUTE.

From a London Journal.

THE extraordinary display of aeronautical dexterity, which had been for some time anxiously expected by the public, was, on the 21st of September, 1802, prepared with consummate skill, and executed with an admirable intrepidity. The experiment also being wholly novel in this country, we are induced to mention the preparation and arrangements with more than usual detail.

On entering the ground (the parade of the St. George's volunteers, near Grosvenor-square), at four o'clock, the great balloon, the same which ascended from Vauxhall, was found sufficiently inflated. The apparatus for the collection and conveyance of the gas into the balloon was well constructed. It consisted of three groupes of hogsheads, eight in each, which imparted the inflammable air through tin tubes to three central casks. Three larger tubes of tin conveyed the air thus collected in a hose of varnished silk, by which it was conveyed into the balloon. This hose ten minutes before five o'clock was adjusted to a small balloon of about ten feet by six, which, in less than half an hour, was sufficiently inflated. The cord which confined this pilot balloon, as it was termed, was placed in the hands of Mrs. R. B. Sheridan, and it was by her launched into the atmosphere; it ascended rapidly in a N. E. direction, and in seven minutes was completely out of sight. The preparations then commenced for launching the larger balloon; the cords were cut which held it floating in the air, and it was held down by the united strength of several persons during the subsequent preparation. The different cords of the netting, &c. were then all brought within a hoop of about four feet diameter, and fastened to a rope which passed through a tin tube of about twenty feet in length. This tube was to the parachute precisely what the stick handle is to a common umbrella, and its use was to suffer the rope, when cut at the bottom, to pass through without injury to the slender cordage of the parachute. The top of the parachute was formed of a large flexible hoop, about eight feet in diameter, the inner space being of canvas, firmly lashed and strained. The balloon was then permitted to ascend about thirty-six feet, being still confined by cords, and then the parachute appeared in the shape of a large petticoat of white canvas, depending from the lower hoop. Beneath this was a basket, or rather a tube of wicker work, covered with red canvas, in which the daring adventurer was to take his place. The lower extremities of the parachute were attached by cordage to the central tube, about four feet above the basket. Thus the only connection between the balloon and parachute was formed by

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the rope passing through the central tube, which being cut from below, the latter was left to its proper action.

These arrangements, in which Garnerin himself took the most active part, and in which he was greatly embarrassed by officious assistance, having been made, the circle was cleared in some degree, and the aeronaut gave the signal of departure. The balloon was drawn to the south-west quarter of the area, in order to give him all possible advantage of the wind in clearing the houses adjoining. This precaution proved unnecessary..... The last cord being loosed, the balloon ascended majestically in a perpendicular direction; but when acted upon by a breeze, scarcely perceptible below, it followed the north-east direction of its little pilot. Garnerin waved his flag immediately on ascending, and was followed by loud outcries of admiration and good wishes. From the course which he took, and the height to which he ascended, he must have been visible from every house in the metropolis which had a northern aspect. He evidently wished to prolong his stay for the gratification of the people, by opening the valve of the balloon, and on each discharge of the inflammable air, the balloon, illumined by the setting sun, appeared to be surrounded by a nimbus, or glory, such as is seen to surround the heads of saints, &c. in paintings of scriptural subjects.

Thus far description has been pleasurable, as having only to dwell on a subject which was at once magnificent and well conducted. What followed was, at the instant, marked by the different sensations of dread and anxiety. Garnerin ascended at ten minutes before six o'clock; in those ten minutes he had arisen to a height of more than 4,000 feet; at six precisely he cut the rope, and the parachute was seen to separate from the balloon, and to descend with the utmost velocity. A scream of terror was at the moment heard from every part. During some seconds, nothing but a falling object could be perceived, and that but indistinctly. The parachute was then seen to expand, but its vacillations, or swinging from the one side to the other, were so great, that the basket appeared very frequently to be in a horizontal position with the parachute. As the medium through which he was falling became more dense, its resistance increased in proportion, and the oscillations were rendered less dangerous; but they were at no time so far diminished as wholly to exclude the idea of extreme hazard. The generous feelings of English men and women were all called forth in favour of the adventurous stranger, and many lamentations were heard on the part of those who, by paying for the sight, had contributed to so imminent a danger. An immense crowd rushed from the parade toward the Pantheon, to enquire after his safety. They had there, in a very short time the satisfaction to be told that he had descended in safety in a field near St. Pancras church, the property of Mr. Harrison, a cow-keeper. He received only a slight hurt on one side of his face, from being thrown out of the basket; for though this had a false bottom, so constructed as to break the fall, it had little effect on the velocity of his lateral descent.

MILANESE IRRIGATION.

AS the irrigation of the Milanese is perhaps the greatest exertion of the kind that ever was in the world, and certainly the first that was undertaken in Europe, after the decline of the Roman empire, it merits every attention that a farming traveller can give; for it will be found, by very briefly recurring to records, which have been searched, that great exertions (perhaps as great as ever known) were made in this country, at a period when all the north of Europe was in a state of barbarism. In the year 1037, mention is made of the canal Vecchi

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abbia. In 1067, watered meadows were common, called *prato roco*, by Landolfo. In 1077, there are notes of many streams used. In 1138, the monks of Chiarevalle bought of Giovannia Villano some commons, woods, and meadows for 81 liv. under the contract (a parchment yet remaining) "ut monasterium possit ex Vectabia trahere lectum ubi ipsum monasterium voluerit et si fuerit opus liceat facere eidem monasterio fossata super terram ipsius Johannis ab una parte viæ et ab alia..... &c. possit firmare et habere clusam in prato ipsius Johannis, &c." There is a similar contract of the following year, and various others, until the beginning of the 13th century; from which, and others, it appears, that the Vecchiabbia was the entire property of the monastery, and confirmed in 1276 by the diploma of the emperor Frederick II. The merit of these monks appears to have been great, for they gained such a reputation for their skill and industry, that they had many applications for assistance in directing works similar to their own upon uncultivated lands; and the imperial chancellor Rinaldo, in the time of the emperor Frederick I, being appointed archbishop of Cologne, found the possessions of his see in such a deplorable state, that he applied for, and received the same assistance, as reported by Cesarior Eisterbacence. Their greatest exertions were in irrigation, which was so well known, that they sold their superfluous water, transferring the use and property of some by the hour, day, and week. In two centuries they came to be possessed of 60,000 pertiche, mostly watered: there is reason to believe that the practice, in the 13th century, did not materially differ from the present modes; because, in the papers of the archieves of the abbey of that period, mention is made of *chiuse*, *incastri*, *bochilli*, *soratori*, and other works, to distribute the water, and regulate the irrigation. In 1164, the emperor Frederick gave various rights, in certain rivers, to the people of Pava for the purposes of irrigation. In 1177, the people of Milan enlarged and continued the Navillio Grande, from Abbiate Grasso to Milan, being fourteen miles; it was brought from the Tesino, near the Lago Maggiore, to Abbiate Grasso, twenty miles, by the people of Pavia, long before the date of any records now known to remain. In 1271, it was made navigable. It is thirty-two Italian miles long, and twenty-five braccia wide, or forty-nine English feet.

The second great work was the canal called Muzza, which takes the waters of the Adda, at Cassano, and carries them to Marignano, there dividing and watering much of the Lodizan. It was executed in 1220, and done in so admirable a style, that Padre Frisi, in the preface to Modo di regolare i fiumi, &c. says...." il meccanismo d'irrigar le campagne é stato ridotto al'ultimo grado, di maestria e di perfezione nel canale di Muzza." And Padre Antonio Lecchi, another great engineer and mathematician, remarks...." De'nostri tré celebri canali di Muzza, e de'due navigli qual altra memoria ci rimane ora, se non se quella del tempo della loro construzione, e d'altre poche notizie, niente concernenti al maraviglioso artifizio della loro condotta."

In 1305, the canal of Treviglio was made, which takes the water from the Brembo, and carries it, for several miles, about twenty-five feet wide, and about three deep; it irrigates the territory of Treviglio and the Ghiara d'Adda. And, within four or five miles, there are five canals, taken from the Adda and the Brembo, all of great antiquity. In 1460, the canal de Martesano was begun, under duke Francis Sforza I; it was twenty-four miles long, and eighteen braccia (thirty-five English feet) wide; since lengthened seven or eight miles more. It takes the waters of the Adda a little before Trezzo, by means of a powerful wear (*chiuse*)

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founded upon the living rock; it is then supported for five miles by a solid wall of stone, forty braccia (eighty feet) above the bottom of the Adda, and parallel with it. At Gorgonzola it passes over the torrent Molgora by a bridge of three stone arches. At Carsenzago, it is crossed by the river Lambro, which enters and quits the canal with all its floods. And, in order to prevent the surplus of water, which this circumstance occasions, from breaking the banks of the canal, or overflowing them, there are nineteen scaricatori in the canal, above, below, and facing the junction, which are so calculated, that they have not only powers sufficient to take off the waters of that river, but also half of those of the canal itself. The scaricatori are canals which take the water, when sluice-gates are opened for that purpose, and convey it, at various distances, to the Lambro again; the fall in its course being considerable enough to free the canal from all superfluity of water. Near Milan, this Navillio receives the torrent Seveso; and, after surrounding the city, unites with the Navillio Grande and the Olona. The sluices which Bellidor supposed to be invented by the Dutch, were used, for the first time, near Padua, in 1481, by two engineers of Viterbo, Dionisius and Peter Domenico, brothers. Leonardo da Vinci profited immediately of this great invention, for the union of the two canals of Milan; and finding between them the difference of the levels to be eighteen braccia, he, with six sluices, in the year 1497, under Ludovico il Moro, opened and facilitated the navigation from one to the other. The greatest scaricatore of the waters united at Milan, is the canal of Vecchiabbia, which, after having served some mills and irrigation, falls into the Lambro near Marignano; and if this canal were made straight, and supported by some sluices, the navigation might be continued to the Lambro, and thence to the Po and the sea. Both these canals, the Grande and the Martesano, are so contrived, as to be completely emptied once a year, for cleaning and repairing whatever accidents may have happened to any of the works.

I have entered into this digression upon a very curious subject, little known in English literature, in order to show how well irrigation was understood, and how admirably it was practised, when the countries on this side of the Alps were barbarous. At the same time, however, that justice is thus done to these great exertions, we must bear in mind, that few districts in Europe are better, or so well, situated for irrigation. The lakes of Maggiore and Como, nearly upon the same level, are three hundred feet (one hundred and fifty braccia) higher than Milan, and that of Lugano two hundred feet higher than those, with a nearly regular declivity to the Po.

ON NOVEL WRITING.

By Mrs. Barbauld.

THERE is no period in the history of any nation, at all advanced in literature, in which fictitious narratives have not made a large part of the reading in which men have most delighted. They have been grafted on the actions of their heroes, interwoven with their mythology, moulded on the manners of the age, and, in return, have influenced not a little the manners of the next generation, by the principles they have inculcated, and the sensibilities they have exercised. A spirit of adventure, a high sense of honour, of martial glory, refined and romantic, sentimental delicacy, or all the enthusiasm of humanity, have been, in their turns, inspired by this powerful engine, which takes so strong a hold on the fancy and the passions of young readers. Accompanied with the embellishments of poetry, they produce the epic; concentrating the incidents, and exchanging story for action, they become dra-

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matic; allied with some great moral or political end, didactic, as in the Telemachus of Fenelon, and the Belisarius of Marmontel. They are often the vehicles of satire, as in the Candid and Baboue of Voltaire, and the Gulliver of Swift. They take a tincture from the learning and politics of the times, and are often successfully employed to attack or to recommend the prevailing systems of the day. We have seen liberty and equality recommended by one performance, and ridiculed in another. When the range of this kind of writing is so extensive, and its efficacy so great, it is evidently entitled to hold no mean rank among the productions of genius; and, in truth, there is hardly any department of literature in which we shall meet with more fine writing than in the best productions of this kind. It is not easy, therefore, to say, why the poet should have so high a place allotted him in the temple of Fame, and the romance writer so low a one, as the general voice assigns him; for his dignity has by no means been measured by the pleasure he affords to his readers; yet the invention of a story, the choice of proper incidents, the modelling of a plan, the exhibition of character, the gradual unfolding of a plot, occasional beauties of description, and, above all, the power exercised over the reader's heart, by filling it with the emotions of love, pity, joy, anguish, transport, or indignation, together with the grave and affecting moral resulting from the whole, imply talents of the highest order, and ought to command our warmest praise. There is no walk in which taste and genius have more distinguished themselves, or in which virtuous and noble sentiments have been displayed with greater lustre, than in the splendid fictions, or pathetic tales, with which France, Germany, Switzerland, and England have adorned their literature. A history of romance, under all its forms, would be highly valuable, if given by a man of taste, and of ample reading. But there are some periods which form a new era in this kind of writing, and those productions particularly deserve our attention, which stand at the head of a class, and have diverted the taste of the public into some new channel. Of this kind are the writings of Richardson. He may, in a great measure, be said to be the father of the modern novel of the serious or pathetic kind, and he was also original in the epistolary mode by which he carried on the story.

Should we search among the treasures of ancient literature for fictions similar to the modern novel, we should find none more nearly resembling it than "Theagenes and Chariclea," the work of Heliodorus, a christian bishop of Trieca, in Thessaly. Though his romance was unexceptionably pure and virtuous, he was required either to burn his book or resign his bishopric; upon which, with the heroism of an author, he chose the latter.

But after Europe had sunk into barbarism, a taste was again to be formed; and a taste for the natural, the graceful, and the simply-pathetic is generally the last step in the progress of civilization.

We know the character of the romances of chivalry....Amadis de Gaul at their head, with whose merits the English reader has lately been made acquainted, in an elegant abridged version. They were truly historical, but they heightened the traditionary adventures of heroes with marvellous tales of giants, enchantments, and other supernatural contrivances. But we must not suppose that even these fictions were always regarded, as we now regard them, as the mere play of fancy: "*le vrai seul est aimable*" was always so far a maxim, that no work of fancy can greatly succeed, which is not founded on popular belief: but what is truth? In ancient times, talismans, and sympathetic powders, and all-healing charms, were generally credited.

Much love adventure was admitted into these narratives, but not always of the purest or most delicate

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kind. Poetry was often made the vehicle, especially in Italy: *Orlando Furioso* is a chivalrous romance in verse.

As the spirit of warlike adventure subsided, these fictions softened, by degrees, into the languishing and amorous tales of the French school ...into Clelias and Cassandras. I might, indeed, have mentioned, before these, a romance of a peculiar kind, the Astrea of d' Urfé, which all France read with eagerness, when first published. It is a pastoral romance, and its celebrity was owing to its abounding with allusions to the amours of the court of Henry the fourth.

The principle of these romances was high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore but little resemblance to a natural passion. In the story, they approached a step nearer to nature; the adventures were marvellous, but not impossible. Their personages were all remote from common life, and taken from ancient history, but without the least resemblance to the heroes whose names they bore. The manners, therefore, and the passions, referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer; but the situations were often striking, and the sentiments always chaste and noble. They would have reigned longer, had they been less tedious. Boileau ridiculed these, as Cervantes had done the others, and their knell was rung: people were ready to wonder they had ever admired them.

A closer imitation of nature began now to be required: from the earliest times, however, there had been tales built upon real life, a few of them serious, but the greater part comic. The *Decamerone* of Boccacio, the *Cent Nouvelles* of the queen of Navarre, *contes* and *fableaux* without number, may be considered as novels, though of a lighter texture: they abounded with adventure, generally of the humorous, often of the licentious kind, and, indeed, were mostly founded on amorous intrigues, while the nobler passions were seldom touched. The *Roman Comique* of Scarron is a regular piece of its kind, and possesses great merit in the humorous way; but the *Zaide* and the *Princesse de Cleves* of Madame de la Fayette, are deemed the first that approach the modern novel of the serious kind, the latter especially: they were written in the reign of Louis XIV, greatly admired, and considered as forming a new era in works of invention. Voltaire says they were "the first romances in which were seen natural incidents, and the manners of good company, described with elegance. Before her time, improbable adventures were related in a turgid and affected style." The novels of Madame la Fayette are certainly beautiful, but a step is still wanting; they no longer speak, indeed, of Alexanders and Brutus's, still less of giants and fairies; but the heroes and heroines are princes and princesses. They are not people of our acquaintance. The scene is perhaps in Spain, or among the Moors: it does not reflect the picture of domestic life, they are not the men and women we daily see about us.

Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, a work of infinite diversion, though of dubious morality, presented us such people; but his portraits were mostly humorous, and his work was rather a series of separate adventures than a chain of events concurring to produce one catastrophe. There was still wanting a mode of writing which should connect the high passions and delicate sentiments of the old romance, with characters moving in our own sphere of life, and brought into action by events of daily occurrence.

In the earlier periods of English history, we had our share of the rude literature of the times, and we were familiar, either in translations or works of our own growth, with

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the heroes of chivalry, many of whom belonged to our own country. We had also, in common with our neighbours, the monkish legends, a species of romance abounding with the marvellous, and particularly suited to the taste of a superstitious age. Many of these merit attention as a considerable class of fictions: they have been justly exploded for their falsehood; they should not be preserved for their invention: they are now harmless: they can no longer excite our indignation; let them be permitted still to amuse our fancy.

In the reign of queen Elizabeth, we had the once famous romance, *Sidney's Arcadia*, of the pastoral-heroic kind. It is a book that all have heard of, some few possess, but nobody reads.

From that period, to the middle of the reign of George II, we had tales of various kinds, but scarcely one that is read at present, and, I believe, not any except that ingenious allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, that was known out of England. We had poets and philosophers long before we attained excellence in the lighter kinds of prosaic composition. Harrington's *Oceana* is political, and will grievously disappoint those who seek amusement in it. The *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manly lives only in that line of Pope which promises it immortality:

"As long as Atalantis shall be read."

It was, like Astrea, filled with fashionable scandal. Mrs. Behn's novels were licentious: they are also extinct. Till the middle of the last century, theatrical productions and poetry made a greater part of polite reading than novels, which had not attained either elegance or nice discrimination of characters; some maritime or some love adventure were all they aimed at. The ladies' library, described in the Spectator, contains "the Grand Cyrus, with a pin stuck in one of the leaves, and Clelia, which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower;" but there does not occur either there, or, I believe, in any other part of the work, the name of one English novel, the Atalantis excepted. Plays are often mentioned as a favourite and dangerous part of ladies' reading.

The first author who distinguished himself by natural painting was that truly original genius De Foe; and if from any one Richardson caught his peculiar manner of writing, to him it must be traced, whose *Robinson Crusoe* and *Family Instructor*, the latter consisting of domestic dialogues, he must have read in his youth. Both were accurate describers, minute and circumstantial, but the minuteness of De Foe was displayed in things, and that of Richardson in persons and sentiments. No one knew, like De Foe, to give to fiction the air of truth, by an accumulation of circumstance, and a natural style of narration, unless, indeed, he were rivalled by Swift, in his Gulliver and John Bull. De Foe wrote also other tales, which I have not seen: they do not appear to have attained much celebrity. Richardson was the man who was born to introduce a new kind of moral painting: he drew equally from nature and from his own thoughts. From the world about him he took incidents, manners, and general character; and from his own imagination he copied that sublime of virtue, which charms us in Clarissa, and that sublime of passion, which subdues us in Clementina. That kind of fictitious writing, of which he has set the example, disclaims all aid from giants or genii. The moated castle gives place to a modern parlour; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a rustic maid, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions, and impressed by salutary maxims. The pathos of the story, and the dignity of the sentiments, interest and

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charm us; simplicity is warned, vice rebuked; and from the perusal of a fiction we rise better prepared to meet calamity with firmness, and to perform our respective parts on the great theatre of life. It was the high and just praise given by our great critic, Dr. Johnson, to this author, that he had enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. The novelist has, indeed, all the advantage of the preacher in introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue; an advantage which Richardson made large use of; and he has besides the power of impressing them upon the heart, through the best sensibilities of our nature. Richardson prided himself on being a moral and religious writer; and, as Addison did before him, he professed to take under his particular protection that sex which is supposed to be the most open to good or evil impressions, whose inexperience most requires cautionary precepts, and whose sensibilities it is most important to secure against a wrong direction. The manner of this captivating writer was also new.

There are three modes of carrying on a story: the narrative, or epic, as it may be called; in this the author himself relates the whole adventure: this is the manner of Cervantes, in his Don Quixote, and of Fielding, in his Tom Jones. It is the most common way. The author, like the muse, is supposed to know every thing; he can reveal the secret springs of actions, and let us into events in his own time and manner. He can be concise or diffuse, according as the different parts of his story require it. He can indulge, as Fielding does, in digressions and reflections, and thus deliver sentiments, and display knowledge, which would not properly belong to any of the characters. But his narration will not be lively, except he frequently drops himself, and runs into dialogue: all good writers, therefore, have thrown as much as possible of the dramatic into their narrative. Mad. d'Arblay has done this so successfully, that we have as clear an idea, not only of the sentiments, but the manner of expression of her different personages, as if we took it from the scenes of a play.

Another mode is that of memoirs, where the hero of the adventure relates his own story. *Smollet*, in his *Roderick Random*, and *Goldsmith*, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, have adopted this mode: it confines the author's style, which ought to be, though it is not always, suited to the capacity and education of the imaginary narrator. It has the warmth and interest a person may be supposed to feel in relating his own concerns, and he can more gracefully dwell upon minute circumstances. It has a greater air of truth, and it seems to account for the communication to the public. The author, it is true, knows every thing; but, when the secret recesses of the heart are to be laid open, we can hear no one with so much pleasure as the actor himself. *Marivaux*, a contemporary of Richardson, has put the history of Marianne into her own mouth, and we are amused to hear her dwell on little touches, which are almost too trivial to be noticed by any body but herself.

But what the hero cannot say, the author cannot tell, nor can it be rendered probable, that a very circumstantial narrative should be given by a person, perhaps at the close of a long life, of conversations that have happened at the beginning of it. The author has always two characters to support, and has to consider how his hero felt during his adventures, and how it is natural he should feel when only relating them; at a period, perhaps, when curiosity is extinct, passions cool, and when, at any rate, the suspenses which kept pace with them are over. This seems, therefore, the least perfect mode of any.

A third way is that of epistola-

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ry correspondence, carried on between the persons of the story..... This is the form used by Richardson, and many others after, but by none before him. He seems to have been led to it by some circumstances in his early youth. This method unites the advantages of the other two; it gives the feelings of the moment, as the writers felt them at the moment. It allows a pleasing variety of style, if the author has sufficient command of language to assume it. It makes the work dramatic, since all the characters speak in their own persons. It accounts for chasms in the story, by the probable omission or loss of letters. It is inconsistent with a rapid style, but gives room for the graceful introduction of remarks and sentiments, or almost any kind of digressive matter. But, on the other hand, it is highly incredible; it is the *most natural* and the *least probable* way of telling a story. That letters should be written at all times, and upon every occasion in life, that those letters should be preserved, and altogether form a connected story, it requires much art to render probable. It introduces the inconvenience so much felt in dramatic writing, for want of a narrator; the necessity of having an insipid confidant to tell those circumstances to, that an author can introduce in no other way. It obliges a man to tell of himself, what shame or modesty would suffer no man to tell; and when a long conversation is repeated, supposes a memory more exact than is generally found. Artificial as it is, still it enables an author to assume, in a lively manner, the hopes, and fears, and passions, and to imitate the peculiar way of thinking and speaking of his characters, and has been adopted by many, both at home and abroad, especially by the French writers; their language, perhaps, being particularly suited to the epistolary style, and *Rousseau* himself, in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, has followed the steps of our countryman.

ON THE OLD VENETIAN GOVERNMENT.

By Arthur Young.

FOR twenty years prior to the conquest, there was in the republic little more than a multiplication of abuses, so that almost every circumstance, which has been condemned in the arbitrary governments of Europe, were then to be found in that of Venice. And as an instance of the principles on which they governed their provinces, that of Istria was quoted.

1. To preserve the woods (which belong to the prince), they prevent the people from turning any cattle into them; and if any man cut a tree, he is infallibly sent to the gallies, which has driven numbers out of that part of the country, where the woods are situated.

2. There are great opportunities of making salt, and the pans might be numerous, but it is a monopoly held by the state; they purchase a certain quantity at 10*s*. French, per quintal, and if more than the specified quantity be made, it is lodged in their magazines on credit; and it may be two, three, or four years before the maker of it be paid.

3. Oil is a monopoly of the city of Venice; none can be sold but through that city; by which transit an opportunity is taken to levy two ducats (each 4 livres of France) per barrel, of 100 lb. and five more *entree* into Venice.

4. The coast abounds remarkably with fish, which are taken in almost any quantity; salt is on the spot, yet no use can be made of it, but by contraband, except for Venice singly. Thus a great trade in barrelled fish is foregone, in order to make a whole province beasts of burden to a single city.

5. The heavy tax of a *stajo* of wheat, 130 lb. is laid on each head of a family, payable to the Venetian bailiff.

The practical result of such principles of government confirms what-

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ever condemnation theory could pronounce. Every part of the province, except a district that is more favoured than the rest in soil and climate, was depopulated; and so much were the woods preferred to the people, that parts, which once abounded with men, had become deserts, and the small population remaining in other parts was every day diminishing. Dalmatia was in a yet worse state, for the greater part of it was a real desert: in 1781 and 1782, no less that 12,000 families emigrated from the province. As I have not travelled in these provinces, I do no more than report the account given by well-informed Italians, though not residing in the territories of the republic. Before the government of this stern aristocracy is made the subject of exaggerated praise, let facts, counter to these, be made the foundation.

In the immediate operations of their government at home, the same weakness is found. Their poverty has increased with their revenue; they have raised the leases of the farmers general (for that odious collection is the mode they pursue) considerably; and, near twenty years ago, they seized many of the possessions of the monks. They did the same with the estates of some of the hospitals; but though such exertions have raised their revenue to 6,100,000 ducats (1,054,000l. sterl.), yet, from bad management, they have been obliged to sell the offices, which were, in better times, granted to merit, and committed a sort of bankruptcy, by reducing the interest of their old debts from five to three per cent. Their credit is at so low an ebb, that they opened a subscription to fund 700,000 ducats, and, notwithstanding every art, could procure no more than about 300,000. Instead of their famous chain, which marked the wisdom of their economy, their treasury is without a sol: and, to show the apprehensions they have of provinces under their dominion throwing off their yoke, if they are at a small distance from the seat of government, the state makes a distinction in the political treatment of the Bergamasque and Brescian territories, from those nearer to Venice, in respect to privileges, punishments, taxes, &c.: no favourable feature of their government, and which shows that they think the people made for their city.

Perhaps, in the system of their finances, there is no circumstance that shows a decline of the real principles of their government more than that of putting contraventions of the tobacco farm under the controul of the state inquisitors: a conduct utterly ridiculous, in a state that once conducted itself with so much dignity.

Even in the delicate article of imparting the privileges of the aristocracy to the nobility of Terra Firma, by whom they are in general detested, they have exhibited no doubtful symptoms of weakness, and want of policy. Reputation has been, for many years, the great support of their government; to manifest, therefore, such a want of policy, as strikes the most careless eye, is to suffer in the tenderest point. In 1774, they offered, gratis, a seat in the *consiglio maggiore*, to forty families, their subjects, who possessed 1200l. a year in land, provided there were four degrees of nobility, on the side of both husband and wife. Great numbers of families were eligible, but not ten in the whole would agree to the proposal. To offer a share in the legislature of so celebrated a republic, which, in past periods, would have been sought for with singular avidity, and to suffer the mortification of a refusal, was exhibiting a sign of internal weakness, and of want of judgment, adapted to reduce the reputation of their policy to nothing.

The motives for the refusal are obvious: these families must of course remove to Venice; that is, to go from a city where they were old and respected, to another where

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they would be new and despised. Their estates also would not only suffer from their absence, but would be subject to new entails, and held by other tenures; no mortgage of them is allowable; and they are subject to peculiar laws of inheritance. In addition to these disadvantages, they are cut off from serving foreign princes; whereas the nobility of Terra Firma engage in such services. The emperor's ambassador at Turin is a subject of Venice, and one of the Pellegrini family a field marshal in his army. Nor did the noblemen of Terra Firma refuse the favour for these reasons alone; they dreaded the power which the state exerts over the noble Venetians, in sending them upon expensive embassies, in which they must spend the whole of their income, and, if that be not sufficient, contract debts to support themselves: for these reasons, the government might have known, before they made the offer, that it would subject them to the disgrace of a refusal. Long before the period in question, considerable additions had been made to nobles of Venice, from the Terra Firma, but these honours were paid for, the price 17,000l. sterling, 7,000l. in cash, and 10,000l. lent to the state in perpetuity.

It is a curious circumstance, which marks undeceivingly the general features of the Venetian government, that about forty years ago, as well as at other periods, there were negociations between the court of Vienna and the Venetians, relative to an exchange of territory; the district of Crema was to have been given by Venice, for a part of the Chiara d'Adda; the rumour of which filled the people of the latter with the greatest apprehensions; they felt even a terror at the idea of being transferred to the government of Venice; knowing, certainly, from their vicinity, that the change would be for the worse. This ascertains the comparative merit of two governments, that one is less bad than the other.

ON THE TRADE OF LOMBARDY.

By the same.

EIGHTEEN-TWENTIETHS of this trade consist in the export of the produce of agriculture, and therefore ought rather to be esteemed a branch of that art, than of commerce; and it is equally worthy of notice, that thus subsisting by agriculture, and importing manufactures, these countries must be ranked among the most flourishing in the world; abounding with large and magnificent towns, decorated in a manner that sets all comparison at defiance; the country every where cut by canals of navigation or irrigation; many of the roads splendid; an immense population; and such public revenues, that if Italy were united under one head, she would be classed among the first powers in Europe.

When it is considered that all this has been effected generally under governments not the best in Europe; when we farther reflect that England has, for a century, enjoyed the best government that exists, we shall be forced to confess, perhaps with astonishment, that Great Britain has not made considerable advances in agriculture, and in the cultivation of her territory. The wastes of the three kingdoms are enormous, and far exceeding, in proportional extent, all that are to be found in Italy; while, of our cultivated districts, there are but a few provinces remarkable for their improvements. Whoever has viewed Italy with any degree of attention, must admit, that if a proportion of her territory, containing as many people as the three British kingdoms, had for a century enjoyed as free a government, giving attention to what has been a principal object, viz. agriculture, instead of trade and manufacture, they would at this time have made almost every acre of their country a fertile garden; and would have been in every respect a greater, richer, and more

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flourishing people than we can possibly pretend to be. What they have done under their present governments, justifies this assertion: we, blessed with liberty, have little to exhibit of superiority.

What a waste of time to have squandered a century of freedom, and lavished a thousand millions sterling of public money, in questions of commerce! He who considers the rich inheritance of a hundred years of liberty, and the magnitude of those national improvements, which such immense sums would have effected, will be inclined to do more than question the propriety of the political system, which has been adopted by the legislature of this kingdom, that in the bosom of freedom, and commanding such sums, has not, in the agriculture of any part of her dominions, any thing to present which marks such expence, or such exertion, as the irrigation of Piedmont and the Milanese.

DERIVATION OF THE WORDS NOON AND FORTNIGHT.

MINSHEW, and many others, deduce the word *noon* from *non;* as sir Henry Spelman, bishop Kennet, and Mr. Johnson. Many write it accordingly *none*, as Skelton the poet, Hall, in his Chronicle, and Dr. Plott. The Saxon *non* has the same original; and it amounts to the same thing, whether our word *noon* be the Saxon *non* or the Latin *nona*, since they both import the ninth hour of the day, and, of consequence, had no relation originally to the sun in his meridional altitude, but to the ninth hour, supposing the day to begin at six o'clock in the morning.

This term came gradually to denote the time of dining: first, because it was the hour when, in fasting, people were allowed to break their fasts, or the monks to eat their dinner, which was afternoon song; and secondly, that by an easy abuse, or catachresis, the word was brought to signify twelve o'clock, the common hour of dining in all cases. It is remarkable, that, for such reason, eleven o'clock is noon at Trent: so arbitrary are things of this nature.

The Saxons reckoning by nights, and not by days (whereby the nights evidently preceded the days) their day began at evening; hence our se'ennight and fortnight; and see Tacitus, Du Fresne, sir Thomas Brown, Verstegan, and Thoresby.

As to the Britons, still more anciently their practice may be collected, with some degree of certainty, from Cæsar's Commentaries, where it appears that the Gauls began their day at the same time as the Saxons did, with the evening; and it is always allowable to argue from the customs of the Gauls to those of our island Britons, whence it follows, that these last began their day at the same time.

SCOTTISH DESERTS.

A GREAT plain, called the Moor of Rannach, is situated in the centre of the highest mountains of Scotland. It is a desert about twenty miles square, extending from the hills of Glen Lyon, as far as Ben Nevis in Lochaber; flat and morassy in its nature, and wholly without inhabitants or cultivation.

There is a second plain which comprehends some part of Coygach, Assynt, and Edirdachillis, stretching along the north-west coast as far as Loch Inchard, being in length about twenty-four miles, and in breadth eight or ten. This, though appertaining to the mountainous region of the country, is nevertheless very different from the adjoining Highland districts; for without being so remarkably high, it is infinitely more rugged and broken than any other part of Britain.

In order to convey any tolerable idea of a country so very extraordinary in its nature, we may suppose some hundreds of the highest mountains split into many thousand

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pieces, and the fragments scattered about. Between these lumps of rocks are numberless ponds of fresh water. Here and there, too, a cottage is to be seen, with a spot of cultivated ground, not in general tilled, for it is but in few places that it is possible to make use of a plough, but dug with a mattock, in the interstices between the splinters of the rocks. The wood to be met with here is chiefly birch, without, however, growing to any great size; and through the general mass, the sea, from distance to distance, indents itself far into the land, forming a scene the most wild and romantic that can be imagined.

MAHOMETAN MARRIAGE.

THE Mahometan religion, it is well known, admits of polygamy to the extent of four wives, and as many concubines as they please; but, if we except the very opulent, the people seldom avail themselves of this indulgence, since it entails on them a vast additional expence in house-keeping, and in providing for a large family. Whatever institution is contrary to truth and sound morality will in practice refute itself; nor is any further argument than this single observation wanting to answer all the absurdities which have been advanced in favour of a plurality of wives.

MASSINGER.

MR. GIFFORD, the translator of Juvenal, has completed his preparations for a new edition of Massinger. A very accurate collection has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a most corrupt and mutilated state in the publications of Coxeter and Monck Mason. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illustrative, and subjoined to each play a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a copious fragment of an unpublished play of Massinger. It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuscript is mouldered away by length of time.

EGYPT.

THE committee of French literati, employed in preparing the great work on Egypt, the result of all the researches made during Bonaparte's expedition to that country, have lately made a report on their progress to the minister of the home department. There are already 100 copperplates engraved, of which forty-seven are ancient Egyptian monuments, three Egyptian handicrafts, seventeen new Egyptian structures, and twenty-eight relative to the natural history of that country. One hundred and sixty copperplates are at present engraving, among which are a number of statues, inscriptions, and other lesser remains of antiquity.

NEW INVENTIONS.

ANTHONY NIEDERMAYER, of Ratisbon, in Germany, has invented a new method of multiplying copies of musical notes or of drawings. This method unites with great accuracy and neatness the advantage of a very small expence. With ink prepared for the purpose, he writes the notes on tablets of marble, or draws any design upon them. As soon as the text or original is copied, he takes impressions of it, which are perfectly exact, and of a beautiful black colour. The tablets will furnish several thousands of copies without any alteration. This method saves a great deal of trouble, and a great number of tools, &c. The copies are taken off as fast as in printing from copperplates.

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MR. HERMSTAEDT, of Berlin, has dicovered that the tormentilla erecta, a plant that grows almost every where, and the polygonum bistorta, furnish excellent materials for tanning leather. If, for instance, a pound of dry hide requires seven pounds of oaken bark to tan it completely, the same weight of hide requires only a pound and a half of tormentilla, or three pounds of bistorta; he likewise employs the leaves of the oak tree with advantage in the operation of tanning leather.

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M. BRUCHMANN, of Berlin, has found a mode of dyeing cotton a rose colour, by employing, for that purpose, wild plumbs and muriatic acid (spirit of salt) or sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol).

CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL.

THE committee of works, of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, in pursuance of the plan adopted by the president and directors, for giving information to the stockholders and public at large of the progress of the work, now offer the following detail of its procedure since the stated meeting of the board in July last:

During the whole of this period, the work has been carried on with unremitting diligence: about 250 workmen have been constantly employed, and their progress has been such as to satisfy the utmost expectations of the committee.

Several of the committee having just completed a visit and examination of the whole of the works, are enabled to give the following particulars of its progress:

From the commencement of the feeder at the forge on Elk river, about half a mile has been fully completed, filled with water, and is navigated for conveying stone for the intended aqueduct over the Elk.

From the end of this first piece or division, a second piece of about half a mile more is open and nearly finished, having been more tedious from its rocky soil, which, however, furnishes stone for the masonry of the works.

After a few intervening perches of ground, not yet begun, a third piece or division extends for near three-quarters of a mile to the road from Elkton to Lancaster, which it crosses. Of this distance the greater part is quite complete, and the rest nearly finished.

From the above road eastward, towards the Newark road to Elkton, upwards of half a mile more is open, a considerable part completed, and the rest greatly advanced.

Between the Newark road and the main post road from Christiana to Elkton, near a mile is opened and much advanced.

To the eastward of the main post road, about one-fourth of a mile is open, and a considerable part of it finished.

All these parts or divisions, taken together, amount to upwards of three miles and a half out of five, which constitutes the whole course of the feeder to the reservoir.

The interslices or spaces between these different pieces or divisions, except in one or two places, are mere divisions of the different contracts by which the work has been done, or are left to accommodate other operations, and will soon be removed, so as to unite the parts which are completed.

With respect to the plan and execution of the work, the committee feel highly satisfied, that the form and size of it are such as at once to afford the conveyance of water and navigation to the canal, with as much simplicity as possible, and that its execution has been made with as strict economy as is consistent with the importance of its uses, and the strength and durability which a public work of so much importance ought to possess;

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nor do they hesitate in believing, that the finished parts of it will bear the test of comparison with most European works of the kind.

The committee feel it an act of justice to say, that the plans and conduct of the engineer have been such as to do high credit to his professional skill and abilities; that the superintendants of the masonry, and other mechanical parts, have evinced great skill in their respective works; that the contractors for digging have performed their work with diligence and integrity; and that the labourers have conducted themselves, in general, with industry and propriety. From such a body of men collected together, some instances of disorder will be expected; but few or none have occurred, except in the unfortunate affray at Elkton races, which appears to have arisen from no previous intention or spirit of insubordination, but to have been one of those disturbances, which too frequently arise out of large public meetings of diversion.

Upon the whole, when it is considered that this is the first season of the operations on this work, that the weather has been often more than usually unfavourable, that it was late before a beginning could be made, that contractors, workmen, tools, and materials of every kind were to be provided, and the whole system of proceedings to be formed, the committee believe that the stockholders and the public in general will agree with them in opinion, that the progress which has been made is far beyond their expectations, that the dispatch of the work is such as to induce a belief, that nearly, if not altogether, the whole of the feeder may be completed within the present year, and that the plan, execution, and conduct of the work in general is such as to merit the confidence of the public, and ensure the success of the great work of the canal itself, if supported by that zeal and punctuality in the stockholders, and that general public spirit, with which it was begun, and upon which it now wholly depends.

October 24, 1804.

THERMOLAMPS.

IN lieu of fire or candle, on the chimney stands a large crystal globe, in which appears a bright and clear flame, diffusing a very agreeable heat; and on different pieces of furniture are placed candlesticks with metal candles, from the top of each of which issues a steady light, like that of a lamp burning with spirits of wine. These different receptacles are supplied with inflammable gas by means of tubes communicating with an apparatus underneath. By this contrivance all the apartments are warmed very comfortably, and illuminated in a brilliant manner.

You may have remarked in sitting before a fire, that wood sometimes burns without flame, but with much smoke, and then you experience little heat, sometimes with flame, but with little smoke, and then you find much warmth. Ill-made charcoal emits smoke; it is, on that account, susceptible of flaming again; and the characteristic difference between wood and charcoal is, that the latter has lost, together with its smoke, the principle and aliment of flame, without which you obtain but little heat. Experience next informs us, that this portion of smoke, the aliment of flame, is not an oily vapour condensable by cooling, but a gas, a permanent air, which may be washed, purified, conducted, distributed, and afterwards turned into flame at any distance from the hearth.

It is almost needless to point out the formation of verdigrise, white lead, and a quantity of other operations, in which acetous acid is employed. It is this pyroligneous acid which penetrates smoked meat and fish; it has an effect on leather which it hardens; and *thermolamps*

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are likely to render tanning-mills unnecessary, by furnishing the tan without further trouble.

This aliment of flame is deprived of those humid vapours, so perceptible and disagreeable to the sight and smell. Purified to perfect transparency, it floats in the state of cold air, and suffers itself to be directed by the smallest and most fragile pipes. Chimnies of an inch square, made in the thickness of the plaster of ceilings or walls, tubes even of gummed silk would answer this purpose. The end alone of the tube, which, by bringing the inflammable gas into contact with the atmospheric air, allows it to catch fire, and on which the flame reposes, ought to be of metal.

By a distribution so easy, a single stove may supply the place of all the chimnies of a house. Every where inflammable air is ready to diffuse immediately heat and light of the mildest or most glowing nature, simultaneously or separately, according to your wishes. In the twinkling of an eye, you may conduct the flame from one room to another; an advantage equally frugal and convenient, and which can never be obtained with our common stoves and chimnies. No sparks, no charcoal, no soot, to trouble you; no ashes, no wood, to soil your apartments. By night, as well as day, you can have a fire in your room, without a servant being obliged to look after it. Nothing in the *thermolamps*, not even the smallest portion of inflammable air, can escape combustion; while in our chimnies, torrents evaporate, and even carry off with them the greater part of the heat produced.

The advantage of being able to purify and proportion, in some measure, the principles of the gas which feeds the flame is evident; but this flame is so subjected to our caprice, that even to tranquilize the imagination, it suffers itself to be confined in a crystal globe, which is never tarnished, and thus presents a medium pervious to light and heat. A part of the tube that conducts the inflammable air, carries off, out of doors, the produce of this combustion, which, according to modern chemists, can be nothing more than aqueous vapour.

Who cannot but be fond of having recourse to a flame so flexile and obsequious? It will dress your victuals, which, as well as your cooks, will not be exposed to the vapour of wood or charcoal; it will warm again those dishes on your table; dry your linen; heat your oven, and the water for your baths or your washing, with every economical advantage that can be wished. No moist or black vapours; no ashes, no breaze, to make a dirt, or oppose the communication of heat; no useless loss of heat: you may, by shutting an opening, which is no longer necessary for placing the wood in your oven, compress and coerce the torrents of heat that were escaping from it.

An inflammable principle so docile, and so active, may be made to yield the most magnificent illuminations. Streams of fire finely drawn out, the duration, colour, and form of which may be varied at pleasure, the motion of suns and turning columns, must produce an effect no less agreeable than brilliant.

Wood yields in condensable vapours two thirds of its weight; those vapours may therefore be employed to produce the effects of our steam-engines, and it is needless to borrow this succour from foreign water.

FRENCH PRIVATE BALL.

HAPPENING to call yesterday on a French lady of my acquaintance, I perceived preparations as if she expected company. She did not leave me long in suspense, but invited me to her party for that evening.

This good lady, no longer in the flower of her age, was still in bed, though it was four o'clock. On expressing my fears that she was indisposed, she assured me of the con-

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trary, adding that she seldom rose till five in the afternoon, from being obliged to keep late hours. Enquiring into the *necessity* which compelled her to turn day into night, she gave me the following account of herself and her way of life:

During the reign of terror, several of us *ci-devant noblesse* lost our nearest relatives, and with them our property, which was either confiscated, or put under sequestration, so that we were absolutely threatened with famine. When the prisoners were massacred in September, 1792, I spared no pains to save the life of my uncle and grandfather, who were both in the *Abbaye*. All my efforts were fruitless; they served only to exasperate their murderers, and contributed, I fear, to hasten their deaths, which it was my fate to witness. Their butchers, from whom I had patiently borne every kind of insult, went so far as to present to me, on the end of a pike, a human heart, which appeared to have been broiled on the embers, assuring me that, as it was the heart of my uncle, I might eat it with safety.

I was so overwhelmed by rage, despair, and grief, that I scarcely retained the use of my senses..... What little I was able to save from the wreck of my fortune, not affording me the means of subsistence, I was compelled to adopt a plan of life, by which I saw other women, in my forlorn condition, support a decent appearance. I hired suitable apartments, and twice in each decade I receive company. On one of these two nights I give a ball and supper, and on the other, under the name of *societe*, I have cards only.

Having a numerous circle of female acquaintance, concluded she, my balls are generally well attended; those who are not fond of dancing, play at the *bouillotte;* and the card-money defrays all expences, leaving me a good profit. In short, these six parties, during the month, enable me to pay my rent, and produce me a tolerable pittance.

Many volumes would not suffice to display half the contrasts engendered by the revolution. Many a *marquise* has been obliged to turn sempstress, to gain a livelihood; but my friend the *comtesse*, with much ready wit, had no talents for the needle.

Having soothed her mind by venting a few imprecations against the murderers of her kinsmen, she informed me that her company began to assemble between eleven and twelve at night, and begged I would not fail to come to her private ball.

About twelve o'clock I went accordingly, when I found the rooms crowded. Among a number of very agreeable ladies, several were distinguished for their figure, though only three were remarkable for beauty. The dancing was already begun to an excellent band of music, led by Julien, a mulatto, deemed the first player of contre-dances in Paris. Of the dancers, some of the women really astonished me by the ease and grace of their movements; steps known to be the most difficult, seemed to cost them not the smallest exertion. Famous as they have ever been for dancing, they seem now "to outdo their usual outdoings."

Formerly, great curiosity was excited by any female who excelled in this pleasing accomplishment. Don Juan of Austria set out post from Brussels, and came to Paris *incog.* on purpose to see Marguerite de Valois dance at a dress-ball, she being reckoned, at that time, the best dancer in Europe. What would be the admiration of such an *amateur*, could he behold the excellence attained by some of the beauties of the present day!

The men seemed to pride themselves more on agility than grace, and, by attempting whatever required extraordinary efforts, reminded me of *figurans* on the stage, so much have the Parisian youth adopted a truly theatrical style of dancing.

The French contre-dances (or co-

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tiljons) and waltzes, which are as much in vogue here as in Germany, were regularly interchanged. The Parisians cannot come up to the Germans in this their native dance. I should have wished to have had Lavater's opinion of the different female waltzers. It is a curious spectacle to see one woman assume a languishing air, another a vacant smile, a third an aspect of indifference; while a fourth seems lost in a voluptuous trance, a fifth captivates by a witching modesty, a sixth affects the insensibility of a statue, and so on in ever-varying succession, though all turning to the changes of the same lively waltz. In this dance, the eyes and feet of every woman appeared constantly at variance.

Werter was surely in the right when he swore that no woman, on whom he had set his affections, should ever waltz with any but himself. Jacobi, a German writer, says, speaking of the waltz, we either ought not to boast so much of the propriety of our manners, or else not suffer that our wives and daughters, in a complete delirium, softly pressed in the arms of men, bosom to bosom, should thus be hurried away by the sound of intoxicating music. In this *whirligig* dance, every one seems to forget the rules of decorum; and though an innocent young creature, thus exposed, remain pure, can she, without horror, reflect that she becomes the sport of the imagination of licentious youths, to whom she so abandons herself? Our damsels, those who preserve any vestige of bashfulness, should, concealed in a private corner, hear the conversation of those very men to whom they yield themselves with so little reserve.

This dance, like all other French fashions, has found its way to England, and is introduced between the acts, by way of interlude, at some of our grand private balls and assemblies.

French contre-dances and waltzes alternately continued till four o'clock, when soup was brought round to all the company. This was dispatched *sans facon*, as fast as it could be procured. It was a prelude to the cold supper, which was presently served in another spacious apartment. The folding doors of an adjoining room were then thrown open, but, large as it was, it could not accommodate more than half the company. I therefore remained in the back ground, supposing that places would first be provided for all the women. Not so; several men seated themselves, while the female bystanders were necessitated to seek seats at some temporary tables placed in the ball-room. Here too were they in luck if they obtained a few fragments from the grand board, for such voracity was there exhibited, that so many cormorants could not have been more expeditious in clearing the board.

An enormous salmon graced the middle of the principal table. In less than five minutes after the company were seated, I turned round, and missing the fish, asked if it had proved tainted. No: but it is all devoured, was the reply of a young man, who, pointing to the bone, offered me a pear and a piece of bread, which he shrewdly observed was all that I might probably get to recruit my strength at this entertainment. I took the hint, and, with the addition of a glass of common wine, at once made my supper.

In half an hour, the tables being removed, the ball was resumed with fresh spirit. The card-room had never been deserted. *Mind the main chance* is a wholesome maxim, which the good lady of the house seemed not to have forgotten. Assisted by a sort of *crouptier*, she did the honours of the *bouillotte* with that admirable sans-froid, which you have often witnessed in some of our hostesses of fashion; and, had she not communicated to me the secret, I should have been the last to suspect, while she appeared so indifferent, that she had so great an interest in the party being continued till morning.

As an old acquaintance, she took

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an opportunity of saying to me, with exultation, "*Le jeu va bien;*" but expressed her regret that the supper was such a scramble. I inquired the name and character of the most striking women in the room, and found that they were chiefly such as, like herself, had suffered by the revolution; several were divorced from their husbands; but as incompatibility of temper had been their general plea, that could not operate as a blemish.

To judge of the political tenets of these belles from their exterior, a stranger would be often led into error. He might naturally conclude them to be republicans, since they have, in general, adopted the Athenian attire, though they have not, in the smallest degree, the simple manners of that people. Their arms are bare almost to the shoulder; their bosom is, in a great measure, uncovered; their ancles are encircled by narrow ribands, in imitation of the fastenings of sandals; and their hair, turned up close behind, is confined on the crown of the head in a large knot, as we see it in the antique busts of Grecian beauties.

The rest of their dress is adapted more to display than to veil their persons. It was thus explained to me by my friend, the *comtesse*, who assured me that young French women, clad in this airy manner, brave all the rigour of winter. A simple piece of linen, slightly laced before, while it leaves the waist uncompressed, answers the purpose of a corset. If they put on a robe, which is not open in front, they dispense with petticoats altogether, their cambric *chemise* having the semblance of one, from its skirt being trimmed with lace. When attired for a ball, those who dance, as you may observe, commonly put on a tunic, and then a petticoat becomes a matter of necessity rather than of choice. Pockets being deemed an incumbrance, they wear none; what money they carry is contained in a little morocco leather purse: this is concealed in the centre of the bosom, whose form, in our well-shaped women, being that of the Medicean Venus, the receptacle occasionally serves for a little gold watch, or some other trinket, which is suspended to the neck by a collar of hair, variously decorated. When they dance, the fan is introduced within the zone or girdle, and the handkerchief is kept in the pocket of some sedulous swain, to whom the fair one has recourse when she has occasion for it. Some of the elderly ladies carry these appendages in a sort of work-bag, called a *ridicule*. This was lately the universal fashion, as a substitute for pockets, but, at present it is totally laid aside by the younger classes.

The men were, for the most part, of the military class, thinly interspersed with returned emigrants. Some of the generals and colonels were in their hussar dress-uniform, which is not only becoming to a well-formed man, but splendid and costly. All the seams of the jacket and pantaloons of the generals are covered with rich and tasteful embroidery, as well as their sabretash, and those of the colonels with gold or silver lace: a few even wore boots of red morocco.

Most of the Gallic youths, having served a short time in the armies, have acquired a martial air, which is very discernible, in spite of their *habit bourgeois*. The brown coat cannot disguise the soldier. Several young merchants have served, some two, others four years, in the ranks, and constantly refused every sort of advancement. Not wishing to remain in the army, and relinquish the profession in which they had been educated, they cheerfully passed through their military servitude as privates, and, like true soldiers, gallantly fought their country's battles.

The hour of six being arrived, I was assailed, on all sides, by applications to set down this or that lady, as the morning was very rainy, and, besides the long rank of hackney coaches drawn up at the door, every vehicle that could be procured

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had long been in requisition. The mistress of the house had informed two of her particular female friends that I had a carriage in waiting; and as I could accommodate only a certain number at a time, after having consented to take those ladies home first, I conceived myself at liberty, on my return, to select the rest of my convoy. To relieve beauty in distress was one of the first laws of ancient chivalry; and no knight ever accomplished that vow with greater ardour than I did on this occasion.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MODERN DRAMA.

HAVING shaken off the yoke, and being little disposed to bear that of the emperors of the west, who boasted of being the successors of those of Rome, the principal cities of Italy found means to recover their former liberty. The eleventh, and the two following centuries, roused the genius of the nation from the profound sleep into which it seemed to have been plunged, and letters, commerce, and the arts began to revive, and to be cultivated.

The lives of the saints, or spiritual romances in dialogue, do not deserve to be mentioned; and if they are to be considered as belonging to the dramatic art, we may say also, that a dramatic scene takes place every time that two persons converse together.

Among an infinite multitude of Provincial, Sicilian, and Tuscan poetical pieces, we find nothing till the beginning of the thirteenth century, that has any resemblance to a theatrical representation. Poets had written some songs in dialogue; but they had neither theatres, orchestras, nor permanent audiences; they sung to one or two people, and made their songs be accompanied by instruments, and great lords readily admitted them into their courts. The Germans had something of the same kind in their *Minnesoenger*, or *Love Singers;* but at present we know nothing of their dramatic productions. The first *dramatic* representation, properly so called, of which we find any certain documents, was exhibited at Padua, in the meadow *della Valle*, in the year 1243 or 1244, on Easter Sunday. The company of Gonfalon was instituted at Rome, in 1264, the object of which was to represent the mysteries of the passion in the holy week. In 1298, some priests at Frioul gave the same spectacle to a great concourse of spectators. At Naples there were representations like these, called *Misterii;* but, very luckily, no copies of these ridiculous dramatic works are now to be found.

Albertino Mussato, of Padua, descended from a noble family still existing in that place, who was born in 1261, and died in 1330, informs us, in the preliminary discourse to a work *De Gestis Italicorum*, that in his time the actions of kings and heroes were chanted, and represented on the stage. Villani makes mention of a festival given in 1304, in Tuscany, in which a representation of hell was exhibited, and demons made to speak. Clero, of Frioul, represented the same year, the *Creation of Adam and Eve*, the *Annunciation*, and the *Delivery of the Virgin*.

To Albertino Mussato, however, one of the restorers of good literature, were the Italians indebted for the revival of the dramatic art, according to the ancient form. This author composed two tragedies in Latin verse, the *Achilleid*, and the *Eccerina;* the latter, the subject of which he took from the history of his own country, procured him the poetic laurel from his countrymen. It appears that the subject was fitted rather for a poem than a tragedy, which requires unity of action; but notwithstanding several irregularities in this piece, the style of it was very correct and expressive; the passions were well delineated, and national interest treated with a kind of art.

The first tragedy, written exactly

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after the model of the Greeks, was produced in a city not far distant from Padua; and that this country, on which nature had bestowed beauty and fertility, enjoyed also peculiar privileges on the revival of letters. Petrarch, in his youth, had attempted to write a comedy, which has not been handed down to us; but even in his time there were some celebrated actors. He mentions a *Tommaso Bambasio*, of Ferrara, his intimate friend, whom he compares to Roscius. *Vergerio* the elder, who died in 1431, left a comedy, entitled *Paulus, ad juvenum mores corrigendos*, which is still preserved in manuscript in the Ambrosian library. *Giovanni Manzini de Lunigiana* wrote a tragedy on the misfortunes of *Antonio della Scala*. Some have pretended that the *Floriana* was a comedy of the fourteenth century, but this assertion is not supported by any solid authority.

Whilst tragedy was *getting rid of its swaddling clothes*, comedy was *uttering the first cries of infancy*. Provence, which was considered as a polished country, had only theatrical dialogues, which were entitled neither to the name of comedy nor of tragedy. *Baptist Parasols*, a Limousin, gave, however, the name of tragedy to five dialogues, which he wrote against Jean I, countess of Provence, and queen of Naples. Luc de Grimaud composed dramas or dialogues against pope Boniface VIII. In France, farces upon sacred subjects were already in use, when, in 1314, Philip the handsome armed his sons as knights. The English and the Germans had, in this century, mimico-sacred representations, but we have no certain documents respecting the Spaniards.

In the fifteenth century, the pieces taken from the sacred scriptures assumed a less rude form; they were the principal pieces acted upon the stage, as yet subjected to no proper regulations. The life and passion of Jesus Christ was treated of by several poets, among whom *Giuliano Dati* and *Feo Belcari*, two Florentines, had a distinguished reputation. *Jacobo Alemanni* gave, in five acts, *the Conversion of St. Mary Magdalene;* about the year 1480 *Cardinal Rioria* caused the *Conversion of St. Paul* to be acted at Rome; in 1442, the Florentines rehearsed allegorical and dramatic fables, for the entry of Alphonso I, of Navarre, and Arragon; and in 1452, *the Mysteries of the Passion* were represented with much decoration and magnificence, in the church of St. Clare. *Antonio Caracciolo* exhibited farces, or assisted king Ferdinand I. *Sannazaro* made the *Giuommere* be recited in the Tuscan language, and a farce, the subject of which was the *Taking of Grenada;* in the same year, 1489, *Bergonzo Botta* gave, at Tortona, a theatrical spectacle, in which the poetry, the music, the dancing, and the decorations, vied with each other in magnificence. *Progne*, a tragedy, in Latin verse, by *Gregorio Corraro*, a young Venetian senator, who died in 1494, which Domenichi published as belonging to him; and the Passion of Jesus Christ, by *Bernardino Campagna*, of Verona, were in their time worthy of praise. *Carlo Verardo, of Cesena*, composed and caused to be represented at Rome, two dramas in Latin hexameter verse, which were printed in 1493; the first, entitled *Fernandus servatus*, has for the persons who speak *Pluto, Alecto, Tisiphone, Megara, Ruffo*, who is the tyrant of the piece; *the queen, a nurse, St. James, the king, Cardinal Mendoza*, and *the chorus. Leonard Aretin*, and the chancellor of Padua, *Sicco de Polento* composed also dramatic works in Latin; the *Lusus Ebriorum* of the latter was afterwards translated by *Modesto*, of Polento, into Italian, with the title of *Catania*, and published at Trent, in 1472; this was the first comedy printed in the vulgar tongue, as its original was, properly speaking, the first comedy after the revival of letters. Padua, therefore, after this period, produced the first comedy, as well

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as the first tragedy. The *Orpheus*, of Poliziano, the first pastoral fable, appeared some time after. *Notturno*, a Neapolitan poet, wrote at the same time two pieces, the first of which was entitled *Tragedia di maximo e danboso errore, in chi e avviluppata il fragil, e volubil sesso femineo;* this piece was written in different kinds of verse; the other was entitled *Gaudio d'Amore*, and had for its personages valets, bawds, parasites, and ladies of pleasure, after the ancient manner. *Nardi* gave, at Florence, in 1494, a comedy, entitled *l'Amicizia*, and some years before, Hercules I, of Est, had exhibited some pieces at Ferrara, among which were the *Menechmi* of Plautus, the *Cefalo de Nicolo*, of *Corregio*, the *Amphytria*, translated by Collenucio, the *Panfila d'Antonio*, of Pistoie, the *Timon of Bojardo*, &c.

Whilst the dramatic art in Italy was advancing rapidly towards the decency and regularity of the Greek originals, other nations had not abandoned their sacred farces..... The passion of Jesus Christ was the ordinary subject of them. It is supposed that one of these dramas on the passion, written about the middle of that century, was composed by *John Michel*, bishop of Angers, who died with a great reputation for sanctity. It contained the life of Jesus Christ, from the preaching of his precursor till the resurrection; and consisted of a series of scenes, each independent of the other, without being divided into acts: and these scenes were recited during several days.

In France there were companies of rehearsers, under the name of the *Children of the Passion*, the *Children without Care*, the *Clerks of the Bazoche*, and *of the Cornards*. The first represented sacred pieces, and the rest buffooneries, more or less indecent; the French, however, suspected that there were models existing of better things. Spain was continually engaged in the dialogues of buffoons, or in sacred farces, and we scarcely find two sketches of the drama among that ingenious nation. In Germany, towards the end of the century, translations from the ancient dramatic authors began to be given. In Flanders, a kind of pantomimes were exhibited; and in England coarse farces licentiously extravagant.

The sixteenth century produced a multitude of tragedies and comedies, both in Latin and Italian. Of the former, the best were those of *Cosenze*, *Antonio Tilesio*, and *Coriolan Martirano*, who, to purity of style, and a lively expression of the passions, joined the merit of regularity in the action. The former gave subjects of his own invention; the latter translated from the Greek, but translated as a great master, of which he has left many proofs in his *Christus*.

Among the Italian tragedies, the *Sofonisba*, of *John George Trissino*, of Vicenza, received the greatest share of applause. This piece is not destitute of faults, but it abounds with those simple and natural beauties, which characterise the merit of the Greek models.

France gave the first proof of its delicate taste for theatrical pieces, by a great number of translations from the Italian, both in verse and prose, which at different times issued from the press. If the *Sofonisba* was translated and represented in France, in the same century in which *Trissino* produced it in Italy, and perhaps sixty years before the Cid, for which the French were indebted to Spain, and not to Italy, it appears that they were under obligations to both; but it is certain, that they could not learn from the latter the laws of the dramatic art, to which that nation has not yet submitted. The *Hecuba* and the *Orestes* of *Rucellai*, the *Tullia* of Martelli, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, translated by Alemanni, the *OEdipus* of Anguillara, with magnificent decorations, rehearsed and repeated at Vicenza, in 1565, the same tragedy, translated more faithfully by Orsatto Giustiani, and represented in 1585, with the most

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sumptuous preparations, on the *Olympic theatre*, the *Canace* of Speroni, the seven tragedies of Girardi, the translations of Dolce, and a great many others, were in this century preludes to the *Torrismondo* of Torquato Tasso, which, without doubt, we ought to consider as the best conducted, though it is not exempted from faults. The *Torrismondo* was translated and reprinted thrice in France, before Corneille had read the Spanish comedies; and before that tragedy he had already seen the *Gismonda*, or *Tancrede*, of *Astigiano Usinari*. The *Semiramis* of *Muzio Manfredi*, of Cesenna, did much honour to the end of this century; for, notwithstanding a multitude of insipid, dry, and ill-conducted tragedies, we must allow the Italians the glory of having given the best translations from the Greek, and some good original pieces.

The Italians were so well acquainted with the Grecian erudition, in all its parts, that they displayed the ancient taste even in the construction of their theatres. What glory for a private, though noble academy, and for the city of Vicenza, which is not one of the most considerable in Italy, to possess, in 1583, such a theatre as the *Olympic*, built after the ancient manner! But it had also the good fortune to give birth within its walls, to a *Trissino*, who pointed out to all Europe the path to true tragedy, and taught architecture to the incomparable Andrea Palladio, &c. Mr. Voltaire, therefore, though not a friend to the Italians, renders public testimony in favour of the cultivated and liberal munificence of the Vicentins, and, as we may say, to their priority in tragedy, when he says, the city of Vicenza, in 1415, laid out immense sums of money for representing the first tragedy seen in Europe after the fall of the Roman empire.

While Vicenza, two centuries after the revival of the theatre of Padua, had carried tragedy to the Grecian regularity, and its representation to the highest degree of perfection, Ferrara, not far distant from either, in which a kind of comic art had flourished from the time of Petrarch, saw, in the hands of Ariosto, comedy assume a more decent and regular form.

The *Calandra*, of cardinal de Bibbiena, the *Mandragola*, the *Clizia*, and the *Andria*, of Machiavelli, the *Geloso*, the *Fantasmi*, of Bentivoglio, the very satirical and licentious comedies of Peter Aretin, and a multitude of others, the authors of which were Trissino, Lorenzino de Medicis, Galli, Lasca, Firenzuola, Contile, the celebrated Bonno de Nola, those of Secundo of Larentum, Mericonda, Guidani, Leccese, Cameli, Aquilan, Pino de Caggli, Parabosio, Borghini, Secchi, Salviati, Guarnello, Oddi de Perugia, Varchi, Caso, and of a great many others, formed a fund of theatrical compositions, filled with good things, which fully prove that Italy had a rich theatre a hundred years before France had a single comic or tragic drama that could be endured. Angelo Beolco, a comic writer at Padua, was not an actor by profession, but a gentleman *dilletante:* his comedies were printed, for the first time, at Venice, in the middle of this century. They are much superior to the greater part of the productions of that period, and Varchi preferred them to the ancient *Attellanæ*.

Pastoral pieces constituted a third kind known to the ancients, and which may be considered as a riches peculiar to the revival of theatrical representations. The pedants of the sixteenth century exclaimed against them, but they could never obscure the glory of the *Aminta* of Torquato Tasso, nor that of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. The pieces written in imitation of these, by a multitude of writers, are scarcely worthy of being mentioned.

SHENSTONE'S LEASOWES.

THE first offspring of Mr. Shenstone's commerce with the water-

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nymphs, or, in plain prose, the first specimen of his skill in making that beautiful element contribute to his amusement, for which he was afterwards so justly celebrated, was in the grove consecrated to Virgil, about a furlong from the house. That little spot, which is now so great a beauty, was then a mere dingle, or "bosky dell," as Milton calls it. But by collecting the several rills, which supply the piece of water, under the old beeches, and making them fall over some rough stones, and conducting them, as the ground naturally meanders, amidst a few forest trees; by adding a small bridge of one arch, with a little obelisk, at a small expence, inscribed to his favourite Latin poet, he brought it, forty years ago, to its present beautiful form.

Pursuing the same ideas, he some years afterwards made that other little cascade, at the extremity of which he inscribed a seat to his noble friend, the late lord Stamford, but which the present worthy possessor has, with equal propriety, consecrated to Mr. Shenstone himself, the projector of this beautiful scene.

This cascade was absolutely no more than a mere ditch, or hedgerow of hazels, and other common brush-wood; but, by clearing away the briars and thorns, and showing the water busily huddling down amidst the roots, and glittering through the stems of the trees, it has an uncommonly beautiful effect.

His last cascade, which, from the diminutive scale on which the others were formed, he denominated a cataract, is formed by the same stream, which runs through Virgil's grove, but somewhat augmented by a few streamlets, which it meets in its passage. It falls near twenty feet, amidst some broken rocks or fragments of stone, into a deep hollow shaded with trees, which conducts it into the large expanse of of water below the ruinated priory.

Mr. Shenstone having taken his farm at the Leasowes into his own hands, about the year 1745, as Dr. Johnson says, began now indeed to *extend* his plan, and to form it into one connected whole, by a line of walks, to show its several beauties in the most striking light, and to give it a picturesque appearance on the principles of landscape gardening, which he told me he had reduced to a regular system.

The idea "that a landscape-painter would be the best English gardener," Mr. Shenstone, I believe, first expressed and pursued, in his "Thoughts on Gardening;" though Kent, and other designers of this century, must have had an idea of the thing intended. This subject M. Girardin Viscount d'Ermenonville has since developed, in his elegant and useful treatise "On the Means of improving the Country round our Habitations." It must be confessed, however, that he has greatly improved on Mr. Shenstone's system in one respect, by so intimately uniting *utility* with rural embellishment. "A virtuous citizen," says he, "who begins by admiring picturesque landscape, which pleases the *eye*, will soon endeavour to produce that moral landscape, which pleases the *mind*, by showing the inhabitants of the country happy around him. Nothing is more affecting than the sight of universal content." Then, after a few remarks on the *beauty* of a well-cultivated farm, he concludes his essay with this sensible but sarcastic reflection on the manners of the present age: "Perhaps, when every folly is exhausted, there will come a time in which men will be so far enlightened, as to prefer the real pleasures of nature to vanity and chimera."

The marquis seems also to have availed himself of Mr. Shenstone's hint, in his beautiful villa of Ermenonville, that "wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination: mottoes should allude to it; columns record it;" &c.

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A part of Ermenonville had been the scene of an engagement in the civil wars; which the marquis has distinguished by an inscription, "Ouando cives cives trucidabant," &c. In another part he has erected a tower, as the supposed scene of Henry IV's retreat with the fair Gabrielle d'Etrees, inscribed, "Tour de la belle Gabrielle," &c.

Barrington, in his History of Gardening, has repeated Shenstone's observation, "that a landscape painter would make the best designer of an English garden in the present taste," and compliments Mr. Gainsborough as the most fit for that purpose..... But, though Gainsborough so eminently excels in every branch of the art, yet, I think, his style of landscape, though the most pleasing in my eye, is less calculated for the present mode of embellishing the country round our villas, as it is generally confined to mere sylvan scenes and sequestered spots, instead of comprehending that extent of lawn, groups of trees, and distant views, which are usually found near a gentleman's seat, since that good taste has prevailed in England.

As Mr. Shenstone, after he came to settle at the Leasowes, made it his constant residence as long as he lived, he was of course continually adding to the improvements and decorations of his farm.

He built the ruinated priory, adorned with the arms of his friends on gothic shields; he cut vistas to show, from several points of view, the beautiful spire of Halesowen; he erected urns, or placed up inscriptions to his friends or to his favourite writers; he placed a cast of the Medicean Venus in his shrubbery; and one of the piping fawn in a small circle of firs, hazels, and other elegant shrubs, which were some of the most expensive ornaments of his place; for many of his seats and cascades were made by the manual labour of an old servant, under his own direction.

It is matter of surprise to Dr. Johnson, that Mr. Shenstone should be provoked at any one who came to see his place, if they asked, "Whether there were any fish in his water?" But how would the doctor have felt himself, if, on reading his admirable satire called "London," or any other of his works, at the Bas-bleu, or any other literary assembly, a lady had coldly asked him, if he had nothing *entertaining* to read to them?

The question which, he says, raised Mr. Shenstone's indignation, certainly betrayed an inattention to the beauties of his place; and reminds me of an old epicure, who, walking in a fine evening in the meadows, on the banks of the Charwell, exclaimed with rapture, on the sight of a lamb that was frisking about, "pretty innocent creature, how deliciously thou wouldst eat with carrots or cauliflowers."

The same genius was discovered in improving, that, in some measure, appeared in whatever Mr. Shenstone undertook. He often made his operators perform what they represented as impracticable; and remove partitions, the consequence of which, according to their maxims, would prove the downfal of the whole edifice. He gave his hall some air of magnificence, by sinking the floor, and giving it an altitude of ten feet instead of seven. In short, by his own good taste, and his mechanical skill, he acquired two tolerably elegant rooms, from a mere farm house of a most diminutive dimension. As for the facetious intimation, that his groves were haunted by duns, as well as by fawns and wood-nymphs, I believe it to be a groundless surmise; Mr. Shenstone was too much respected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeness: and though his works, frugally as they were managed, added to his manner of living, must necessarily have made him exceed his income, and, of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money; yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults for trifling sums; and guarded against any great distress, by anticipating a few hundreds; which his estate could very

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well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors, after the payment of his debts and his legacies to his friends, and annuities of 30l. a year to one servant, and of 6l. to another: for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity.

ON THE PASTORALS OF GESNER.

IN his pastoral poetry, next to the Italians, no one among the moderns has approached nearer than he to the divine simplicity of the ancients, and the definition of it is, what that of all pastoral poetry ought to be, that is to say, a species of composition, made to inspire a love for the pleasures of innocence, and to give lessons of the purest and mildest philosophy; that all his painting of the human heart breathes the most amiable philanthrophy; that he describes happiness in the midst of the groves, under a thousand different aspects; that he exhibits, in his amours, the purest virtue; that the natural manner in which his personages express sentiments of honesty and beneficence is extremely engaging; that he shows, in a masterly manner, the grandeur, the delicacy, and the tenderness with which he displays the affections of a father, a husband, and a son; thus all the ties which nature has employed to form the first foundations of society, and the ordinary events of life, are continually found among his characters, and re-appear under forms and colours that instruct at the same time that they interest; and lastly, that he is the first who has given to pastoral poetry all the extent and perfection of which it is susceptible.

It is truly a strange and disagreeable thing, that any one should have had the courage to condemn him, in Italy, where a taste for pastoral poetry, cherished and brought to perfection by the Arcadia, the Amynta, and the Pastor Fido, and a natural taste for rural beauties, animated and strengthened by a disposition so lively and affable, should rather unite in favour of this poet, idolized by the French, the English, and the Germans....in Italy, which he loved more than any stranger ever, perhaps, will....in Italy, where the translations of his works touched his heart more than those of any other nation. On this account he was accustomed to say, that he perceived himself in ours, but that he found only his shadow in all the rest.

As to the uniformity in his poetry, of which Gesner has been accused, this charge is destitute of foundation, either because the species of poetry he has chosen is, by its nature, confined within the bounds of a certain apparent uniformity, or because the poet of Zurich knew to modify this intrinsic uniformity of the subject with more art than Theocritus or Virgil, though he has written six times as much as they in the pastoral kind; and this will appear very natural, if we reflect that Gesner was acquainted with painting and engraving; and that, uniting these two arts, he could easily suggest beauties, which the poet, without being a painter, or the painter without being a poet, would never have found.

His imagery, especially that which he wrote when he had attained to the age of thirty, sufficiently prove that this knowledge was extremely useful to him; the effect of both is doubled by the harmony which the two arts give them. His painting often awakens that succession of ideas, which Albano so much desired, and which he never perfectly obtained but by the means of poetry. Several of his idyls present to the imagination those rapid effects of the claro oscuro of the painting, which Dante, by the extent of his genius, acquired, in a degree superior to all the moderns, without being a painter.

Some of the paintings and poems of Gesner, which produced so grand and enchanting delusions, are, with one another, like the union of two voices in perfect unison. An excellent connoisseur has already been

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charmed with the frequent reading of his description of conjugal happiness, and of an amiable spouse, with two pretty children; a description contained in his idyl, entitled, *A Morning in Autumn:* but when he went to see the painting, in which the subject of the same idyl was represented, by the force of an allusion, of which he had never before entertained any idea, he really imagined that he heard the tender expressions of this happy spouse, and the inarticulate sounds of joy uttered by the charming young ones; he thought he saw their little hands stroaking the visage of their father.

By his knowledge of these two arts, Gesner acquired another engaging beauty in his poetry, respecting the expression of effects. The precision and propriety of words, their sound and arrangement is such, that they present, in an instant, the attitudes, and even the colour proper for each passion, and they always make one comprehend more than is read. The finest strokes of the expression of effects are heightened by an almost imperceptible gradation, so that we feel all the force of them, without perceiving the art. This gradation could not be disposed and directed but by the hand of a painter, able to open such paths, where, by moving the heart, an impression is made on the mind, while the imagination is delighted.

This harmonical union enabled Gesner also to delineate in his poetry certain images more than human, to render them almost perceptible to the senses, and to insinuate into them the ethereal influence of the models of these images. We imagine that we see the rays which proceed from the forehead of his deities; we behold their winged ministers seated on clouds; we observe their motion, when he makes them descend, like the soft and gentle fall of the April showers; we distinguish the odour of those flowers with which they are crowned; and we behold them starting into life, their motions full of gracefulness and vivacity, with their celestial looks, and their heavenly smiles.

STATE OF WOMEN AMONG THE ARABS.

MARRIAGE here is not a contract which requires the consent of both parties. It is a bargain concluded between the parents of the woman and the person who intends to espouse her. In order to obtain her, he has no need to win her heart, or to merit her good graces; for if he presents himself, with one or two beautiful cows, well fed, he is certain of being favourably received. The parents keep the cows, and deliver over their daughter in their stead. Whether she is to be happy, or unhappy, is not their business: she is sold. If she displeases her husband, he sends her back to her parents, and purchases another, or even several, if he be rich. If the repudiated woman happens to please another, he may make a bargain, but she will cost him less, as she has before had another husband.

To the woman alone is committed the whole management of the family, which is very fatiguing sometimes, when these Arab hordes often change the place of their residence. To grind corn, to make it into *courcoucon*, to cook it, to milk the cows, and to churn butter, all belong to the women; but this is the easiest part. Whilst the men pass their lives in idleness, they leave to the women the severest labours. It is they who cut wood, and who, with great fatigue, carry it upon their shoulders. I have often met them with burdens so enormous, that I could not distinguish, till very near, under a branchy load, a small human figure, disgusting with sweat, and extenuated with toil. It is they, also, who often sow and till the earth. Their hardships, however, are still greater, when it is necessary to pull up the poles of their tents. The husband mounts his

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horse very peaceably, without any other incumbrance, except his arms, while the wife walks on foot, loaded with kitchen furniture, and sometimes with the tent, when there is no animal to carry it. The husband often has the cruelty to beat her severely, when, in that situation, she is not able to keep up with his horse. Thus is she obliged to travel across burning sands, having often nothing either to eat or drink.

The slave, rather than the companion of her husband, she can expect from him neither tenderness nor affection. He never speaks but as an imperious master, who is sensible of that superiority which nature has given him over the woman, by making him stronger. These unhappy wretches are subordinate to their children, and even to their slaves; they never eat till they have finished, and they are obliged to be contented with what they leave..... When they are not called abroad by labour, they remain shut up in their tents, where they sit squatting down amidst filth and vermin. They almost all have the itch, and diffuse an infectious smell every where around them. Their dress consists only of a few greasy rags, which they never wash. They have no linen, and carry their whole paltry wardrobe along with them.

Employed in continual exercise, their being with child is no reason for diminishing their labours; they are never interrupted but at the moment when they bring forth..... They have neither midwives nor surgeons amongst them. They all deliver themselves, and their bed of pain is the bare ground. Several of them wash their children as soon as they are born, and wrap them up in a corner of their robe; in other respects they abandon them to nature, and allow them nothing but what is necessary to support their existence. When scarcely brought to bed, these women resume their labours, to which is added that of feeding their children. Though little cared for, extended on a small bundle of straw, scarcely covered with a few rags, without swaddling clothes, and without bandages, these children, however, become strong and vigorous in a little time, and soon follow their mothers to the fields.

The Arabs of the mountains are much less jealous than those in the towns; none but their chiefs keep their wives shut up. The rest, though they wished to do it, could not, unless they were resolved to supply the places of their wives in their domestic labours; but in them laziness is much more predominant than jealousy. These women never have their faces covered, though they ought to use veils, to hide their ugliness, rather than to conceal their beauty. I never saw such disgusting creatures. Their complexion is like soot; their skin is dry and parched, and their whole body is painted with different fantastical figures, formed with gunpowder and antimony..... Scarcely have they passed the bounds of infancy, when the signs of premature old age appear on their countenances. They are early deformed by wrinkles, but it is easily perceived that they are only the effects of forced labour and misfortune, and not of the ravage of years. It is impossible to behold them, and not be moved with compassion..... The attracting graces of youth have not time to display themselves, and from infancy to old age there is scarcely any gradation. Dead eyes, a cast down and disordered look, hollow cheeks, a back bent by excess of labour, signs of the greatest misery in the whole external appearance, dejection, heaviness, and the most gloomy melancholy, form the portrait of the greater part of the Arab mountaineers. They marry very young, bring forth few children, and early terminate their unfortunate career.

In cities, the women lose in point of liberty, as much as they gain in point of labour. By the jealousy of their husbands, they are subjected to perpetual imprisonment. Women of distinction never go abroad; those who are seen in the streets are

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of the lowest class, and even these wear a very large and thick white veil, which reaches down to their knees. They have their faces covered also with another veil, which is applied like a mask. Their under dress is a large white sheet, or blanket, arranged in the form of a robe. They all have long drawers, which descend to their heels, and on their feet they wear high-heeled shoes. In such a dress these women appear as if wrapt in a large bale of cloth, and it is impossible to judge what they are under such a covering, which entirely conceals all their graces. In their houses they lay aside part of their dress, and, in the evening, when their husbands are at the mosque, it is not uncommon to see them enjoying the cool air on their terraces; but they instantly disappear at the sight of a man....I mean a mussulman....for they are very fond of the christians, and when they perceive them, they readily expose to their view every thing that the jealousy of their husbands obliges them to hide. With such a disposition, and, above all, under so great a constraint, an intrigue might soon be formed and terminated; but here there is no greater crime than gallantry, especially in a European. If one is caught, death is unavoidable, and there are no other means of escaping it, except to embrace the religion of Mahomet, and to espouse the woman that has been seduced. If she be married, there is no resource for either of the parties..... The woman is inclosed in a sack, and thrown into the sea; and the man is burnt alive, or cut into a thousand pieces.

The women in towns not being, like the mountaineers, burnt by the sun, and oppressed by labour, are almost all very beautiful, exceedingly fair, and of an agreeable stature. Their gait is noble and grave, and their carriage is majestic, but they want those graces which are acquired by frequenting company. Lost to the world, and to the sweets of social life, these charming sequestered females live only for one man, who gives himself little trouble to indemnify them for the loss of liberty.

THE USE OF PAINT BY THE LADIES DEFENDED.

I DO not mean to write a formal essay in support of this practice, which is now so common, but will only attempt to remove a few of the prejudices which people of antiquated manners and notions yet entertain; or, if their prejudices prove too deeply rooted, to set the rising generation, at least, entirely free from them.

Our local situation, and the caustic writings of the moralists of the last century, a good deal retarded, I doubt not, the adoption of a fashion so long prevalent among our neighbours, and in which we now seem to take the lead. The Spectator, by a single reproachful word, struck a terror into the hearts of those ladies who wished to improve upon nature, and the term *Pict*, for a time, proved a barrier to art: but science is progressive; for a while it may be obscured, though it must, at length, break out, and will then shine with a renewed lustre.

Universality of opinion has been used as an argument in support of the most sublime of truths; and may not universality of practice be esteemed equally valid in support of any particular custom, especially when that custom seems to bid defiance to every attempt of wit and reasoning to suppress it? A custom which is built on the broadest basis; which may extend to every female under heaven; which is to banish ugliness from the face of the earth; by which the old, the wrinkled, the haggard, the emaciated, may be made to appear as young and beautiful as Hebe; and which tends so much to humble the pride, and mortify the self-sufficiency of those vain females, to whom nature has given fair faces: a pride which to a pro-

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verb is offensive. By these means every woman may not only equal, but far surpass them, in what is generally thought desirable. That bloom, which is nothing more than the "*tincture of the skin*," is subject to a thousand accidents; the sun, the air, an improper thought, an indelicate expression, a nod, a whisper, heightens or impairs it: but the complexion which is fashioned by art can sustain these and much greater trials, and would, perhaps, rise superior to obscenity itself. Besides, how humane and charitable! Those poor unfortunate creatures, who, together with their innocence, have lost their roseate hue, those unhappy frail ones are hid and sheltered in the *painted crowd*, and he must have more than common penetration who can distinguish the duchess from the courtezan. The heart of benevolence has been much employed in plans for separating and secluding them from society, and by these means attempting their amendment; but surely the end is answered much better, when the *more reputable class* of women voluntarily sink themselves in all outward appearance, to a level with them. As it is well known nothing tends more to prevent reformation of manners than public notoriety, could any better plan than this have been hit upon? A painted face, which might have been as distinguishing a mark of a wanton as that which God fixed upon Cain was of a murderer, is now, through the kindness of women of rank, so common, as to be no distinguishing mark at all; and *they* ought accordingly to receive every token of esteem and approbation, for the asylum thus afforded their unhappy sisters!

Some have been so mean as to decry this custom, on account of the time it must necessarily take up, which, they say, should be otherwise employed. But how can women in superior life, who are exempt from all the cares and offices of lesser mortals, employ themselves better than in adorning their persons, or hiding such defects as nature may have left them? We all esteem those who improve the mind; should not some little praise be given to those who render the face more lovely? 'Tis true it has been said, that those who once paint must always continue to do so, and there may be times and seasons when it will be inconvenient, though, I must confess, I cannot allow much weight to this: as a lover, or a husband, will undoubtedly rest satisfied with a palid face at home, if his mistress, or his wife, appears sufficiently beautiful abroad; just as people submit to little domestic vexations, from the comfortable hope of meeting with regard and attachment in public.

The expence is so trifling, that I have sometimes been a little surprised the custom has continued so long, in a country where expence seems one of the necessary appendages of pleasure. But this, instead of weakening, is a strong presumption in its favour, as it is a proof of some inherent excellence, and that it owes not its continuation to any such accidental circumstance as that.

The health, I must allow, may be injured; but that, when put in competition with so many advantages, appears beneath the consideration of a *fine lady*, whose chief aim is not length of days, but enjoyment of life: and what enjoyment can she have, without the reputation of beauty? Should any little ailment be brought on, is there not the greatest room for the display of firmness, resignation, and constancy of mind, graces and excellencies which, I doubt not, those who are at so much pains to improve their faces, are very fully endowed with? as it is totally inconceivable that those who embellish the exterior so very artfully, should neglect the cultivation of the virtues, which a beautiful appearance is only meant to give a faint token of, and to which it is but subservient.

To lay the improprieties of conduct, and the levities which some

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fashionable women are guilty of, to the account of painting, seems to me to be carrying matters much too far, and accounting for things in too mechanical a way, as I am unable to perceive how stopping up the pores of the neck and face can prove an incentive to amorous dalliance. Had the light-headedness of the modern fair ones been the supposed effect, I might have had some hesitation, as it is not absolutely incredible, that a swimming or giddiness of brain may be thus brought on; though this seems to be making those ladies too much like machines, who are commonly allowed to be governed by impulses of their own.

But I find I am getting out of my depth, and had better leave the farther discussion of so delicate a subject to men who are more intimately acquainted with the human frame, and know better the nature of the ingredients commonly made use of than I do.

I shall only farther observe, that Jezebel, a woman notorious in scripture for painting her face and decorating her person, although she met with an untimely, miserable death, appears not to have been so severely punished for any profusion in regard to those matters, as for crimes of a very black dye; and that had she only studied to *please* herself, and *amuse* her husband, like the ladies of our metropolis, when they give a foreign glow to the complexion, she might have gone to the grave, if not full of years and glory, at least without the infamy which is now ever attendant upon her name.

A LADIES' MAN.

ON METEORS.

By Bertholon.

IN many works of the ancients, and in almost all modern voyages, mention is made of those fires, known to antiquity by the names of Helen, Castor, and Pollux, and which, in certain circumstances, were observed at the tops of masts of vessels. They were considered sometimes as a good omen, and sometimes as the presages of a storm. It is generally believed that only one or two of these fires appear on ships; but count de Forbin saw more than thirty on his vessel during a dreadful storm. That which he perceived on the vane of the main top gallant mast, was a foot and a half high. Having ordered a sailor to lay hold of this fire, a noise was heard like that of gunpowder kindled after being wetted, and when the vane was taken away, the light quitted it, and placed itself on the mast.

Captain Waddel, in an account of the effects produced by lightning in his ship, speaks of some of those fires called St. Helme, which were of an extraordinary size, and says, that before the clap of thunder, several large flames of fire were seen at the summits of the top gallant masts. On the 9th of May, 1752, beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they were attacked by a storm, accompanied with dreadful thunder. Amidst the tempest they saw a light, like that of a candle, on the main mast, for two nights successively. The Portuguese call this fire *corpo-santo*.

The ancients appear to have been acquainted with these fires. Pliny gives them the name of stars. These stars, says he, appear both at sea and on land. I have seen a light under this form on the pikes of the soldiers, who were on guard, in the night time, on the ramparts. Some of them have been seen also on the masts, and other parts of vessels, which emitted a strange sound, and often changed their situation. Two of these lights predicted fine weather, and a prosperous voyage, and drove away another, which appeared alone, and had a threatening aspect. The mariners call the latter Helen, but they name the other two Castor and Pollux, and invoke them as gods. These lights place them-

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selves sometimes on the heads of men, and are a good and favourable omen.

Fires of greater or less size are observed also in different places during storms, at the extremities of the crosses on steeples, and at the summits of weather-cocks, which have a certain elevation. Dalibard quotes the observations of a person who had several times remarked, during storms in the night time, fires of this kind, at the point of the iron rod of a weather-cock, which stood before the window of his apartment. Lomanosow observed in the time of a tempest and storm, luminous pencils, which proceeded with a crackling noise, from a bar of iron opposite a window: these pencils were three feet in length, and a foot broad.

Sauvan, on July 22, 1783, perceived the ball on the steeple of the church belonging to the Grand Augustins, at Avignon, crowned with a light, which continued three quarters of an hour, and disappeared at eleven at night. During a very violent storm, which happened on the 5th of June, 1783, at Chamberi, after excessive heat, accompanied with abundant rain, with thunder and lightning, the heavens being obscured both by thick clouds and by the approach of night, and several of the clouds being highly electric, Daquin discovered one, which, being charged with a great quantity of electric matter, was placed directly above, and very near the point of the steeple. Had the cloud been nearer, had the electric fluid been more abundant in the atmosphere, or had the bells been imprudently rung, the lightning would have fallen on this edifice, which a conductor would have saved, had this accident happened.

Lichtenberg several times observed this phenomenon. The first time, it was on the steeple of St. James's church at Gottingen, in August, 1786. The tower of Naumbourg, says he, has been celebrated, but at present Gottingen has one also. This tower, however, does not emit light always, and it is probably only during storms of long duration, when the stones and the roof are well moistened; besides, when the electricity of the stormy clouds is positive, nothing is seen instead of a luminous pencil but a small star, and those sort of stars are not perceptible at a great distance. These phenomena would be much oftener seen, were there a greater number of observers, who, on the approach of storms, or during their continuance, would devote some time to observations of this kind.

If one is desirous of representing the phenomenon of the fire of St. Helme, and that seen upon steeples, nothing is nccessary but to place an insulated iron spike under the grand conductor of an electrical machine in motion. A luminous pencil will then be observed, especially in a dark chamber. The same effect will be produced, even if the spike be not insulated, but then the pencil will be much less brilliant.

Amongst fiery meteors are reckoned also those which the vulgar call *Will-with-a-wisp*, and *Jack-in-a-lanthorn*. These are of two kinds, one of which appears generally on the heads of men or of animals, and is called *ignis-lambens*; the other is that light which is observed in church-yards, and in bogs and quagmires.

The first kind of fire perceived in certain circumstances on the the heads of children, women, and even of some men, as also on the manes of horses and backs of oxen, cats and rabbits, &c. was known to the ancients, as appears from Virgil:

——————oritur mirabile monstrum:
Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fundere lumen apex, tractuque innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci:
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Executere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes.

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These luminous phenomena are all the effects of spontaneous animal electricity, as may be proved by several instances of light being emitted from the bodies of certain animals, sometimes when excited by rubbing, and sometimes without any friction at all.

The second kind of fire appears sometimes, during the summer and autumn, in marshy places, and often strikes a terror into the country people, who are far from ascribing it to a physical cause. What tends to confirm them is, that these fires seem to follow people who fly from them, and to fly from those that follow them; and that when they take them as their guides, they often fall into ditches. These effects result from the extreme mobility and lightness of these fires, which the smallest current of air hurries along with it, according to the direction of the person who pursues the luminous body. One ought, therefore, to advance towards it, when one wishes to get from it; and on this account these lights appear to approach people who endeavour to avoid them. Besides, this fire is more capable of dazzling than of giving light in obscurity. These fires may arise from the inflammable air of marshes, from electricity, or from both united. Experience and observation prove, that in marshy places there is inflammable air; to obtain it, we need only stir the slime in such places with a stick, and immediately a considerable quantity of it may be seen to rise through the water which covers its surface: If at that moment a candle be applied, the inflammable air instantly takes fire, and the flame will extend to a considerable distance. On this cause depend several known phenomena, which it was impossible well to explain before the discovery of gas..... Such are those observed in the neighbourhood of Lake Major, near Como, in Italy; in New Jersey, in America; in Dauphiny; and in several other places. They proceed from inflammable gas, produced by animal and vegetable substances, reduced to putrefaction in marshes or burying-grounds: and this gas takes fire spontaneously, or by some external causes. Subterranean electricity has a great share in the production of these phenomena. If the electric fluid superabounds sometimes in the bosom of the earth, some of it must escape to restore an equilibrium under the form of electric pencils. This electric fire, being, by its nature, exceedingly rare, will appear very light, and easy to be moved, and will readily yield to the smallest force impressed on it.

Electric pencils, which issue from the surface of a charged conductor full of asperities, or from that of a metal plate, on which several scratches have been made, will serve to explain this phenomenon. Though the electric fluid can alone produce a kind of fire in earth, which is neither marshy nor filled with inflammable air, yet as these appearances are more common in burying-grounds, and the neighbourhood of bogs, and places of the like nature, it is more proper to ascribe them to inflammable air and electricity conjointly. The inflammable gas, from the bosom of the earth, animal and vegetable substances fermenting and mixing at its surface with atmospheric air, may be easily kindled, either by the electric fluid accumulated in pyrites or some metalic particles; and sparkling in its passages to other substances, or by the electric fluid darting from the earth into the atmosphere, or from the latter to the earth.

To render this clearer we may perform the following experiment: inject some inflammable air, by means of a full bladder, terminated at the neck by a cock, with a long pipe fixed to it, into a bason filled with soapy water. When a lighted candle is brought near the surface of the water, a slight flame is seen shining, which is so moveable, that the least breath determines its direction with the utmost facility. If one moves the hand with a certain

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velocity backwards or forwards, the flame immediately seems to follow it, or to fly from it.

If atmospheric air be mixed with inflammable air, a detonation ensues, and it becomes incomparably much louder when the mixture is made with dephlogisticated air. I shall never forget, that having one day tried an experiment in the latter manner, though there were three hundred people in the hall, the report was so strong, that for a quarter of an hour every body was deaf, and I was obliged to suspend the explanation for some time. Inflammable air therefore acts sometimes with electricity, in the production of several terrestrial fiery meteors, whether they be accompanied with an explosion or not; but in general, except in the case of what is called the *ignis fatuus*, or *Will-with-a-wisp*, observed in marshes, inflammable air is only a secondary cause.

COUNT BONNEVAL.

COUNT DE BONNEVAL, of an ancient family in Limousin, served in the French marine and infantry, but having been obliged to leave the court, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV, on account of his satirical disposition, he went into the emperor's service, where he arrived to the rank of general of artillery. Having quarrelled with prince Eugene, he went to Venice, where the republic, afraid of embroiling itself, rejected an offer which he made of his services. He then went to Bosnia, where Aly Pacha Ekin-Oglou, a distinguished general, showed him how difficult it would be for him to avoid the animadversion of prince Eugene, and advised him to exchange his hat for a turban, as being more commodious. This officer, raised at Constantinople to the rank of general of artillery, lived there in honourable mediocrity, till the 22d of March, 1747.

ANECDOTES.

THE celebrated Montesquieu, being one day at the house of a Jew, who was a rich banker, found him busily employed in sharpening a knife, destined for performing some act of Jewish discipline. Montesquieu having asked him why he sharpened his knife with so much care, he replied, because Moses had commanded that it should have no teeth. Montesquieu then bid him continue his operation, and when the scrupulous Jew was satisfied, the president took out a magnifying glass, and showed him abundance of large teeth, where the naked eye could discover nothing but a fine edge. "Ah, sir," cried the frightened Israelite, "it is a real saw; I am quite unhappy; I must begin my labour again." "Be easy," replied Montesquieu, "and consider your knife as properly sharpened; he who made your laws did not use spectacles."

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M. de Malezieux, speaking one day to the duke of Orleans, regent of France, respecting a treaty of peace that had been just concluded, observed, that it would have been prudent to insert some obscure clause in it, the interpretation of which might, at a convenient opportunity, furnish a pretence for renewing the war. "That," replied the prince, "is not necessary; when people have money enough to go to war, they need not care a farthing for a pretence."

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The deys of Algiers are never ashamed to mention the meanness of their extraction, as they think that the distinction conferred on them by the power which they exercise is a sufficient title to nobility. Dr. Shaw relates, that the dey of Algiers who was upon the throne when he travelled in that country, replied to the deputy consul of a neighbouring nation, who had of-

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fended him, "My mother sold sheep's trotters, and my father neat's tongues, but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale such a bad tongue as thine."

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A Spaniard, who was established in a small town of Holland, and who must have died of hunger had he not had a servant who spoke Dutch and Spanish, said one day to a Spanish traveller, who came to see him, "How stupid the people are in this country! I have resided here twenty-five years, and yet nobody understands what I say."

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The clergymen, who performed service in the Lutheran church at Potsdam, which Fouga, a celebrated architect, ornamented with an elegant facade of cut stone, represented to the late king of Prussia, that it obscured the interior part of the church so much, that the people could not see to read the psalms. The building, however, being so far advanced that this inconvenience could not be remedied, his majesty wrote the following answer at the bottom of the memorial: "Blessed are those who believe and who do not see."

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Under the ministry of cardinal Fleury, some rewards were granted to all the officers of a certain regiment, except to the chevalier de Ferigouse, one of the lieutenants. This gentleman, who was a Gascon, happening one day to be present at the minister's audience, thought proper to address him in the following words: "I do not know, my lord, by what fatality it happened that I was under cover, when your eminence was showering down your favours on the whole regiment."..... The cardinal was so well pleased with this singular expression, that the chevalier soon after obtained what he wished for.

A gentleman, of a very extraordinary disposition, having heard the fable of the harpies read in the court of Alphonso V, king of Arragon, imagined that it was done with a view to ridicule him, because the poets pretend that these monsters inhabited a certain isle near Sicily, from which his family was originally sprung. The monarch, observing that he seemed to be much offended, said to him, "Be not uneasy, sir; the harpies no longer reside in that place; they are now dispersed throughout the courts of princes, and it is there that these ravenous birds have for some time fixed their abode."

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John Raulin, of the order of Cluny, in his *Sermones quadrageesimales*, speaking of fasting, says: "A coach goes faster when it is empty; by fasting a man can be better united to God: for it is a principle with geometers, that a round body can never touch a plane surface, except in one point; but God is this surface, according to these words, *Justus et rectus Dominus.* A belly too well fed becomes round; it cannot therefore touch God, except in one point; but fasting flattens the belly, and it is then that it is united with the surface of God in all points."

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A courtier, who was wearied with waiting in the anti-chamber of a great man, repeated the two following lines, which terminate a Latin epigram:

Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures
Saltem aliquis veniat qui mihi dicat: abi.

MAMMUTHIAN MODE OF MAKING WAR.

AS to the mode of conducting war, from its first commencement to its conclusion, here it is. When any

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difference arises between two nations, who, it is needless to say, are commonly neighbours, the first step is an appeal to the doctors. These are a kind of rabbis, or professors of moral philosophy, comprehending all religious and moral duty, from that which a man owes to his cat at his fire-side up to the most abstracted notions in natural religion, and the most important question in the law of nations. An equal number of doctors, chosen on both sides, meet, at a fixed place on the confines, where they protract their debates on the points in dispute for days, weeks, and even months. When they cannot, by mutual concession, settle matters among themselves, which they very seldom can, other doctors are sent for from other nations, by whose mediation and authority all disputes are compromised in an amicable, at least in a peaceable manner. But when good agreement is not to be restored, either by argument or authority, then an appeal is made from the doctors to the dogs, that is, from reason to brutal force.

War being proclaimed, the armies are called from their cantonments, disposed in garrisons, or marched to secure passes in the frontiers. Magazines are formed, and stratagems laid for intercepting convoys. In short, all the great operations of war are performed in the same manner as in Europe, with this difference, that the only weapon of war that is at all employed, is the living jaw of a dog armed with a set of strong teeth. No gunpowder! no mines, countermines, batteries! no firing with guns, great or small! no pushing with pike, spear, or bayonet! no smiting with the sword! the officers direct and encourage their dogs; but to action of any kind themselves they do not proceed: this would be deemed altogether monstrous and inhuman, and utterly below the dignity of human creatures. When I described to the Mammuthians the manner of carrying on war in Europe; when I told them that a single man or woman, whether from an ambition of conquest, from personal disgust, or the mere langour of inoccupation, could call thousands and hundreds of thousands of men together by the breath of their mouth, and engage them, armed not only with the lethal point of iron and edge of steel, but with the thunder of heaven and the fury of hell, like so many dogs, in the most fierce and bloody contests; when I told them that the most generous spirits amongst us gloried in this employment, and that military skill and valour was the surest road to acceptance with our ladies, popularity with the multitude, and favour with kings, they from that moment began to speak of the *little red monkies beyond the belts*, not as formerly, with a kind mixture of sympathy and laughter, but with extreme aversion and contempt; and this circumstance determined me to make my stay among them as short as possible, for I plainly perceived that they now regarded me rather as a dog than as a man. In reality, if the truth must be confessed, the life of a mercenary soldier, whether officer or private, is not a life of honour; and the splendour that is diffused around it, by the illusion of imagination and the power of habit, is one of the most striking instances that has yet occurred, in the ever-varying scene of human affairs, of the force of prejudice. "For one MAN," said a Mammuthian to me, "to set another MAN a-fighting, whenever he chuses to cry YERR, and to insult him with such exclamations as *Well done, Gripe-fast! Well done, Tearer.* Why, this is to consider him as a creature of a different species; it is as if a sheep should in the midst of his fold put on the nature of a tyger." It is fit that I take notice here of the great respect that is paid, in all Mammuthian governments, to personal rights, and the dignity of human nature. The idea that constantly occurred to the Mammuthians, whenever I described any act of despotism, was what has just

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been mentioned, "That it was considering men as beasts, and not as human creatures."

ACCOUNT OF THE LARGE DIAMOND, CALLED THE REGENT, NOW ON THE HILT OF BONAPARTE'S SWORD OF STATE.

By the Duke de St. Simon.

A PERSON employed in the diamond mines*, found means to conceal one of a prodigious size in his fundament; and what is more wonderful, to reach the sea shore, and to embark without being subjected to that trial to which all those are put whose rank and employment do not secure them from such an experiment: this trial is, to be purged and receive a glyster, in order that they may void whatever they have swallowed or thrust into the anus. This man managed matters so well, that he was not even suspected of having been near the mines, or of carrying on any trade in jewels. To add to his good fortune, he arrived in Europe with his diamond, showed it to several princes, who were unable to buy it, and at last carried it to England, where the king admired it much, though he could not resolve to purchase it. A chrystal model of it was made in that country; from which the man with his diamond, and the model perfectly like it, were sent to Law, who proposed it to the regent for the king.

The price frightened the regent, and he refused to purchase it; but Law, who, in many things, thought like a great man, came to me in great consternation, bringing the model along with him. I agreed with him in opinion, that it was not consistent with the magnificence of the king of France to reject it, and though the price of it was very great, yet, as it was a singular thing of the kind, and of inestimable value, which several potentates had not dared even to think of, I was the more desirous that his majesty should get possession of it. Law, overjoyed to find me think in that manner, begged me to speak of it to the duke of Orleans. The state of the finances, however, was an obstacle upon which the regent greatly insisted, as he was afraid of being blamed for making such a considerable purchase, at a time when it was so difficult to supply the pressing necessities of the state, and when so many people were left destitute. This sentiment I commended; but I told him that he ought not to behave with the greatest sovereign in Europe, as he would with a humble individual, who would be highly culpable for throwing away a hundred thousand franks to adorn himself with a fine diamond, while he was deeply in debt, and had not enough to satisfy his creditors; that he ought to consider the situation of the crown, and not let slip the only opportunity of procuring a diamond of inestimable value, which would eclipse all those of Europe; that it would be a lasting glory to his regency; that in whatever condition the finances were, the saving made by refusing this offer would not retrieve them much, and that the ad-

* The richest diamond mines in the world are in the kingdom of Golconda, in the East Indies, and the mine of Couhour, or Gano, produces the largest. A celebrated Indian commander, named Mirgimola, made a present to Aureng-Zeb of a diamond from this mine, which weighed nine hundred carats before it was cut. According to the calculation of Tavernier, the celebrated traveller, the famous diamond of the great mogul, which is of the most beautiful form and finest water, weighs 279 carats 9-16, and is valued at about 488,409l. sterling. The diamond called the Tuscan, and which belongs to the emperor, weighs 939¼ carats; it is pure, and of a beautiful shape, and cannot be estimated at less than 117,013l. sterling. The diamond which count Orloff presented, in 1772, to the empress of Russia, on the day of her festival, weighs, cut as it is, 193 carats, and was purchased of an Armenian merchant, for about the sum of 104,166l.

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ditional burden occasioned by the the purchase of it would not be felt: in short, I did not quit the duke till I had obtained his consent that the diamond should be purchased. Before Law spoke to me, he had represented to the merchant, in such a light, the impossibility of selling his diamond at the price he proposed, and the loss and danger he would experience in cutting it into pieces, that he made him come down to about 83,000l. sterling, allowing him besides all the dust that might arise from it when cut. The bargain being concluded in this manner, the interest of the above sum was paid him until he should receive the principal, and jewels to the amount were given him, as a security that the payment would be made good. The duke of Orleans, notwithstanding his apprehensions, was agreeably surprised by the applauses bestowed on him by the people, for so singular and noble an action; and the diamond was called the regent. It is of the size of a plumb, and is almost round; its colour is pefectly pure, and free from red spots or flaws, and it weighs more than five hundred grains. I applauded myself much for having prevailed on the regent to make such a noble purchase.

ORGANIZATION OF SNAKES.

THEIR skeleton is, above all, composed of a long series of vertebræ, which extend to the end of the tail. The apophises, or protuberances of these vertebræ, in the greater part of serpents, are placed in such a manner, that the animal can turn itself in all directions, and even fold its body back several times on itself. Besides, in almost all reptiles, the vertebræ move very easily in respect to one another, the posterior extremity of each being terminated by a sort of ball, which is placed in the cavity of the following joint, and plays there very freely as in a socket. The heart of serpents consists only of one ventricle, and their respiration is not so frequent as that of viviparous quadrupeds and birds. Instead of contracting and dilating the lungs by quick and regular oscillations, they suffer the portion of atmospheric air which they have rapidly inhaled to escape slowly. Serpents are furnished with almost as many viscera as the best organized animals. They have an œsophagus generally very long, and susceptible of great dilatation, a stomach, a liver, with a gall-bladder, and long intestines; which, by their twistings, their different diameters, and the transversal separations which they contain, form several distinct portions analogous to the pitted intestines, and the large intestines of viviparous animals, and after several sinuosities, they terminate by a straight part, or a kind of rectum, as in quadrupeds. They have two reins, the conduits of which are not terminated by a bladder, properly so called, but discharge themselves into a common receptacle like that of birds, thus mixing both their solid and liquid excrements together. In the same common receptacle are placed the genital parts of the male, and it is there also that the ovary orifices of the female open.

Almost all the scales with which serpents are covered, and especially the large ones, which are placed on the upper part of their bodies, are capable of being moved independent of one another. They can make each of these scales stand erect by a particular muscle, which terminates there; each of these pieces then, by rising and falling, becomes a kind of foot, by means of which they find resistance; consequently a point of support on the ground, over which they pass, and can throw themselves forward, as one may say, in whatever direction they choose to advance. Serpents, however, move by a means still more powerful; they raise into an arch a larger or smaller part of their body, bring together the two extremities of it, which touch the

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ground, and when they are nearly close, one of them serves as a point of support to dart forward, by stretching out that part which was formed into an arch. When they are desirous of advancing, they support themselves on the posterior extremity of the arch, and upon the opposite part when they wish to retreat. While serpents are executing these different movements, they keep their heads raised from the earth, in proportion to their strength, and as they are animated by livelier sensations.

A thousand absurdities have been written and propagated respecting the copulation of serpents. The truth is, that the male and the female, whose bodies are extremely flexible, twist themselves one around the other, and squeeze each other so closely, that they seem to form one body with two heads. The male then emits from his anus the parts destined to impregnate the female, and these parts in serpents are double as well as in several species of oviparous quadrupeds, and this union continues generally very long. Without this duration it would very often be fruitless. They indeed have no seminal vessels, and it appears that it is in that kind of reservoir that the prolific liquor of animals ought to be collected in order to furnish in a short space of time a sufficient quantity for secundation. All serpents are produced from an egg, like oviparous quadrupeds, birds, and fishes; but in some of these reptiles, the eggs are hatched in the belly of the mother. In others, the females, after depositing them, do not sit upon them, but leave them on the bare ground, especially in warm countries. Often, however, they sit upon them with more or less care, according as the heat of the atmosphere is more or less intense.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN DECEMBER.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE Universal Restoration of all Men proved by scripture, reason, and common sense, by Joseph Young, M. D.—Samuel Campbell, New York, 1 dollar.

Matilda Berkly, or Family Anecdotes. By the author of the History Lady Emma Melcombe and her Family, &c.—J. Gales, Raleigh, N. C. 87 cents.

New York Term Reports of Cases argued and determined in the supreme court of that state. By George Caines, counsellor at law and reporter to the state.—Isaac Riley & co. New York, 5 dollars 50 cents.

Cicero Delphini.—A. Davis, New York.

A Report of the Trial on an action for damages brought by the Rev. Charles Massey, against the most noble the marquis of Headfort, for criminal conversation with the Plaintiff's wife, damages laid at 40,000l.—B. Dornin, New York, 50 cents.

Popular Tales, by Maria Edgeworth, 3 vols. in 2.—James Humphries, 2 dollars 25 cents.

END OF VOLUME II.

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